



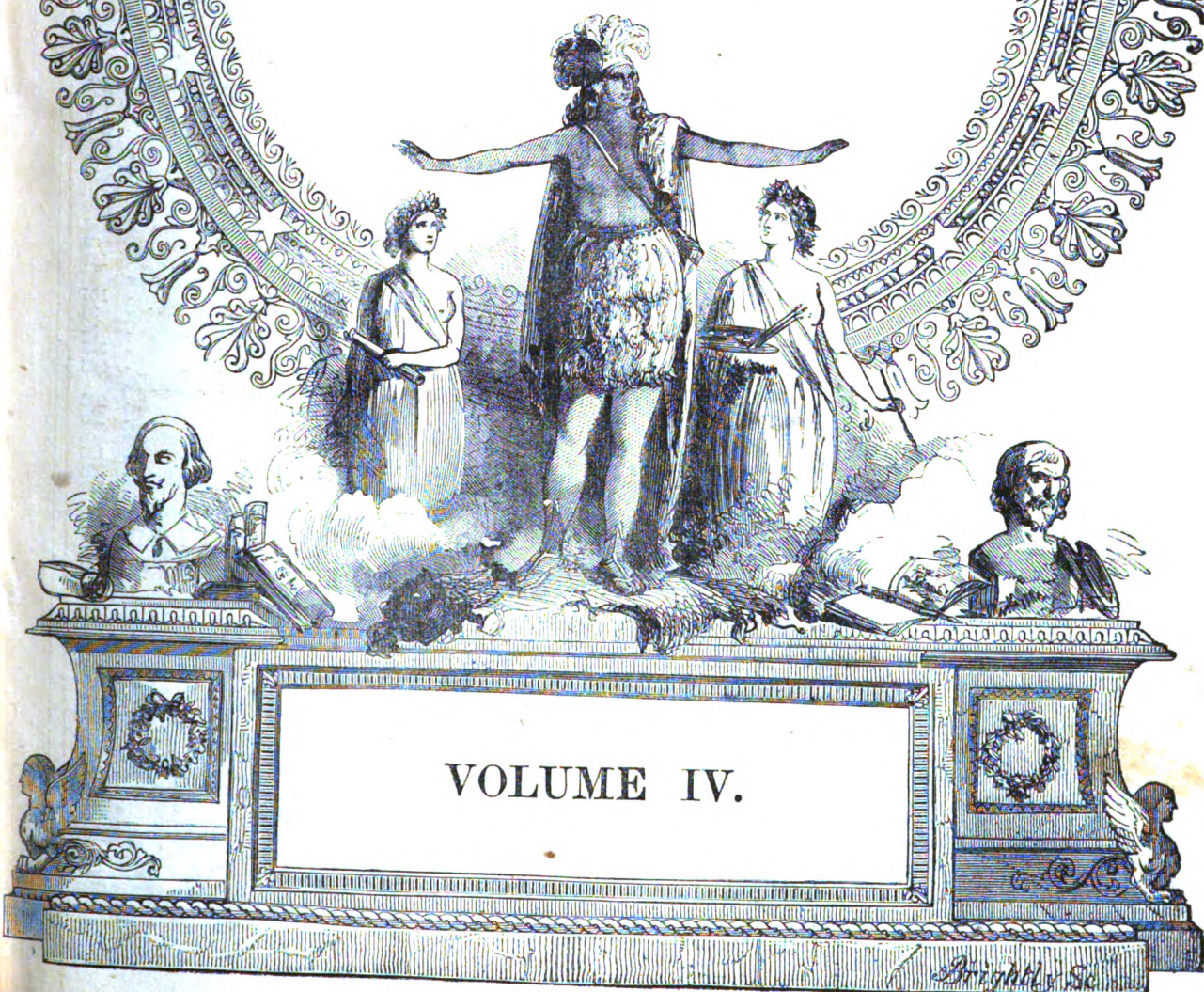
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VOLUME IV.

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# INDEX TO VOL. IV.

## LITERATURE.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
<b>A</b>		<b>I</b>		<b>R</b>	
American Watch Manufactory, Waltham, Mass. Two Engravings -	363	High Mass in the Cave of San Servolo, near Trieste. Engraving -	390	Rambles in California. Twelve Engravings -	17
An Adventure in the Woods. Two Engravings -	444	High Force on the Tees. Engraving -	256	Recollections of Botany Bay—Master and Man -	170
A Buck Jumper -	200	Hogarth's Tomb at Chiswick. Engraving -	352	Romance in Real Life—The Peer, the Clergyman and the Beauty -	206
A Fifth at Whist -	47	How I Tamed Mrs. Cruiser. Two Engravings -	113	Rose and Marie. Four Engravings, 385 -	425
"All that Glitters is not Gold" -	210			Rome. Twelve Engravings -	399
Artificial Pearls in China. Engraving -	44			Ruins of Carthage. Two Engravings -	39
A Pinch for Your Wafers -	42	<b>J</b>		Railway Adventure in the South of France -	520
Anecdote of Dante -	240	Instinct of Birds -	16		
Alligator Shooting on the Mississippi -	511	Indian Rubber, or Caoutchouc. Two Engravings -	457		
Animals of California -	510	Irritable Plants -	431		
Assassination of Marshal Brune -	503	Imperial Bearhunts -	531		
Alphonse de Lamartine. Two Eng. -	532	Inundations and their Horrors. Five Engravings -	496		
<b>B</b>				<b>S</b>	
Behind the Scenes in Paris—A Tale of the Clubs and the Secret Police—continued, 9, 154, 241, 337, 403 -	514	Japan and the Japanese. Nine Engravings -	129	Ses Captains of Elizabeth's Age -	430
Better Days -	421	Japanese Social Life -	437	Second Sight and Supernatural Warning -	45
Black Pool—An Adventure in Scotland -	421	Jonathan Swift. Two Engravings -	213	Shocking Mutilation of a Saint's Body -	255
Burial Place of the Original John Smith -	71			Signs of Spring. Six Engravings -	369
<b>C</b>		<b>L</b>		Sketches in Corfu. Two Engravings -	207
Chapter of Wit. Anecdote and Humor, 77, 173, 269, 365, 461 -	557	Lacemaking in England. Engraving -	417	Social Life of England before the Civil War -	215
Carpet and its History -	319	Lake Fetzara, Northern Africa. Engraving -	63	Something about Birds. Four Eng. -	57
Cider Making. Three Engravings -	37	Let the Past be all Forgotten -	65	Something about Lightning -	459
Conceit of Dumas -	79	Light at Eventide -	161	Stars and Angels -	493
Cobra Capello. Engraving -	415	Lines. By Henry C. Watson -	139	Stonehenge -	417
Comie Pages, 80, 176, 272, 368, 464 -	569	Lions -	70	Strange Night -	329
Crabs and their Enemies. Two Engravings -	328	Life for Life; or, the Spanish Gipsy Girl. Three Engravings -	433	Spanish Proverbs -	555
Curious Facts -	362	Lost Baby, The -	481	Syrian Court of Justice -	599
Curious Walking Sticks. Engraving -	352	Love's Madness -	599		
Curiosities of Natural History. Five Engravings -	152	<b>M</b>		<b>T</b>	
<b>D</b>		Maiden Country. Engraving -	417	Thirty Millions. Three Engravings -	291
Dreaming on Graves -	257	Marriage of the Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde. Portrait of the Princess -	308	The Father of Frederick the Great -	38
Dr. Davies and George III. -	128	Miasmometer -	256	The Ugly Snuff Box -	161
Death of a Child -	529	Montalieu. Engraving -	145	Three Dramatic Pictures; or, New Year's Eve -	165
Dishonored -	492	Mountain of Gratitude, Eastern Africa. Engraving -	48	The Rape of the Eagles. Engraving -	33
<b>E</b>		Money Diggers—A Tale of Early Connecticut -	147	The Last Stroke of Fortune -	34
Epicurean's Garden -	9	My First Patient -	451	The Tale Untold -	337
Ethel Clare—A Romance of a Railway Car. Five Engravings -	193	My First and Last Novel -	322	Three Masters -	228
Egyptian Slavery -	529	Myra, the Gipsy Prophetess, 65 -	257	The Fur Yielding Animals. Four Engravings -	232
European Celebrities -	549	Manufacture of Gunpowder -	552	The Two Berthas -	233
<b>F</b>		<b>N</b>		The Two Brothers—A Tale of the West -	126
"Faites le Jeu, Messieurs!" Two Engravings -	449	Notes on Ornamental Flower Culture, 74, 149, 253, -	440	The Weaver -	354
Father of Waters -	112	Native Pilot on the Coast of Africa -	431	The Temple Lane Tragedy -	51
Festivals Observed by the South American Indians, during the Holy Week and Easter, at Quito (Ecuador). Seven Engravings -	401	New York Localities -	169	Three Hundred per Annum; or, Late and Early Marriages -	555
Fidelity -	443	Night with my Love in the Water. Two Engravings -	216	The Lily -	49
French Frivolities under the Old Regime -	432	Nasty King, The -	511	The Brilliant Ring -	539
First Home, The -	593	New Baby, A -	543		
<b>G</b>		<b>O</b>		<b>U</b>	
Gipsy Sisters of Seville. Engraving -	335	Our Early Discoverers—Sir Walter Raleigh. Eight Engravings -	224	Uncommon Good Eating -	546
Glimpses of Turkish Life. Thirteen Engravings -	97	Our Picture Gallery—Benjamin Franklin. Two Engravings -	49	<b>V</b>	
Good Old Times -	267			Virtues of the Oyster -	459
Guana—Australian Feast -	455	<b>P</b>		<b>W</b>	
<b>H</b>		Passage in the Life of Boucher -	267	Weather Wisdom -	172
Haunted Spring -	129	Passages in the Life of an Heiress -	58	William Hickling Prescott. Portrait -	353
Helmetz and Horsetails -	217	Perils of Ballooning -	35	Woman's Characteristics -	214
		Peculiarities of Elephants -	35	Wreckers of the Bahama Banks. Engraving -	44
		Philosopher Enjoying Life -	358	World Without Glass -	458
		Piper's Match -	455		



# ENGRAVINGS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
<b>A</b>		<b>A Scene</b>	8	<b>The Author of "Disque" declares him-</b>	
An Adventure in the Woods :		Performance of Mrs. Cruiser at the		self	296
Combat with the Bear	444	Royal Crim Tartary Gardens	113	Fouché balked of his Prey	297
Defeat of Slaughtering Jim	445	Mrs. Cruiser Tamed	121	Princess Clotilde of Sardinia, The	304
American Watch Manufactory :		Vignette	125	Pocohontas Interceding for the Life of	
Watch and Chain presented to Frank				Captain Smith	420
Leslie	364	<b>I</b>		Puzzles. Twenty-eight Diagrams	27
Alligator Shooting on the Mississippi	513	India Rubber, or Caoutchouc :			
<b>C</b>		Indians Gathering the Juice	456	<b>R</b>	
Chinese Artificial Pearls	44	The Caoutchouc Tree of South Ame-	457	Rambles in California :	
Cider Making :		rica		Cheap John's	27
Found House, Mill and Press	36	Inundations and their Horrors :		Captain John A. Sutter	20
Gathering the Fruit	37	A Street of Lyons during an Inunda-		Fort Sutter	20
Housing the Apples	37	tion	496	Chinese Gamblers	21
Cobra Capell, The	416	Inundation of the Saone	497	James W. Marshall	24
Crabs and their Enemies :		Inundation at Avignon	501	Correa del Camino, or Road-Runner	24
Climbing Crab	328	Police Rescuing the Inmates of a		Chinese Laundry	25
Crab-Eating Seals	329	House at Lyons during the Inunda-		Miners at Work on Iowa Hill	28
Curiosities of Natural History :		tion	504	Dead Head Room—Hydraulic Mining	29
Sticklebacks, Dormice	152	Scene in the Streets at Lyons	505	Poison Oak, Leaf of Ditto	32
Ptarmigan, Water-Newt, Sea-Serpent	153	<b>J</b>		Indians Catching Grasshoppers, Ga-	
Curious Walking Sticks	352	Japan and the Japanese :		thering Acorns, &c.	32
Cottage Door, The	533	Fusi Yama, near Jeddo	129	Rome :	
<b>E</b>		Natives of Japan, Road leading to		Temple of Vesta, Students of the Pro-	
Ethel Clare—A Romance of a Railway		Jeddo	132	paganda	309
Car :		Jukin Pagoda, near Jeddo ; Simoda,		General View of Rome	312
" Not Enough, Ma'am ; Three Dollars		Japan	133	Farnese Palace, Castle of St. Angelo,	
to New York," said the Conductor	193	Japanese House, Hakodadi	136	St. John Lateran	313
" On reaching the Depot, I found Dick		View near Jeddo, Village in the En-		The Ancient Forum	316
waiting with the Carriage"	196	vironments of Jeddo	137	Arch of Drusus, Arch of Titus, French	
Miss Wyle and her Friends at the		Jonathan Swift :		Academy	317
Deathbed of Mrs. Clare	197	His Cottage, Moor Park, Surrey	213	Monte Cavallo	320
Mr. Jonesby agrees to Tell all he		Ruins of the Cistercian Abbey	213	Piazza del Popolo	321
Knows of the Orphan	200	<b>L</b>		Rose and Marie :	
Ethel Clare's Marriage	200	Lake Fetzara, Northern Africa	64	Madame Chatouville Welcoming her	
Egyptian Slavery, People of Kery Car-		Lace Making in England	448	Son	385
ried off as Slaves	528	Laughing Nan Rescued from the		Alfred's First Interview with Rose	393
<b>F</b>		Wreckers, The	45	Rose's Agitation at the supposed	
"Faites Le Jeu, Messieurs !"		Life for Life :		Falsehood of her Lover	396
The Kursaal, Hombourg, from the		Rescue of the Spanish Gipsy Girl	433	Marie's Revenge	425
Gardens	449	Miriam on the Watch	436	Ruins of Carthage, The :	
The Roulette Table	449	Death of Miriam	437	The Aqueduct	40
Family Party	432	Lamartine Alphonse, Portrait of	532	The Cisterns	41
First Whisper	417	Ditto	533	<b>S</b>	
Fur Yielding Animals :		Lost Baby, The :		Satan Playing with Man for his Soul	441
Ermine, Marten, Russian Squirrel and		The Young Mudlarks bringing Home		Signs of Spring :	
Ferret	232	a "Babby"	481	White Linnet's Nest, Nestling Chaf-	
Franklin, Benjamin, Grave of	49	Recovery of the Lost Baby	489	finch	60
Franklin, Benjamin, Portrait of	49	<b>M</b>		Nestling Sparrow, Field-Fare, Hedge	
<b>G</b>		Montaulieu	145	Warbler, Ring-Ousel	361
Glimpses of Turkish Life :		Mountain of Greatness, Eastern Africa	48	Sketches in Corfu :	
Revnak Hanum, or the Orientalized		<b>N</b>		View of the Town and Citadel	208
American Lady	97	Night with my Love in the water, A :		Costumes in Corfu	209
The Mansion	100	" Like a Madman, I sprang up with		Something about Birds :	
Turkish Dinner Party	100	my Senseless Burden in my arms"	216	Flight of Cranes	56
Il Signor Dottore di Padua	101	Felix places Lilian out of the Reach of		The Golden and White-Tailed Eagles	57
Out-Door Costume of a Lady	104	the Waves	217	The Barn Owl	57
Zartar-Abla, or Sister Sally	104	<b>O</b>		South American Indian Festivals :	
Zeid Pasha and Suite	105	Our Early Discoverers—Sir Walter Ra-		Beadle Disguised as Satan, Leader of	
Turkish Letter	105	leigh :		Quadrilles, Penitent	401
Turkish Ewer and Basin	105	Portrait, Traitor's Gate and Town		Burgomaster and Cucuruchus	404
Reception at the Harem of Zeid Pasha	108	House, Enfield	224	Begging Monk, Voluntary Penance of	
The Sick Room	108	Market Cross, Enfield	225	Indians	405
The Saraf, or Armenian Banker	109	Room in the Palace, Old Church and		Burgomaster and Angels, Canon, Bar-	
Gulbeyaz Hanum	109	Chantrey School, Enfield	228	bers Burning Incense	408
Gipsy Sisters of Seville, The	336	Raleigh's House and Uvedale's Cedar,		<b>T</b>	
Grandmother and Child	544	Enfield	229	Thirty Millions :	
<b>H</b>		<b>P</b>		" They came to me with Prayer on their	
High Mass in the Cave of San Servolo	406	Prescott, The Late Wm. Hickling	353	Lips for Aid, and I refused"	201
High Force on the Tees	266	Plot and Passion :		The Pirate and the Millionaire	201
Hogarth's Tomb	352	Fouché and his Cytherean Cohort	289	The Pirate Schooner, with the Thirty	
How I Tamed Mrs. Cruiser :				Millions on Board, endeavoring to	
The Modern Confessional				Escape the French Frigate	205
				The Tired Bootblack	537



# GAZETTE OF FASHION.

## LITERATURE.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
<b>A</b>		<b>G</b>		<b>R</b>	
Answers to Correspondents, 186, 378 -	473	Ghost Story, A -	286	Relic of Feudality -	379
Assagy-throwing -	288	Home -	91	Review of Fashions, 83, 179, 274, 374, 467 -	566
<b>C</b>		<b>L</b>		<b>S</b>	
Calling upon a Bride -	278	Love and Love Making -	192	Styles for the Month, 85, 181, 275, 374, 469 -	567
<b>D</b>		<b>M</b>		<b>T</b>	
Description of Colored Plate, 86, 182, 278, 377, 470 -	567	Miscellaneous -	479	The Inspiration of Balls -	87
Description of Fashions, 182, 276, 375, 470 -	567	Mr. Lavender's Wedding Day -	186	The Native African -	192
Description of Needlework, 92, 183, 278, 390, 471 -	570	Move the Muscle -	479	The Trials of a Fascinating Man -	94
Description of Bonnets -	376	<b>N</b>		The Witches of New England -	570
Description of Coiffures -	89	Netted Bishop Skirt -	471	The Arctic Night -	571
Description of Collar -	96	Newest Style of Head-dressing -	378	<b>V</b>	
Description of Gentlemen's Fashions -	184	Noteworthy Novelties -	378	Value of Female Beauty -	86
Description of Medallion Velvet Carpet -	277	Notices, 278, 382, 474 -	570	Van Huysum's Secret -	382
Dining with a Bishop -	87	<b>O</b>		<b>W</b>	
Dressing for Opera -	185	Opera Matinées -	89	What to Buy, and Where to Buy it, 81, 177, 273, 369, 465 -	561
<b>F</b>		Our Cousin from Town -	474	What Modern Civilization owes to a Couple of Mediaeval Lovers -	86
Fashionable Weddings -	90	<b>P</b>			
French Writer on Crinoline -	92	Padmavati—A Story of the Coromandel Coast -	279		
		Parisian Story of Crinoline -	89		

## ENGRAVINGS.

<b>B</b>		<b>F</b>		<b>M</b>	
Bonnets, 185, 273, 280, 281, 376, 377, 456, 561 -	565	Fleur de-Lys, in Beadwork, on Canvas -	180	Magnificent Medallion Velvet Carpet -	277
Borders for Mats -	381	French Mourning Dress, Two Cuffs -	480	Morning Robes, 376 -	564
Boys' Dress -	376	<b>G</b>		<b>N</b>	
Border for Braided Smoking Cap -	84	Girl's Dress, Bonnet -	377	Novelty in Embroidered Skirt Trimming -	288
Crown for " " -	85	Girl's Hat, Glengarry Cap, Leghorn Bonnet, Girl's Bonnet -	369	<b>P</b>	
<b>C</b>		<b>H</b>		Patterns for Gent's Lounging Cap -	477
Colored Fashion Plates -	-	Handkerchief Border in Rose Scallop- ing -	181	Patterns for Insertion, Cuffs, Trimming and Embroidery -	88
Chesterfield Sacque, Burnous Mantle, Bonnet, Girl's Hat -	472	Head-Dress, 184, 561 -	565	Pendant -	568
Child's Dress, 276 -	565	Head-dress and Slipper -	280	<b>R</b>	
Clotilde -	377	Head-dressing, 372 -	373	Robe Imperiale -	280
Coiffures, 81 -	177	<b>I</b>		<b>S</b>	
Coiffure and Initials -	89	Infant's Cloak, Head-Dress, Lady's Chemise and Sleeve -	473	Scent-Bag -	189
Corners for Handkerchiefs -	380	Initials -	85	Spray of Flowers -	568
Crochet Lace -	93	<b>L</b>		<b>T</b>	
Crochet Fringe Trimming for Mantles -	384	Lace Sleeve, Netted Bishop Skirt, Mosquito Canopy -	46	Trimming for Skirts in Broderie Anglaise -	188
Crochet Design for Long Scarf -	188	Lace Fichu, Embroidered Border -	469	Torsades, 568 -	569
Cuff and Initials -	476	Lady's Comforter, Border for Lamp Mat -	192	<b>W</b>	
<b>D</b>		Lady's Hood à la Zingara -	284	Woven Centre for a Mat -	381
Devlin's Fashion Plate for February -	184			Work-bag in Darned Netting -	92
Dinner Dress -	572			Border for ditto -	93
Design for Knitting in Two Colors -	565				





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# HOW I TAMED MRS. CRUISER.

By *Benedict Cruiser, M.M., and now H.H.* Edited by *G. A. Sala.*

## PART THE THIRD.

OF THE UNHEARD-OF CONDUCT OF MRS. CRUISER IN HER WILD OR UNTAMED STATE.

THE "strong-minded women" into whose symposium I had unwittingly intruded, did not, to use a newspaper phrase, "break up till a late hour." Midnight had struck before my house in

Great Ormond street was quit of their disagreeable presence. I knew it was midnight: the policeman told me so; the clock of the Foundling told me so; for you may be sure that I followed Mrs. Moalsey's stern injunction to "get out" by remaining on the outside of my house till the last of the strong-minded ones had taken her departure. Like an Italian bravo in one of Mrs. Ratcliffe's novels, I prowled about the neighboring thoroughfares for two whole hours. I did not care about returning to the club. I fancied that all the fellows there would know about my having been ordered out of my own house by my mamma-in-law. I feared Charley Limmers's pretended good-natured



THE MODERN CONFESSIONAL.



sarcasms, so I hung about Great Ormond street. Just like the bravo, too, to whom I have alluded, I crouched in the shadow of the portico of the next house, to see the horribly intellectual females who seemed destined to be the bane of my existence come out. The griffin in its jacket and its Jim Crow hat, who wore the Wellington boots under her Balmoral, came out smoking (I declare it to be true) a regular, full-sized male cigar—I daresay it was a full flavored one—and, shouldering an umbrella, announced her intention of walking to Camberwell. The Minerva in the riding habit went away in, I believe, the very last hackney-coach left in London; and a lady in spectacles, in company with another in frizzly curls and a blue striped cape, that looked like bed-ticking, “chartered” a Hansom, they called it “chartering,” and bade “cabby”—they called him “cabby”—drive them to Lincoln’s Inn Fields. Did they live at the College of Surgeons, I wonder? Then, when the last of that grim band had disappeared, I went into my own house, determined to give my mamma-in-law, and my wife too, for the matter of that, a piece of my mind.

That horrible old woman—I mean Mrs. Moalsey—was having her supper in the dining-room, and Flora was reclining in an easy chair, exhausted, it would seem, by the fatigues of the evening. Mrs. Moalsey’s supper consisted of a basin of some farinaceous stuff she called “burgoo” (she afterwards insisted upon my eating it for breakfast, when it half poisoned me). She had donned—as we were quite *en famille* now—a hideous calico night jacket; and she wore, perhaps, the ugliest nightcap that ever woman wore since nightcaps were first invented. It had double frills, and stuck up behind like the tiara of the Pope of Rome; but, worst of all—I could have borne it on her head, for it became such an intolerable old guy as she was—she had persuaded my Flora—my beautiful, graceful, swanlike Flora, to wear a nightcap very nearly as ugly as her own. Yes; she who used to wear either a fillet round her head, like the ladies of ancient Greece, or, at most, a dainty little lace gem of a thing, not much more extensive than might be required for a middling-sized doll, now buried her head in an atrocious frilled pillow-case of a cap, that made her look like the portraits of Mother Brownrigge. That nightcap stabbed me to the heart. Were the two women bent upon driving me mad between them? With that nightcap faded away all the joys of our honeymoon, all the endearments of our young wedded life. We were “married people” now. It did not matter how she looked. I was her husband—a domestic animal attached to her in that capacity. She didn’t care a rush for me. I could have wept—I think the tears did really come into my eyes—with shame and vexation. It is very dreadful, that first revelation—that first discovery that the woman you love has thrown off the mask. It is as though the fable had come true, and your blooming bride had returned to her original state of pusseycathood. It seems to say—“There! I have got all I want now. I have baited my hook, and caught my fish, and landed him. I have no need to look pretty, seductive, captivating now. Abroad in the world, I shall make myself as attractive as possible; but at home—pshaw! what does it matter? Yonder spooney fellow is my husband for life, and I may wear a nightcap or a coal-scuttle bonnet in bed, if I choose.” Depend upon it, my married friends, when the ugly nightcap comes out of the chest of drawers, love flies out of the window.

Mrs. Moalsey on the entrance of your humble servant went on eating her burgoo, and made no other recognition of my entrance save the utterance of a short groan. My wife raised her eyes languidly to my face, and that was all. I sat down resolutely in a chair opposite my mamma-in-law, having first rang the bell.

“Eliza,” I said to the parlor maid (she was a rosy-cheeked girl who had come from Colonel Moalsey’s Brighton establishment), “Eliza, bring up the liqueur stand and some hot water.”

“And for what purpose, sir, for what purpose?” Mrs. Moalsey asked, with a sudden slowness, as if she had made up her mind to continue a conversation she had commenced about an hour before; in fact, this was but a sequel to her “get oot” speech.

“To have a glass of brandy and water, ma’am,” I answered sternly. “Hot, strong and sweet, ma’am, with your permission, ma’am,” I added sarcastically.

“Eliza,” returned Mrs. Moalsey, not condescending to answer me, but fixing her gray grimalkin eyes upon me, and then turning her eyes to the domestic. “Ye’ll jest bolt and bar everything up and go to bed. We want no brandying and watering here.”

“Eliza,” I retorted, “you’ll do nothing of the sort. Bring me what I ordered, or I shall discharge you. We do want brandy and watering here, ma’am; yes, Mrs. Moalsey, and we want whiskeying too, by what I see.”

I pointed to a little case-bottle on the table, beside the basin of burgoo, and which, from a confidential communication from Eliza, I knew to contain the genuine Glenlivet, with which Mrs. Moalsey was far from averse to tempering her farinaceous repast. This was a home-thrust. I could see its effect. A dusky flush, half of shame, half of indignation, overspread Mrs. Moalsey’s countenance, and my wife stirred in her chair. I knew that a storm was approaching, and need not say how nervous I felt myself.

Mrs. Moalsey rose to her full commanding height. Her voice rose too, till its sounds wavered between a roar and a screech.

“And if, sir,” she thundered forth, rather than spoke, “my medical advisers have entreated—nay, commanded—me to take some slight medicinal stimulant, worn out, as I am, body and bone, soul and speerit, by an absorbing devotion to the great cause of the social regeneration of my sex, and the assauration of woman’s rights, am I to be giped at, jeered at, insulted in my own house?”

“Your house, ma’am!” I cried out.

“Yes, sir; my house—that is, my daughter’s house. My daughter, sir, who is your lawful wedded wife, and who is ten million times too good for a nasty, conceited, ignorant jackanapes like you.”

“Yes, sir,” chimed in Flora, starting up from her easy chair, her voice, and her whole body too, trembling with passion; “your unfortunate, abused, humiliated wife, on whom you are now trying the experiment of your atrocious, unmanly tyranny. You have insulted my mamma—my dearest mamma—and in the presence of my own servant. You shall apologise to her for it. Down on your knees, sir, and beg her pardon for your wicked, wicked conduct.”

“Down on your knees, sir,” repeated my mamma-in-law.

“Beg her pardon, wretch,” reiterated my wife.

“I’ll be —” I began.

Why didn’t I finish the sentence? Why didn’t I say what I would sooner be—than beg Mrs. Moalsey’s pardon. The word was a violent, a naughty one, I will admit, but it would have clinched the argument; it would have saved me. That unspoken word was the turning-point of my married life. I didn’t say it, and I was conquered.

Not that I begged the detested niece of Professor MacStradivarius’s pardon. No; I didn’t humiliate myself quite so far as that. The women didn’t even give me time for it. No sooner had I said “I’ll be —,” which I accompanied with a great thump on the table, that overturned the basin of burgoo and the case-bottle of Glenlivet, than my Flora flew—yes, that was the word—flew at me, *vi et armis*—I mean with her tongue and her hands. I remember a storm of furious epithets; the names she had called me in Paris were nothing to them; then my Flora’s face was close to mine, and her hands were on my head; then I felt as if all my hair were coming out by the roots; and then it seemed as though ten thousand lights were dancing before my eyes, and a gridiron was applied first to my right cheek and then to my left. My pen falters, and the gridiron sensation returns to my face, as I write the ignominious words; but I really think that I should be suppressing the truth if I were to withhold the information that my hair was pulled, and my ears boxed, by the woman who, not three months before, had sworn at the altar to love and cherish me.

Now I was always very particular about my hair, which, though it did not curl naturally, I kept in rather a luxuriant state of artificial elegance. In the early days of our honey-



moon, Flora would occasionally, with her own dear hands, condescend to give it a finishing touch with the irons; and I am morally certain that no woman that ever existed in the world could part hair down the centre as she could. And when she had finished—hot tears are dropping over my manuscript as I write—she used to kiss me on the parting, and, and, and—I loved her. The outrage to my favorite locks; which even Mr. Truefitt, of the Burlington Arcade, was proud to dress, and admired while he dressed, to say nothing of the boxes on the ear, was too much even for my meek and gentle temperament; and I know not to what extremities I might have proceeded but for a dexterous flank movement on the part of Mrs. Moalsey, who, seizing me by the shoulders disengaged me from my wife, and pinned me up in a corner, where I kicked over a wine-cooler, and stood raging, thinking of pokers, carving-knives, legs of tables, and other lethal weapons. But there was no missile within reach save the portrait of my uncle Cruiser, with his mahogany face, who seemed to look down from the column and the curtain in which the artist had pillowed him, and whose mouth seemed now to verify the prediction in his will, and to be repeating, "The boy has married, and has made a fool of himself, after all."

My wife went into violent hysterics. She lay at full length on the hearthrug, and kicked out her small feet vigorously, streaming agonisingly meanwhile. Notwithstanding her cruel treatment of me, my heart was touched by the spectacle of her offerings, and I would have hastened to her assistance, but the Moalsey kept me off.

"Away, villain!" Such was her polite apostrophe to me. "Eliza, water!"

"Water!" I shouted out, firing up again at the epithet "villain." "Yes, water, Eliza; fetch a bucket-full, and throw it over her. It's my belief these hysterics are all sham, ma'am."

Here my wife gave a dreadful scream, and relapsed into a fresh fit of sobbing and laughing. The two women bent over her to soothe her, and seemed quite unconscious of my presence. By degrees she grew more calm. They lifted her from the hearthrug to the easy chair, and at length she began to speak coherently, though in a very low, faint voice.

"Is it gone?" she asked.

"Is what gone, my darling?" exclaimed Mrs. Moalsey.

"That dreadful thing, mamma—that—that monster!"

I was that monster, of course. Oh, dear, yes! Anything you please. Mrs. Moalsey turned suddenly towards me, when again reminded of my existence, and, in a voice in which ferocity was mingled with derision, pointed to the door, and once more repeated her famous dictum,

"Get out, sir."

What was the good of resisting? I couldn't fight two women, one of whom had just recovered from a fit of hysterics. I could see that the impertinent minx Eliza was laughing behind her apron. It was a shameful, a humiliating, a pusillanimous retreat; but what other course was open to me? Mrs. Moalsey's finger still pointed, with undeviating pertinacity, to the door, and I slunk out of the room like a beaten hound.

"I'll get out, ma'am," I muttered as I put my hand on the lock of the street door; "and I'll be hanged if I ever come in again."

But the Moalsey was not so easily got rid of. I declare that this rude and intemperate woman positively pushed me—a gentleman and a man of property—away from my own door, locked it, put up the chain, and shaking the big key at me, said:

"Ye'll jest tak' that chamber candle and go to your ain bed, Mr. Cruiser. Do you think a married man ought to be oot gallivantin' when his cruelty has laid his wife on a bed of sickness? Go up-stairs, sir, and pray that your stubborn heart may be softened. Flora, who, poor soul, needs a mother's nursing care, after the alarming crisis from which she has just recovered, shall sleep with me. Gude night to ye, sir, and pleasant dreams to you."

"Madam," I was beginning to retort—

"Mamma! mamma! Oh dear mamma!" This was in Flora's voice, from the dining-room. The hysterics were coming on

again. I bowed to my fate with a sullen resignation, and went upstairs to bed.

I knew that I had played my cards badly. I thought of it in bed that night: I thought of it weeks, months afterwards; I know that I behaved like a fool and a coward. If I had cleared the room of the strong-minded women directly I became aware of their "symposium;" if I had thrown Mrs. Moalsey's burgoon over her, and torn off her nightcap and thrown it out of window, and, if necessary, turned her out of the house, bag and baggage; if I had finished that speech, cut short by my wife's hysterics, and had given her a good shaking instead of skulking in the corner and kicking over the wine-cooler; if I had taken a poker and broken open the cellaret to procure the brandy and water I had ordered; if I had wrested the latchkey from my mamma-in-law, forced my way out of the house, and come back at six o'clock in the morning, with a champagne bottle in each hand, and a sky-blue bonnet and feathers instead of a hat, I might have, indeed, behaved in a course, brutal, unfeeling manner, but I should have gained my point. As it was I had run for the Pantaloon Stakes, and lost them miserably. I was nowhere in the race, and all the whipping and spurring in the world would avail me nothing now. The gray mare was the better horse, and Benedict Cruiser had caught the Tartar with a vengeance.

I made a feeble attempt to vindicate my authority in the morning by discharging Eliza for disobedience to my orders. I gave her a month's wages in lieu of warning, and she went away very jauntily, saying that I "should 'ear from her." To my surprise, neither Flora nor Mrs. Moalsey made the slightest objection to my dismissing this domestic. Indeed, my mamma-in-law observed that she was a saucy jade, and that we were well rid of her. She and the girl had had, I afterwards learnt, several subterranean combats relative to the hue of ribbons proper to be worn in a parlor-maid's cap, and the expediency of ringlets and a parasol on Eliza's "day out," in which the girl, who had a tongue of her own, and knew how to use it, had frequently the best of the argument. Once gone, however, Mrs. Moalsey took upon herself the task of remodelling our household. We had a cook, who was very stout and very pious, two house-maids, another parlor-maid who was called "Pin-cott," who was very nearly as tall as my mother-in-law, and at least fifty-five years of age. She was what is termed an "awakened" female, and devoted herself almost entirely to the study of serious literature, which prevented her from answering the bell—at least whenever I rang it—and from paying the slightest attention to my orders. Then we had a boy in buttons, and ultimately Mrs. Moalsey sent for, from Aberdeen, North Britain, a man-servant, likewise of an "awakened" frame of mind, who to his other qualifications added that of being able to assist in a laboratory; for we had a laboratory, alas!

I spent almost all my days at the club now, or else at the soap-boiling works, where I was in everybody's way, and mooned about the counting-houses wretchedly. Everybody must have known by this time that I was henpecked. Mrs. Moalsey positively told old Addypose at one of our own dinner parties that she had been obliged to give me a "good dressing," but that I was much better behaved now. It was quite a purgatory in itself to mingle with those grinning bachelors, and, worse than they, with the married men who had got the whip-hand of their wives, and knew how to keep it, whom I met at the club; but where was I to go? The strong-minded women had my house to themselves, and kept possession of it all day, and very nearly all night too. They were maturing some plan for the emancipation of women all over the world: they had prepared a petition, which was like a foolscap bolster rolled up, to which goodness knows how many thousand feminine signatures had been attached, and which was to be presented to the Queen or the House of Commons, or the managing committee of Bethlehem Hospital, I'm sure I don't know which. The two women, under whose domination I had fallen, made—yes, made—me copy out the reports and the minutes of their strong-minded meetings. I, Benedict Cruiser, was reduced to the level of a copying clerk. I shudder when my mind recurs to those abhorrent tasks.

I had no Chubb latchkey now. That was taken from me in a very early stage of my matrimonial servitude, and indeed I

had only obtained it in the first instance by surreptitiously bribing Eliza. My letters were opened; those at least which I received at home; the thought had apparently not yet occurred to my tormentors of driving down to the club, and asking the porter if there was any correspondence for me there.

One morning creeping down, as was now my melancholy custom, to this same club to read the newspaper, I found in the letter rack a document addressed to me, and folded in the most extraordinary ooligonical manner. The handwriting much resembled that which might necessarily be supposed to be possessed by a confirmed idiot with weak sight, a bad pen, half dried-up ink, and chronic rheumatic gout in the knuckles, and it was closed with a wafer bearing the apparent impress of the bottom of a key. It ran thus:

"Wenesday.

"Miss Chickling presints komplence too Mister Crooser, and O you poor young man wat Have you Been and done. My hart bleeds for you. It is nott for mi bein a survent (tho' Am sech no moar He avin acted moast onnerabbell and it is nott so badd bein his wife, wich Yilliam will soon bee a master baiker likewise being respecthead bi awl hoo no im and sevin years with the saim master not never wunce been noun to goo dedmann. It is for yourself unhappy deseaved mortal. Thow you discharged mee moast unansum. Miss Chickling (wich was Eliza) I stil feele for yore misarabbel condishon. Do you no that yew as marrid the moast etrocious wicksen that evur was sinse the dais hoff "Jone off Hark." Do yew no that she wil av the life's bludd out of yew in bullyin and blawing out at yew. I new er at Brytun, and was offen goin to worn yew, but wair woo the goods yew woo soe innfatteyhaitead with Luv. She was allways a wackin off the child, wich it wood do her good eye think hersuf. Has For her Muther shee is a Old Tirk, and as for the wiskey she is always a drinkin off, but I gev her as good as I got and so no moar pityin yew fromm the bottom of my soal from

"Yores sincerely ELIZABETH CHICKLING."

I read and re-read this letter with many melancholy musings. There was at least, it seemed, one person in the world who pitied me. Why had I not known Eliza better before? But it was too late now. I am perfectly certain that had I remained under the joint despotism of my mamma-in-law and my wife for only three months longer, I should have committed suicide or gone raving mad. In addition to the infliction of the strong-minded women, I was compelled to give various dinner parties and serious *conversazioni* afterwards, where men with deathlike looking heads came and groaned scientific boredom by the yard. They brought bones and fossils, and rubbings from monumental brasses taken with vilely smelling heelball, in their pockets; they delivered lectures, on the extinct animal creation, on antediluvian reptiles, and upon saurian subjects generally. They brought electric machines, and galvanic batteries and Leyden jars, and tinsplates like saucepan lids to prove the theory of the earth's rotation. They made my house a sort of philosophical forum and chapel of ease to a mechanics' institute, and drove me, as I have said, to the verge of distraction. But this was not all. In the intervals of the symposia and the *conversazioni*, my wife and mamma-in-law were continually at work in their "laboratory," as they called the apartment which should properly have been my study, and which they converted into a lumber-room, filled with carboys of vitriol, sacks of willow charcoal, and glass bottles full of nasty-looking chemicals, solid and liquid. They pestiferated the house with atrocious odors; they burnt holes in the blankets and the stair carpets with their vile acids; they littered every room with their retorts and their oxy-hydrogen lamps and their sand-balls; and their last exploit was to blow the skylight roof of the laboratory into shivers, at the same time burning all the hair off the awakened man-servant's head, singeing his eyebrows, damaging his whiskers, and irretrievably ruining his left thumb-nail. This brought about a crisis, which was productive of some benefit to my miserable self. Mamma-in-law and Mrs. Cruiser had a tremendous quarrel. They called each other far worse names than I had ever been called by either of them. I think they must have thrown retorts and Leyden jars

at one another, to judge from the noise they made in the laboratory. It is certain that Flora came rushing into the back drawing-room, where I was making salmon flies—I was never allowed to go fishing, but I was a remarkably neat hand at fly-making, and my wife said it kept me out of mischief—and implored my protection against her mother. She was very much flushed in the face, and her back hair was hanging all about her shoulders. But how was I to protect her? I wanted some one to protect me against my infuriated mamma-in-law, who was six feet two, and if she didn't look daggers, looked at least shoulder-of mutton fists. I told my wife so, and she said that I was a mean-spirited poltroon. Then Mrs. Moalsey said that if I laid a finger on her she would call in the police and have me transported, as I deserved to be, she said; and at last, still in a towering rage, she packed up her things and left *per cab* for London Bridge Station, *en route* for Brighton. Of course I was in the wrong in the matter, and had done it all. I was to be horsewhipped by Colonel Moalsey and prosecuted by Professor MacStradivarius, immediately the one could come from Brighton or the other from Edinburgh, though how I had misbehaved myself I could not for the life of me imagine. But the horrible old beldame went away, and what is far better, did not come back. She wrote me a long letter of six sides a few days afterwards, in which she said that she forgave me for the systematic brutality and coarseness with which I had behaved towards her; that she believed, notwithstanding the errors of my early education and my low extraction, that I meant well, but that she entreated me to make at least an effort to govern my household with some degree of firmness, and to be no longer the negro slave of the incarnate fiend and misguided girl, of whom she was wretched enough to be the unhappy mother. I sent a copy of her letter, and a voluminous statement of my own wrongs, and exculpation of my conduct, to Colonel Moalsey, and awaited his reply with some impatience. It came in due course, and was exceedingly pithy, though a little too concise in its contents. "Dear Ben," the colonel wrote, "I don't believe you would harm an earthworm. Women are the very devil. Why didn't you take Hetty? The poor little thing vows she will die an old maid. If the Tartar won't let you alone (this was his daughter) wait till the sergeant-major goes back to Edinburgh (this was his wife)—she can't keep away from that snuffy old uncle long—then bolt, and come down here. Shall be delighted to see you to tiffin. Yours, C. Moalsey." There was scant consolation, you will admit, in these lines; but it was all I got from Colonel Moalsey.

You may very probably ask how it happened that (not being quite a hopeless idiot) I had endured this tyranny so long. The answer is simple, and will, I trust, be conclusive. I loved my wife. She had not used me very well. If I were to say that she had treated me with very great cruelty, I should not, I fancy, be overstating the case. But I loved her, nevertheless, very blindly, and unreasonably, if you will, and a grain of kindness on her part compensated for a ton weight of outrage and injury.

After mamma-in-law's *nejira* or flight, Flora and I went on very comfortably for about a month. We did not see much of one another, for her quarrel with her mamma had made her slightly irritable, and when we were dining alone I was rather nervous, when the "awakened" parlor-maid (we had discharged the equally awakened and chemical man-servant) was out of the room, for fear that, in one of her nervous paroxysms, my wife might inadvertently throw some trifling missile—say a carving fork, a salt cellar, or a decanter—at my head. But she gave up chemistry. She trundled the strong-minded women out of the house, like a hundred of bricks; she abjured the serious *conversazioni* and the society of the death's-head men, who brought the bones and fossils, the electrifying machines, and earth-rotating discs in their pockets, and with the usual energetic impulsiveness of her character—she "went in for piety."

I must tell you that before this she had grown completely tired of the gloomy old mansion in Great Ormond street; and when, after a trifling expenditure of some hundred pounds, I had managed to effect a transfer of the lease, we removed to a very new, shining, genteel-looking house at South Kensington



—Brompton it would have been called some years ago. We sold off all the old furniture, and being too antiquated and *rococo* in fashion for so genteel a locality, and modern upholstery had its full swing in our new mansion. Acres of pier glass, rods of gilding, perches of Brussels carpeting, furlongs of laced covers for sofas, ottomans and footstools; alabaster vases, Parian statuettes, pre-Raphaelite engravings in carved oak frames; old china, bronzes, buhl and marqueterie, made our house look something between a stage-scene of a palace and an old curiosity shop. But I have not yet noticed the most remarkable feature in the decoration of our house. There was an oratory in the back drawing-room. Flora, who had previously been of the most decided Evangelical tendencies—leading her to sit under the Rev. Bartholomew Griddles, the Rev. Hyvey Honeyman, the Rev. Lamb Woollaston, and other eminent Low Church divines, and who was wont to be fervent in her denunciations of the Rock of Rome, the Mystery of Iniquity, the Scarlet Lady, the Battle of Armageddon and other kindred matters—Flora, who in her second or strong-minded period, had inclined rather towards Independent, and latterly, Unitarian opinions, attending the ministry of that eloquent minister Sylvester Boanerges Raffington, who had been a captain in the militia, a schoolmaster, a chartist lecturer, a country actor, a newspaper editor, a lawyer's clerk, and (some people say) a "cheap jack," and who has lately been elected a member of the Commons House of Parliament for the high borough of Bobtailham—Flora now became imbued with High Church notions of the most advanced description. You all know the famous proprietary chapel of St. Gingulphus, which the Lord Bishop of Bosphorus was induced, with so much difficulty, to consecrate—you know that magnificently though somewhat eccentrically decorated fane, in which the noble simplicity of a Christian temple is lost in a sorry maze of finery and frippery, of sham frescoes, sham encaustics, sham stained-glass windows, sham Gothic trumpery of every description—you know that ecclesiastical show-shop which is neither one thing nor the other, "neither flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring," which has not the comfortable, decorous plainness of the Church of England, nor the solemn grandeur of that Church of Rome, that immutable rock, which people abuse so much, and of which they know so little. Flora became perfectly rabid in the service of St. Gingulphus. He was a French saint, I think, who slew or was slain by a Saxon, or a Danish, or a High Dutch saint, sometime in the dark ages. She attended matins and complins; full service and vespers. She attended the *tenebræ* and the midnight service. She fasted every Wednesday and Friday. She dated her letters, "Feast of St. Wapshot, Eve of St. Grimes." Her talk was of faldstools, wood-screens, *piscina novenas* and actions of grace. She embroidered different-colored altar-cloths. She illuminated waxen tapers. She bound up artificial flowers in *corbelles* for saints' days. Miserable impostors and idle imbeciles, it is not Benedict Cruiser, the henpecked idiot, who speaks, but an honest man. Do you know what solemn mysteries you are caricaturing, do you know what holy things you are profaning? In the old time, a "dark house and a whip" were the specifics for madness. I declare now, that a solitary cell in Pentonville, and a round dozen once a week, are about the only cures I know for Puseyism. If you are Protestants, say so; stick to jovial, true-hearted Luther, to stern, saturnine Calvin; stick to the "grim Geneva ministers" who harried Montrose as he mounted the scaffold; stick to red-nosed Oliver, and hooked-nosed William, and Protestant Bill (whom George Cruikshank drew), and the Rev. Hugh MacNeile and Mr. Paul Fokett; be loud in your thunderings against the Rock of Rome and the Mystery of Iniquity. If you are Catholics, e'en go in for the entire thing; infallibility, inquisition, real-presence, convents, penance, absolution and the like; but away with this sham monkery, this sham priestcraft. I think I am about as consistent an enemy of both as can well exist; but I would sooner have Dominic the cuirassier than the Rev. Mr. Pond of St. Gingulphus; I should prefer Cardinal Ximenes to the Rev. Mr. Fiddell.

Which leads me back (I am Benedict Cruiser again) to my Flora. I have said that she had the back drawing-room converted into an oratory. The artist who illustrates these reve-

lations will give you a sufficient notion of what it was like; and judge of my consternation when, looking through the key-hole one day (I was obliged to resort to so very mean expedients now), I saw my Flora sitting, like Gamaliel, at the feet of the Rev. Mr. Fiddell, of St. Gingulphus. Was she confessing to him, I wonder?

#### PART THE FOURTH.

OF THE AGONISING PROCESS BY WHICH THAT WHICH WAS ONCE A BOWER OF BLISS WAS CONVERTED INTO A CAVE OF DE PAIR.

I don't know whether the time-honored custom of dancing at weddings be entirely gone out of fashion. As I was never married but once in my life, and, of course, like a well-behaved bridegroom, left the breakfast table with my *cara sposa* before that banquet was half completed, I am of course unable to tell whether the saltatory vagaries in which our ancestors delighted were indulged in after the departure of self and wife. But who-soever danced or did not dance at my wedding, it is very certain that I had eventually to pay the piper. Every fresh outburst of temper, or caprice, or fashion, or religion, or science on the part of Mrs. Cruiser, cost me a round sum. The soap-boiling works yielded as yet a very handsome profit—so, at least, I was given to understand they would, when the accounts came to be audited and a balance struck at the end of the year. I had, besides, some pretty little investments in Tredyddlum mining shares; in the International Washing, Ironing and Mangling Company; in the Isle of Bute and Arran (with extension to Skye) Railway (Ossian Macpherson, M.P., F.R.S., chairman); and in the Great North-Western Coast of Ireland Genuine Red Herring Fishing Company. This last association fully demonstrated the absurdity of salting and curing those agreeable addenda of the breakfast table; and a profit of at least twenty-five per cent. was expected from the maintenance of a fishing flotilla, which were to bring in the herrings in a perfected form of bloaterhood. If I mistake not, they were to be found in shoals, and already packed in casks, branded with the company's trademark, somewhere in the vicinity of the Giant's Causeway. Yet for all this, and a handsome balance at my banker's, I found myself paying far more frequent visits to my stockbrokers, Messrs. Rigg & Bareham, in Royal Exchange Buildings, and selling out some stiffish accounts from the threes-and-a-quarter, than was consonant with my ideas of strict business. My own expenditure was, comparatively, inconsiderable. I was always what is termed a "dressy" man; but, alas! I had no ambition, now, to make the most, if anything at all, of the not unfavorable personal appearance with which nature had endowed me. I became careless, almost slovenly, in my appearance. My friends rallied me, and said jestingly that I was too much in love with my wife to care about dress. Yes. I know now that they spoke jestingly. And I was still in love with Flora, too, though I had by this time been married eight months, of which perhaps some seven and a quarter had been passed in an atmosphere of domestic caloric, of whose nature, when I tell you that it was considerably warmer than the engine-room of a steamer in the tropics and in the dog-days, and that the temperature of the interior of the crater of Mount Vesuvius was as the northern extremity of Spitzbergen compared therewith, you will be doubtless enabled to judge. And yet I did not know how unhappy I had been, how much pain I had suffered, till very long afterwards. It is in convalescence that we feel the sharpest sting of the malady we have suffered. I wouldn't mind having my leg cut off to-morrow (so long as Mr. Cutler or Mr. Fergusson, or some equally skilful practitioner did the work); but, oh, horror! I shouldn't like to wait till the stump healed.

As I tell you, I had to pay the piper for all the possible quadrilles and mazurkas that were danced at Mrs. Cruiser's wedding. We had moved from Great Ormond street to Thurlow square, and now we moved again to a great, tall, white house like a stuccoed ghost—all my friends called it the "Sepulchre"—in the midst of a marsh, and close to the bank of the Thames, where now is the Middlesex foot of the new sham Gothic bridge which we have to pay a toll to pass over. There was a pleasant view of Battersea Fields across the river, which when pigeon-shooting season was on, was quite a relief; there was a brick

field behind us, and a wide expanse of brick-and-mortar-scape, among which the gas-works and the penitentiary at Millbank were prominent objects; and to the right, a little in front of us, was Alderman Sir William Hoddey's stone and cement works. Hoddey was a self-educated man, who, originally a bricklayer's laborer, had achieved his baronetcy and his aldermanic gown by his unwearied industry, energy and perseverance, and notably by selling that famous adamantine cement, which, if report was to be trusted, had been invented by somebody else, who had died quite peaceably and comfortably (the staunch Sir William allowed him an ounce of tea, and half an ounce of snuff weekly, to the last), in Lambeth workhouse. Hoddey had come to town, a poor boy from the manufacturing districts, with one-and-sevenpence in his pocket, and is now worth his three or four hundred thousand. He is the senior alderman who has not passed the chair, and I hope to dine with him at Guildhall on the 9th of next November. He had run up the big house we moved to, with a view of making it a convent or a boarding-school, or a joint-stock bank or a gin palace, exactly as matters turned up; but as the rival builder and self-educated worthy Sir Clayton Ramm Pavyor, who wasn't an alderman, and was only a knight, but was M.P. (which was something), who had come to town a poor, &c., &c., with elevenpence three-farthings, and was now worth half a million, was running him hard with his licences, Hoddey and Hoddey's agent advertised the Sepulchre as a commodious family mansion, clapped a stable and coach-house to it, and let it to me at a tremendous rent. Flora would have it. The great advantage connected with it was, it appears, that one of these days the whole of the marsh was to be converted into a magnificent quadrangle of mansions, with a garden and fountains in the centre, called St. Aloysius square; and as ours was the first erected, it was forthwith dubbed "St. Aloysius House." Flora christened it so. Confound the St. Aloysius House!

My wife deigned to inform me that the furniture of our house in Thurlow square had been of far too frivolous and mundane a nature; that the decoration of her "oratory" had been only of a temporary nature; that Messrs. Malleus and Rosterem had received instructions to sell all our buhl and marqueterie, our Parian vases and carved frame engravings, and that in conjunction with the Reverend Mr. Fiddell—I heard her whisper "Good-bye, Father Fiddell," once, as she meekly curtsied him out—she would undertake to furnish our new house in a becomingly archaeological, æsthetic and tractarian spirit. She suggested that I should leave town for a fortnight or three weeks. I went away uncomplaining, but unrejoicing. What was the good of three weeks' liberty to me? I knew that I must come back. What is the good of giving a galley slave a hundred miles of chain? He is none the less a galley slave for that, and the manacle is biting none the less bitterly into his ankle.

I went in the first instance to Pangbourne, and wandered up and down the pretty banks of the river, under a weak pretence of fishing, but I did not catch anything, save a more deeply colored attack of the "blues." I tried to make myself merry at night at the little fishing-houses and wayside inns, "Angler's Retreats," and "Izaak Walton's Heads," and listened to the lusty freshwater fishermen telling incredible stories about monstrous carp and pike, of preternatural voracity, that were seduced with "paternoster" hooks, but left their insides upon them with great cheerfulness, and immediately swam away, cool and empty, to depopulate rivers. But their harmless Munchausenising and jovial choruses only made me feel more miserable. I took many a wistful glance at my old uncle's tublike house, and thought of the good port wine I had drunk there in the days when I was longing for the testy old gentleman's inheritance. "Would he were alive now," I thought, "and enjoying his guineas himself; it is but little good they have done me!" The old house had been painted a staring cream-color by the new tenant, who had been a captain in the navy, and was currently reported among the neighbors to be mad, although he gave no stronger proofs of lunacy than wearing a straw hat and white trousers all the year round, hoisting the Union Jack on Sundays, and discharging salvoes of miniature artillery on certain loyal and national high days and holidays,

standing in the centre of the little grassplot in front of the "Tub," and giving three cheers by himself at each discharge. He asked me to dinner, but I had not the heart to pass the old door. I wanted my uncle Cruiser to be alive again. I wanted to show him that I was not the priggish milksop or the covetous hunk that I fear he had good reason to take me for. The old clergyman was dead, and his successor was a turnip-faced young man, with coarse black hair invading the collar of his coat. He was of the Rev. Father Fiddell's way of thinking, had put half-a-dozen little ploughboys into surplices that looked like nightshirts worn over corduroy, and called them the "young gentlemen of the choir." He was scraping away the whitewash from the old church walls to see if there were any mural paintings beneath, had discovered that the little hole like a rabbit-hutch, where the sexton kept his tools, must have been a piscina in the thirteenth century, and had turned up a broken-nosed old stone figure of a man, with his hands clasped, and his heels, or rather the spurs attached thereto, resting on the body of a little pug-dog (patient animal!) which he declared to be the effigy of Aymer de Pangbourne, slain at Joppa; temp. Richard II. He wanted to have this crusader's nose mended, and to set him up again in the chancel, and bothered me for a subscription to the "restoration fund," whereupon I fled away to Reading, and went to see old Mrs. Tippetoff, my uncle's housekeeper, who, as I told you, had set up an inn there. She did not receive me with cordiality, indeed she did not seem in the least glad to see me, and after I had dined off broiled fowl and mushrooms with a bottle of port (it was the old port which she had purchased at the "Tub" sale), she sent me up so enormous a bill that I felt bound, and in no measured terms, to protest against it. The woman was very saucy, refused to submit to a fraction of abatement, and when at last in dignified resentment I paid her exorbitant demand, she told me that I had skinned my dear old uncle (the adjectives were her own), alive and dead, and that now she supposed I was going to skin flints. Insolent alehouse keeper! I went away in high dudgeon to the crack hotel of the place, the "Black Bull," where I wrote a furious letter to the *Times*, complaining of the extortionate charges at the "One Tun," and signed "A Victim;" but, as they charged me, at the former hostelry, eightpence for a glass of sherry and writing materials, I thought I would pitch into the "Black Bull" instead, and wrote another letter, signed "A Sufferer." And then I tore up both letters, and it occurred to me that I would go out into the fields and hang myself. But the country looked so fresh and pretty in the golden June sunset; the river, the cattle, the trees, the dappled sky looked so happy and peaceful, that I thought I might as well put off my hanging project till a more convenient opportunity. Instead, therefore, of hanging myself, I sat down by the stump of a pollard willow, and had a good cry. I couldn't help it. I am not ashamed to own it now, and it did me good. A man must be brought indeed to a hard pass, when he can sit alone blubbering in a field. I dare say that the starlings and blackbirds mocked me, and that the very cows laughed in their sleeves to see such sport; but, I repeat, I couldn't help it. I was so miserable. My money all seemed turned to dry leaves, like the magician's in the fairy tale. I wasn't master in my own house; scarcely so even of my own movements, for now I was only out, as it were, on bail. I was priest-ridden, wife-ridden. Did she love me? "Oh, Flora! Flora!" I cried out—the sheep must have heard me—and beating my weak hand against my forehead, "if I could only persuade myself that you loved me no longer, I'd very soon show you I am not the weak idiot you take me for." It appears to me, now, that I was not the less a weak idiot for this speech.

I came to London per Great Western Railway; but I was not due at the St. Aloysius House yet, and sneaked away from Paddington—I did not even call at the club—to London Bridge, where I took express for Brighton. I put up at the "Bedford," like a man of fash—well, a man of property—as I was; and sent a porter to Colonel Moalsey's, in Oriental place, with confidential instructions to ask Congre, the colonel's man, if the coast was clear?—in other words, if the detested sergeant-major, my mamma-in-law, was out of the way? He was a very long



time gone, and came back, at last, with a very puzzled and perturbed face.

"I never see such a place, your honor," this functionary remarked, scratching his head with a grin of peculiar bewilderment. "A tall old lady she cum to the door, and swore at me for full ten minnits in broad Scotch. Then an old gentleman, he cum, and tried to smooth her down; then she giv' the servant man warning, and he up fists, and said as how he'd stood it long enough, and wouldn't stand it no longer, and wanted to fight her. Then the old gentleman, he made for to kick the man-servant, and the 'ousemaid, she screamed 'fire!' and a young lady in ringlets, she fainted into a scuttle o' coals; and a little gal, she tumbled down stairs, roaring tremendous, and somebody hollered out o' the sekind floor winder that you was a disgrace to your sect; and the p'leaceman, he stood on the other side o' the way, whistlin', and ses he to me, 'Porter,' ses he, 'they're a rum lot, and this is twice a week.' A rum lot! Bedlam broke loose, I think! and I don't think arf a crownd's too much for the job. Thank ye, sir, and welcome."

The intelligence that Mrs. Moalsey was in Brighton, and, of course, irate against my wretched self, determined me to return the way I came with the least possible delay. It was by this time late in the afternoon, and there was no train till seven, so I ate in the private room I had engaged gnawing my finger nails, and wondering whether my wife would scold me for coming home too soon. Back to the St. Aloysius House I was resolved to go, for I really did not know whither to wander, elsewhere, next. About five, one of the lordly waiters brought me word that a lady was below, and wished to speak with me upon urgent business. I shuddered at the thought that it might be, perhaps, Mrs. Moalsey come like an ugly Rosamond to offer me the alternative of a bowie knife or a box of Hollo-way's pills, or some other lethal weapons, or to take me into custody, or simply to denounce me as a disgrace to my "sect" or sex. But I was reassured when the waiter informed me that the lady was neither tall, middle-aged, nor ferocious in appearance, nay, that she looked decidedly young and pretty. I bade him usher my fair visitor to my apartment immediately, wondering who on earth it could be. Not my wife, certainly, there was no mistake about her stature.

The waiter bowed in a young lady, who, not without showing some signs of agitation, took the chair which, with my customary politeness, I offered to her (I promise you that I learned manners at school). She turned her face towards me as the domestic left the room, and I saw that it was Harriet Moalsey.

The poor child looked very pretty—not so handsome as my Flora, though, oh, no! one was the gentle, winning prettiness of the gazelle, the other the sleek but fierce beauty of the jaguar—and her eyes bore unmistakable traces of recent weeping, when she put her little gloved hand into mine, and timidly returned my fraternally legal pressure, it was with a tremulous fluttering that half surprised and half pained me.

"Why, Hetty," I said, kindly, "whatever is the matter? what have you been fretting about?"

"I know it's very bold of me," she began.

"Bold!" I interrupted, gallantly, "are we not brother and sister?" You ought to know how glad I am always to see you."

"Brother and sister! Ah, yes, brother and sister," Hetty sighed in reply. "But I know it is bold in me to come and see you, Benedict—Mr. Cruiser, I mean. I would have brought one of my sisters with me, but I wished to speak with you privately. I am going away, brother-in-law, I am come to bid you good-bye."

"Going away! Good-bye! I suppose you mean that you are going to be married. I hope you are not about to run away, dear. However, I must wish you joy with all my heart." I said this with a faint, feigned smile, and a sickening feeling at my heart. This was but a fragile little reed I had to lean upon—this tender little maid; the only loving heart, perhaps, in the world in which there was a corner left for me; and now this, too, was bending, and would soon fall back and be engulfed in the great black waters of matrimony.

"No," she answered, slowly, and with a sad smile on her sweet little face. "I'm not going to be married, Benedict—

brother-in-law, I mean—either with papa's consent, or with that of the blacksmith at Gretna Green. I'm going away for ever. I'm going to Boulogne, into a school, I'm going out as governess."

"Good heavens! my dear Hetty," I expostulated; "whatever could have put so absurd an idea into your head? Going out as a governess! Going to teach girls their A B C, and sit on a hard chair in the school-room, with a cup of weak tea and a plate of thin bread and butter, and a letter with a black border on the desk, like the poor thing in the print-shops. A governess, and you a gentleman's daughter!"

"There are many daughters of better gentlemen, who are obliged to do all you say," Hetty answered, with some bitterness. "Mrs. General Dumdum has obtained a situation for me as English teacher in a school at Boulogne; and I start to-morrow. You will never see me any more, brother-in-law."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed humorously but affectionately; "nonsense, my dear Hetty. You'll soon get tired of 'Enfield's Speaker' and the black board, and the thin bread and butter; and you'll come back and get married. I'll soon find a husband for you—and a dear, good, little wife you'll make to him."

"I will never come back," the girl replied, suddenly and haughtily. "When I am of age, I shall have some money, and then I will leave off governessing, give half my money to my papa and sisters, and with the rest purchase an annuity, sufficient to procure my admission into a convent, where I will remain till I am fortunate enough to die."

I tried to turn the matter off facetiously, though I felt nervous and puzzled about the turn the conversation was taking. I essayed to whistle the air of "I won't be a Nun," and breaking down in that, remarked, "that Hetty was far too pretty to be a nun."

"A truce to this frivolity," the little puss said, with a great assumption of dignity, rising and drying her eyes; for she had been weeping again since the conversation commenced. "I came to tell you my intentions and to bid you a long farewell; but before I do the last, I have a word to say."

"I am listening to you, Hetty," I answered; and as I spoke I felt a tingling in my ears, a hot dryness in my throat, a smarting in my eyes, and my heart beat violently.

But Hetty could not speak directly. She blushed, and stammered, and fluttered, and put her handkerchief to her eyes more than once, and when she began, it was in low, broken accents.

"It is scarcely proper, scarcely maidenly," she said at last, "for me to speak to you as I do, but we shall never see each other again—no, never again, Benedict—and I may speak as freely as though in another moment the convent grate were to make an everlasting gulf between us. Don't take me for a silly romantic girl, full of novel reading and sentimental love songs. I have been bred in a stern hard school, and under a mother I always feared and scarcely dared to love. You, you are married, Benedict, and I fear—psha! I know—that you are not happy with Flora—with your wife."

"Indeed, I am very miserable, Hetty," I answered, covering my face.

"I knew it," the girl went on with a passionate tearfulness, "I knew it weeks and weeks before you married her, I knew that she would make you wretched, that she would make you the slave of her unhappy temper. My sisters knew it, and made merry of your infatuation. The very servants knew it, and jeered at you behind your back for it."

"And why could you not give me a word of counsel, of warning, Hetty? Was it just, was it kind, was it sisterly, to allow me to fall blindfold into this pitfall?"

The girl's cheeks flamed, and her voice was strangled with sobs as she made answer.

"I did not like to, I did not care to, I did not dare—I—I—there," she continued, in a burst of passionate weeping, "I can say it all now, for I shall never see you again. I LOVED you!"

She cast herself on her knees as she said this, and buried her fair head in the cushions of a chair, crying as though her little heart would break. I went up to her, trying to murmur some stupid consolation. I felt far more ashamed of myself than



A SCENE.

flattered by her confession, and took one of her hands; but she withdrew it from me, not angrily, but firmly, and rose up again smoothing her disordered hair, and settling the folds of her dress.

"Yes," she continued, quite calmly now, "I did love you, Benedict, with all my heart, and with all my soul, and with all my strength. And it is not wicked, no, not wicked, not unsisterly, for me to tell you so now. I would have been your comfort and joy, your willing slave and serf. I would have married you without a penny, as had I been rich, I would have cast all the gold in the world at your feet. But you made a better match. You married the Beauty—you despised poor Hetty!"

"Despised, no; not despised you, darling," I pleaded in a low tone. "I never thought, I never knew——"

"There, there, it is all over now. Of course you never thought, of course you never knew. Your sex never does, never will, think or know. Men, men, stupid, irrational and obstinate, blind, deaf and mad, what prizes you throw away, with what a smiling ease you empty the cup of happiness on the ground, then hold out the goblet for wormwood to be poured into it. Do you think that there is a woman in the world, who is not shrewd enough to know when a man loves her, and how much? Don't you think she can tell it in his blushing and stammering, in his awkwardness and silliness, in his infidelities and jealousies, in his pretended quarrels and joyous reconciliations? We know it all, but we must not tell them so; it is not proper, forsooth; and we must sit at home, and see the men we love jump over precipices, headlong to destruction. What would the world—the dear, kind, charitable, true-hearted world—say if we were to avow what we feel?"

(To be continued.)

**HOW TO FIGHT A DUEL.**—Two gentlemen have been forced into fighting a duel by two determined fire-eaters, who act as seconds. They resolve to give them a lesson, which is taught in the following fashion: The other second having meanwhile given his instrument and instructions, the opponents stood op-

posite to each other, pistols pointing downwards all ready, the doctor and Beresford sitting on a sand hill on the look-out at some distance. "One—two—three," shouted Shakelbow, a deliberate pause being given between each numeral. No sooner said than done. Bang, bang, went the pistols; and both seconds jumped aside with wonderful agility. "What the deuce is your principal at?" roared O'Brien. "Why, his bullet has absolutely grazed my cheek." "And what the fiend is your man at?" roared Shakelbow; "here's a hole slap through the crown of my hat." "Deuce take it all, young gentlemen," said the seconds, advancing, "why, you are not fit to be trusted with firearms. You'll do some terrible mischief some day. You have nearly shot us both. "Bless me!" said Simple; how singular. I am sure I followed your instructions." "I suppose you shut your eyes, then," said Shakelbow, "when you fired." "Possibly. Is my opponent satisfied? An exchange of shots is perhaps as much as he requires." "Exchange of shots!" exclaimed O'Brien. "You have made no exchange at all. You have narrowly missed killing us both." "Better luck next time," said Tracey. "I suppose you mean us to have another shot, then?" "Certainly," said Shakelbow; "and this time at each other, if you please. Keep your eyes open, and mind what you are about." "I will if I can," said Tracey, as he observed his opponent was again ready; his own pistol being recharged and handed to him. The seconds again withdrew some paces on either hand, this time a little more in the rear, and Shakelbow again gave the signal—"One, two, three!" At the last word both the youngsters again stuck to their text, and down went both the seconds flat on their faces, to avoid the shots they saw in a moment must come their way. The doctor absolutely roared with laughter as the seconds jumped to their feet, the bullets having whistled over their heads. "Am I wanted?" he called out as loud as he could bawl. "No, no," replied Shakelbow. "Shall we have another exchange of shots?" inquired Lieutenant Simple, as he saw the seconds approaching each other, looking rather queer. "No, no," replied O'Brien. "The affair has gone quite far enough, Mr. Shakelbow; if your principal is satisfied, I think I can answer for mine."



## THE EPICUREAN'S GARDEN.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

The black-heart cherry spreads a net  
Of blood-drops on the wall ;  
The swelling apples greenly grow  
Where they will golden fall.  
The fledgling lark has got it's crest,  
And proudly strains to sing ;  
The finch has left its mossy nest,  
With gold upon its wing.

The jargonel its ripened fruit  
Begins to vain display ;  
Its bullion-weights upon the bough  
Hang temptingly all day.  
The blossom's on the summer corn,  
Tall grows the spindling rye ;  
A deeper-jewelled sunny blue  
Has blossomed in the sky.

Like little threads of ruby-seed  
The red-veined currants shine ;  
The coral berries, sunny pearl,  
Are hanging line by line.  
The grape its tiny scented flower  
Spreads on the greenhouse glass ;  
The flocks of daisies blanch with white  
The russet, tawny grass.

The gooseberry's rich golden globes  
Begin to ripen sweet ;  
The strawberry its scented fruit  
Spreads crimson at our feet.  
The barley wears a silken beard,  
The rose begins to fall ;  
No longer now with double note  
The Indian cuckoos call.

The lime is raining blossom gold,  
It spreads a hill of song,  
Draining from countless village hives  
Their black and murmuring throng.  
Geraniums' scarlet velvet bloom  
Make all the windows gay,  
And silently the thorn-tree waits  
For next year's snowy May.

The fuchsia sheds its violet drops,  
The sun has burned the bell  
Of yonder lily, where the bee  
Loved most to brood and dwell.  
The pansy's velvet withers up,  
Its gloss by rain washed out ;  
The honeysuckle spreads its flowers  
The chimney-wall about.

Dead yellow Autumn lurks amid  
The laurel's glossy leaves ;  
A silver dew is on the web  
The felon-spider weaves.  
The jessamine its Persian bloom  
Sheds round the window-sill ;  
The evening red is burning down  
Below the village hill.

The bergamot its scented juice  
Is treasuring for me ;  
The beurré hoards its syrup gold  
Far up the spiral tree.  
The cat's their silky, feathery heads  
Toas wantonly about ;  
The weaving shades that scud and skim  
The breezes put to rout.

About my head the walnuts grow,  
Green, marbled, round and smooth !  
The filbert, with the flapping leaf,  
Dear to the squirrel's tooth.  
The currants, blood-veined, in the sun,  
The raspberries on the cane,  
The leaves that silver spangles hoard  
After the last night's rain.

The shadow slants across our roof,  
Rough-scaled with mossy tiles,  
That fend us from the bitter rain,  
And from the sun's wrath smiles.  
The scented rose its flower-cascades  
From every chimney flings ;  
And round the birds' nests in the caves  
The honeysuckle clings.

The roses at the window-sill  
Their offerings present ;  
We live in roses—overhead  
They're spreading like a tent.  
The white stars of the jessamine  
Are snowing round the wall ;  
At every gust those scented snows  
Upon my paper fall.

My level lawn is gilt with sun,  
With daisies sprinkled white ;  
The purple thyme, so crisp and dry,  
The robber-bees' delight.  
To guard us stands the cedar tree,  
A dark and stately king,  
Whose eastern branches, sad and slow,  
A dirge are murmuring.

A southern wall to warm the peach  
Unto a dusty red,  
A walk of matted apple trees,  
And many a violet bed.  
A wilderness of emerald shade  
Lit by the colored flowers—  
A dial, where the shadow draws  
A black line through the hours.

Then roses, with the bleeding hearts,  
Love's anguish only grieves ;  
I read the simple moral writ  
On all their fading leaves.  
The flower that closes with the sun,  
The flower that tells the rain,  
Are both my subjects, growing tall  
And fair in my domain.

It is a plot of Fairy-land,  
A square of Paradise ;  
I care not for the burning sand  
That grows the Indian's rice,  
To others give the realm whose dust  
Bright sparkles with the gold ;  
So I but have to pasture thought  
This little walled fold.

Deep in a garden Adam dwelt,  
Eve made it heaven on earth ;  
No blossom drooped, till Autumn came  
With sin, and pain, and dearth.  
Our Jesus in a garden tomb  
Embalmed with flowers was laid ;  
Upon the massy red-sealed stone  
Three days flower-shadows played.

The angel lilies, silver-robed,  
Are trooping here in bands ;  
To me the scented blossom vines  
Stretch out their little hands.  
Deep in the laurel-bush the thrush  
Of love in music prates ;  
And there, in juries, round the fruit,  
The blackbirds hold debates.

We'll not forget the hawthorn-bush,  
A mountain-top of snow,  
A hill of music till sweet May  
Has ceased to bud and blow.  
Now a green net to catch the sun,  
And trap its wayward beams,  
With figured leaf so quaintly out—  
THIS WAS MY HOME OF DREAMS.

The worst is, that the bailiff Death  
Will some day leap my wall,  
And I must leave my melon-frame,  
Obedient to his call.  
His hard, unfeeling, hollow voice  
I hear in every wind ;  
And dread to see the garden gate  
Shut with a jer behind.

## • BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS—A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

## CHAPTER XVI.—POOR SMU !

A COUPLE of hours before this capture, we, that is you and I, reader, will enter, by means of our invisible *passé-partout*, the study of a man who believed himself to be alone, and revelled at most times in this solitude. But on the eve of some great event the hearts of the most philosophical and least nervous

will beat restlessly, and the pulse throb impatiently, until solitude becomes irksome and unbearable. Few proverbs are so far in advance of science, as that "coming events cast their shadows before." What are presentiments, what those unaccountable attractions and revulsions to which we are subject, but indications of a mysterious prescience, if I may so call it, working in the nervous system, and analogous in man to the instinct in beasts? There must be some connection, too, between this and natural taste, and all those likings and dislikings which describe individual character. There may even be something of this kind in the prophecies which we have sometimes in dreams, and even in that highly irritable condition in which some have seen spectres and visions. Nay, perhaps the gross hallucinations of Mahomet, Swedenborg and Joe Smith—if we believe these men to have been only partly impostors—may be akin to these mysterious attractions. At any rate there is a problem, whether psychological or physiological, for science yet to solve, and the solution of it will clear up many a wonder at which we still gape and stare.

Under one of these presentiments De Coucy in his study was suffering acutely, as he sat at his desk and tried to read and make notes of what he read. All about him savoured of the man's simplicity—a simplicity which was almost Puritanical. The street in which he lived bordered on the Faubourg St. Antoine, and was therefore not only not fashionable, but also very cheap to lodge in. He had indeed separate apartments, for the one luxury he indulged in was privacy; but then it only contained three rooms, a bed-room, a room in which he received his visitors, and his study. The furniture of this last was simple and even uncomfortable. De Coucy was no Puritan though a Calvinist; but he dreaded nothing so much as laziness, and he well knew how easily a man who passes his life in study may fall into this vice. There was not a single easy-chair in the room. The one in which he sat was of wood with a high pointed back. The only exception to the rule—if indeed it was an exception—was a long, hard, horsehair sofa, on which now lay a small Skye-terrier, curled up most comfortably, but not asleep, for ever and anon his black eyes would glisten through the long curls of hair that fell over them, and faithfully watch his master.

The rest of the furniture was of the same simple kind. One or two good prints, from pictures by Overbeck, served rather to show than to cover the bareness of the walls, and above the writing-table was a small ivory crucifix, strangely out of place in a Calvinist's study. But De Coucy had no prejudices. He did not look upon the cross as a badge of party, but as an everlasting symbol of peace between God and man, and therefore he loved it.

But what showed the simplicity of the man was the book before him. It was none other than a history of the First Revolution. Now De Coucy believed he was on the eve of another national convulsion. He knew that if it came off he should have a great part to play in it, and he was not studying his part that he might be up to the mark, but he was trying to collect hints of those dangers most likely to follow such a crisis and therefore most to be forearmed against. A less simple man would have blushed to himself at such a preparation; would have said, "I have toiled for years to introduce a form of government, and surely I shall be fit to meet the emergency, now that the time is come;" but this man was blessed with that rarest virtue of patriots—modesty. For all this he could not keep his thoughts on his subject. He read this passage and that, beginning with avidity and interest, but before he had compassed half a page his ears were pricking for a ring at the bell, his pulse began to throb audibly, and though his eyes still passed from line to line, he found when he came to turn over that he had not caught the sense of a single passage.

At last he threw down the pen, shut the book, and said aloud, "It is useless. I shall play with Smug."

Now Smug, who lay upon the sofa, no sooner heard his name than he perked up his head, and when he saw his master get up, got up too, stretched out his little hind legs, and then wagging his hairy tail most actively, made a kind of obeisance to his master as he came to the sofa.

"Smug, you rascal, I'm coming to play with you."

Smug did not understand the words, but he knew it was all right, wagged his tail most energetically, and then as De Coucy came nearer, began bounding about on the sofa with intense delight.

Now Smug was De Coucy's dearest friend, his only constant companion. When quite a puppy, Montague had given him to his brother mason, and the dog had done what Christians have been told to do, but never do; he had forgotten all about his father and mother, and the rest of the Smug family, and attached himself to his master alone. All day he followed him everywhere, and as for staying at home when his master went out, Smug must have died of misery, if it had only been proposed to him. At night he slept on the bottom of De Coucy's bed, and in the morning at six o'clock, as regularly as if he carried a watch with him in his long wiry hair, would steal softly up to his master's face, look at him a moment with his black eyes, cocking his face on one side most comically, and then quietly, softly, lick his cheek. This generally awoke De Coucy, who knew thereby that it was time to get up.

How Smug adored this man! How he doted on him! How he would sit quiet for hours and gaze at his handsome face, with eyes that had all the expression of genius in them, and yet meant nothing!

"Smug," said De Coucy, stretching himself on the sofa, "I am dull to-night. Come and cheer me up."

In a moment the dog, as if he understood French, was dancing about upon his master's chest, and making a desperate attack upon his face with a view to licking it. De Coucy kept him off with his hands, but the love of the beast would take no refusal, so he licked his hands instead. Then he tried to poke his black nose under these hands, then finding that impossible, he danced round and round, and most unceremoniously wagged his tail in his master's face. Then he gave a little bark, as if he wanted to speak his mind, and then repeated it impatiently, as if provoked because he could not make himself understood. De Coucy turned on his side, and rolled the dog over for a regular game of play.

It was pleasant to see these two animals making love to one another, and to mark how much the affection of the dog exceeded that of the man. His attitudes, in spite of his long ugly body and short legs, were more graceful than those of a ballet-dancer. Now on his back, with his head tossed playfully on one side, inviting his master to come on again: now on his feet, with his front paws out, and positively a smile on his ugly face: now making a rush at the man's face, and burying his black nose in his hair.

De Coucy enjoyed this, and laughed aloud again and again, till both man and dog were tired.

"Oh Smug, Smug," said he, as the dog sat looking seriously into his face, "what is the reason of all this love? What have I done for you that you should be so fond of me; eh? You would say that I have given you a daily meal, when I ate myself, and when you came and stuck your head on my knee, humbly and silently craving my crumbs. You would say that I have never beaten you. But what have I not done ten times more than this for many a brother of mine, of my own species, who turns against me in a moment, and shows his teeth and snarls? You would never do this, Smug—"

And the dog, hearing his name again, stretched out his neck and licked his patron's face, as a silent assent.

"Yes, Smug, you watch me by day, and watch me by night, and if anybody came near me, you would be up and at them, quite careless of yourself, not heeding if you got kicked and beaten, but at them fiercely. But, oh! Smug, you do not know how beautiful this love of yours is, because among men it is so rare. You do not guess who gave you this love, who gave you and your kind to us men, not only to be friends and a consolation to us, not only to be companion to the solitary, wife to the bachelor, child to the childless, friend to the outcast, but also to teach us a constant, beautiful lesson of love. You do not know, Smug, that the God who made you and me, made you for me to remind me of the love I owe to Him. Ah! how much more has He done for me than I have for you, and do I forget all my worldly interests for His, do I assail His enemies, and caress His lovers? Do I worship Him, as you adore me?"



Do I trust to Him to give my daily bread, and do not rather go hunting anxiously and eagerly for myself, and when it comes, do I humbly supplicate it, fearful of intruding and offending, as you do? Oh Smug, you are a sermon in yourself, and yet how little I profit by it!"

De Coucy might have gone on with his moralizing for hours, if Smug had not suddenly jumped up, leaped from the sofa, and running to the door, commenced sniffing most vigorously. At the same moment the door-bell rang.

"Well, it is a friend at any rate," muttered De Coucy. "If it had been a stranger, Smug would have barked."

Smug was right. The visitor was Montague.

"My dear fellow," cried De Coucy; "never more welcome."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, most decidedly. I was growing quite stupid from mooning alone, and have been moralizing to Smug for the last hour. Of course he was highly edified, and listened most respectfully; but I am certain another half hour of it would have been impossible to bear. So you see you are come to save me."

"Well, if that is the effect of your moralizing on yourself, my good fellow, it is fortunate for the Protestant congregation of Paris that you did not embrace the ministry, for there is no saying what effect it might have had on others. That great, dull, draughty church of the Oratoire—church! I should have said preaching-house—with its windy galleries, and its dirty, cobwebby, uncomfortable boxes all round, for all the world like an unfrequented theatre—might have been turned into an exhibition of your eloquence."

"Don't abuse our temple!"

"You call it a temple, indeed! That is worse still. Why, it is only fit for a fancy bazaar, or a scientific lecture-room—anything, in short, that would require to have its ugly white-washed walls covered from floor to roof with something a little bit warmer than plaster."

"Have you ever heard Coquerel there?"

"Coquerel? yes, of course, two Coquerels, and perhaps more. I never went there, you may be sure, under any less inducement. It is not the place to dream of heaven in, or to say your prayers with any satisfaction, for one is no sooner in it than one longs to be out again."

"Ay, but do you not confess now that Coquerel gives life to those bare walls, that he sanctifies the place with the inspired words that flow from his lips, that sweet and yet powerful voice that fills the whole vast building, and holds all that motley crowd, Protestant, Catholic, and Atheist, in silent admiration?"

"He is a fine preacher, I admit; but I think the terms you apply to him are unsuitable, as coming from a man. Women fall in love with preachers, but men are only moved by them. Fools as men are they can generally separate the preacher and his sermon. Paul was not worshipped at Athens, but at Lystra. At the one place he preached a magnificent sermon with two great advantages, a sermon-loving audience and a novel theme. At the other he only healed a cripple. Peter the Hermit sent a throng of rapacious, lawless knights to the Holy Land, but he himself was not even canonized. The finest preachers have never got much more than a fat bishopric by straining their lungs, though hundreds of their hearers may have found the postern-gate to heaven through their discourse."

"Perhaps you are right. But have you ever tried to preach?"

"Not I, forsooth."

"Then you do not know what is due to a preacher. You cannot tell what it is to stand between heaven and the world, and to know that you are a responsible usher from the one to the other. You do not imagine how every line on every face of your audience comes to swell your anxiety—how earthly you feel them to be; how bright the heaven, on the other hand. Oh! to strive, to strain every muscle, to rouse every nerve of the mind to call them on, and yet to feel how little you succeed; to see and know their stolid indifference, and not be able to stir it up. And then in despair to be forced to let yourself down from the heaven where you have carried your head to their earthly level, and give them the words of familiarity as a last resource. Oh! it is bitter! Down, Smug, down."

"Have you ever preached, then, De Coucy?"

"I have tried to. But stop, what is the time?"

"Ah! you remind me. I came here to talk of quite another subject. Oh! it is already half-past eleven."

"Indeed! Then at this moment probably the deed is being done."

"And in another half-hour the police will be here."

"Nay, surely; not till to-morrow at the earliest, if at all. If the affair fails, and that poor tool is caught, he will doubtless turn king's—I mean emperor's—evidence; but they cannot know our names till he has been examined."

"But suppose they know them already?"

"How can they?"

"Simply thus. The man who came to us from Nantes is an impostor; in short, a *mouchard*. The whole plot is made up by the emperor himself, and this wretched man has been bought over to do the deed."

"What! what!" cried De Coucy, pale with horror; "you know this? you are certain of it?"

"I am certain of nothing. But at the same time, I am full of suspicion. There, read that letter. It is from Bernard, the president of the Nantes lodge. It denies all knowledge of this Lefèvre, and emphatically rejects the idea that he could have sent us such advice as that man brought or pretended to bring."

"When did you receive this?"

"An hour ago. I was out when it came."

"Then you had written to Bernard?"

"Yes; the very day after the last meeting."

"Ah! your suspicions were excited?"

"I was determined to do all I could to prevent this blow; but you see the revelation came too late."

De Coucy glanced over the letter.

"Paul," he said solemnly, "we are betrayed."

"Yes; but personally we are still safe. The moment I had read this letter, I went to an Englishman who lets out carriages near the Champs Elysées, and ordered a dog-cart and strong horse to drive, as I told him, to Chantilly; you know there is a race to-morrow. I told him I should go to-night, because I had a horse to look after. I was obliged to tell these lies—don't look stern. The dog-cart will be at my lodgings at ten minutes to twelve, and I have come first for you, next for Fortuné, who had appointed to meet me here with the news. He will be here in a few minutes, and in the interval you can pack up what you want to take, and then we'll be off."

"But where to?"

"Brittany. It is a safe out-of-the-way corner, and on an emergency one can slip over from one of its fishing ports to England."

"But you cannot drive down there with one horse in a dog-cart," said De Coucy, innocently, as if the news had disturbed his senses.

"Certainly not. I have arranged all that. But we have lost time enough already. Come, old fellow, make up a small carpet-bagful, and let us be off."

De Coucy still sat immovable, with his head leaning on one hand, and muttered half to himself: "To give it all up. To fly from Paris in this way, like a coward, a deserter! To be betrayed by so poor a plot!"

"Come, come," cried Paul, impatiently. "This is no time to bewail fortune. If you won't pack up your papers, or burn them or something, I shall do it for you."

"My papers! Ah! you are right." And going to an old-fashioned cabinet, De Coucy unlocked about a dozen little drawers, drew out their contents, and heaving a great sigh, threw them into the grate.

"Light them for me, Paul," he murmured; "I cannot do it myself. It is too much for me. The labor of seven years destroyed in a moment."

"A royal *auto-da-fe*!"

This done, De Coucy went into his bedroom, and in a few minutes returned with a small carpet-bag, filled with nothing but absolute necessities, and one or two precious relics of the dead or the distant.

"Paul," said he, still in the same sad tone, "I have not paid my rent."

"Bah, man! you cannot pay it now. You can leave the money on the table, or, better still, send it up from the country."

De Coucy drew out his purse; took ten louis from it, wrapped them in a piece of paper, and addressing it to the proprietor, left the packet on the table.

"That relieves my conscience. Are they all burnt?" he added, poking up the smouldering papers. "Good; now I am ready."

The two friends issued stealthily. They found that the gas had already been put out, so that the staircase was in complete darkness. At the bottom of the stairs was a long narrow passage leading to the street, and this also was in total eclipse.

"Who are those men at the door?" cried De Coucy, suddenly drawing up.

"A couple of soldiers waiting for some cookmaid or other," answered Paul.

"But their bayonets are fixed."

"Oh! well, never mind—"

But at this moment a noise was heard behind them, and they could perceive that some figure issued from a recess in the wall.

"You are Monsieur De Coucy?" said a rough voice.

"You are right, sir; and who are you?" replied De Coucy.

"That is of little consequence. You will please to walk on to the light, that I may have the pleasure of showing you a warrant for your arrest."

De Coucy said not a word. He had expected this blow, but not so soon; and he was prepared for it, only that Montague had a little unsettled him with the arrangements for a flight. But Paul was of another mind. He knew that his own arrest was awaiting him at home, in all probability, and that though an Englishman, he would suffer like the rest, because the offence being political was beyond all interference. But he also knew that in the evidence the conduct of the prisoners at the moment of capture would tell considerably, and for De Coucy's sake he determined to feign astonishment.

"Arrest! my dear fellow," he cried, pushing himself between the sergeant—for such was the man—and his friend. "What is the meaning of this? Are you in debt or difficulties? Speak, I will do anything to prevent your going to prison."

"Thank you, my good friend," replied De Coucy, catching his drift. "This person must tell you for what I am arrested. I suppose he will know."

"Not at all, sir," answered the sergeant brusquely. "You see the warrant. It is signed by the minister of police, and that is sufficient. You will learn the cause of it elsewhere."

"Good heavens! what a country! To be arrested for nothing, and not allowed to know what the nothing is!" exclaimed Paul, whose sole anxiety now was to keep up De Coucy's spirits.

The sergeant, who doubtless felt the importance of the duty committed to him, turned a look of supreme contempt upon Montague, and then addressed himself to De Coucy.

"Have the kindness, sir, to lead the way to your apartment, which I have orders to search." Then turning to the two privates, he sent one off to fetch a *fiacre*, and told the other to follow them up.

"Come, old boy," said Montague, thrusting his arm under his friend's, "we shall have a nice little *partie carrée*. These distinguished visitors will do you the honor, doubtless, to take supper with you."

And he was marching off, when the sergeant pulled him by the arm.

"Paws off, Pompey!"

"Sir, you cannot accompany this gentleman up-stairs."

"Pardon me, I have a pair of legs, and in excellent condition."

The sergeant was gradually losing his temper.

"You must leave, sir, immediately."

"Oho, my good man, gently there, gently. Do you know whom you are speaking to? Allow me to introduce myself. I am an Englishman and an intimate friend of the 'grand Balmerstone.' If you have not an arrest for me also, I advise you

to be careful how you use me. Balmerstone will be down upon you, and have you guillotined."

De Coucy cast a pleading glance at Montague. The sergeant stolidly pointed to the door. But Paul, with the utmost coolness, drew his friend up the stairs, and the man, amazed at his audacity, and half afraid of overdoing his work, followed in silence with the private.

Arrived in the apartment, the non-commissioned officer produced a note-book and pencil, and Paul, taking upon himself to do the honors, opened the doors for him, and bowed him in with most provoking civility.

"Pray make yourself at home, my noble veteran. This is my friend's drawing-room. Inspect the drawers in that cabinet. Examine this closet. I think you will not find either a mint for false coinage or engraving-plates for bank-notes. But perhaps you are searching for some stolen treasure. Please walk this way. This is the study. It is here that my friend keeps his papers." The eyes of the sergeant glistened at these words. "In that old fashioned secretaire. De Coucy, old boy, your keys, please. There, sir, open these drawers yourself. Their contents must be curious—love letters, probably, in large amount."

And running on in this manner, Paul, managed to glide before the fire-place, in which the papers still smouldered, so as to hide the ruin from the eyes of the man of war. But that worthy was not to be hounded, and pushing behind Paul, he deliberately thrust his hand in among the charred ashes. But he quickly withdrew it with a little oath.

"So you have burnt your fingers," Paul went on. "Dear me, this comes of being too curious."

The sergeant still kept his temper admirably, and quietly made a note of the burnt papers.

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and Fortuné, paler than death, glided in. Paul immediately rushed up to him, and in a low whisper inquired the news. Fortuné related all he had seen, and cast a melancholy look at the state of affairs.

But Paul's look stopped all remark on the part of the lacquey, and his lugubrious face even brightened up when he at last guessed the meaning of his master's apparently high spirits. Suddenly Paul, turning to the sergeant, exclaimed, in English, "My dear sergeant, let's have a bottle of this gentleman's best Bordeaux." De Coucy, who understood English perfectly, looked amazed at this new turn of his friend's frivolity, but the officer took no notice whatever of the remark, and went on quietly with his notes.

"Ah!" continued Montague, in the same language, and with a sigh of satisfaction, "it is certain he does not know a word of English, old fellow. I know your French soldier. However stupid he may be, even if he is an Alsatian—and what can be more brutal and idiotic than those semi-Germans?—he will prick his ears at the mention of red wine, and so I took that way to test him. So now I can tell you the news. The attempt has failed, and all my suspicions are confirmed."

"Ah!" said De Coucy bitterly, "I expected it."

"My servant," continued Paul, "has just witnessed the capture of the count—you know whom—no names; and the man who took him was no other than our friend—you know whom I mean—the man I suspected."

"*En route!*" shouted the soldier at this moment, having finished his investigation.

Paul jumped up, as if stung by a viper.

"My dear good M. Sergeant, pray moderate your tone. My nerves are weak. You alarm me."

The man of war did not deign a reply, but sending the private on in front, placed his hand on De Coucy's shoulder.

Meanwhile Smug had been snuffing most disdainfully at the sergeant's trowsers, convinced, from surrounding appearances, that this individual was anything but a friend to his master. But when he saw him roughly handle his beloved protector, Smug could stand it no longer, and flying at his heels, set up a furious bark. The sergeant, already out of temper at Paul's chaff, raised his foot, and did his best to kick the faithful Skye in the jaw, but in vain. Smug danced about his legs, and made most desperate attempts to catch the flesh of his calf, and the



odds were decidedly in favor of the four-legged animal, when De Coucy interfered.

"Down, Smug, *couche, couche*," and he caught him up in his arms.

"You cannot take the dog with you," said the sergeant savagely.

"And why not?"

"Because it is not allowed."

"But surely a little creature like this cannot be in the way," said Paul; "he is dumb, Mr. Officer, although he barks so loud. He is not likely to carry messages to the prisoner, or interfere in any way with the authorities."

"It is not allowed, I tell you," thundered the sergeant.

"Oh! I implore you," said De Coucy.

"Drop the dog, and move on," shouted the other.

De Coucy looked wretched. "My best friend, my only companion!" he murmured. "Well, it must be; Montague, will you take care of the poor thing? Treat him well for my sake."

He grasped Montague's two hands, and looked sadly into his face.

"It seems as if I should never see you again, Montague."

Paul could not speak. Now that the moment of parting had come, it was in vain to try and be cheerful. The two friends pressed each other's hands again, and then the sergeant drew De Coucy away. His prophecy was right. The prison gates closed that night on him, and never opened for him again.

An hour later Paul and Smug were driving furiously along the high road to Amiens; but where was Fortuné? Paul did not know, no more do I. Perhaps—but who can tell?—he was among the eleven whose arrests were mentioned in the next day's *Moniteur*. He had only left his master for five minutes—had only just run round to a neighboring wine-shop to get change for a louis, and never returned; and though Paul sought him and waited for him till the latest moment safety would allow, he never turned up. So Paul left a note for him with directions how to proceed, but written in masonic cypher, so as to afford no clue to his own whereabouts.

But no wonder that Paul, in his cold lonely drive, drew De Coucy's poor dog—whining now at the separation—to his side, and murmured that he was his only friend left. No wonder he shuddered at the danger he had escaped, and yet reproached himself with selfishness in being free while his friends were in bonds. No wonder he could not understand why he, of all others, should be allowed to escape—he who had been one of the chiefs of the Secret Society—for he could not, of course, know that Antoine had purposely scratched his name from the list.

At twenty miles from Paris he reached a small village, where he put up his horse and gig, ordered supper, and eat it, and a bed, in which he did not sleep. For when all were dosing, he was walking rapidly across the country to a neighboring town, where he hired the same morning a horse, on which he rode down as far as Caen. From there he took diligence to Rennes, and once in Brittany, he felt comparatively secure.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—CLOTHILDE'S MAN-TRAPS.

THE Château de Beaufort was simply a large country-house, of the kind which we should almost call a farm-house in England. Though the De Beauforts were really an old family, and boasted some remote connection with the ducal line of that name, their "mansion" was not very superb, and the means of the succeeding generations diminishing rather than increasing, left its owners very little chance of repairing it within or without. However, M. and Madame de Beaufort had done their best to make it elegant if not luxurious. A part of what was called the "park," in the Gallic sense of the word, but which was really nothing but a large meadow surrounded with walks and plantations, had been cut off and converted into a very pretty French garden, which was the more acceptable to the eye, as the house itself was dim and dusty without. A huge pair of entrance-gates, which gave hopes of better things within, had been erected.

The large drawing-room had a rich old parquet floor, which was always kept well polished, so as to dispense with carpets,

which are but little used in French country-houses. The furniture, though old, had been recovered, and the *portieres* over the doors, as well as the window curtains, were bright and pretty, so that the whole effect was not bad. A dining-room and billiard-room of uncomfortable bareness, were the only other chambers common to the whole family, but to make up for this, each member had a small sitting-room or cabinet attached to his or her bed-room, in which they passed most of their day when *en famille*.

Little Madame de Beaufort was sitting in the drawing-room in one arm-chair, on the evening of the second day of Montague's visit; and a pinched and faded old lady, dressed entirely in black, and the very pattern of spotless neatness, was seated in another opposite to her. Quite at the end of the room and near the window was a young girl of sixteen, whose dark face could not be called pretty, since the features were little more than a refined copy of M. de Beaufort's, but still was pleasing, from a merry pert expression that lit up its shades from time to time. She was absorbed in a book at the present moment, though, 'tis true, from time to time, she looked up, with a smile, and an unconscious blush towards the garden.

"And what," said Madame de Beaufort to the Chanoinesse, "do you think of M. Montague, *ma belle sœur*?"

The ladies imagined that Clothilde was too far off to hear their conversation; but an attentive observer might have remarked a decided wandering of the eyes from her book when she caught the Englishman's name.

"I think him," replied the lady in black, in a deep tone, dry and dogmatical, "a very charming young man. His manners are more *convenable* than those of most Englishmen, and his conversation is agreeable. But, my dear sister, I fear that he is a little too much a man of the world to take definitively to so young a girl as Clothilde. Though young himself, he has a monobalance and ease of manner which surprise and distress me."

"And yet," said the little woman, working diligently at a cushion, "I think it is often those men of the world who most admire these young fresh creatures, who are so innocent and ignorant of what they are most accustomed to."

"That is not the conclusion I should draw from a long experience," replied the Chanoinesse de Beaufort, harshly; "and then I certainly look with horror on the prospect of Clothilde's being sacrificed to a heretic and a foreigner, however agreeable he may be."

Madame de Beaufort gave a slight sigh. This was the point on which they had split since the marriage had been first proposed, and she well knew how frightfully obstinate the old lady could be on the subject of religion. But the Chanoinesse was a matchmaker, and her little sister-in-law knew it, and turned her knowledge to account.

"But, madame," she replied, "we shall never find so excellent a match for Clothilde in a pecuniary point of view, which is perhaps the chief consideration. Only think of a prospect of a hundred thousand francs a year!"

The black eyes of the old woman twinkled at the mention of this sum. A dim vision of an easy chariot and unlimited *moirés* antiques in Paris, superseding her deep arm-chair, and oft-donned black silk, flitted across the mind of one whom the worldliest occupation of the world—matchmaking—had soured into covetousness.

"Ah!" she answered sharply, "if this were certain, I, my dear, should never refuse my consent. But I have had some experience in these matters, and I know that nothing can be so mis-stated as people's fortunes."

Little Madame de Beaufort sighed again. She knew that all the while the old lady was very anxious to secure Montague for her niece. She was certain that these objections were only raised to support her character for acuteness in these matters, and she felt that the confirmed matchmaker had now an interest on hand, which surpassed all her former ones. The child that she had brought up, about whom she had thought day and night, for whose sake she had made inquiries into the prospects of half the young men of France, could not be married even under such favorable auspices, without a little difficulty of some kind being raised. She therefore replied quietly:

"If you really object so strongly to this match, perhaps we had better manage to get rid of our visitor again. It would not be proper to interest Clothilde's affections for a man to whom she could never be united."

"Madame," replied the old lady, tartly, "you will misunderstand me. I never said I objected wholly to the match. What though he is a foreigner, though his family and fortune are not properly ascertained, though, which is worst of all, he is a heretic, I do not deny the advantages of obtaining for Clothilde so wealthy a connection. I only propose that we should make further inquiries, and that we should decide upon nothing in a hurry. I say that M. de Beaufort, in justice to his niece, should sound all his friends and known acquaintance as to the young man's prospects. I say that you should give me time to observe, to inquire, to make up my mind, before you ask my opinion."

And so saying she spread out the folds of her black silk, and drew herself up in her armchair.

But all this will be useless, if M. Montague is not allowed the opportunity for forming an affection for Clothilde," said Madame de Beaufort.

"My dear you need not be afraid. My experience enabled me to observe a great deal in last night's meeting. I distinctly remarked an embarrassment, undoubtedly the result of admiration and agreeable surprise, about the young man. M. Montague cannot, as a man of the world, have failed to perceive your husband's drift in asking him down here. He cannot imagine that we simply desire his society. Hence his delight when he saw, in the person destined for him, so much fresh beauty, combined with all the elegance of good breeding."

"But then as to Clothilde?"

"My dear, she is a child. This is the first person who has ever been staying here. She cannot fail to be attracted towards him. Besides, I have confidence in Clothilde. She has been too well instructed by me in what is becoming to a young girl, to oppose the wishes of her nearest relations in a matter of such importance. She would never have the effrontery to think for a moment that she ought to be consulted."

"Well, let us sound her," said the little woman. "Clothilde, my child, what are you reading?"

The girl blushed and simpered, as she replied, "I am practising my English, aunt."

A significant look passed between the two ladies.

"Come here, my child," cried the Chanoinesse.

Clothilde, not knowing what might be coming, made an effort to bound towards the old aunt, and a still greater one to impress that kiss on her forehead which is given about ten times a day in French country-houses. In fact, what with the embraces of the women, and the bowing and hand shaking of the men, a country-house abroad ought to be a prototype of the Millennium. Children, of whatever age, are always kissing the foreheads of their parents. Brothers are always shaking hands, grandfathers are always caressing their grandchildren in some manner proper to grandpaternal affection; and the only people who never take any notice of one another, are husband and wife.

"Do you like learning English, my love?" asked the Chanoinesse, when the embrace had been genteelly performed.

"Oh! so much."

"And do you think you should like the English themselves?"

"O dear! yes," said the girl, blushing and giggling; then thinking she had said too much, she added, "that is, at least, if they are all as nice as that dear Miss Jones, whom we used to know at Rennes."

Now Miss Jones was a Tartar, who had bullied a few English verbs and substantives into the unfortunate Clothilde; but then young ladies in France are not allowed to have a dislike. Outwardly, at least, they must be angels.

"Well, my dear," said the grim old lady, "you are quite right to keep up your English, for it may be more useful at times than you are aware of."

"O yes! so nice," said the little red-faced hypocrite, for all the time she was gloating over the hope of talking in an un-

known tongue to Paul, to whom she had taken an immense fancy.

"But mind, my child, I must not have you flirting in English with Mr. Montague."

This time Clothilde blushed in real earnest, and giggled immoderately to hide her confusion.

"Oh! dear aunt, how funny you are."

"Because he is a very nice young man, and you might be falling in love with him," added the Chanoinesse.

Clothilde cast down her eyes in the approved fashion, and said nothing. Then Madame de Beaufort took up the thread.

"Do you think you should ever like to go to England?"

"O yes! so much. But then I could never bear to leave you and aunt."

Aunt looked pleased. Though she was too old a hand to imagine that her pupil spoke with sincerity, she was glad to see that her lessons were attended to.

"You are a good child," she said. "But what if you had some one to replace us in your heart, Clothilde?"

The girl again looked down and smirked. Another significant glance was exchanged by the two ladies, for if Clothilde had not been very much interested in Paul, she ought to have answered that "no one could ever replace her relations," &c., in the approved form.

Then the Chanoinesse took her niece's hand and looked sentimentally sour at her. "Ah, my child, I see where your young affections are turning."

"Indeed, I assure you"—Clothilde began, quite overcome.

"No, no. Do not deny it, my dear. I only say, never forget what is becoming to the modesty of a young girl. You know that M. de Beaufort, your aunt, and myself, all approve of this union; that we consult above all things your own wishes, my love; but you must remember that you are still a child. A young girl should never allow herself to be fascinated. And most of all you must never let M. Montague have the slightest idea that you are otherwise than perfectly indifferent to him."

At this moment a knock was heard at the window. M. de Beaufort and Paul had just returned from a long fishing excursion. The little man was dressed in the most eccentric attire, for, as with most Frenchmen, who admire *le sport Anglais*, his costume was always the principal part of the amusement, and he took longer to attire himself for fishing or shooting, than a lady of fashion going to a ball. On the present occasion, he had adopted what he imagined would be the pure costume of Izak Walton.

Though he had merely been trout fishing, he had on an enormous pair of jack boots, reaching up to the middle of his body, and almost swallowing up the little man *in toto*. Above these was a corduroy jacket, very new, and replete with huge pockets, which were stuffed with all the tackle which that wondrous cogitative race of creatures whom Johnson described as the fools at one end, with the worms at the other, of a stick and line, seem to delight in. A thick ponderous corduroy waistcoat of a similar differential, and on his head a large wide-awake, placed a little in cavalier fashion on one side, completed his attire, which in a six foot Britisher might have been bearable, but in the tiny, dark-eyed, whiskerless, black moustached Frenchman, was simply absurd.

Montague wore merely a pair of thick boots, and an old morning coat; but when he had come down in the morning in this dress, the little spitfire had opened his black eyes in genuine astonishment.

"Ah, monsieur!" he had exclaimed. "I see that we Frenchmen have learned from you *les-ons* which you have already forgotten yourselves. You no longer honor *le sport*, as you used to do. You are so accustomed to its excitements, that you have forgotten what is due to its dignity. But," he added mysteriously, "are you not afraid of cold without boots? Do you not think that a little more technicality (*sic*) in your costume would be advantageous both to your health and comfort? Ah! you are reckless. Well, no matter, *allons*."

Clothilde blushed, simpered, and blushed again. The contrast between the well-built Englishman in his ordinary dress,

and the pigmy Frenchman in his professional and would-be manly toggery, made itself felt at once.

Little Clothilde was *spoony* on the Englishman, and that, too, without the Chanoinesse's pictures of Paris comforts and luxuries.

"Well, monsieur," said Madame de Beaufort to Montague; "I hope you have brought us some fish for dinner. For it is Friday, you know, and the more fish we have the better we shall dine."

"Madame," replied the young man, showing a basketful of excellent trout; "I only wait your orders, and—my change of dress, to lay these at your feet."

"He is charming," whispered the little woman to the Chanoinesse. Then aloud, she replied, "No, sir; as a true gallant, you should offer your game to the youngest and fairest of the party."

Luckily for Paul, Monsieur de Beaufort pulled away his fellow-fisherman at that juncture, and the two went to change.

A French *diner de jeûne* or fast-day dinner is one of the best things that any anti-carnite could desire. Imagine every possible eatable that is not flesh, whether of beast or fowl, served up in every possible form. Imagine people forbidden their natural food, striving to make every less natural and less agreeable aliment palatable and pleasant, and you have a good idea of that healthful practice of fasting, which priests enjoin for the good of our bodies and souls, and which even the lowest of Low Churchmen admit to be "salutary, though often inconvenient." In France, at least, it is rarely inconvenient. Where fish is not to be had fresh, they will have it salted, and where neither one nor the other can be got, they will have every vegetable in the garden, and every egg from every hen in the neighborhood, done up so neatly with butter and toast, and parsley and paste, that instead of fasting, you have a vegetarian feast that Lucullus himself would have been proud to invite you to. Oh! commend me to Friday or Wednesday abroad.

Clothilde, of course, was seated next to Montague, and, as is permitted to French young ladies, she attended carefully to his wants. The salt, the wine, the bread, the water, she took every opportunity of passing to him, till Paul was so ashamed of himself, that he set to work to outdo her in this kind of politeness in self-defence, and made, after all, but a poor dinner.

After dinner, all, except M. de Beaufort, who vanished mysteriously, turned out into the garden.

And how was it that Clothilde and Paul were left to walk together?

Well, Paul was amused with the *naïvetés*—as he thought them—of the young girl, who laughed and smiled and smirked, and behaved pretty much after the ordinances of her spiritual aunt; and Clothilde was no less amused with the stubborn solidity to the Englishman.

When she saw that he neither could nor perceive or did not value her little approaches, she changed her tactics, and put on *la penserosa*.

"You are thoughtful to-night, mademoiselle," said he.

"Ah! you perceive it? How hard it is to conceal one's deepest emotions."

"May I ask, if the question be not impertinent, what is the cause of your melancholy?"

"I was thinking—Oh yes, of course, you may—of—of the mutual acquaintance that my aunt discovered at dinner."

A wicked smile passed over Montague's lips.

"What, of Madame St. Amand?"

"No, of no *madame*."

"Oh! perhaps of Mademoiselle St. Amand?"

"No, of Mademoiselle de Ronville."

"Hum, and what, may I ask, were you thinking about her?"

"I was envying her."

"Envy! why envy?"

"Because she is so beautiful; so charming."

"Ah, you are right there," said Paul, and he began to like the girl for admiring her beauty.

But Clothilde was shocked. Then he had no affection for herself. He ought to have said that there was no cause for envy. He ought, as she had expected and intrigued for, to have said that Mademoiselle de Beaufort could not only match with, but

surpassed Mademoiselle de Ronville. It was such an opportunity, and this barbarian was either too *bête* or too cold to seize it. But Mademoiselle de Beaufort was not one of the *aut Cesar aut nullus* company. She could not, indeed, content herself with being Paul's confidante, but she saw that by entering into his confidence, she would gain a hold on him, and to what might she not improve such a tenure?

"Ah," she murmured artfully; "I am glad you admire Mademoiselle de Ronville."

"And why so?"

"Because she is one of my best friends."

Paul was startled. He had learnt that day that the De Beauforts knew the De Ronvilles; but he could not believe that one of Madeleine's mind should make a bosom friend of this foolish, giggling girl. He could not prevent himself from murmuring "Impossible."

"Why impossible? I assure you that we generally see a great deal of one another; you know we are very near them, only about two leagues' distance; and she confides everything to me."

"Really?" and Paul brightened up, as he now saw a golden opportunity before him.

"Yes, all her *affaires de cœur*; all the proposals of marriage that are made her; in short, everything that is interesting and delightful."

"Ah! and does she receive many proposals?" he asked, burning with an unavowed jealousy.

"Oh yes, poor thing, she is quite bothered with them; but she refuses them all."

"Ah! because she is engaged?"

"Engaged! O no; you mean to the Count Ludowsky? But she does not care a bit for him. In fact, she hates him."

"Then she has some other attachment?" Paul asked un-easily.

"Oh! you have guessed it. How did you divine it?"

"I guess nothing; I only reason from what you tell me."

"Then, sir, you reason aright. She has had an attachment for many years, poor girl."

"Humph," answered Paul grumpily; and he thought to himself that this accounted for many things he had noticed about Madeleine.

Clothilde noticed his ill-humor, and went on, delighted.

"Poor dear Madeleine. It was very romantic, but very extraordinary."

"How so? Is it extraordinary for young ladies in France to fall in love?"

"Oh! sir. You know it is very wrong to feel any attachment that one's parents cannot approve of."

"Well, well, by the French code, I suppose it is so. But who is the object of this very wicked sentiment?"

"Oh! it was very wicked, indeed," replied the young girl, thinking she had succeeded so far, "Imagine that the man—for he cannot be called a gentleman—was quite a common creature."

"Oh dear! that is dreadful indeed," said Paul, smiling to himself. "Common people are not meant to inspire sentiment?"

"Of course not. They are quite contemptible."

"I am sure, mademoiselle," returned Paul wickedly, "that His Majesty King Henry the V. cannot be aware what an excellent advocate he has in this corner of the world. He would certainly send you his miniature set in diamonds if he heard that speech."

Clothilde was taken in, and resolved to be enthusiastically royalist.

"Oh!" cried she, clapping her hands; "I am so glad you are a legitimist! I do so love our king. But papa told me all Englishmen were republicans. How is it you are not one?"

Still feeling impertinent, Montague determined to be gallant.

"Ah! mademoiselle, how could I be a vile republican when I see a queen in you?"

Clothilde hung her head modestly, and blushed poodles.

"He has offered," she thought. "He has done it already!"

And she stretched out her hand; but instantly determining



rather weakly not to appear too ready to accept him, she drew up, saying :

"Kneel, sir, to your queen."

"On one condition I will kneel," answered Paul cruelly, but dropping passively on one knee.

"Anything, everything," answered Clothilde, in a tremor of delightful hopes.

"That you will tell me the name of Mademoiselle de Ronville's preference."

At this moment little M. de Beaufort and the withered Chanoinesse, who had been some time in search of the wandering couple, turned a corner in the walk, and beheld the *tableau vivant*. The little man, out of his senses with joy, grasped his sister's arm violently, and raising himself on tiptoe, whispered emphatically :

"He has done it, he has done it. Did I not tell you so?"

Clothilde and Paul turned at the same moment and saw the little man's face radiant with triumph, and the Chanoinesse stiff and shocked. Clothilde fled through the shrubbery. Montague felt rather ashamed of himself, but resolved to put on a bold face.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear sir," he began.

"Ah! my son," exclaimed the little man, spreading out his arms to their utmost extent, "let me embrace you."

Montague did not seem to notice the kind offer.

"I was only trying to get a secret out of your daughter."

"Ah! a secret?"

"Yes; about Mademoiselle de Ronville."

The little man's face fell from round to oblong. The Chanoinesse darted a look of malignant triumph at her brother.

"Well, sir," said the Chanoinesse to Montague, stiffly, "you will have an opportunity of asking that young lady herself in a day or two."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, if you will do us the pleasure to accompany us to M. Dumesnil's fête."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Paul eagerly.

"*Que ces Anglais sont bêtes!*" said the little man to his little wife that night. "Here M. Montague has offered to Clothilde, and he will not confess it."

"But," replied the little woman, "it was your fault, Clothilde says. She assures me he was just about to offer when he saw you, and turned off the question."

M. de Beaufort slept little after that.

(To be continued.)

#### INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, was fond of telling his friends how his attention was first turned to natural history. When young and poor, he was glad of a situation in the household of one of the inferior noblesse as tutor to his son. The residence of his family was an old chateau in the south of France, and an attic was assigned to Cuvier as his apartment; the window looked into the garden, and as the chateau stood on the slope of a hill it commanded an extensive view of a rich champagne country. At his window, young Cuvier, who was an early riser, spent the hours before study inhaling the rich perfume of the flowers, and feasting his eyes on the lovely prospect that stretched out before him.

One morning he observed two swallows visit repeatedly one of the upper corners of his window, as if examining its suitability as a spot to build their nest in: they adopted it, and forthwith began carrying clay in their bills for the outer crust; this in a very short time they completed, and then the nest was formed within it. So soon as their work was finished, the two builders disappeared for some days.

While the industrious pair were preparing their future habitation, Cuvier observed two sparrows perched on the lowest crowstep of one of the gables of the chateau, and nearly opposite his window, who appeared to watch with interest the progress of the builders; they were quiet lookers on, and he often wondered what could be their object in so patiently observing the labors of the swallows. This he soon learned; for on the day following the finishing of the nest and the departure of its owners,

the knavish sparrows boldly took possession and established themselves in it.

His attention was now attracted to the nest, for he expected its rightful owners to return; but he noticed that while one of the sparrows went off in search of food, the other remained at home, with its sturdy bill ready to defend the entrance, as if expecting the return of those whom he had so dishonestly robbed of their dwelling. In a few days the swallows returned, but on flying to their anticipated home, they were met by the strong blunt bill of the intruding sparrow, and fairly beaten off. After this fruitless attempt to dislodge the intruder, the injured bird flew away, and left the thievish sparrow to chuckle over its successful roguery.

But the business was not at an end; for on the following morning Cuvier was surprised at seeing troops of swallows alighting on the crowsteps and roof of the chateau, and among them he observed his old friends, the builders, who flew about among their companions and twittered incessantly. His eyes were now riveted on the assembled swallows, for he saw that they had business on hand; and it was speedily entered upon, for the little troop made an assault on the stolen nest. But now two long bills guarded the entrance, and defied all the efforts of the courageous swallows. Still the attack was continued by fresh assailants, and maintained until they seemed satisfied of the impossibility of dislodging the sparrows, when in a body they flew away.

The sparrows now seemed fixed in their ill-gotten property, and a roistering time of chattering they had after the retreat of their enemies; if, however, they chuckled over their prowess, and rejoiced in the comforts of their stolen home, their triumphs were destined to be short-lived, and a fearful fate awaited them.

In a very short time the swallows returned in still greater numbers, each having some soft clay in its bill, with which in a few seconds they hermetically sealed up the entry to the nest, and consigned the imprisoned robbers to a lingering death. But this was not all—for, as if to make escape utterly impossible, another nest was constructed abutting on the original one, the back part of which added to the thickness of the clay which shut in the sparrows. The crust was soon finished, a nest was formed of it, for a score of birds assisted in the work, and the owners of the purloined nest were duly installed in their new home, which to the thievish sparrows made their tomb.

**WATER IN HOT CLIMATES.**—In some parts of the east, considerable pains and expense have been bestowed on inventions to supply travellers with water; and these are always considered as works of peculiar benevolence. It is remarkable, that it is mentioned of the Hindoos in some parts of India, that they sometimes go a considerable distance to fetch water, and bring it to the roadside, where travellers are likely to pass, and offer it to them in honor of the gods. Fountains are common in the East. Their number is owing to the nature of the country and the climate. The soil, parched and thirsty, demands moisture to aid vegetation; and a cloudless sun, which inflames the air, requires for the people the verdure, shade and coolness, its agreeable attendants; hence they occur not only in the towns and villages, but in the fields and gardens, and by the sides of the roads, and by the beaten tracks on the mountains. Many of them are the useful donations of humane persons while living, or have been bequeathed as legacies on their decease. The Turks esteem the erecting of them as meritorious, and seldom go away after performing their ablutions, or drinking, without gratefully blessing the name and memory of the founder.

**MONEY** is, like fire, a good servant but a bad master. It may be charged with injustice for mankind, inasmuch as there is only a few who make false money, whereas money makes men false. We hate to be cheated, not so much for the value of the commodity, as because it makes others appear superior to ourselves. Being defrauded would be nothing, were it not so galling to be outwitted. A Greek philosopher left his money in the hands of a friend to be given to his children in case they should be fools; "for," said he, "if they are wise, they will not want it."

## RAMBLES IN CALIFORNIA.

Land of the West—beneath the Heaven  
There's not a fairer, lovelier clime;  
Nor one to which was ever given  
A destiny more high, sublime!

"And yet, with this great truth before us, there are those who are ever speaking of her immoralities, her vices, her improvidences, her recklessness, as without parallel in the history of the world. They would magnify her faults and her blemishes, but are careful never to speak of her comeliness, or her rapid progress along the pathway of prosperous nations; for California is a nation within herself. Nearly eight hundred miles in length, and an average breadth of two hundred and fifty miles, containing an area of nearly one hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred square miles, or nearly twice as large as the whole of Great Britain, and embracing within her limits a greater Babel of races, languages, manners, customs and pursuits than any other country of the same extent on earth, is it surprising that much of evil should exist with the good? Let wrong or outrage be heard of on the Gila, or on the summits of the Sierras, or on the nearly eight hundred miles of ocean shore, or on the confines of Oregon, and it is charged to the account of California."

"And yet with all her faults, and now and then with a retrograde movement, she is still mighty in her efforts; and the

aggregate of these efforts is her own and the world's advancement. All ponderous engines are susceptible of a turn backwards, and though this movement may seem at times a positive necessity for the well-being and management of the great hulk that bears it, it does not become the established rule of its working.

"California is a mighty engine, or rather she is our country's great Pacific wheel, and is compelled, from her very position, to work and keep her side of the continent along, single handed and alone, as fast as all the older States, united, do the other. To do this, isolated as she is, she must run her own engine, a high pressure one at that, and under a heavy head of steam; it is not surprising, therefore, that now and then some part of her machinery should become overstrained and a little deranged. But if Captain Buchanan and a majority of the passengers are not satisfied with the eccentricities of her working, just run an iron shaft across the continent, and we'll couple our wheel to yours.

"But until the world can appreciate the lone condition of California, the multiplied difficulties she has to contend against and surmount, in bringing so much of barbarism to the light of civilization, and in so short a period, no one can consistently say that California is not at this hour all that could reasonably have been expected of her."

This is the observation of a Californian writer (*Hutchings' Cal Magazine*), and all who have resided long enough in that



CHEAP JOHN'S.

State to be enabled to form an unbiased opinion on that subject, will coincide with his assertions.

I arrived at San Francisco in 1851, and was lost in wonder and astonishment at the unparalleled—and never in history of countries or nations recorded—rapidity of the rising of a city as by a magical wand, from the barren and unproductive sands, heretofore only trod by the children of the wilderness and a few missionaries.

But stranger still was the contemplation of the mighty cause of this unexampled change; the shining metal, the dross that is capable, with its imaginary value, of revolutionizing nations.

Nearly one-half of the city was built on the extensive wharfs, and still the sound of the falling weight of the pile-drivers, axe, hammer and saw, was heard everywhere employed by speculators in water-lots. Immediately after the completion of a few yards of wharf, a frame house was built on it, shaking and trembling in its foundation the piles, at the passing by of a vehicle or horse; and was as immediately occupied by provision and clothing dealers, and liquor vendors or gamblers. All the commercial business was contracted on the wharfs.

The hills, with their rocks and deep sands, on the rear and sides of the city were not appreciated, and partly covered with thick brush, amongst which were only found a stray tent of some new comer. The houses were composed of wood, erected in a light and fragile style—food for the numerous conflagrations—and refinement and convenience had to give room, at least for the time, to money-making.

Uncouth men, with long beards, battered hats, enormous water-boots and red woollen shirts, invariably armed with bowie-knife and revolver, filled the streets—most of which were miners, who came on a visit from the mountains, for the purpose of having a "burst" in the houses of prostitution and gambling hells. But many of them were also citizens, as lawyers, doctors, merchants, who did not then disdain to appear in the miner's costume, luxury in dress being then entirely disregarded.

I remained only a few days in San Francisco, and took passage on a river steamer to Sacramento City, and having but a few dollars left when I arrived there, I hired myself out as a cook in a hotel. The number and quality of the dishes on the hotel tables in these times being very limited, I acquitted myself tolerably well of my new function of *chef de cuisine*, having a New York lawyer for a dishwasher, another for a knife-cleaner, while two of the waiters had flourished in the pill-box and lancet line. Having come to California with the expectation of picking up pills of gold from the streets, they had provided themselves with plenty of kid gloves to avoid soiling their hands; but found, to their inconceivable disgust and mortification, that they had been victimised by steamer agents and others with exaggerated tales, like many other greenhorns of that ilk. They only regretted not to have carried with them from New York a stout pair of water-boots, pick and shovel, which were valuable, instead of white kid gloves, which their neighbors, the rats, had declared a good prize, and built their nests with, and which were at a discount just then.

To Sacramento may be ascribed the honor of being the first to raise the flag of independence, and the spot where was formed the first nucleus of American power; for here was built the celebrated Sutter's Fort, which owes its establishment to the enterprise and industry of Captain J. A. Sutter, a German, born in the Grand Duchy of Baden. The name and fame of this old pioneer of California will ever remain dear to the heart of every Californian. Little did he think, as he left his adopted home in Missouri, of the immortal destiny that awaited him as the first of a vanguard of millions who were to found the empire of the Pacific, and plant the flag of freedom in the Far West. Captain Sutter had early become interested in all kinds of information concerning the Pacific coast, and from the accounts of persons who had visited the country he became convinced of the inducements it held out for settlements; the mildness of the climate, productiveness of soil, and its geographical position rendered its future settlement by Americans certain. He left Missouri with a company under charge of Captain Tripps, of the American Fur Company, and passing through Santa Fe, he continued

on with this company until he reached their camp at the Wind River Mountains. Here he formed a party of six men with the intention to proceed directly to California, but being informed that the route would be exceedingly difficult and dangerous, he finally concluded to go by way of Oregon.

On reaching the Willamette valley his men deserted him, but he continued on his way, although being strongly urged by the gentlemen of the Hudson Bay Company to remain. A vessel belonging to this company was about starting for the Sandwich Islands, and on this he took passage, presuming he would be the sooner able to reach his destination; but in this he was disappointed, as he found no vessel when he arrived there bound for California, and after a long delay he left the islands in a vessel bound for Sitka. At this place he was detained a month, when he assisted in discharging the cargo of the brig *Clementina*, which was then put in his charge for a coast voyage to San Francisco; after a rough passage down the coast he arrived in the port of San Francisco on the 2d of July, 1839. Here an officer with fifteen soldiers came on board and ordered him to leave immediately, as Monterey was the port of entry; but upon the captain's assurance that they were in distress and required a little time to repair and procure supplies, forty-eight hours were allowed him for this purpose, at the expiration of which time he sailed for Monterey, where the vessel was entered according to custom-house regulations.

Captain Sutter here made known his wishes and intentions to Governor Alvarado, the interest he had long felt in the country, the difficulties he had experienced in reaching it, and the strong desire he had to make it the land of his adoption. He expressed his desire to settle with his men in the Sacramento valley. The Indians of the north had always been hostile to the settlement of the Mexicans, and as may be readily supposed the proposition of Captain Sutter to locate in this dangerous region was received with great favor. He was accorded full permission to explore the rivers and its tributaries, and to select and take possession of any locality that might please him, with the assurance that after the expiration of one year from settlement his title should be confirmed to him. Thus encouraged he immediately returned with his brig to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, and having discharged his vessel sent her to the islands; he then purchased some small boats, and chartered the schooner *Isabel* for the exploration of the Sacramento river. He was eight days in discovering the main channel of this river, which, considering the many and intricate outlets, is not surprising. He then sailed up the river to within about ten miles of the present city, Sacramento. Here he was arrested by the appearance of about two hundred horribly painted Indians, armed and with hostile intentions. The captain, however, by his conciliating manner and through a couple of Indians who had a slight knowledge of the Spanish language, succeeded in satisfying them of his peaceable designs, and a treaty was made. He was allowed to proceed up the river, accompanied by the two Indians, from whom he obtained much useful information respecting the character and extent of the valley. Ascending as far as the mouth of the Feather river with his vessel, he here took some small boats and went up the river; the Indians manifested alarm at the appearance of the explorers, and retired as they approached. After exploring the country for some distance he returned to his vessel at the mouth of the river, where he found his men in a state of mutiny, who demanded that there should be an end to so foolhardy an expedition in this useless wilderness.

The old captain assumed an air of carelessness, hardly to be expected from one who had spent so much time, anxiety and means for the accomplishment of his great object. But he had an end in view, so he gave orders for the return of the expedition, and descended the river until he reached the mouth of the American river, which he entered on the 12th of August, 1839. He ascended the stream about three miles, where he commenced the discharging of the cargo; tents were pitched and cannons mounted, as the means of defence and intimidation to the Indians. Here he was in a position that enabled him to settle the spirit of insubordination that had interrupted his explorations on the Feather river; he called his followers about him and wished them to determine whether they would remain



with him agreeable to contract, or leave him, assuring them he wished for none to remain who could not do so cheerfully, and if not contented to settle with him and his Kanakas they could return the next morning on the Isabella.

It was a moment of deep anxiety when he had to await the decision of these men, who were about to leave him amid a wild and extensive wilderness alone; and from whence, as a white man, it would have been impossible to retreat if assailed by the natives, whose faith is never to be trusted. But the old pioneer had staked his honor and his all on the result of this enterprise—the settlement of the Sacramento valley. Nothing could induce him to abandon it, and with a calm and determined self-reliance one feels in the accomplishment of a great object, he was determined that, come what might in the dispensation of Providence, he would do all that human agency could do for the fulfilment of his mission. He had pledged himself to Governor Alvarado that he would settle the valley; and with the same inflexible courage that had carried him triumphant over all obstacles, he felt a sustaining faith that the immense plains which lay stretched before him should yet be his for an inheritance, and a full reward for all the perils he encountered.

Of the six white men who accompanied him three decided on returning, the others concluding to remain with their old guide and protector, and his Kanakas. The faint-hearted adventurers returned the next morning on the Isabella to Yerba Buena, and thus were the first settlers of the Sacramento left in a solitary exile, surrounded by prowling beasts and treacherous savages. The Indians saw much in the property of the new comers that was desirable, and not understanding by what principle they could be excluded from an equal share in it began appropriating it to their own purposes, and the little band were under the necessity of placing themselves in opposition to the natives. A few experiments in gunpowder satisfied them, however, of the mysterious advantages the new comers possessed, and they adopted another course, professing great kindness and sharing in the toils and hardships of the colonists. In this manner the captain and his associates were lulled into a security that came near their entire destruction; and but for the vigilance and instinct of a large bulldog, belonging to the captain, their history would have ended, and we should have heard no more of the old pioneer of Sacramento.

The Indians, on satisfying themselves that they had secured the entire confidence of the settlers, and that no suspicions were entertained of their faith, determined to steal upon them at night and assassinate the entire company at a single blow; and so far had they succeeded in their plot against the captain and his friends, that the precaution of keeping a sentinel was neglected; but the dog was not forgetful of his duty, and true to the instinct of his noble nature, delivered them from death. Concealed by the darkness of the night, he silently watched the stealthy movements of the murderous wretches, until they had advanced within a few feet of their victims, and the foremost was about to crawl into the tent, when he sprang upon him and fastened his teeth in his prostrate body, thus putting an end to the attempt. The piteous yells of the ringleader was sufficient to arouse the camp, and cause his accomplices to beat a precipitate retreat. The Indian, however, succeeded in throwing away his knife, and feigning innocence, escaped the punishment that was his due; and it was not until some time afterwards that the captain learned from his civilized Indians the true character of this affair. Similar attempts were afterwards made, but defeated through the vigilance of their noble animal.

Captain Sutter, although satisfied as to the bad faith of the natives, did not despair of making them of some assistance to him in the accomplishment of his designs. The Indians were scattered over the country in clans or tribes, and located their ranchos at various points in the valley and along the courses of the streams. At the time of Captain Sutter's arrival, one of the most powerful tribes were the Nemshous, who ranged between the Delta river and American Fork. A year or two previous, in the vicinity of Nicolas, they were very numerous, but the small-pox made fearful havoc amongst them, and they were swept away like chaff before the whirlwind. Commodore Wilkes

estimated that one-half of the Indians of the country died of the small-pox in the few years previous to his visit.

Across the Sacramento were the Yolos, and on the north side of the American the Bashonees. Ten miles above the Sacramento were the Veshanaks, and at Vernon were the Tousurlemnies, and above the Youcolumnie Hook and below the mouth of the American were Walacumnies; located at Sutterville were the Cosumnies, Omuchumnies, Solumnie, Mockelumnie, Suramninie, Yousumnie, and others; on the American Fork were the Lacomnie, Kieskie, Youlessumnies, and others. These Indians were a worthless and degraded race, whose virtues lived more in the fame of their ancestors than themselves. As a general thing, their contact with the whites has not improved them, particularly such as had the benefit of Spanish instruction. They were usually governed by a chief, and inhabited miserable mud-holes or adobe-huts and brush-houses. They subsisted principally on fish, acorns, roots, grass-seed, grass-hoppers, rabbits and small birds, they being too lazy and imbecile to pursue the wild elk, deer and grizzly bears, with which the country abounded.

These Indians, at the present day, have nearly disappeared, and many of them entirely extinct. Unlike the Indians on the east of the Rocky Mountains, they were no hunters, and lacked the bold and independent bearing of their eastern brethren; but their moral proclivities were not different. They were fully as thievish, brutal and deceitful. Split up into innumerable tribes, and devoid of all industry and ambition, they passed through a dull, monotonous existence, and it can only be said of them that here they have lived and here they died.

Captain Sutter thus found himself in no very pleasant neighborhood, and frequent difficulties occurred; but in every instance it only served to show the vast superiority which he possessed over the Indians, so that they became convinced of the uselessness of their attempts. An instance of this runs as follows: A rancho of the Ochahumnies was situated on the Sacramento, opposite the mouth of what is at present known as the Slough. These Indians, in their excursions, had stolen a mission Indian belonging to the mission of San José. Captain Sutter, learning this fact, took possession of the Indian and returned him to his home. This excited the ire of the Indians who had been deprived of their prisoner, and they determined on a plan of vengeance, with combining with other tribes, and attacking the fort; but the captain had no idea of awaiting the development of their plans. He immediately sallied out with five trusty followers to "conquer a peace;" he found a large number of the Omuchumnies, Mecosumnies and other Indians on an island of the Cosumne river. Embracing an opportunity, he attacked them by surprise and routed the entire camp, killing thirty-five of their number. After this they willingly concluded a peace, and many of this same number were made good soldiers for the old captain. This tribe subsequently moved near Sacramento.

As another instance: In 1842, L. W. Hastings, in coming into the country from Oregon, was attacked by the Indians on the present site of the town of Colusa. In this engagement twenty-two of the Indians were killed, and on the arrival of Hastings and his company at the fort, an expedition was formed by Captain Sutter to chastise them. Accordingly, with forty whites and one hundred and fifty Indians, he started in pursuit, and overtaking them, one hundred of their number were killed and one hundred taken prisoners.

When Captain Sutter first came up the river, he purchased from the rancho of Senor Martinez a large number of stock, and soon after selecting his location, he succeeded with great difficulty in removing and getting together about five hundred head of cattle and seventy-five head of horses. He then began to form some permanent design. The site formerly selected, what is now known as Stewart's, on the American—did not prove satisfactory, and he began operations for building the fort in its present location. This was in 1840. In 1841 was built the adobe building, at the first landing, known as the Tanyard, and soon after was completed the fort. He first constructed a good-sized adobe house of two stories, with three smaller ones. These were afterwards enclosed with a wall, and



CAPT. JOHN A. SUTTER, THE FOUNDER OF SACRAMENTO, THE PIONEER OF CALIFORNIA.

comprised the fort. His Kanakas previously built themselves grass-houses, such as they were accustomed to at home. In this enterprise the captain had the advantage of the labor of some friendly Indians whom he had succeeded in partially civilising. He employed a portion of these in opening a road through the impenetrable chapparal to the Sacramento river, two miles distant. This was termed the Embarcadero, which name it retained until 1849, when it began to assume the present name and fame of Sacramento.

In the meantime the old pioneer proceeded with the development of his plans, which he carried forward with an energy and enterprise worthy of all praise. He enclosed a large tract of land with a ditch, and commenced the cultivation of the soil. With what a thrill of pleasure did the heart of the old man vibrate as he first turned the green sod of the Sacramento valley! The realization of his prophetic anticipations seemed about to dawn upon him, and the reward of unremitting exertion, which had stimulated him in so great an

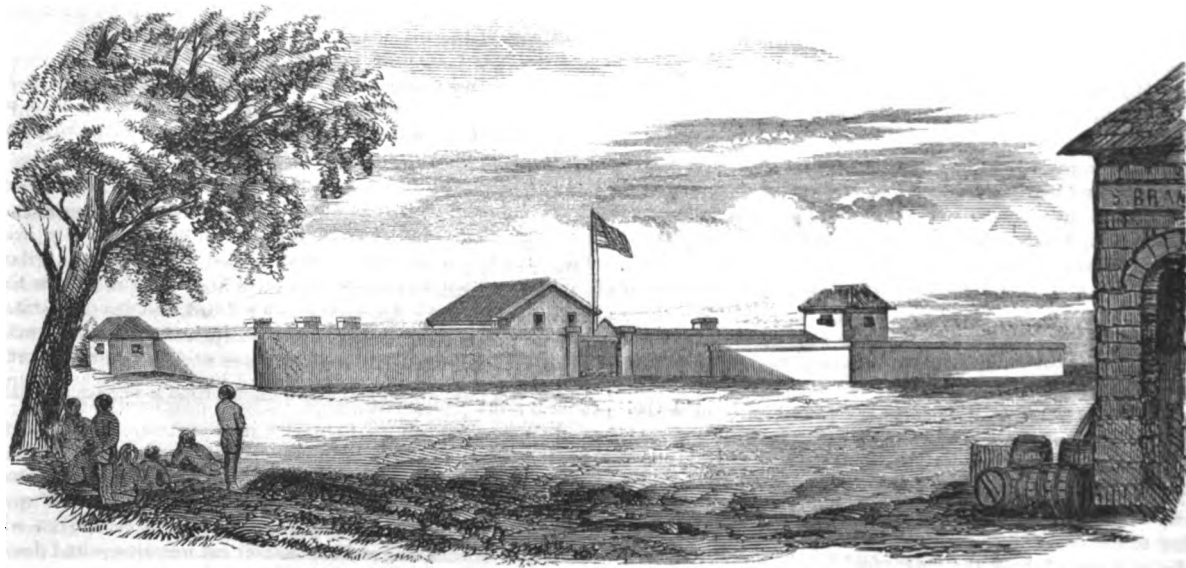
enterprise, was about to be his for ever. Situated as he was in his isolated position, with no neighbors on whose support and encouragement he could rely, all must admit the superior ability and energy which he had displayed, and which has enabled him to ride triumphantly through every storm of adversity until those events consequent on the discovery of gold, which no human knowledge could foresee.

His nearest neighbor was Old Man Yount, whom the captain had previously met at Santa Fe, while on his way to California, and who, coming here some months previous, had settled in Napa valley, but a few miles from the mission of San Francisco, Solano. This mission, located at Sonoma, was the last founded of the California missions, and the most northern of the Spanish settlements. This settlement was under the government of General Vallejo, who exercised over it a power similar to that of Captain Sutter at Nueva Helvetia. He built himself an extensive mansion in 1845, the dilapidated remains of which are still visible in the Petaluma valley.

In two years the old pioneer had established himself in power and authority, and was acquiring a reputation throughout the world. At this time he was visited by the United States exploring expedition under Lieutenant Wilkes, and we can give no better idea of the settlement of New Helvetia, as it has been termed, than is conveyed in his "Narrative." Captain Ringgold, in the Vincennes, arrived at San Francisco on the 14th of August, 1841. He found two American vessels in port, and the country in a state of anarchy. Since 1836, to use his own words, it had undergone "such frequent changes that it was difficult to understand and describe them." The party proceeded up the Sacramento, and on the 23d of August reached Captain Sutter's, and encamped on the opposite bank. They met a hearty welcome from the old captain, who they describe as a person of great urbanity of manners, of considerable intelligence, and, withal, somewhat enthusiastic; and further says, he has even succeeded in winning the Indians, who are now laboring for him in building houses, a line of wall to protect him against the inroads and attacks that he apprehends more from the present authorities of the land than from the tribes about him, who are now working in his employ. He holds by appointment of the government the office of administrator, and has, according to his own belief, supreme power in his own district, condemning, acquitting and punishing, as well as marrying and burying those who are under him.

He treats the Indians kindly, and pays them well for their services in trapping and working for him. His object is to attach them, as much as possible to his interest, so that in case of need he may rely on the chiefs for assistance.

Although Captain Sutter is, in general, in the habit of treating the Indians with kindness, yet he related to one gentleman



FORT SUTTER.

an instance in which he had been obliged to fusillade nine of them ; indeed, he does not seem to stand upon much ceremony with those who oppose him in any way. His buildings consist of extensive corrals, and dwelling-houses for himself and people, all built of adobe. Labor is paid for in goods. The extent of his stock amounts to about one thousand horses, two thousand five hundred cattle, and about one thousand sheep.

About forty Indians were at work for him, whom he has taught to make adobes. The agreement for their services is usually made with their chiefs, and in this way as many as are wanted are readily obtained. These chiefs have far more authority over their tribes than those of any other North American Indians. Connected with the establishment Captain Sutter has erected a distillery, in which he makes a kind of *pisco* from the wild grape of the country.

The duties which I have already named might be thought enough for the supervision of one person ; but to these must be added the direction of a large party of trappers and hunters, mostly Americans, who enter here in competition with the Hudson Bay Company and attention to the property of the

had demonstrated the remarkable agricultural capacity of the country, which has been so lately denied ; a yield of thirty-five fanigas to one sown Fremont stated was a low average, and as a remarkable yield General Vallejo had obtained eight hundred for eight sown. That the soil of California is unapproachable in this respect is not now denied. We have lately witnessed the bestowal of a premium at the late State fair, for a yield of eighty-three bushels to the acre, a thing unprecedented elsewhere ; and it may be said from this fact, that California is now able, notwithstanding the high price of her labor, to compete with the world in supplying this important article.

A rebellion having broke out, headed by Alvarado and Castro against General Micheltorena, who had been sent from Mexico by Santa Anna to replace Alvarado, in 1844, Captain Sutter was called upon to aid in sustaining the government ; he accordingly furnished some four hundred troops with arms and ammunition, and proceeded to the scene of action ; but for want of co-operation and energy of the general, and disaffection of the Americans, they would effect nothing, and Captain Sutter and others were taken prisoners at San Fer-



CHINESE GAMBLERS.

Russian establishment at Ross and Bodega, which had just been transferred to him for the consideration of thirty thousand dollars.

The buildings of the two posts numbered from fifty to sixty, and they frequently contained a population of from four to five thousand souls. Since the breaking up of the establishment the majority of the Russians returned to Sitka, the rest have remained in the employ of the present owner.

The purchase of the Russian interests and the unexampled success and influence which the captain was obtaining seemed to excite the jealousy of the Sonoma settlement, but the old captain had rendered himself impregnable, and was almost daily extending his operations. He selected from the finest natives of the country a number of picked men, of whom he made effective soldiers. At the time of Fremont's arrival he found forty Indians in uniform and on duty, besides thirty employed whites and twelve pieces of mounted artillery, a fort capable of holding one thousand men, and two vessels belonging to the captain at the Embarcadero. Everything presented the evidence of thrift and enterprise.

The captain had sown three hundred fanigas of wheat, and

nando by Castro and Alvarado, and detained some time at Los Angeles. The result of the rebellion was that Pio Pico was made governor, and so remained till the war with the United States.

In 1845, a revolution broke out among the Americans, who took Sutter's Fort and raised the first flag of independence. This movement was known as the Bear Flag Revolution, from the rudely painted banner they carried, representing a grizzly bear, but as nearly resembling a huge hog. The encounter took place between the Americans under Foard, and the Californians under General Vallejo, in which Vallejo and others were taken prisoners and confined for about three weeks at Sutter's Fort.

Of the fort, nothing at the present time is remaining, but a two story adobe-house.

It was on the 2nd of November, 1852, when the sun had thrown his last golden beams on the happy homes and busy workshops of the flourishing young city, and rose in the morning on a blackened plain and a houseless multitude, grim with the dust of ruin, and wailing at their sad misfortune and desolation ; like a blooming rose the fair city perished at the de-



stroyer's hand, and its shattered remnants lay smothered or scattered by the wind.

I was awakened at midnight by a great noise, caused by the wind that shook the frame building in which I was located. I heard a confusion of hoarse voices in the street, and a thunder-like roar as if proceeding from breakers on the sea-shore. Through the chinks of my shutters I perceived an extraordinary light, and the thought of fire entered my mind; knowing with what rapidity the flames are apt to spread and consume those fragile frame houses, I arose, my door being burst open at the same time, when the landlord appeared calling out, "Fire! fire! the house is burning." I did not pay any more attention to dress, but precipitated myself down the staircase, which was already enveloped by a dense smoke. I rushed from the house and in less than twenty minutes it was reduced to a heap of ashes and smoking rafters.

The fire had broke out on F. street. A cold and violent north wind was sweeping through the city and fanning the rapidly devouring element, which spread with rapidity across the street, and fired the opposite buildings. The fire engines were early on the spot, but their limited power was rendered abortive and nearly ridiculous by the superiority of their destructive foe. The wind had now increased to a gale, and the rolling flames wheeled high in the heavens, bearing along in its mad career masses of inflamed material, that were carried by the breeze to distant portions of the city, where they communicated their destructive powers and served to heighten the universal terror, presenting a scene of wild and terrific grandeur that rivalled Pandemonium itself.

The loss by this calamity was variously estimated from four to five millions, and embraced the very heart of the city.

The wind, which had proved so powerful an auxiliary to the fire, prevailed through the night and the following day, raising the heated dust and ashes like a simoon—whilst families of houseless women and children sat heartstricken and comfortless in the midst of blasted homes, and their pitiless fortunes. Three persons are known to have perished in the flames.

California has certainly a great attractive power. Its vast golden treasures, its fertile soil—unequalled in productiveness—and its beautiful climate, are the natural causes of its rapid settlement. Fully two-thirds of the passengers on board the Republic were only contemplating a visit to their former homes, after which they would return again to their adopted one. The other third were tired of California, and treated with contempt the idea of returning to a country where they had either amassed sufficient wealth or had been unsuccessful in their enterprises. Notwithstanding their invectives, launched against it, I met many of them afterwards again in California, having yielded to the powerful attraction which also influenced me to return.

When I landed again at San Francisco, in 1857, I was astounded at the second great change which time and circumstances had wrought on this prodigy of a city. Some of the wharves had broken down; others were in a fair way to share the same fate, becoming veritable mantraps by missing and broken planks, through which, nightly, men were precipitated and engulfed by the black and muddy waters beneath. The piledrivers had lost their occupation, and might be seen perched on rocks in the rear of the city, which they endeavored, by crowbar and powder, to reduce to a level. Many of the houses erected on the wharves were unoccupied and tottering on their insecure foundation of piles, half demolished by the timberworm. Business had retreated to the centre of the city, where, on a solid foundation, handsome and fireproof buildings of granite and brick had been erected, thus rendering the merchant and the mechanic less apprehensive of the inimical elements. The gambling hells had ceased their music, their uproar and infernal machinations; and the sand-hills, which surround the city, were covered with houses; the change was wonderful, and was even perceptible in the inhabitants. The former simplicity and devil-may-careness in dress had given room to extravagance and dandyism, and the rough miner even, when coming from the mountains, sported patent leather boots and "a three story hat," and only the chiffonier seemed to take no interest in the general dress parades, and plodded along, dirty and ragged,

armed with book and bag, amid the crowds who looked down upon him with supreme disdain and disgust, leaving him to wend his way, contemplating with mortified and downcast countenance the sad change of the glorious times, when these clean streets offered a rich field of enterprise, with heaps of rags, bottles, old iron and tin. The old clothes trade—the legitimate and monopolized trade of Jews and negroes—had only now raised a feeble claim. The wants of the legion of poor lawyers, doctors and broken-down politicians had been foreseen by the keen-scented followers of the law of Moses, and in their wake followed the oppressed African, to whom but little choice of pursuit is left.

Only two years ago cartloads of clothing of all kinds might be picked up from the streets, some in good condition, although dirty; thousands and tens of thousands of bottles were piled up everywhere, which all considered useless rubbish. Tin cans, which might load ships, were found in all thoroughfares to the annoyance of passengers, and were only used to apply to the tail of some unlucky dog; and who cared about iron in a country where gold might be had for the picking? The first razzpickers made small fortunes in few years; the clothes picked up in the streets were cleaned and sold to the old clothes dealers; the bottles were gathered carefully and sold to the many breweries that had sprung up; the tin cans were deprived of their solder, which was sold to tinmen, plumbers, &c.; the old iron was sold to marine stores, from which it was sold again to vessels homeward bound to serve as ballast. All had awoke from the trance which had formerly possessed of them, and at the degree as chances for making rapid fortunes decreased, the keenness and appetite for it was heightened; and many were compelled to adopt an occupation upon which they had looked down formerly with proud disdain.

In my perambulations through the city of San Francisco, I was struck by the great number of Oriental countenances which I met—the hooked nose seeking acquaintance with the chin, the ox eyes, thick lips, and black curly hair, the unmistakable mark of the children of Israel. Pass through the business part of the town and observe the signs, and you will observe names of Jewish firms in every direction. Go to any other part of the town and you will find an abundance of Jewish jewellers, old clothes dealers and cleaners; and you are certain to run against a Jew, who, loaded with coats, vest and pantaloons which he has gathered for cleaning, will inspect your coat collar to ascertain if it wants cleaning: "he will make it new and as better as new;" but go to Commercial street and you will find a perfect Chatham street, monopolized by Hebrews, who do their utmost in obstructing the narrow sidewalk by abundant samples of all what their small holes of stores contain, from a small-tooth comb to a two hundred dollar watch, on all of which they keep, however, a watchful eye. Clothes dangle from poles, hooks, nails and lines, and the proprietor walks in front of it, with the kind intention of watching the approach of green-looking individuals, the study of which has been their occupation since childhood. Watch Mr. Moses there, with what benevolence he overhauls the wearing apparel of that rough-looking man with a long beard, and who might be a miner with a pocket full of gold dust perhaps. He has made his mind up to sell him something if he loses by it, as he always does; and watch Mr. Isaacs opposite, with what urbanity he invites a youth into his store to buy a beautiful ring of California gold, twenty carats, and not hollow nor filled with lead—all solid, you know—the very thing to send home for a present; but if your tympanum is in good condition, come here in the evening, and you will hear and see what foolish people call "nuisance," and what makes "the night hideous." You will see Mr. Abraham's auction sales, otherwise called "Cheap John," and opposite to him Mr. Jacobs, a competitor in that line, and half-a-dozen more who delight in the names of Cheap Johns and Cheap Harries.

Mr. Abrahams, surrounded by several adjutants, stands on a high scaffold behind a counter; he is dressed in a red woollen shirt, has a high white felt cap on his head resembling a sugar-loaf, and sports a pair of shirtcollars twelve inches by eight. Round his body he has a string of bells, which have served for a sleigh-horse, and he shakes himself like a big Newfoundland

dog, in order to attract the attention of the passers, by the sound of the bells; and although he imitates the fool in dress and gesture, he is a knave in his actions. Near him on the counter sits an old negro, who squeals "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia" on a fiddle, and is as ridiculously fitted out as his employer. It is nearly time for the buyers to drop in, and Mr. Abrahams takes up a banjo, which he plays to perfection, and accompanies his play with a comic song, roared out from stentorian lungs. The people outside begin to be attentive, and suddenly Mr. Abrahams jumps down from behind the counter and a regular break-down commences; the curious people now drop in, and Mr. Abrahams ascends his platform again, and the sale commences.

"Now, both, before I commence the sale, let me remind you that whatever you buy here, with the benefit of goodth and ridiculouslouthly cheap; I warrant them all, and if you don't like them afterwards, come back and I will return the money. Of course I looth by selling tho cheap; but being a philanthropitth, and have pledged myself of doing good to mankind in ginerall; don't mind, therefore, those rathcally Chrith-killers opposite, who call themselves 'Cheap Johnth' and 'Cheap Harryth,' for if they thell as cheap as I do, their goodth are damaged or they have thtolted them, and in fact I believe the latter. I am the original Cheap John, as you thee by my thign, and the others are all humbugth.

"Ah! my friend, I thought you were not quite as green as you look—take the plunder; you have never bought cheaper and better articletth in your life. Sold! If any of you boys want another lot of the thame kind and prith, speak up and don't be bashful. No! well, we will path that and try something elthe; but firth I will give you a song; nigger, strike up:

A greenhorn from the mountainth came,  
Who heard of Cheap John and his fame;  
He theratch'd his head and ther-teh'd hith ear,  
And bought comb, theop and brusheth here;  
He left well pleath'd, with hair the smooth,  
Hith teeth free from tobacco juith—  
He thread the fame of Cheap Johnth thtore,  
And bleth'd Cheap John, and theratch'd no more!"

All this is said and sung with an astonishing volubility, and in the loudest key, in order to drown similar efforts and sounds proceeding from the opposite side, by some "bogus Cheap John," and is interlarded with obscene and coarse jests, very pleasing to the ears of the audience, which consists generally of miners fresh from the mountains, sailors, loafers and pick-pockets.

#### THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

The Chinese in San Francisco make an extraordinary feature of the city, and appeal very strongly to most organs of the stranger—to his eye, ear and nose. There are many respectable merchants of this race, who are keen and active men in bargaining. They dress in a characteristic and sumptuous manner, and in their own exclusive circles, where no low-caste countryman is allowed to intrude, will no doubt have much refined and intellectual enjoyment. Such flowery grandees as luxuriate in wives are proud to let the white man know that their charmers have the little feet of ladies, not the great hoofs of the trolloping damsels who haunt the streets and lie in wait for the foolish stranger. Nearly the whole race, from the "upper ten" to the lower thousands, wear the time-hallowed tail. On occasions of public rejoicing, the Chinese muster in numerous bodies, while their banners, cars, and they themselves, in their most superb array, form striking and interesting features in processions and the like.

They have secret societies amongst themselves, by means of which a few of their number have occasionally been found to grossly oppress their poorer brethren. The police have attempted to interfere and protect the injured, though seldom with much effect. The terror of these, lest vengeance should somehow befall them from their persecutors, have generally prevented full disclosures of the unlawful practices of the secret societies. So proverbial is falsehood among all classes of the Chinese here, that one is quite at a loss to know anything of

their peculiar private associations and customs. One strange idea among them seems to be, that it is a matter of honor for a debtor, who cannot pay his obligations, to kill himself. Death cancels all debt, and clears scores with hard-hearted creditors. Even Chinese women at different times have poisoned themselves here with opium, to satisfy this curious code of honor.

Many of this class engage in washing and ironing, the former being conducted at the different lagoons and wells in the vicinity of the city, but it is an enigma how a great number of that people support themselves. The majority certainly seem to be quite idle, or only busy in gambling, which cannot be a very lucrative pursuit. A portion of the upper end of Sacramento street and nearly all the eastern side of Dupont street, were occupied with Chinese gambling-houses, which night and day were filled with crowds of that people, before the law against gambling was passed. The rooms or saloons were generally small, each containing from three to half-a-dozen tables or banks. At the innermost end of some of the principal gambling places, there was an orchestra of five or six native musicians, who produce such extraordinary sounds from their curiously shaped instruments as severely torture the white man to listen to. Occasionally a songster adds his howl or shriek to the excruciating harmony. The wailing of a thousand love-lorn cuts, the screams, gobblings, brayings, and barkings of as many peacocks, turkeys, donkeys and dogs; the earpiercing noises of hundreds of botching cork-cutters, knife-grinders, file makers and the like, would not make a more discordant and agonizing concert than these Chinese musical performers in their gambling houses. Occasionally a few white men would venture into these places and gaze with mingled contempt and wonder upon the grave, melancholy, strange faces of the gamblers, and their curious mode of playing. There seems to be only one game in vogue. A heap of brass counters is displayed on the plain mat-colored table, and the banker with a long slender stick counts them out one by one, while the stakers gaze with intense interest on the process. The games seem of the simplest nature, though white people scorn to know anything about it. A few low guttural, gobbling sounds are occasionally interchanged between the rapt players. A rank smell pervades the place. At last the diabolical music reaches some fortissimo passage of intense meaning, while the wild howls and screams of the singer swell even above the dreadful instrumental din, and then the "outside barbarian" is fain to fly.

A great number of the Chinese females follow prostitution for a trade. In 1851, there were only a few Chinese women in the city, among whom was the notorious Miss or Mrs. Atoy; everybody knew that infamous character, who was alternately the laughing-stock and the plague of that place. Her advice soon seems to have encouraged the sex to visit so delightful a spot as San Francisco, and by and by, notwithstanding all the efforts of the male Chinese to keep back their countrywomen, great numbers of the latter flocked to the city. It is perhaps only necessary to say, that they are the most indecent and shameless part of the population, without dwelling more particularly upon their manners and customs.

The Sze Yap Company, an association of nine thousand Chinamen, residing in California, have built a large house, used for an asylum for the sick and poor, and for a storehouse for their property and as a place of business. Most of the members of the association are scattered through the mines and mining towns, and scarcely one-tenth of them reside here. The latter, however, are generally the most intelligent and wealthy of their number.

All these Chinese have religious ideas, and were educated to attach importance to certain religious ceremonies, which are not of Christendom, and they adhere stubbornly to the ancient doctrines learned in their country. Their peculiar position here has prevented them from observing their rites regularly; only on rare occasions have they held public worship. Their ceremonies, which have been often described, were the first in the State to which the white world were invited (1856). Their worship was novel and interesting, and naturally attracted much attention; and it is estimated that some ten thousand



JAMES W. MARSHALL, THE DISCOVERER OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

"outside barbarians" visited the asylum during its continuance.

The ceremonies observed were those of the Buddhist religion, which prevails very extensively in China. The resemblance of the paraphernalia of the temple to the furniture of some Catholic churches, and of the performances to the ceremonies of the Catholic priests is so striking that no one can observe the two without being astonished at the likeness.

I BELIEVE that there is no city in the Union where luxury in dress is carried to a greater extent and is so general as in the city of San Francisco; take a walk through the city on a fine day and you will be astonished at the living jeweller shops which you will meet. Fob chains of enormous size, resembling anchor chains or cables, and strong enough to hold a ship; enormous rings, breastpins, shirt buttons, &c. bedizen the men, who, in fact, seem to think little of him who cannot sport a gold watch worth a hundred dollars at least, estimating him in proportion to the weight of gold which hangs about him.

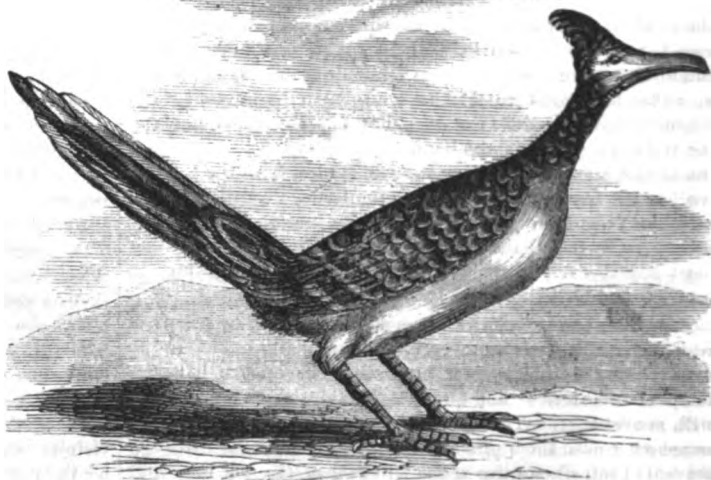
The same is applicable to the women, only in an infinite higher degree. We will hardly meet a female in the street who is not dressed in a costly bonnet, satin velvet or moire antique, and flounced almost up to her nose. We will meet ladies in the market dressed in the highest of fashions, sparkling with gold and jewels, plumed, flounced, crinolined or hooped, bargaining for fish or meat, but carrying with them what they did not bargain for, the blood and grease of the butchers' blocks and the dirty water that leaks from the fish tables on their satin or moire antique flounces, imparting to the same the odor which does not seem offensive to them, having probably in former times been handling those articles constantly. They will walk majestically through the streets, with a fish or a liver in one hand and a parasol or rich fan in the other. We see "poor" washerwomen soliciting dirty clothes for washing, in hotels, private houses, sailing vessels and steamers, and return them clean, dressed as if going to a party, carrying an enormous basket. The "poor washerwomen," they are to be pitied, for they must be very poor indeed, although they can afford to dress expensively.

The servant girls participate in this general dress mania, for observe, for instance, that young lady with that turned-up nose, with a walk that seems to indicate of being used to stepping on something softer than a pavement; her name is

Biddy McGraw; she arrived here six months ago dressed in an old calico gown, with sundry rents and air holes, and of doubtful color, a coal scuttle shaped straw hat with fallow green ribbons, showing lamentable signs of kicks and cuffs and requiring whitewashing, and an olive-colored cotton shawl that was green in olden time; but observe her now; take notice of that twenty dollar hat, that cherry-colored and richly embroidered and fringed velvet mantilla, that hoop mechanism, resembling in size and shape the gigantic and famous vat of Heidelberg, and the collar of Honiton lace, (?) the enormous and glittering brooch, the splendid bracelet, the gold watch and its chain, to which is attached a gold pencil case, although the possessor is innocent of calligraphy. She is a cook, and handles pots and pans for the consideration of forty dollars per month. A fortune-favored person is Biddy, although she asserts that her occupation is below her condition. She is too cunning to deposit any money in banks, to be swindled out of it by some T. C. Wood, who swindled some ten thousand or more depositors, amongst whom were about five hundred washerwomen and lone widows. When she has dresses enough (when?) she says she will rather put her gold where it came from, into the trusty ground—and she may not be wrong there.

We arrived in the evening, and without anything worth relating at Coloma, the country town of El Dorado, and we stopped at a hotel, the name of which I have forgotten. Coloma is located on the south fork of the American river, and is a small, and at present rather dull town, the houses of which being built of wood, with a few exceptions, which are of brick. All that is worth notice is its historical fame, of being the place where the first gold discovery was made by the American James W. Marshall, in the employ of Captain Sutter at that period.

In the winter of 1847-'48 Captain Sutter had contracted with Marshall to erect a lumber saw-mill on the place where now Coloma stands, and in January of 1848, that great discovery was accidentally made which hastened the development of the country, far beyond what centuries of the unassisted progress of Nature could have effected. Marshall, one day having allowed the whole body of water to rush through the tail-race of the mill for the purpose of making some alterations in it, observed, while walking along the banks of the stream, early the next morning, numerous glistening particles among the sand and gravel, which had been carried off by the force of the increased body of water. For a while he paid no particular attention to them, but seeing one larger and brighter than the rest, he was induced to examine it, and found it to be a scale of gold. Collecting several, he immediately hurried to Sutter, and began his tale in such a hurried manner, and accompanied it with such extravagant promises of unbounded wealth, that the captain thought him demented, and looked to his rifle for



CORREO DEL CAMINO, PAISANO, OR THE ROAD-RUNNER.



protection; but when Marshall threw his gold upon the table, he was forced into the delightful conviction. They determined to keep the discovery a secret, but were observed while examining the river, and soon had immense armies around them. Mr. Marshall has lived to see the world enriched by his discovery, while he himself wanders poor and homeless over a land that has too long neglected to repay her immense debt of gratitude to him who gave her all her wealth, power and position. The unfinished saw-mill is still remaining.

The monotony of this town is only relieved by the miners, who come to town on Sundays, in order to make purchases of provisions, &c. for the coming week, as also to recreate themselves a little after a week's hard toil. The fiddle strikes up and the houses of prostitution are in full blast, and the jolly miner is seen rattling off his hornpipe or swinging round in a waltz or gallop with one of the "gals," after which the bar with its whiskey and brandy, &c., comes in requisition; fights follow of course, revolvers and bowie-knives do their work, and the affair is frequently broke up in a general and bloody row.

Intending to proceed farther into the mountains, and to

the trouble of looking after animals, for which there is often scant pasturage. The prospector carries his blankets strapped on his back, with mining tools, frying pan, coffee pot, tin cup and provisions enough to last a week. For defence against the bears and other "varmints" he takes a big revolver and butcher-knife, which he is very careful not to use, unless Bruin insists on a very close acquaintance, not allowing time to climb a tree.

Arriving at a place which looks as though "gold ought to be there," he descends to a ravine, lays off his pack, digs a pan full of dirt, which he carries to the nearest water and washes carefully, narrowly scrutinizing the sediments for "color" or gold. If, after trying three or four times, he finds "nary a speck," he rinses out his pan petulantly, lights his pipe, resumes his pack and trudges on, trying various places till night overtakes the party, when they camp under a tree, cook their frugal meal, spread their blankets on the ground, and lie down to dream of gold and home. If "a prospect is struck," that is, if they find gold anywhere in quantities which they think will justify working, one of the party is started to the



CHINESE LAUNDRY.

places where no stages were running, and besides wishing to travel at my leisure and look about me, I procured a mule, saddle and bridle, and left, well mounted, for Georgetown, which is about eight miles distant. I had to traverse in the commencement a number of steep but picturesque mountains, covered with pine and oak trees, and resembling a vast and beautiful garden, as a great variety of flowers were to be seen everywhere, many of which are peculiar to California. The laurel and manzanota trees also began to make their appearance, with their beautiful blossoms and sweet fragrance.

A great part of the eight miles which I had to travel bears evidence of extensive mining operations; deep excavations, races, flumes and tunnels I met everywhere, and in many parts even the road is dug up or crossed by deep ditches, over which a rude bridge is thrown. Miners were seen "washing dirt," and now and then I met a "prospecting party" armed with pick, shovel and pan. Miners and others need not be told what prospecting means. There may be others, however, who do not fully comprehend the terms. "Prospecting for new diggings" implies an exploration of several days into unexplored regions to look for gold. It is generally made on foot, to avoid

nearest settlement for provisions and more mining implements, while the rest build a "brush shanty" and otherwise improve the camp. In this manner began the settlement of most of the mountain towns, which are now populous with life and enterprise. The brush shanty was the nucleus round which wealth and industry gathered, until after a while the lonesome forest, whose stillness was first broken by the little company of prospectors, echoes with the grating of shovels and whipsaws, and the crash of falling trees.

Georgetown is a neat-looking place, and is built unlike all other mining towns, which are invariably located in deep ravines near rivers, or at least on a flat, on an elevation. The town once was in a ravine, but being destroyed by fire, the inhabitants came to an agreement of laying out their town on a more convenient spot. The streets are well laid out, and although most houses are built of wood, there are a few very substantial exceptions. There is much mining done in the vicinity, and a company has dug a canal of many miles length, for the purpose of supplying the miners with water, which is sold by the inch. Georgetown is smaller than Coloma. I remained here but a few hours and followed a trail that led to



a mining locality, which is known as Spanish Dry Diggings, and traversed a mountainous country, covered with a forest, that bears a bad reputation on account of the bodies of murdered men having been found here at different times. I arrived at the dry diggings when the sun was setting, and took my lodging at the house of a German, who kept a provision and liquor store.

From the ground about Spanish Dry Diggings a vast quantity of gold has been extracted, and numerous and deep excavations bear proof of the extensive work done here; but it came in discredit and was said to be dug out, till a few months ago a lead was struck by two American miners, which crowned their labors with a rich and unexpected reward. They had been only one month in California and had bought their claim, which was considered as not to pay, and almost worthless, for a hundred dollars. While testing the quality of the dirt, and washing a panful of it in the presence of the two men, the former owner expertly dropped a few pieces of gold into it, which fraud is often resorted to, and is called "salting," for an inducement to the green individual who wishes to buy a claim. The bait was swallowed; the former owner vanished with the purchase money immediately after the bargain was struck and the money paid, and the new possessors of the claim quickly found that they had been victimized—at least thus it appeared to be. They had paid away their last dollar, for a week could hardly extract as much as would pay for their maintenance, and being disheartened by this unpromising commencement in mining, had formed the resolution to abandon it altogether and seek employment as laborers on some farm, when suddenly and to their unutterable delight and astonishment, they found themselves in possession of nearly half a bucket full of gold mixed with decomposed quartz. Although highly excited, they wisely put away the gold into a safe place and kept their own counsel. They continued digging a few days longer, and extracted on each, not as much as on the first, but still a considerable quantity, until there was no more appearance of gold. They then left for San Francisco with thirty thousand dollars' worth of gold in their possession, and took passage on the first steamer that left San Francisco, after a sojourn in California of exactly three months.

Leaving Spanish Dry Diggings, I descended a very steep track, too steep to keep in the saddle, to the middle fork of the American river, which is about two miles distance. A private individual has built a bridge over the river, and levies toll from those who wish to pass. A few miles below this place is a mining settlement, called Poverty Bar, where the river has been flumed, of which are still traces remaining in the shape of flumes and waterwheels, &c. Much gold has been taken from the bed of the river at this place.

When I had crossed the bridge, I had to ascend again as steep as I had descended, and arrived after a few miles riding at a mining locality called Paradise.

I met on the road a very strange and rare bird, called in Spanish, *Correo del Camino*, or *Paisano*, which is peculiar to California. So far as I am acquainted, it has not been described by any ornithologist, and still remains a distinct and isolated species from all other birds, roaming about over barren plains and hills in search of lizards, snakes and other reptiles, upon which it preys. It is always seen upon the ground when discovered, and instantly runs off with remarkable fleetness to the nearest thicket or hill, where it generally escapes from its pursuers either by hiding or sailing from one hill to another. It is very quick in its motion, active and vigilant; indeed its remarkable swiftness enables it to outstrip a good horse.

At first sight one would suppose it to be a species of pheasant, or belonging to the ambulatory or galinaceous class of birds; but when examined more closely it resembles them in no particular.

The most remarkable feature about it is its feet, these being more like those of clinging birds, such as the woodpecker or parrot, having two toes before and two behind armed with sharp claws. Its legs being strong and muscular, make it well adapted for running.

Its plumage is rather coarse and rough, of a dusky hue,

marked with white and brownish specks on the neck and upper parts, while its under parts are of a dirty white. The tail is long; the bill is strong and slightly curved; eyes of a grayish brown, the pupil encircled with a light colored ring. A bare space extends from the eye to the back of the neck, of a pale bluish color tinged with red.

At times it utters a harsh note, not unlike the sudden twirl of a watchman's rattle.

The road-runner is seldom seen on trees, unless pursued very closely, when it has been seen to spring from the ground to the branches at a height of ten or fifteen feet at a single bound; but it prefers running along a road or path, from whence it derives its name.

I have met with this bird frequently in my travels over the country, especially in the southern counties, and have never seen one in company with any other bird, either of its own or any other kind. It is excessively shy and solitary, inhabiting the wildest and most unfrequented places; it has no song to cheer its solitude, but silently and lonely pursues its avocation in the wildest spots of California.

Although it cannot fly well, by its activity and quickness it easily catches small birds, whether on the ground or in the thicket.

It generally measures, from the tip of its bill to the end of its tail, from twenty to twenty-five inches; the tail is about twelve inches, and the bill two or three inches.

The natives recount strange tales of this bird; one of which is his propensity of killing rattle-snakes. In order to make sure of his game, and cut off retreat into some hole, they say, the road-runner surrounds the snake with thorns, from the cactus or other thorny plants and bushes; after which he pounces upon his prey, and having killed the same, devours it.

The majority of the miners are German sailors, some of whom had been quite successful in their operations, and the gold which they dig here is of a coarse quality and generally in lumps of from two ounces upwards, and contrary to the general adopted theory of being only met with in ravines, gulches or the beds of rivers, or which had been so formerly, seems to be strewn about indiscriminately, regardless of any rule or theory. Some curious instances were narrated to me, in illustration of it: A miner had been digging for some time in his claim without success; his partner having already abandoned his share, ridiculing his companion on account of the perseverance with which he continued to toil without any encouragement or sign of success, which at last induced him also to give it up. He insisted, however, to work one more day in the claim, as a finish, and was accompanied this time by his partner. When the sun was setting and not having encountered a single specimen, he concluded to abandon the claim, and feeling excited and full of rancor against the very ground, lifted his pick high over his head in order to bury its point into the bowels of the ungrateful dirt, when—lo! his pick touched at that moment a high bank of earth behind him—some of it caved, and a lump of gold appeared, weighing seven pounds and a half. You may imagine their joy and astonishment at this unlooked-for good fortune. Another party found under the roots of a tree, which was left standing in a dug-out claim, a lump of gold weighing forty-four ounces.

Intending to go to Iowa Hill, a famous mining town and far up in the mountains, I left Paradise by a trail which struck into the main road, on which a stage line is running from Auburn to Yankee Jim's. I arrived at this latter town after a ride of fifteen miles, through dark forests and high mountains, which, however, are made passable for stages, and took my lodging at one of the two hotels of that place.

Yankee Jim's is a small mining town, and seeing a considerable number of liquor shops and prostitutes of all nations, I concluded that considerable mining must be done here. On the next morning I continued my road to Iowa Hill; the aspect of the country by degrees became wilder, the mountains steeper, and the forest darker. I had to pass a great number of ravines and deep canyons, the descent to which was very tiresome and dangerous, as well as the ascent. The two deepest and most

extensive canyons were Indian Canyon and Shirt-tail Canyon, where some miners were at work. A bridge is thrown over the stream which rushes through the latter, and toll is levied by the proprietor.

I arrived at Iowa Hill in the evening after a hard day's journey. Iowa Hill is a flourishing town, in the vicinity of which mining by means of shafts and tunnels is carried on to a great extent. Enormous quantities of gold have been and are still taken out from the three hundred or more tunnels now in operation.

Many readers have rather indefinite ideas about mining operations in California, by which a great proportion of the gold found now is taken from the hills, deep under ground, by means of tunnelling. The tunnel is a horizontal shaft about six feet square, dug in the hillside and pursued until the gold deposit is reached. As the shaft progresses a railroad is made, over which the dirt is conveyed in handcars. To prevent the sides and roof of the tunnel from caving in on the workmen, posts are set up on each side, with crosspieces overhead, which support a lining of puncheons or slabs; these are put up and wedged fast as the excavation progresses, and the process is called "timbering up." Sometimes the shaft runs through solid rock or hard cement, and timbering is then unnecessary.

Experience has taught the miners that the bedrock is usually high near the surface of the hill, and that it sinks lower as they penetrate, forming a basin where water settles from the melting snows. To draw this water off it is necessary to begin the shaft low enough to give sufficient fall to the drainage, and to pursue it at an even grade through whatever obstruction might intervene. The run of the rock to be dug through is sometimes exceedingly hard, and can be removed only by drilling and blasting, and when this occurs the progress is very slow, perhaps only a few inches a day. Two men are kept at work day and night, and in this manner the enterprise is forwarded, until they reach the gold deposit; sometimes six months or a year; and I have known companies work two years without finding a pennyweight of gold, and without the certainty of procuring any at all. This will give some idea of the miner's hope, patience and industry. During this state of "glorious uncertainty," the miners define their position as being "in bedrock," which is equivalent to having no money, or being "dead broke"—a term which provision dealers fully comprehend.

After getting through the bedrock, the next important event is when they have "struck gravel," or reached the sort of ground that usually contains gold. When this occurs, the company's credit increases marvellously at the grocery stores, and they are regarded as being very hard on the wheels of fortune, and frequently the event is celebrated by a grand spree. After ascertaining that the ground will pay for working, the main tunnel is continued, from which branches, called "side drifts," are started and pursued in whatever direction the "lead" runs; in each of these side drifts a railway is also laid, connecting with the main track; and after running the side drifts some distance they begin "breasting out"—that is, digging out the ground between the side drifts and the main tunnel—thus forming a large chamber, the roof being supported by stout posts and scaffolding overhead. In some of these chambers, a thousand feet under ground, twenty or thirty men are kept at work night and day, relieved by a new set every ten hours, and so the work goes on. To the stranger who gropes his way along the passage, by the light of a candle, the sight is novel and animating. After his visual organs are adapted to the candlelight, and barring the fear of the upper world caving in on him, or having his brains knocked out by a loose rock from overhead, he will feel quite comfortable.

I have had always the fortune or misfortune, during my travels through California, to witness scenes of blood, which are, in fact, very frequent in this country. Iowa Hill is not the least on the list where acts of violence are recorded, and during my sojourn of a short week here, I had the opportunity of being an eye-witness of an atrocious murder and its consequences.

I have no doubt that Iowa Hill will always hold a high rank

amongst the mining towns of California, and although the access to it is somewhat of the most difficult, on account of the high mountains and deep canyons by which it is surrounded, its golden resources are inexhaustible.

Leaving Iowa Hill with the purpose of visiting the city of Nevada, I took a trail which led over a most difficult road, and frequently I had to relieve my poor mule by dismounting and leading the same, when ascending some steep mountain.

Now and then I met miners, with their blankets slung over their backs, and carrying their mining tools, being probably on a "prospecting" excursion—and several Jew pedlars, one on a mule and another on foot, carrying a large bundle. The mule was loaded down with two enormous bundles; and, in addition to it, the poor beast had to carry its owner, who was sitting between the two bundles.

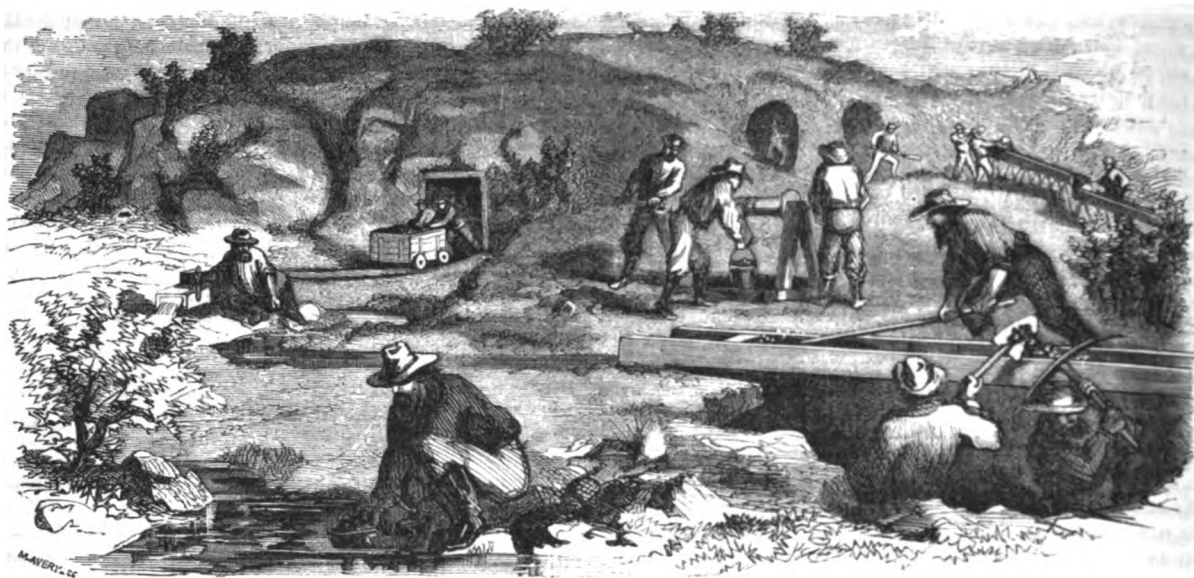
What a preposterous assertion, that a Jew is a natural coward! I maintain that he is a hero in his own way. Go to any half-ruined mission or settlement in the lower counties, and you will find a Jew established amongst professional assassins and highwaymen. Without a moment's security, he will sell dry-goods, provisions and liquor, and his store is always the resort of the worst of the human species; he knows it, but is not intimidated, and continues trafficking, and certainly will make money. The prospect of gain will make a hero of him. In the northern counties it is the same; every settlement has its Jewish trader, and over the mountains roam Jewish pedlars, regardless of the banditti by which they are infested, and being aware that many of their brethren have fallen easy victims to that gentry. But away they trudge with the large bundle strapped on their backs, trusting in charms and keeping a bright eye upon the profit; they are seldom armed, and if this might be the case, they are never known to have made use of their weapons. They invariably keep the maxim in view which a Jewish father impressed upon his son, who was leaving his home to try his fortune. "My son," he said, "be always passive; let the Gojes abuse you, let them strike you, let them kick you out of their house, let them spit into your face; never mind it, for you will get rich!"

After I had crossed the north fork of the American river, over a toll-bridge, I arrived at Illinoistown, a small settlement through which I passed, continuing my route to Bear river, where I arrived in the evening, and took lodging for the night at a public-house near the road. Next morning I resumed my journey, and arrived at Nevada in the afternoon.

I had seen this town in 1851, and was astonished at my return to it at present, being six years afterwards, the changes and improvements which time and enterprise had wrought during that short period. I found Nevada at least twice as large as when I left it, and some of the surrounding hills, where the miner formerly only washed the surface dirt (placer digging), were completely washed down. The quantities of gold extracted from it were enormous, and still the work was going on and bids fair to prove as advantageous as ever, if not even in a higher degree than formerly.

Where the simple cradle or rocker was used, or the "long tom," hydraulic mining had superseded it, and immense quantities of dirt are dissolved and washed by this process in a short time.

Of late the application of hydraulic power has superseded the other modes of surface mining. As the richer placers are claimed and exhausted it becomes necessary for somebody to work the hillsides, where the gold is less plentiful, and where some more expeditious way must be devised to make it profitable. The machinery now used in hillside mining is simple, but amazingly powerful. A stream of water is diverted from its course, and conveyed in a ditch or flume to the top of the hill, which is to be dug down. Near the place of operation a small reservoir is built, fifty or sixty feet above where they begin to dig, and to this is attached a long hose, made of stout canvas or leather; to the lower end of the hose is fastened an iron pipe six feet long, and tapering down from the size of the hose to a nozzle of three quarters of an inch in diameter. The hose, suspended from the reservoir above and hanging down over the bank nearly perpendicular, is filled from the stream, and the weight of the column forces the water through the pipe with



MINERS AT WORK ON IOWA HILL.

tremendous power; a miner holds the pipe and gives it the desired direction, and the stream tears away the bank. By playing near the bottom, the bank is undermined and falls down in great masses of many tons, and when one of these caves takes place the piper plies the water on the fallen earth until it is all washed away, the gold settling to the bottom; then he turns the pipe against the bank again to "cave down" more. In this manner they work a "deep cut" into the hill, until the perpendicular face of the bank is seventy-five or a hundred feet high; then operations become dangerous, and it is in such places that we hear of so many accidents, "killed by the caving of a bank." The piper stands as far from the base as the projectile force of the hose will allow; but notwithstanding his watchfulness and precaution, he is sometimes injured by falling rocks or buried under a cave.

Mr. Laird, a citizen of Nevada, is, perhaps, one of the most extensive and successful placer miners in California. In taking a walk round his diggings, I was astonished at the immense quantity of earth which was washed down in a short time, by means of the hose. He has three sets of claims in different hills, and no less than half an acre of ground, varying in depth from fifty to eighty feet, was washed away during the last few weeks.

The placer diggings in Nevada county are inferior to none in the mining region, but the deposits of auriferous quartz are far richer and more extensive than any yet discovered or developed within the limits of California.

Leaving Nevada, I took the road that leads to Marysville, which city is forty-two miles distant, and I had to pass through Grass valley four miles from Nevada, a mining town, celebrated for its rich auriferous quartz mines and the number of quartz mills established there. This little town was the home of Lola Montes for several years, as also that of her once intimate acquaintance and friend, Mr. Delano of the long nose, viz. Old Block, author of the "Chips of the Old Block," which is known to every Californian.

Three miles farther I passed through the small mining town of Rough and Ready, many of the houses of which I found undermined and standing on piles.

Marysville is one of the most prosperous towns of the interior. It is situated in Yuba county, on the north bank of the Yuba river, about half a mile from its confluence with Feather river. It is one of the new towns which have risen, and become places of commercial importance, under the influence of the mining interest, within the last three or four years. The buildings are much superior to those in the majority of what are called the mining towns. Many of them are substantial and spacious brick structures, and would be an ornament to any city. Its site is elevated about twenty-five feet above the

low water level of the Sacramento and Yuba rivers; but in the great freshet which devastated Sacramento this city also was submerged. Its location is central and commanding, in respect to mining operations, and it competes strongly with Sacramento in the trade of the country. It is about one hundred and eighty miles north-east from San Francisco; and communication between the two cities is constant and easy in small class steamers.

Having a desire of visiting Yreka, the most northern mining town of California, and which is distant over two hundred miles from Marysville, I prepared for that long journey accordingly, and after a stay of two weeks, in which my mule had somewhat recruited, I left and travelled over a very level country with very little woodland, and the pasture burned by the rays of the sun. I arrived in the afternoon at a village called Hamilton, the inhabitants of which are doing considerable in the farming line. I remained here over night, and continued my road on the next morning, after having been ferried over the Feather river, on the bank of which the village is situated.

Having travelled fifteen miles over a somewhat barren country in which water was very scarce, as well as trees, I arrived in the vicinity of Butte creek, when the aspect of the country began to change, and verdure and forest made its appearance. Near the creek is located the rancho of Mr. Neal, an old settler, who owns a large tract of fine land on both banks of the creek, and being distant from Hamilton about fifteen miles. Crossing the creek, I continued my road through a fine country filled with cattle and horses, which fattened on the luxuriantly growing wild oats. After a ride of ten miles, I arrived at the Cheed creek, near which Major Bidwell, another old settler, and who was in the employ of Sutter, has located his farm. I stopped here over night.

Major Bidwell also, like Mr. Neal, owns a large and fine tract of land by Spanish grant, and is engaged extensively in agricultural enterprise as well as stock raising. He has a very fine garden, in which he raises all kind of fruit and vegetables. On his land, and not far from his house, is a rancharia of Indians, whom he employs for all kinds of work.

I left here on the next morning, and met near the road at intervals numerous Indians, who were variously employed: some with catching grasshoppers, others with gathering acorns or digging roots with a sharp stick, or gathering seeds.

For the purpose of gathering grasshoppers, they first dig a hole, deep enough to prevent their jumping out, after which a circle is formed of Indians, both young and old, who with a bush beat the insects towards the hole, into which they fall, and are taken prisoners. Sometimes the grass and weeds are set on fire, by which they are disabled and afterwards picked up.



Acorns, berries and flower seeds are reduced to flour and grasshoppers to paste, by the females pounding them upon a rock with an oblong stone weighing from six to ten pounds. Their vessels in which they cook their food consist in bowl-shaped and water-tight baskets, holding from two to four pecks, and are filled with water, into which flour or meal is stirred; hot rocks are then put into the basket until the water boils. It is then poured into smaller baskets to cool; when it is about the consistency of paste or mush, it is eaten from the baskets with the fingers. Rabbits, rats, squirrels, &c., are broiled upon a stick, or boiled in the basket until they are cooked. Grasshoppers are gathered into sacks and saturated with salt water; they are then placed in a hot trench and covered with hot rocks for about fifteen minutes, when they are eaten like shrimps; or after being ground are mixed with the soup or mush.

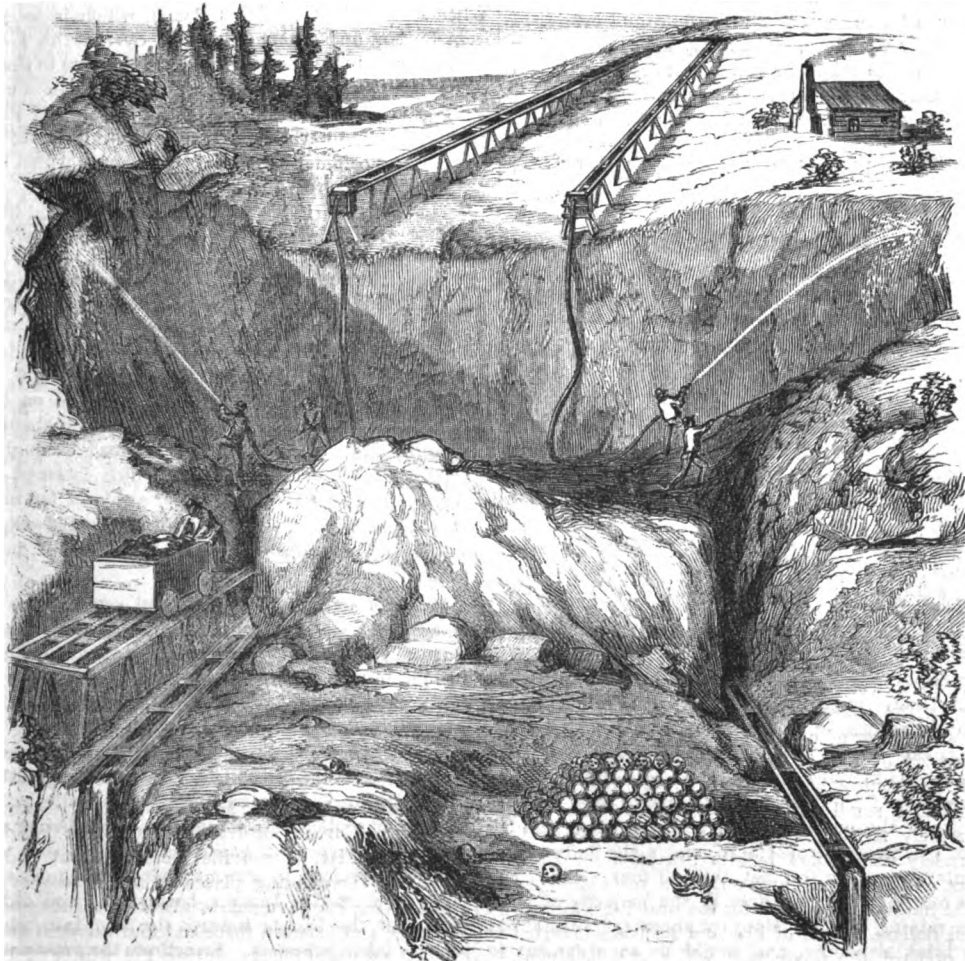
The Digger Indians of California are a peculiar and strange race. Their destiny is easily foreseen, but their origin is wrapt in mystery. They are not at all like the aboriginal tribes to the east of the Rocky Mountains, nor are they altogether similar to the Indians of South America. The Californian Indians are in stature short, but they are well and stoutly formed. Their features are coarse, broad and of a dark chocolate color; their hair is black, heavy and matted. In their habits they are unclean and indolent. The women do the work, and the men the eating, grumbling and sleeping. When first discovered by the whites, they were so low in the scale of being, that it puzzled the observer to conceive of a condition more nearly illustrating the absolutely primitive state of mankind.

The tribes of the valley have holes in the ground, scooped out with some considerable trouble, and having a sort of mud roof, resembling in shape a beehive, in which they are sheltered; but the majority of the tribes are those in the moun-

tains, who had no apology for a house whatever, except a few pieces of bark laid upon brush, under which they crouch and shiver during the stormy seasons. Excepting an exceedingly small apron of bark, grass or water seeds for the females, and occasionally a deer skin (but seldom, for they are very poor hunters), for the men, they are in a state of original nudity, except where they come in contact with the whites, from whom they will procure some cast-off clothing. The highest perfection of art which they possess is to make bows and arrows, very good baskets, and a passable kind of nets, the material for which they find in the different species of hemp indigenous to the country. As I have just said, they are very poor hunters, and the killing of a deer by one of the tribe is an era in his existence. They are, however, very expert in catching fish. In disposition they are peaceable, friendly and kind-hearted, not brave, but timid and yielding, in consequence of which they have always been overridden and maltreated by the meaner class of white men.

The Digger Indians have a great aversion of Chinamen, whom they do not know where to class. They are, however, inclined to consider the same an inferior tribe of Indian intruders, and come often in collision with them, in which the Johns are generally worsted.

The road which I pursued next day led through immense wild oat fields, partly eaten by grasshoppers, of which I met myriads. The devastating pestilence of grasshoppers and locusts is probably the worst enemy with which California has to contend. They generally follow two years consecutively. The second year, millions, hatched from the broods of the preceding season, come forth in clouds like a melancholy and ferocious army of savages, to attend the funerals of their defunct progenitors, and intent on laying waste every consumable product in the country which they put their spite against, and whose inhabit-



DEAD HEAD ROOM—HYDRAULIC MINING.

ants have fallen under their vindictive ban. Famine, anarchy, bankruptcy and universal poverty follow in their death-making shade, and no human wit for five thousand long years has countervailed a jot against them. Unhappy is the country of their nativity. They visited Lower California, according to the truthful and exact account of the Jesuit padres, in 1722, 1746 and 1748; they returned again in 1753-'54, and again in 1765, 1766 and 1767. In these years they committed the most fearful ravages on the growing grains, the fruits and pastures; caused sickness, famine and death; and nearly ruined the missions thereaway irretrievably. They have visited Alta California, with immense damage in 1823, 1834, 1835, 1842, 1849, and last worst, and better known, in 1855. They seem to have returned this year, and if it proves miserly of water and plentiful of winds and heats, we will be compelled to believe the land's name to be woe, and its character troubled and difficult.

After a ride of twenty miles, I arrived at Lassens Rancho, which is located near a beautiful little stream called Deer creek. I met plenty of Indians here.

Five miles from this rancho I arrived at the Sacramento river, on the opposite bank of which is situated the small town or village Tehama, settled by American farmers. I had to cross the river by ferry, and remained here over night.

Next day, after a ride of fifteen miles over a very level and dreary country, I arrived at the town of Red Bluffs, which is the head of navigation of the Sacramento river. The small steamers which ply between this place and Marysville discharge here their freight and passengers destined for the upper country, and render this little but growing town very important.

The distance between this place and Shasta, which is about forty miles, I made in one day and a-half, having camped under a tree the following night, where the grasshoppers contrived to eat almost everything that I carried in the shape of provisions, and even began to devour my saddle and bridle. I found them incredibly voracious, and I really believe that they would eat up a man who might be in a defenceless position in a short space of time, for I frequently was annoyed by their bites on exposed parts of my body, and keeping them off with difficulty.

Approaching Shasta within about ten miles, where I forded Clear creek, the country again became very mountainous, the heat very great and the dust intolerable, and it was with satisfaction I arrived at the city in the afternoon.

Shasta stands in a narrow valley on the western shore of the Sacramento river in Shasta county, and is a mining town of great importance, and has about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It was destroyed by fire in 1853, but is rebuilt again, and now contains a number of spacious and commodious structures.

Shasta is the commercial emporium for all the northern counties, and business is carried on here to a great extent. Long strings of pack mules leave here and arrive every day and hour to and from Weaverville, Yreka, Scott's river, Kolamath, &c.; and the neighboring mountains, ravines and gulches are rich in the yield of gold. A stage line runs between this town and Marysville, but cannot be carried farther on account of the natural and unsurmountable difficulties in traversing the country farther north, which can only be achieved on foot, or mounted on a good horse or mule.

Having rested here for a week, I resumed my journey towards Yreka, the distance of which is one hundred and sixteen miles. After a ride of twelve miles, I arrived at a small creek, which, however, in the season when the snow melts on the mountains swells to a river of considerable size. A toll-bridge which is constructed over it is the property of Mr. Tower, the owner of the adjoining hotel, called Tower House. The rancho is located in a small valley of less than two hundred acres, but extremely fertile. Mr. Tower bought the land, bridge, and a rudely constructed building, in 1850, for three thousand dollars, and at present, and only five years after he bought it, would hardly part with it for the neat little fortune of fifty thousand dollars. Most of his land he has converted into a beautiful orchard, the products of which will be almost a fortune to him. He related to me, that in the past year he had raised five hundred peaches, the first which the young trees

produced, every one of which he sold for a dollar a piece. He also raises large quantities of musk and water melons, of which he told me to have sold during a season an average of thirty dollars' worth per diem.

Leaving the Tower House, I struck into the right hand road that leads to Yreka, the left hand one being the Weaverville road, and after a ride of three miles arrived at French Gulch, a small mining town, where I found the inhabitants burying a miner, who had been killed by the bite of a rattlesnake.

The road or rather trail now wended for many miles through a very narrow and dark canyon, through which ran a small stream, which I had to cross innumerable times, being very dangerous and inconvenient, as the bed of it was filled with large and slippery boulders, between which many a mule and horse had broke a leg.

Not being able to reach the twenty-three miles distant mountain house, I was compelled to camp for the night in this frightful wilderness, inhabited by grizzlies of enormous size and ferocity, and a few Indians. Having passed the night well enough, however, and contrary to my expectations, I resumed my road again in the morning, which became at times very dangerous, for I had to travel over very narrow and often slippery trails high up on the sides of almost perpendicular mountains, with a precipice below of a depth of hundreds of feet. These trails have frequently proved disastrous to loaded mules and riders, for the least mis-step is sufficient to precipitate animal and rider into the awful depth below, where the sharp rocks will reduce the unfortunate to a shapeless mass.

When I arose in the morning I felt an itching about my eyes and wrists, and had to scratch continually to my great annoyance; the itching increased as the day advanced. Arriving at a fine mountain stream, I resolved to take a bath, which done and resuming my road, I felt the itching over all my body and my face was swelling, and I was at a loss to account for it. When I arrived at Lehigh's Ranch, which is forty-one miles from Shasta, and where I stopped over night, I accidentally communicated this disagreeable state of affairs to the proprietor, who laughed and informed me that I had come in contact with the poison oak. I had heard of this shrub and its poisonous quality, but had never seen it and could not therefore avoid it. When I first commenced to feel that itching which increased to an intolerable degree, I was very apprehensive of having been infected by the veritable itch, which far tended to reduce my spirits somewhat near zero; but I felt considerably relieved when I ascertained the real cause. The proprietor showed me a quantity of it which was growing not very distant from his house, and I examined it carefully, to be enabled to take care of it in future.

This shrub, *Quercus Viri*, or Poison Oak, and by the natives called "la Yedra," is a climbing one, and varies much in size. I have met with it twenty-five feet high. Some persons are not affected by it, and can handle it, rubbing their skin with it, or even eating the leaves, the stem or root with impunity. Others are not so fortunate, but are poisoned by the slightest contact.

I set out again from Lehigh's Ranch on the following day, and travelled about fifteen miles on a difficult trail, meeting very few white persons, and only once a troop of Indians. I had to camp again, and the next day I had the high Scott Mountains before me, which I had to pass over, which was difficult in the extreme. I at last arrived at the summit, from where through an opening between the tall pines I enjoyed a fine view over the grandly wild country around me. In descending I met a number of Mexicans, driving a string of pack mules before them, and enlivening the solitude with their cries of "Hepa! andale! mula del demonio! arriba!" &c.

The packing trade of Marysville is very extensive with Downesville, Eureka, Morrisson's Diggings, St. Louis, Pine Grove, Pokus Flat, Gibsonville, Nelson's Point, Indian Valley, and all the surrounding places in the county of Sierra and Plumas, giving employment to about two thousand five hundred mules, and between three and four hundred men.

From the town of Shasta, during the winter of 1854-55, the number of mules employed in the packing trade to the various towns and mining localities north of Shasta, was one thousand

eight hundred and seventy-six. This does not include the animals used by individual miners or others; and according to the *Shasta Courier*, it would be safe to estimate the number to two thousand.

When I had accomplished the tiresome descent from Scott mountain, I arrived into a less mountainous part of the country and into Scott's valley, and after riding about thirty miles arrived at Fort Jones, a military station of the government, in which are quartered a few soldiers and officers. The barracks and officers' buildings, &c., are large one-story log-houses, with the exception of one which was in course of erection. I saw a considerable number of Indians here, males and females, all very well dressed and partly civilized. Fourteen miles more riding through the very level valley brought me to Yreka.

The town of Yreka is situated in Siskiyou county, and is the most remote settlement in the north-eastern part of the State, and may contain about three thousand inhabitants. The flat country round the town is rich in gold, and undoubtedly the hills, which have hardly been prospected yet, for many miners, however ambitious and industrious, fear the intensely cold winters, which has been hitherto the only time when any mining could be done, on account of the scarcity of water in the summer season. A company had, however, nearly completed a ditch, by which a sufficient supply of water will be procured for the wants of the miners at all seasons.

I enjoyed a beautiful view of Mount Shasta from the town, this famous mountain towering over the clouds, with its white eternal snow-capped head. It is about eighteen thousand feet high, and is the highest in California. The *California Magazine* says thus:

"This is one of those glorious and awe-inspiring scenes which greet the traveller's eye and fill his mind with wonder and admiration, as he journeys along the bold and beautiful mountains of our own California. One almost wishes to kneel in worship as he gazes at the magnificent snow-covered head and pine-girded base of this 'monarch of mountains;' and even as you ascend the valley of the Sacramento, Mount Shasta appears to you like a huge hill of snow just beyond the purple hills of the horizon, and is a constant landmark."

We are favored with the following graphic sketch of an ascent—alone—by ISRAEL S. DIEHL, which we give with great pleasure:

The morning of the 9th of October, 1855, opened beautiful and bright: the earth had been cooled by refreshing showers, which had copiously fallen during the night, as I took my line of march from Yreka to Mount Shasta, to make its ascent if possible; and somewhat fearful because of the stupendous and unknown undertaking by any single traveller, I slowly but determinedly set out upon my journey.

From the western side of Shasta valley Mount Shasta was in full view before me, in all its beauty and glory, as it reared its majestic head some seventeen thousand feet into the heavens; while its sides were covered with the deep driven snow of ages, hundreds of peaked little hillocks dotted the Shasta valley for twenty-five miles around, like so many attendants (evidently all lesser volcanic formations), while the Shasta river, and other smaller streams, clear as crystal and icy cold, sprang from its side.

For a day and a half did I ride steadily on and around it, to make its ascent; all the time with the mountain in full view, and apparently but a little way off, deceiving even the best eye on calculation.

For two nights ere my ascent did I watch the setting sun, with its purple rays lingering and playing for twenty or thirty minutes around its brow, when to all other mountains the sun had set. That scene was beautiful beyond description.

By the noon of the second day I had rounded the mount to its south side, and fed my weary horse and self at the beautiful Strawberry Valley Ranch, or Gordon's, after which, with indefinite and unsatisfactory directions, I bid adieu to every hope of seeing another person ere my fate became decided. Fearful accounts and warnings were given of grizzlies, California lions, avalanches, falling rocks and stones, with deep canyon crevices,

by and in which I might perish; but unwilling to give up, and trusting in God, with a good horse and a bag of provisions, I commenced the ascent.

For twelve or fifteen miles I followed a blind snow trail through bushes of manzanita and other obstacles, which almost threw me from my horse; and would surely have torn my garments had I not been equipped with a good new suit of buckskin. After an arduous journey I reached the upper edge of the belt of trees, and of the horse trail, but not until the sun had set. Night came on, rendering it too dark to find water for myself and animal until ten o'clock at night.

After much difficulty a fire was kindled (the last matches were being used), to keep off the grizzlies and lions, but unfortunately from the scarcity of trees and the amount of dead wood lying around, I set fire to all about me. This drove me out, and excluded me altogether; so, making a shelter of my saddle and mochila, and wrapping myself in my saddle blanket I crept underneath them, covering my head and feet. Between shivering with cold, dozing, fearing and dreaming, I awoke and awaited the dawn of day. At last it came, when after feeding my horse and bidding him adieu, I commenced the ascent.

On the east side of the west spur, and the south side of the mountain, there were vast quantities of clink and volcanic stones, and for four weary hours I never set my foot off broken stones, but up, up, up, over rocks and stones, till I reached the base of an almost perpendicular ledge of rocks, the so-called Red Bluffs, which I found to be indurated clay, colored by the peroxide of iron. Through a little ravine I struggled on, climbing for another hour, while large masses of rock, becoming loosened, went bounding to the awful abyss below.

After reaching what I thought the desired summit, imagine my surprise to look over fields of lava, scoria, snow and fearful glaciers. I now had to cross ravines or fissures from fifty to one hundred feet deep, and from one hundred to three hundred feet wide, and worn through a solid mass of conglomerates, and sometimes half filled with snow and ice, the ice lying in perfect ridges, resembling the waves on the ocean, and were both sharp and dangerous to cross. I slipped and fell several times, once coming near being dashed thousands of feet below. After ascending for another hour, among this strangely mixed mass, hoping again to have reached the long-desired summit, I was both disappointed and pleased to see the table land of snow from one-fourth to one-half mile in diameter, where it lay from one hundred to probably one thousand and more feet deep, as I could look down into fissures where it had sagged apart, for a fearful depth, and from this field, a few hundred feet from the summit, the Sacramento river takes its rise; running through the deep gorges, sometimes on top, then hidden, then appearing at the summit of hills, then concealed for miles, it breaks forth in magnificent springs and miniature rivers, with sulphur and soda springs intermixed.

After crossing the field of ice with great difficulty, on account of the sun melting the snow from the east and south, while the wind and cold froze it from the west and north, thus rendering it dangerous, I reached another perfect mountain of loose and coarse lava, ashes and other volcanic matter, through which I waded, although a foot in depth, for some distance; and as I ascended I caught a full and first view of the actual summit, which I imagine is not seen from below, as it is a perfect bare crag or comb of rocks, while the sides and top around are so covered as to hide the real summit. Across another field of snow and I was evidently upon the original and main crater, a concavity covering several acres, almost hemmed in by a considerable rim of rocks, and here I came upon the long sought hot and sulphur springs; and here, free from wind and snow, finding it warm and comfortable after being nearly benumbed with cold, I warmed and took a hasty meal; and in my haste to warm my fingers, nearly lost them by awfully scalding them.

I spent nearly an hour here contemplating and watching this wonderful view. A hundred little boiling springs were gurgling and bubbling up through a bed of sulphur, and emitting steam enough to drive a small factory (if well applied), while all around lay everlasting snows.



POISON OAK.

After resting, I made the final summit, a few hundred feet above, composed of a perfect edge or comb of rocks, running nearly north and south, and from this summit, perhaps the highest, variously estimated from sixteen thousand five hundred to seventeen thousand five hundred feet, and decidedly the most magnificent of our Union, if not of the Continent, I could look around and see all the kingdoms of this lower world.

Looking to the westward far beyond the Scott, Trinity, Siskiyou, and coast range of mountains, I imagined I saw the proud Pacific. Northward, looking far over into Oregon, one could see her peaks, her valleys and lakes to the Dalles, and what I took to be Mount Hood. East, far over the Sierras into Utah and the deserts, while beautiful lakes lay like bright meadows far in the distance. South, I could trace the Sacramento and Pitt rivers, far below Shasta, where they were lost in the smoke and haze, but on the south-west I could clearly see Mount Linn, Mount St. John, and Ripley, and above the haze could distinctly see the Marysville Buttes, if not the top of Mount Diablo (as I have clearly seen Mount Shasta from the summit of Mount Diablo). South-east I could trail the Sierras by the Lassen, Spanish, Pilot, Seventy-six, Downesville, and other peaks to the range below Lake Bigler or to Carson Valley. I contemplated the unsurpassed scenery presented to my eye for hours. The day was clear and beautiful, after our first October rains, while the scenery was delightful beyond description; and upon that peak I planted the temperance banner, side by side with the American flag (planted there in 1852, by Captain Prince), deposited California papers and documents in the rocks for safe keeping, as the papers carried up in 1852 were

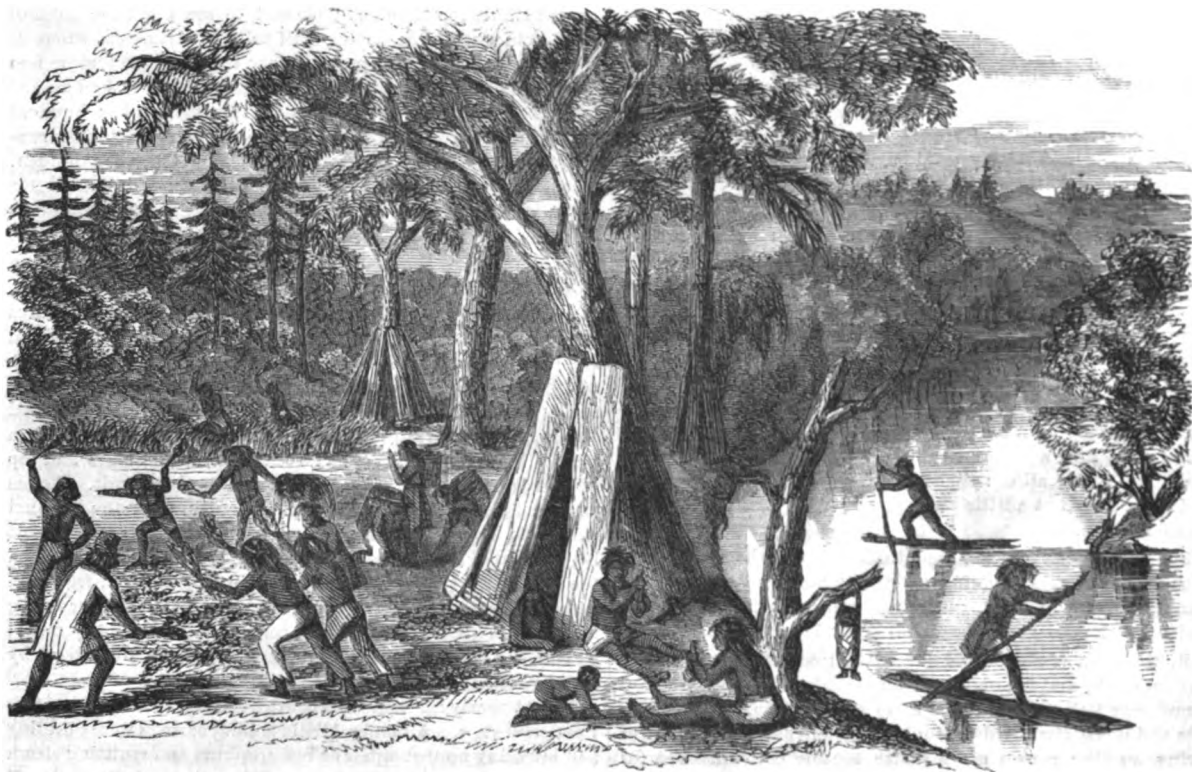
unharmful and fresh as ever. Then with a great reluctance, notwithstanding the wind, cold, loneliness and coming night, I was compelled to beat a descent.

The sun was fast declining. My watch told three p.m., when I collected my minerals, sulphurs and all objects of interest, for a future and fuller description, and commenced the descent. After three hours' running, jumping, tumbling and sliding on the snow, I found my horse, mounted and hastened away; and after a concatenation of circumstances, lost and bewildered at twelve o'clock at night, I dismounted, unsaddled and loosed my horse; weary and exhausted, nature gave way, sleep conquered, and until dawn of day I knew no trouble save the piercing cold, and woke to find my trusty horse



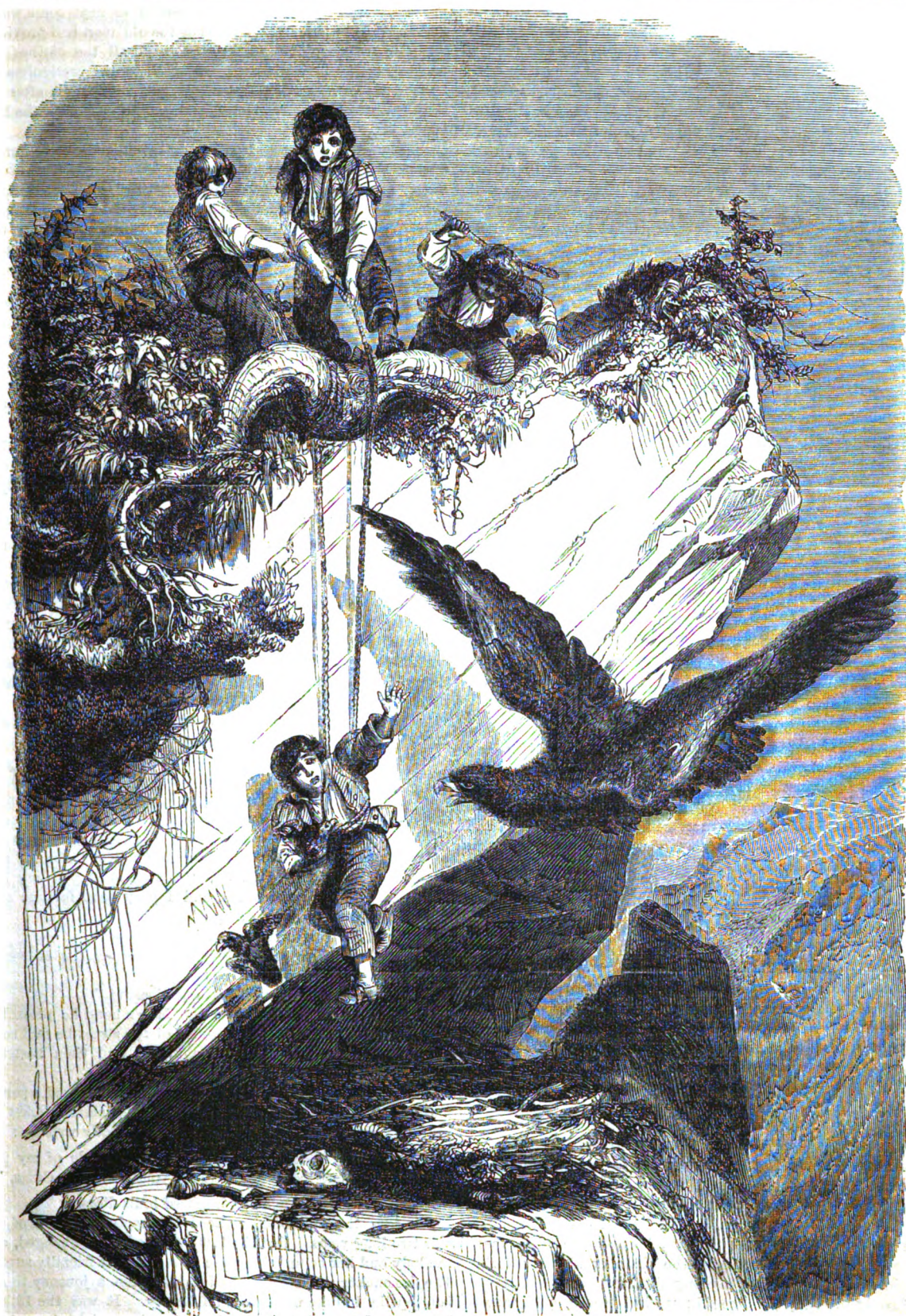
LEAF OF POISON OAK.

missing, giving me half a day's hunt to recapture it, when by perils of river, land and Indians, I followed the Sacramento down one hundred miles to Shasta, to spend the Sabbath, after six days' labor—much better and happier for my ascent to Mount Shasta.



INDIANS CATCHING GRASSHOPPERS, GATHERING ACORNS AND CROSSING THE RIVER ON LOGS.





THE BOYS AND THE EAGLE'S NEST.

## THE RAPE OF THE EAGLETS.

THE temerity of mountaineers in all countries is constantly shown in the fearlessness with which they confront unnumbered dangers, for the sake of an advantage which, in point of fact, consists mainly in the evidence which it affords of their prowess.

VOL. IV., No. 1—3

The Swiss *gamsen-jäger* goes cheerily forth, week after week, and year by year, in pursuit of the chamois which haunts the most frightful gorges of the solitary Alps; he cares not for fatigue, nor wounds, nor grievous bodily injury, if he can only return to his hamlet laden with the honor-giving spoils; and death he looks calmly in the face when he feels that the fame of an un-



fearing hunter will survive him among the hollows of the Alps. In our own mountains the hardy trapper braves singly the dangers of the bear-hunt, and the terrific possibilities of unaided combat with the panther or the ounce; and, indeed, in every mountainous region we find especial daring exhibited in a manner peculiar to the spot. Our engraving is devoted to the illustration of a daring feat which frequently finds its parallel on the windy cliffs of the Orkney Islands, and which was performed, a few years since, by a lad in one of those stormy islets. An eagle had constructed its eyrie on the jutting ledge of a cliff, immediately facing the sea, and here its brood had been reared without molestation during many successive seasons. Animated, however, with the love of adventure, and with a hope of securing a reward, a party of the daring lads of the countryside determined to rob the nest during the absence of the parent-bird. The gnarled and twisted trunk of a mountain ash opportunely overhung the lonely eyrie; and to this the fearless urchins fastened a rope, by means of which one of them was lowered down to the hitherto untrodden ledge. The eaglets were secured, and the triumphant lad was on the point of re-ascending, when a shrill scream resounded from the seaward, and the mother-bird, with fury in her eyes and rage in the convulsive curvings of her talons, swept through the air towards him. In another moment his face would have been lacerated by the murderous beak, when he dropped one of the unfledged eaglets. The lads at the summit of the cliff meanwhile redoubled their exertions, and in the swoop which the mother made to recover her falling young one, the daring invader of her eyrie was safely hauled to the top. His prize was carried home in triumph, and carefully nurtured till full-grown.

#### THE LAST STROKE OF FORTUNE.

THIRTY years ago an old house was standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage of five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A. D. 1577. Sixty years later than this date the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs again," said the man to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth up at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she should not want anything more."

"Poor lady! This time of year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on; and yet I am sure she is somebody or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?"

"If she wants for anything it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger would get her the best of everything."

Then came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell down upon his tarnished velvet coat. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and bidding them a short "Good night," groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said; "I had been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here a servant met me, who was to fetch me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through; they were ladies whom I have known before. I thought I could get a little money to pay for some simples which will be of service to you."

"I am cold."

"It is very cold. I will make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient, having taken what the old man had provided, was diligently covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived that she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired into a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed she should endeavor to leave the house for a moment or two, and he succeeded in getting her forth as far as the Place St. Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said suddenly. "If I am not much mistaken it is certainly the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he had now approached them.

"*Parbleu!*" said he, "why that is Mascali. What, are you married?"

"He does not know me," sighed the lady, "I must indeed be altered."

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word in the duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt, but instantly recovering himself, he hastily uncovered, and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," he said; "but my eyes are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting you—"

"For the love of God," interrupted the lady, hastily, "name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth, and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels."

"And what are your advices from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched caiff?"

"He is in the zenith of his power."

"See, my lord duke, your fortunes and my own are much alike. You, the son of a man who, had he not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown on his own head, and I, once the queen of the mightiest nation in the universe, and now both of us alike. But adieu," she said suddenly, and drawing herself up, "the sight of you, my lord duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune once more may smile upon your steps."

"Permit me to attend your majesty to—"

A slight color tinged the lady's features, as she answered, with a gently commanding tone:

"Leave us, my lord duke, it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and taking the lady's hand he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the old lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; she had a small packet for him, and also a billet. Inside this was distinctly written:

"Two hundred louis d'ors constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use. Guise."

And the packet contained a hundred louis d'ors.

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair two long years. But the last louis had been changed, and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succor. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix la Chapelle, to take up some small legacy. It was the 13th of February, 1642. A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more indistinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later an old man, dressed in rags and tatters, entered the chamber. One word only had escaped his lips as he tumbled

up the fallen staircase—"Nothing! nothing!" He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse with an almost convulsive motion, and letting it suddenly fall, he cried:

"Dead, dead, of hunger, cold and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary-of-Medicis, wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella, Queen of Spain, of Henrietta, Queen of England, of Christina, Duchess of Savoy, of Gaston Duke of Orleans—died of hunger, cold and misery; and yet Louis XIII., the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called "The Just."

## PERILS OF BALLOONING.

Among the first who commenced these voyages were M. Pilatre and M. Romain, of France. They made an ascent from Boulogne, June 15, 1785, with a Montgolfier balloon, a fire being kindled underneath, and the balloon ascending by means of rarefied air. At an amazing height the balloon took fire, burned the cords by which the car was suspended, and the unhappy occupants were precipitated to the earth, dashing them to pieces in a manner too shocking to mention.

M. Zambeccarri, accompanied by a friend, made an ascent from the same place, September 2, 1812. On his descent, the balloon became entangled in the branches of a high tree, and ere it could be disengaged caught fire. The aeronauts leaped out. Zambeccarri was killed on the spot, and M. Bonoga survived but a short time.

About the same time a mechanic, named Bittori, ascended from Mannheim. At a considerable height, he perceived too late that his vehicle was damaged. He opened the valve, descended with great velocity, and was dashed in pieces against a house.

Madame Blanchard ascended from Tivoli, July 8, 1819, during the progress of a *fête* there. At the height of four hundred feet, her balloon caught fire. She was precipitated upon the pavement and instantly killed.

Mr. Harris, a very experienced aeronaut, was killed May 24, 1824. He went up from City road, London. At the height of two miles, he commenced to descend very rapidly, was precipitated upon the earth, and dashed to pieces.

A Mr. Green ascended from Cardiff, July 11, 1849. His body was found some time after, on the Flat House Shoals, in the centre of Bristol Channel.

M. Arban, a celebrated French aeronaut, ascended from Barcelona, in September, 1848. Nothing was heard of him till the middle of November, when his body was found near Rosas.

Lieutenant Gale ascended from the Hippodrome at Vincennes, on Sunday, September 8, 1850. Some days subsequently, the body was found in a clump of ferns, his limbs broken and mutilated, the face completely eaten away by dogs and other wild animals. He had previously met with several narrow escapes.

James Goulston made an ascent in the evening from the Bellevue Gardens, June 2, 1852. The balloon was a new one, forty feet high, thirty-three feet in diameter, holding twenty-three thousand cubic feet of gas. It being cloudy at the time, the car was lost to view in two minutes. He fell from his vehicle in attempting to descend, at the town of Lees; a considerable quantity of blood and brains spattered over a wall marked the spot where he struck the earth.

Mr. Knight ascended from Bombay, December 14, 1853, in the presence of a large concourse of natives, amongst whom was the Rajah of Dar, who promised the aeronaut two hundred rupees if he went up and came down again, of which the Rajah seemed to entertain great doubts. The balloon travelled straight out to sea, and Mr. Knight has not since been heard from.

In September, 1851, M. Merle and a companion were carried off by a balloon that broke from its moorings. They ascended to such a height that Merle was frozen to death, and the other descended in the greatest peril.

Mr. Timothy Winchester made an ascent from Norfolk, Ohio, in August, 1855, starting in good spirits, and amid the cheers

of a large concourse of people, since which time he has not been heard from. He may have gone on an excursion in the North Star, as the last seen of him he was passing rapidly over Lake Erie.

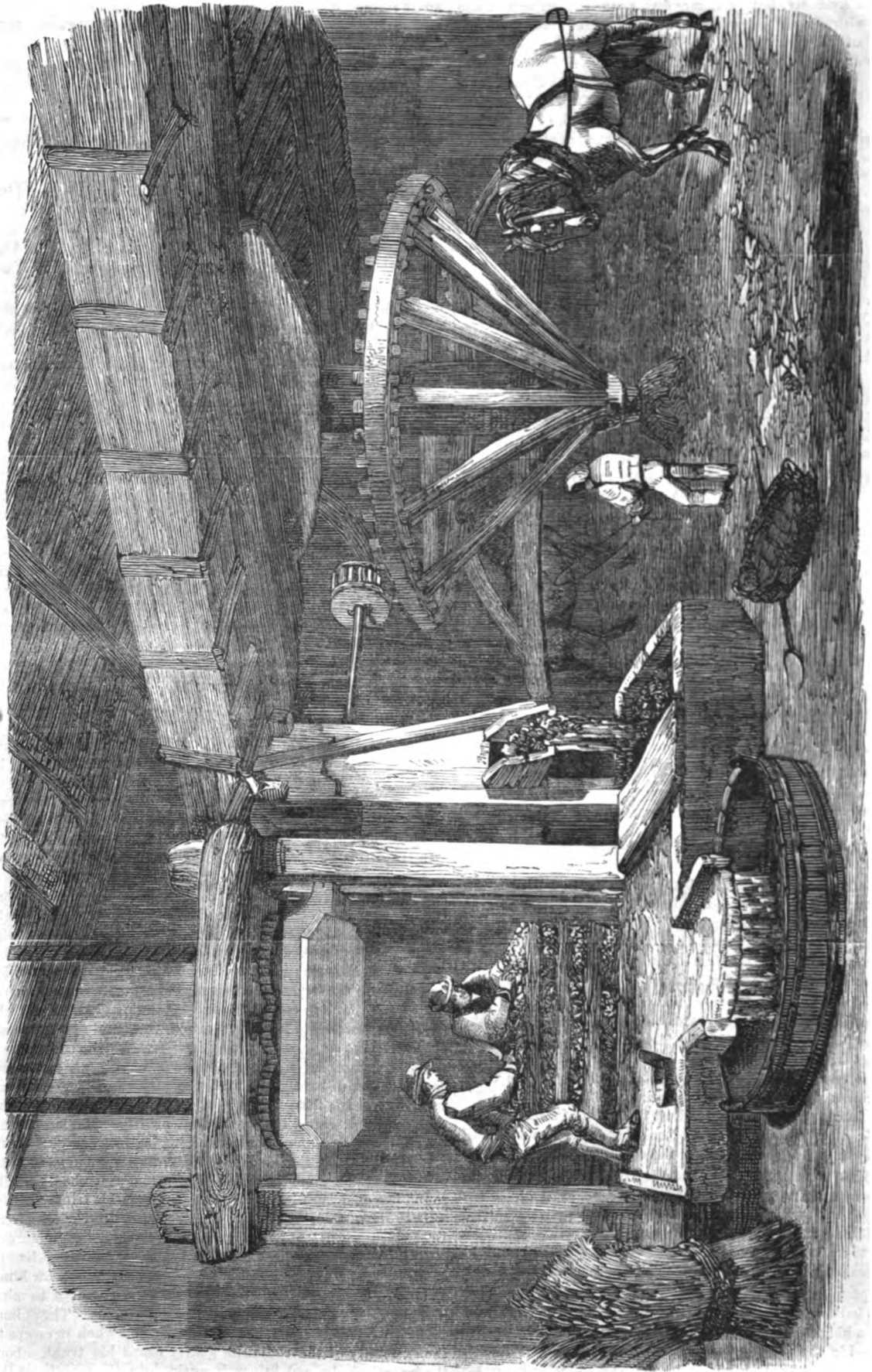
The melancholy fate of Mr. Thurston is too fresh in the public mind to need recapitulation.

## PECULIARITIES OF ELEPHANTS.

At Macassar, an elephant-driver had a cocoanut given him, which he wantonly struck against the elephant's forehead to break it. The next day they were passing by some cocoanuts in the street exposed for sale. The elephant took up one, and began to knock it on the driver's head; the result, unhappily, was fatal. Elephants commonly discriminate so well, as to apportion punishment to the offence against them; they are considerate, merciful and magnanimous. Another story of an elephant, we think, occurs in one of Mr. Broderick's books. A visitor to an elephant at a fair, having given to him one by one a number of good gingerbread-nuts, thought it a good joke to end by giving him at once a bag full of the hottest kind. The elephant, distressed with pain, took bucket-full after bucket-full of water, and the joker, warned of his danger, had barely escaped over the threshold before the bucket was flung violently after his departing figure. A year afterwards, the foolish fellow came again, with gingerbread in one bucket and hot spice in the other. He began with his donations of gingerbread, and then modestly substituted one hot nut. The moment it was tasted by the elephant, the offender was remembered, and caught up into the air by his clothes; his weight tore them, and he fell, leaving the elephant his tails and some part of his trousers. The animal putting them on the floor set his foot on them, and having deliberately picked out of the pockets and eaten all the gingerbread that he considered orthodox, he trod upon the rest, and threw the tails away.

A painter used to study from the animals in the Jardin des Plantes, and was minded once to paint the elephant. But of course he must paint him in an attitude; and even the sagacity of an elephant failed to understand that the artist wished him to keep his mouth open and hold up his trunk. The artist therefore, got a little boy, and entrusted to his care a bag of apples, which he was to throw into the elephant's mouth one by one, obliging him in this way to keep his trunk uplifted. "The apples," says Mr. Broderick, "were numerous, but the painter was not a Landseer, and as he had not the faculty of seizing and transferring character with Edwin's magical power and rapidity, the task was tedious. By the master's directions the boy occasionally deluded the elephant by a simulated chuck, and thus eked out the supply. Notwithstanding the just indignation of the balked expectant, his *gourmandise* checked his irritable impatience; and keeping his eye on the still well-filled bag, he bore the repeated disappointment, crunching an apple when it chanced to come with apparent glee. At length the last apple was thrown and crunched, the empty bag was laid aside, and the elephant applied himself to his watertank, as if for the purpose of washing down his repast. A few more touches would have completed the picture, when an overwhelming *douche* from his well-adjusted trunk obliterated the design, and drenched the discomfited painter. Having by this practical application of retributive justice executed judgment on the instigator, the elephant, disdaining the boy, whom he regarded as the mere instrument of wrong, marched proudly round the enclosure loudly trumpeting forth his triumph."

They show their good taste, and are very fond of children. Dr. Darwin says, "The keeper of an elephant, in his journey in India, sometimes leaves him fixed to the ground by a length of chain, while he goes into the woods to collect food for him; and by way of reciprocal attention, asks the elephant to mind his child—a child unable to walk—while he is gone. The animal defends it; lets it creep about his legs; and when it creeps to the extremity of the chain, he gently wraps his trunk about the infant's body, and brings it again into the middle of the circle."



CIDER MAKING—POUND HOUSE, THE MILL AND PRESS.





GATHERING THE FRUIT.

## CIDER MAKING.

Or the many thousands who will enjoy, during the month on which we are entering, that sweet, fresh liquid, known as new cider, a majority would perhaps be puzzled were they requested to give an account of the manner in which it is made. It is not every one who lives in the country, or has enjoyed the quiet felicity of a sojourn in the pleasant rural districts whence the wholesome beverage comes to us; and to such, we feel convinced, an illustrated description of the processes through which it passes will be welcome.

The season for gathering the apples is a great time in the country, when young and old alike turn out to accomplish the pleasant labor. It is a species of out-door "bee," in which every one is welcome to take his place, and to enjoy his share in the concomitant fun—and fun there always is at the merry

gatherings beneath the old and bounteous trees. In mid-October, and even till the beginning of November in some years, these assemblages take place, and the united labors of many willing workers soon suffice to rob the largest orchard of its ruddy spoils, which are then carried, some in wagons and wheelbarrows, and some in sacks and baskets, to be deposited on the spacious and cleanly swept floor of a barn, somewhere in the vicinity, where every shade of red and russet and gold is blended together, until the whole gathering is complete. It is usually the occupation of one man to receive and pile them in this store place, from which they are carted off to the nearest cider mill.

These huge presses are very important institutions during the cider season, and are constantly beset with applicants for their use. They generally adhere to the good old rule of "first come, first served," however, and the farmer must engage the



HOUSING THE APPLES.



mill for a day or so, several weeks before he is ready for the cider-making, if he hopes to secure a chance.

The apples are now put into the mill, where they are crushed by the action of a large wheel, turned by horse-power, of which the illustration will convey a clear idea. The "pumice," as this crushed matter is called, descends through a wooden trough into a box or bin below, from which it is taken out in baskets and disposed in a square pile to undergo the "screwing" process.

This heap of "pumice" is constructed with alternate layers of straw and crushed apples, and when the pile is sufficiently high, the wide, flat board immediately above the heads of the figures (see engraving) is lowered along grooves on either side of the upright wooden beams, and screwed tight by means of a long lever. The cider now flows freely, and after having been subjected to this pressure for a sufficient length of time, the press is unscrewed; the edges of the "pumice" are pared off and thrown on the top, and the pressure is again put on.

This process is repeated several times, and finally the whole pile is disturbed, and made up for the "last squeeze," until no more juice can possibly be expressed. The base of this press is provided with a ledge which has a mouth in front, out of which the juice flows into a vessel placed underneath. From this receptacle it is drawn off into the usual casks and barrels, to await fermentation.

As a general thing, apples of all flavors and all degrees of acidity are thrown indiscriminately into the press, but for some purposes only sweet apples are used. In Pennsylvania, where "apple butter" is manufactured in great quantities among the German farmers, sweet apples are much in demand, as their juice alone is of use in this popular compound. Every farmer throughout the whole country expects to have at least one barrel, if not more, of cider made from sweet apples exclusively for household purposes.

The cider-mill is an universal haunt for young and old while these operations are going on. It is an interesting and novel sight to those who are not versed in the details of country life, to watch the curious process by which this rude and primitive machinery converts the shapeless masses of "pumice" into a descending torrent of transparent liquid, and the simple yet thorough contrivance by which the bundles of clean, yellow straw become sieves, through which the cider is thoroughly strained at every descent of the screw; and to the "rising generation" in particular the achievements of the cider-mill are fascinating and marvellous in the highest degree. They watch the heaps of shining apples, round and juicy and golden, as they are thrown in above, and stand by with breathless interest as they pass through the intermediate state of pumice, and become at length *bonâ-fide* cider.

And when at length the sweet, fresh liquid is placed in the multitude of casks and tubs in which they are to remain for a temporary space, it is the signal for a universal descent thereupon on the part of these young Cossacks. They are privileged persons, however, for the time being, and no one dreams of interfering with their acknowledged rights in this matter. They are generally well armed beforehand with straws and hollow elder tubes from which the pith has been carefully removed, and collect eagerly around all the receptacles to suck the delicious fluid until they are thoroughly gorged, and "drop off" one by one, like so many leeches.

Gray-headed old farmers also congregate around the door, to talk over the prospect of a mild winter and a good spring crop, indulge in social gossip on every topic of general interest, and calculate the probable amount of cider to be realized from each orchard in the vicinity. Even the girls and women are irresistibly attracted towards the scene of labor, and may be seen in little knots and groups around the mills. Altogether, it is not to be wondered at that cider-making is looked forward to with so much anticipation, when it forms such a pleasant little episode in the daily life of every rural neighborhood.

In the hospitality of the farm-house, cider is a staple article, and few groups around the fire on a December evening are unsupplied with a basket of red-cheeked apples and a massive stone pitcher of the sparkling liquid. Jest and merry converse are its constant accompaniments, and many is the delightful

evening that the genial liquid has brought to our rural homes. The operation of expressing the juice is very simple, and nature supplies us with a plentiful harvest of loaded orchards, so that this beverage is at once one of the most healthy and the cheapest of country luxuries.

The cider-mill and the casks into which the juice is poured, are usually surrounded by eager groups of "young folks," watching for their chance to abstract a little of the sweet liquid by means of straws and other contrivances in the way of suction. Their elders usually prefer to wait until the cider becomes "hard" i. e. a year old; but to our taste the sweet, new cider, such as we intend to drink gallons of while the snow is on the ground, is best.

#### A PRETENDER UNMASKED.

A BERLIN journal has the following tale, of which it guarantees the truth: "An old woman, who lately died in the hospital, left, amongst other things, a very old arm-chair of Gothic style, and richly decorated. At the sale of her effects by auction, a foreigner paid as much as five hundred francs for the chair, and surprise having been expressed at his giving so large a sum, he made this explanation: The chair with the other things was offered by the States-General to the Empress Maria Theresa, and for many years figured in her boudoir. After her death it, by her express desire, was sent to Queen Marie Antoinette, in France, and afterwards was one of the principal pieces of furniture allowed to Louis XVI. in the Temple. The king's valet de chambre, Fleury, afterwards became possessed of the chair, and took it to England, where it became the property of the Prince Regent, and afterwards of the Duke of Cumberland. The latter took it to Berlin, and there it was given to an upholsterer to repair. The workman charged with the job found secreted in it a diamond pin, a portrait in pencil of a boy, and a number of small sheets of paper filled with very small writing. These things he appropriated; the pin he sold, and the portrait and papers he gave to a watchmaker, a friend of his. Although the writing was in a foreign language, the watchmaker succeeded in making out that it consisted of a series of secret and very important instructions drawn up by Louis XVI. for the Dauphin, his son, the portrait being that of the latter. The watchmaker, whose name was Naundorff, some years after gave himself out as Louis XVII., and produced the papers and portrait in question to prove his allegation. After making some noise in France and Belgium, in which latter country he passed by the name of Morel de Saint Didier, this man died in 1849. His son, who called himself Duke of Normandy, went to Java in 1853. The Berlin workman who discovered the documents naturally did not state how Naundorff became possessed of them, but just before his death, which took place lately, he made a full disclosure to his family. They found out that the famous arm-chair had remained in Berlin, and had come into possession of the old woman; and they bought it in order to sell it again in Austria."

#### THE FATHER OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Nothing could exceed his majesty's simplicity of habitudes. But one loves especially in him his scrupulous attention to cleanliness of person and of environment. He washed like a very Mussulman, five times a day; loved cleanliness in all things, to a superstitious extent; which trait is pleasant in the rugged man, and indeed of a piece with the rest of his character. He is gradually changing all his silk and other cloth room-furniture; in his hatred of dust, he will not suffer a floor-carpet, even a stuffed chair; but insists on having all of wood, where the dust may be persecuted to destruction. Wife and woman-kind, and those that take after them, let such have stuffing and sofas; he, for his part, sits on mere wooden chairs—sits, and also thinks and acts, after the manner of a Hyperborean Spartan, which he was.

He ate heartily, but as a rough farmer and hunter eats—country messes, good roast and boiled; despising the French cook, as an entity without meaning for him. His favorite dish at dinner was bacon and greens, rightly dressed; what could the French cook do for such a man? He eat with rapidity, almost with indiscriminate violence; his object not quality but quantity. He drank too, but did not get drunk; at the doctor's order he could abstain; and had in later years abstained. Pollnitz praises his fineness of complexion, the originally eminent whiteness of his skin, which he had tanned and bronzed by hard riding and hunting, and otherwise worse discolored by his manner of feeding and digesting: alas, at last his waistcoat came to measure, I am afraid to say how many Prussian ells—a very considerable diameter indeed!

For some years after his accession he still appeared occasionally in "burgher dress," or unmilitary clothes; "brown English coat, yellow waistcoat" and the other indispensables. But this fashion became rarer with him every year; and ceased altogether (say chronologists) about the year 1719; after which he appeared always simply as colonel of the Potsdam guards (his own life-guard regiment) in simple Prussian uniform: close military coat, blue, with red cuffs and collar, buff waistcoat and breeches, white linen gaiters to the knee. He girt his sword about the loins, well out of the mud; walked always with a thick bamboo in his hand. Steady, not slow of step; with his triangular hat, cream white round wig (in his older days), and face tending to purple—the eyes looking out mere investigation, sharp swift authority and dangerous readiness to rebuke and set the cane in motion.

It was so he walked abroad in this earth; and the common run of men rather fled his approach than courted it. For, in fact, he was dangerous; and would ask in an alarming manner, "Who are you?" And fantastic, much more any suspicious looking person, might fare the worse. An idle loungee at the street corner he has been known to hit over the crown; and peremptorily dispatch: "Home, sirrah, and take to some work!" That the apple women be encouraged to knit while waiting for custom; encouraged and quietly constrained, and at length packed away, and their stalls taken from them, if unconstrained—there has, as we observed, an especial rescript been put forth: very curious to read. Dandiacal figures, nay people looking like Frenchmen, idle flaunting women even—better for them to be going. "Who are you?" and if you lied or prevaricated (*Er blickt mich gerade an*—look me in the face, then!), or even stumbled, hesitated and gave suspicion of prevaricating, it might be worse for you. A soft answer is less effectual than a prompt clear one, to turn away wrath. "A *Candidatus Theologie*, your majesty," answered a handfast threadbare youth one day, when questioned in this manner. "Where from?" "Berlin, your majesty." "Hm, na, the Berliners are a good-for-nothing set." "Yes, truly, too many of them; but there are exceptions; I know two." "Two? which then?" "Your majesty and myself!" Majesty burst into a laugh: the *Candidatus* was got examined by the Consistoriums, and authorities proper in that matter, and put into a chaplaincy.—*Carlyle*.

## THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

A DEEP and melancholy interest attaches to the site of the capital of that famous empire which once disputed with nascent Rome the sovereignty of the world, but which has been obliterated from living history for nearly two thousand years. The wonderful prosperity and power of the all ambitious city, its commercial magnificence, its heroic death struggle, and the mournful silence that has so long brooded over its scarcely remembered site, fill the mind that contemplates them with a feeling alike of pity and regret. The mournful lament of Byron, "Assyria, Rome, Greece, Carthage, where are they?" is perhaps one of the most melancholy lines in the English language—silently hinting, as it does, at the decay and annihilation which are the destiny of all earthly things. The "firmly rooted grandeur overthrown" which is so melancholy a

spectacle on the shore where once so great a commonwealth existed, is a lesson pregnant with sadness.

The present aspect of the site of Carthage, as seen in our engraving, is one of exceeding desolation. For centuries the great harbor has remained unvisited, save by the galleys of the Tunisian and Algerine navigators and pirates; and the only habitations in the neighborhood were, within a few years, those of a few Arabs, who pursued the avocations of fishermen and cultivators of the soil. Of late, however, some of the ministers of the Bay of Tunis have established their palaces and gardens on the banks of the old port, which is now partly filled up. Beyond, in the bay, is the anchorage, which extends to La Goletta, where is the entrance of the Lake of Tunis, over which, in the far distance, is seen the Mountain of Zawau, fifty miles away from whose springs Carthage was supplied with water; and in the plain at our feet huge shapeless masses of masonry here and there break the surface of the soil, where stood of yore some gorgeous temple or vast palace. The hill on which we stand is crowned by a walled garden containing the Chapel of St. Louis, built over the remains of that ill-fated monarch, who ended here his saintly career in A. D. 1270. In the plain are the outlines of a circus and amphitheatre. Half a mile to the north-west is the village of Moalkah, constructed in and upon the greater cisterns, which were supplied by an aqueduct stretching for fifty miles to the mountain of Zawau, and whose vast masses now lie prostrate in a long line across this plain. In two of the plains which it crosses beyond Tunis hundreds of its arches are still erect, the greatest number being in the plain of Oudina, two hours south of Tunis, and of which we engrave a view, with the jagged outline of Djebel Zawau rising beyond, where stood a temple over the copious source that supplied the aqueduct. The broken ground at the opening of the plain is the further bank of the Milecan, over whose deep bed the water is carried on two rows of arches. The small circular buildings in the foreground are the mouths of shafts, which were sunk every seventy or eighty yards along the course of the water as it traversed the hills, for the purpose of airing it. On the slope of a hill to the south-east of St. Louis, and which disputes with it the honor of having been the Pyra, are the lesser cisterns, of which some are wholly or partly filled up, but others are still perfect. They form an oblong square four hundred and forty-nine feet in length by one hundred and sixteen in breadth. There are eighteen cisterns, each ninety-three feet long, twenty feet wide, and twenty-seven feet high; and a gallery runs down the building on each side, and communicates with the end of each cistern. These cisterns were supplied by rain water collected on the roof.

The British government has for some years past maintained an agent at Carthage, whose excavations have been rewarded by the discovery of many magnificent statues and architectural remains. They are shipped, as discovered, to England, and placed in that grand collection of the art and science of every age, the British Museum.

Near the cisterns are the remains of a theatre; and below, near the shore, is the greatest of all the piles of ruin. On the beach, at the foot of the next hill, are the remains of the water gate; beyond which again, on a high cape, stands the pretty village of Sidi Bon Said, whose sacred precincts till within the last few years no Christian foot was permitted to enter. Groves and gardens sweep down the hill's western face to Marsa, where are the summer palace of the bey and the villas of some of his ministers and of the consuls of foreign powers. The Punic city probably reached as far as this. The Roman town was not so extensive. The ruins we have enumerated are all that remain on the vast extent Carthage formerly covered, and with the exception, perhaps, of the cisterns and aqueducts, nothing is Punic. All the remains above ground are Roman. Far below the soil there are traces of its earlier masters. The Greek and the Arab, the Spaniard and the Moor, each in turn used as quarries those ruins which the storms of war had spared, and Africa and Europe have alike adorned their cities with the spoils of Tyre's fair daughter. All those who know her past history (and what schoolboy is ignorant of it?) will feel some interest in her present state.





REMAINS OF CARTHAGE—THE AQUEDUCT. PAGE 39.



REMAINS OF CARTHAGE—THE CISTERN. PAGE 39.





## A PINCH FOR YOUR WAFERS.

A FRENCHMAN, named Alfonso Benedict, in 1829, was living in the republic of New Granada. Benedict was like many of those men of whom there are numbers in America, who spend their time in making and unmaking their fortune, and who almost always die poor, having been several times masters of millions. The man had been everything by turns, running after millions, which ran faster than he did.

Arriving in the ancient Spanish colonies with a pack of things ill-chosen for the wants of the country, he found himself obliged to sell at a considerable loss. In this part of America, where it seldom rains, Benedict had brought out a large assortment of umbrellas, and for the Columbian ladies, who prefer blonde to thread lace, he had chosen a quantity of English point.

Fortunately for Benedict, he had in his cargo five pounds' worth of penny fives! These penny fives saved him from complete ruin. The American boys, who had never seen such things, ran so mad after these rural instruments that they purchased them at any price. Never was such a rage for penny fives seen, not even at the fair of St. Cloud.

If Benedict could have exchanged every yard of English point for a penny five, his fortune would have been made. Benedict found himself sufficiently in funds to commence another species of commerce.

He reflected some time, and ended by opening a school for young ladies on the system of the day—"Mutual Instruction."

Teaching is the great resource of Frenchmen in a foreign land, who, in the general opinion, can only be professors, doctors, hairdressers or cooks.

The establishment opened by Benedict, and directed with a great deal of care, prospered rapidly. He had as boarders the most distinguished young ladies of the town, amongst others the daughters of the president of the republic.

All went on marvellously well; the young ladies, strange to say, consented to learn reading and writing, and some of them even went the length of receiving some notions of history and geography, which astonished the world, and obtained earnest congratulations for our worthy Frenchman. And, in short, to complete his luck, the pupils paid regularly, which is far from being a general rule in New Granada. Fortune smiled, then, on Benedict, and perhaps she would soon have laughed outright, but just then his most charming pupil, the Senora Mariquita de las Rosas let herself be carried off by the writing master, who, nevertheless, was not young, and was pitted with the small-pox!

This adventure, which Benedict could not conceal, caused the greatest scandal, and cast much discredit on the house. Each mother felt it a duty to withdraw her child from Benedict's, to place her elsewhere, as if there were not in all schools writing masters more or less pitted with the small-pox!

Benedict sustained this theory in a circular which he addressed to the parents, who found his language rather off-hand; a little more and they would have accused him of justifying the disorderly conduct of all writing masters in general.

The career of schoolmaster was for ever lost to him. Benedict settled all his affairs, and started off to another town in New Granada. Having discovered the danger of instructing young ladies, he was resolved to tempt no more the thorny path of caligraphy, and he gave himself out as a doctor. Benedict, be it understood, had no diploma, but he was a Frenchman, and for many persons that title was a sufficient guarantee. A French doctor, even when he is not one, if he be French, inspires a certain amount of confidence in a strange land.

Our neophyte doctor very soon possessed a nice little number of patients. He was amiable with the ladies, and his system was much approved of; it consisted in never drugging his patients.

"Nature," he said, "knows better than we do; let us place confidence in her, and let her act for herself."

For all diseases in general he prescribed: Time and patience; a drink made of four pectoral flowers; rice water; an infusion of marsh mallows root; linseed meal poultices; mustard foot baths, and diet. If the sick person recovered, the doctor had all the credit of it; if the patient died, the doctor at all events had not

the weight on his conscience of having killed him, and it is a great deal in the medical profession to have this medicinal consolation. But an unfortunate event occurred. A German doctor came and established himself in the same town. This new man was no more a doctor than the other, but he was a German. It will easily be understood the sort of emulation which animated them; it was the more vivacious that the question of science was mixed up also with that of nationality. Benedict from that moment gave up the inoffensive system he had practised, and flung himself headlong into the science of pharmacy. His remedies rarely missed their effect. The patients of poor Benedict, who were so well before, became seriously ill. The tablets of human mortality were filled up with the names of most of his customers. The reaction against the luckless French doctor was expeditious, and in a short time not only did the world dispute his title as doctor, but as Frenchman also. To escape the vindictiveness of a number of families in mourning, he fled, leaving behind him all his furniture and the money he had saved. Disgusted with pharmacy, he became a miner. With a little ready money and credit, he purchased a portion of a silver mine, which was reported to be the richest in the country.

Our hero then, with a straw hat of large dimensions on his head, a red shirt, and a pair of immense leather boots, half way up his trousers, bravely set to work with a pickaxe in his hand, to dig up the hidden treasure.

During the first days of his labor, the mine most brilliantly sustained its reputation, and the vein, which already produced a great deal, promised to yield much more as it enlarged.

But a few feet down, as Racine would have said, the silver turned to base lead. For some days he still labored and sought to discover the metallic artery, which he thought he possessed, but every effort was in vain.

Benedict found himself, for the third time in America, deceived in all his hopes of fortune. With the little capital remaining, he set up as a jeweller.

In this new business, and thanks to an excellent workman associated with him, he might have done well but for an earthquake, which swallowed up his shop and buried his workrooms.

When an earthquake takes place in America every one thinks himself acquitted towards his creditors. Benedict had much money due to him, no one dreamt of paying, and he was forced to become a bankrupt. To pay his creditors ten per cent. he disposed of everything, and became completely penniless. He hoped, at least, to gain their confidence and obtain fresh credit.

His creditors admitted that he was a perfectly honest man; but refused every sort of advance, precisely because like an honest man he had begged himself in their favor, and in a commercial point of view, could give no security.

"You would have helped me, then, to set up my shop again if I had not paid you?" Benedict said with a bitter smile.

The creditors contented themselves by assuring him of their esteem, and cordially shaking him by the hand, wished him every success.

Benedict, not knowing what profession to choose now, in his despair began seriously thinking of seizing upon the dictatorship of the country by some means or other. In the midst of his cogitations some one loudly rapped at his door.

"Who's there?" said Benedict.

"Tis I," replied a voice.

"Of course it is!" replied the aspiring dictator. "I know, whoever you are, you are yourself; but that does not tell me who you are."

"Open, and you will see."

"I haven't time."

"What are you about?"

"You'll know some day."

"Let me beg of you to open the door, I come to make your fortune, and if you will not accept the fortune I offer you, you will be my ruin. If you don't open the door, I'll burst it in."

"My fortune! don't break open the door, 'tis unnecessary, I'll open it."

When Benedict had done so, "Confound you!" exclaimed the stranger, with emotion, "you alarmed me."

"Be good enough to sit down."

"With pleasure, for I can scarcely stand."

"Will you be so kind as to inform me, sir, for what purpose you come to derange me in my serious pre-occupations?"

"For Heaven's sake, sir, allow me to draw my breath, first."

"Breathe, sir, breathe freely."

"You are a Frenchman, sir?"

"I am, I am, that is to say, I was, but I am about to give up my country."

"It is of no consequence, sir; you have been a Frenchman, so you must know how to cook."

"Why must I know how to cook?"

"Unless you are a hairdresser, a professor or a doctor?"

"Let me implore you," exclaimed Benedict, "not to recall painful recollections to me. So then, you want a French cook?"

"Yes, before twenty-four hours I must find one, or lose my place as steward to the dictator."

"The dictator!" exclaimed Benedict, "and I who—"

"An excellent place," continued the steward, "will you accept it? You do not reply."

"I was thinking of something," said Benedict, who still hesitated mentally between the functions of dictator's cook and those of the dictator himself. "Tell me," he said at last, "shall I be the only cook of his excellency, should I accept your offer?"

"No, certainly not, you will be one of three."

"Ah, there are two cooks already; 'tis well, that decides me," he said to himself; "dictators pass away, but cooks remain. Tell me," he continued aloud, "are my future colleagues men of talent?"

"Men of the highest merit. They possess but one fault in the dictator's eyes—they are not French. Ah, were they but that, I should not require your services, and with all my heart I would have left you to your 'serious pre-occupations,' of which I am ignorant."

"Well, then," said Benedict, giving his hand to the other, "I accept—let us go."

Benedict was soon installed at the dictator's. He was received by the other cooks with all the honor due to a countryman of Vatel, Béchamelle, Orly, Careme and Gourville. Benedict, who did not know how to boil an egg correctly, had a quantity of the kitchen utensils changed, and new hot stoves built. This plan had an excellent moral effect, and induced an exalted opinion of the French cook.

With a white cotton nightcap on, and an immense knife in his belt, Benedict lorded it in the lower regions of the dictator's house, instead of being a temporary king in the drawing-room. He never did anything, as a *chef de cuisine* ought to respect himself; he was content to approve with a nod what his "subs" did.

Knowing that an air of reserve and a severe countenance are imposing and inspire respect, he was always serious, and spoke as little as possible.

When one of the cooks asked his advice, Benedict contented himself by merely replying, "Do as you have hitherto done; 'tis very well thus, only do your best."

The dictator found the cooking incomparably better since it was under the care of a French *chef*. He complimented Benedict, and doubled his salary. But is there here upon earth a capitol which has not a Tarpeian rock near it? This kindly dictator was shortly afterwards deposed by an audacious competitor, an ancient horse-dealer, who succeeded in rallying a number of partisans round his standard. The conqueror naturally came into power with his battery of friends around him, both ministers, functionaries and cooks of his own choosing. Benedict quitted his post with all the followers of the fallen government. He went to Carthage with a capital of five hundred piastres, which he had earned in watching others cook. So true is it in all things, that it is never those who work them-

selves who profit most by the labor, but that those who only look on make fortunes.

Carthage was then, as almost always, in a condition of political commotion and of constant proclamations, like most of those small states which had belonged to Spain, and which were controlled by an ignorant, intolerant and rapacious clergy. Carthage, then, was in a state of much agitation when Benedict arrived there. As usual, the public treasury was exhausted; and at any price money must be found to carry on the struggle. On the ramparts of the town there were several large guns unfit for service; the government put them up for sale. The affair offered much benefit, and Benedict thought of profiting by it. He joined with an Englishman to purchase those old Spanish guns and melt them down. But just as they were about to take possession of them, having paid for them, a new revolution took place; the new government kept the guns and the money too, which Benedict had paid to the defunct government.

Our hero found himself ruined for the tenth time. Fortunately the Jews, who represent friendship at heavy interest, came to his aid in this circumstance.

"You are intelligent, active, you are honest, too, which is more rare, but you have no luck," said one of these sons of Israel; "nevertheless, as I know your family, and as I know that you are sole heir to a French uncle, whom I place far above an American one, I am quite disposed to sell you on credit ten thousand francs' worth of goods. You know, or you do not know, that the Huron Indians meet every year in the valley of the Papayana, to exchange gold dust for all sorts of merchandise. In fifteen days this fair will commence, it only lasts five. The road thither is not an easy one, it is even dangerous in some parts; but you are not a coward, and you want to get out of your difficulties. Go, then, with the ten thousand francs' worth of goods which I offer you, on condition that you sign a bill for twenty-five thousand francs, and may Jehovah protect you!"

Benedict accepted the Jew's offer, as a drowning man accepts the rotten branch held towards him, and he signed the bill for twenty-five thousand francs. On reading the list of merchandise, our hero was not a little surprised to see figuring there five hundred francs for wafers.

"What can the Indians do with wafers?" said Benedict to the Jew. "Do they know how to read and write, and is their correspondence so considerable that they can ever use so great a quantity of wafers?"

"Indians write but little, 'tis true," answered the Jew, "but 'tis as well to be always provided with well assorted merchandise."

Benedict tried to fight off taking them, but the Jew was obstinate. It was evident that he wanted to get rid of goods not easily disposed of. He was obliged to give in, under pain of seeing the bargain broken off. Benedict started with his merchandise on the backs of mules.

The journey was happily accomplished, and Benedict set up his stall in the valley of Papayana from the commencement of the fair. The first Huron who opened a box of many-colored wafers, contemplated them a long time with a mixture of wonder and admiration. He then closed it with much care, kept it, and, without asking the price, took two large pinches of gold dust out of a long leather bag, and gave them to Benedict. The payment was a hundred times over the value of the article.

A second Huron came, who was not less anxious than the first to make the purchase of a new box of wafers.

To this second soon succeeded a third, then a fourth, a fifth; in fine, before the end of the day, there was a complete crowd before the stall, each awaiting his turn to purchase. Benedict thought he was dreaming; he could in no way account for the anxiety of the Indians to buy wafers; he was only convinced that he was awake when the gold dust sparkled before his eyes. The second day of the fair the Indians crowded before the stall of the amazed Benedict, who fixed the price of each bag of wafers at six pinches of gold dust. This exorbitant price in no way cooled the ardor of the purchasers, who, the third day, literally surrounded the spot. Benedict raised his price to

twelve pinches of gold, instead of six; and, in the course of the day, to twenty-five, and ended by sixty.

This time Benedict became rich. The penny pipes had saved him once, when he had nearly a hundred thousand francs' worth of beautiful things, which he found it impossible to sell at any price; the wafers made his fortune, when he could not sell for a piastre anything else. Oh, the comicality and eccentricity of American commerce!

But why had the Indians purchased, with so much frenzy, the colored wafers?

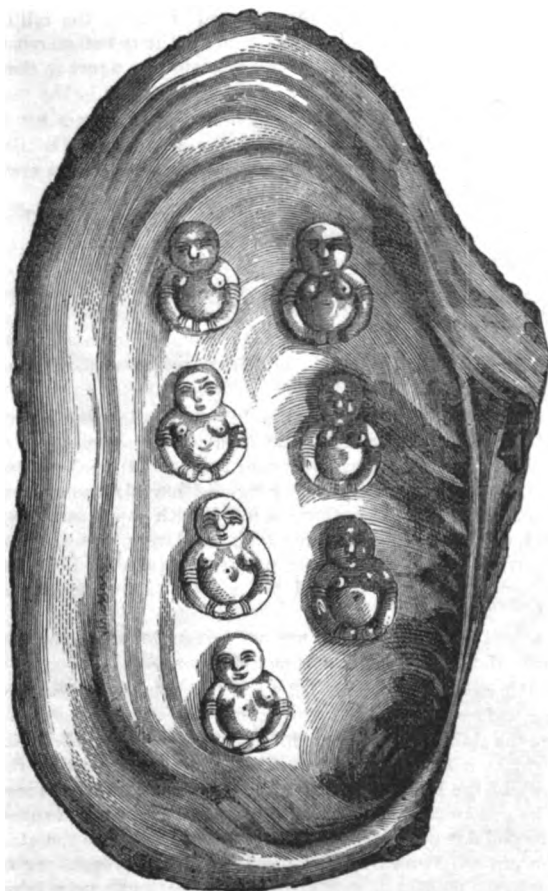
Benedict solved the enigma when he saw them with their bodies covered with these same wafers, which they had stuck on with much coquetry. The more moderately vain only put them on their noses, foreheads, cheeks and chins; the more sumptuous had them on from the head to the heel. It was in this strange costume that they yielded themselves up to the excitement of those mad dances, which bore evident testimony of the absence of the Huron policemen!

But if it be always difficult to make a fortune in America, it is still more impossible to keep what you have made. Benedict wished to increase his riches, and he speculated in sugars. The speculation was reasonable, useful and perfectly combined, and consequently was certain to fail, and as those given to quixing said—"The sugars were full of bitterness for Benedict." Benedict died in New York in extreme poverty, and there I knew him.

Let us fling wafers on his tomb!

#### ARTIFICIAL PEARLS IN CHINA.

This industry and ingenuity of the Chinese are proverbial, as well as their patience and application to toil. Some of the most marvellously executed ornaments which grace our *salons* are



CHINESE ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

the work of humble artisans in the Flowery Kingdom. The wonderful tracery in ivory—the intricate balls within balls, the fans and screens in delicate paper and silk, are a few among the many specimens of Chinese industry which are common among us, but a branch of manufacture practised in the interior of China which is less known among us, is the fabrication of artificial pearls.

The pearl, as is well known, is a secretion made by the oyster or the muscle upon its shell, in order to coat with a smooth exterior any particle of extraneous matter which has been introduced, and which irritates the sensitive mollusc by its presence. Taking advantage of this provision of Nature, the Chinese select large and healthy pearl muscles, which they carefully open without wounding the fish itself, and insert in them pellets of clay, small figures wrought in copper, or other moulds, as nuclei for the deposit of the pearly secretion. The mollusc is then re-placed in a reservoir, where the irritation, produced by the presence of the foreign substance within its shell, increases the usual secretion, and the matrices rapidly become covered with mother-of-pearl. Copper images of Buddha are frequently coated in this manner, and shells with several of these artificial pearls adhering to them are often exposed for sale at Ning-po.

#### THE WRECKERS OF THE BAHAMA BANKS.

I was pacing the deck of the swift brig *Laughing Nan* with my friend the captain, one fine morning on our voyage to Bahia. (Cargo flour, and a deck load of lumber, with a couple of passengers beside myself). A spanking breeze was behind us, and we flew over the brilliant West Indian seas like an albatross skimming to its home. Our conversation had dwelt that morning on the perils incurred by the wreckers, who gain their precarious livelihood by assisting (or sometimes plundering) vessels in distress among the reefs and shoals of the treacherous Bahamas; and Captain Dunning, in response to a request of mine, overhauled the log of his experience for a yarn pat to the purpose.

"I was coming up to York, you see," he commenced, "with a load of tobacco and molasses from Nuevitas, and had pretty heavy weather from the time we up anchor and cleared. The *Spiteful* warn't out o' sight o' land before it came on to blow great guns, but fortunately the gale was south'ardly, and we warn't in no danger from the pesky Cuban coast. When the gale first shew itself I was a running out into the Old Channel, and the brig's head was comin' round west, but that are channel ain't a pleasant thing to navigate in no kind o' weather, and least of all in a blow; so I calculated we'd have to make a clean out run of it, and head her up under trysails for the northern bank. It had freshened up at noon, and by six bells we had the souther on us in full blast. There warn't no holding of the old *Spiteful* in; she kicked up her heels to the gale and off she went, with the waves a rushing after her like to swallow her up at every plunge, and more nor once she didn't escape being pooped and swept clean by more than the length of a marlinspike. I needn't describe the tempest to you—lucky if you don't see one yourself before I land you at Bahee; but it was as bad a blow as ever I was in before or after, and by nightfall I had to change my course anyhow, for I was heading straight for the most devilish reefs that ever broke up good oak timber. The gale was ragin' after us from the south'ard, and it warn't no joke of a job, I tell you, to wear ship; but it had to be done, and we brought her round a point or two, with nothing but a trysail to steady her by. Then came the diffikilty, to try and keep about where we was till daylight at least; but it warn't of much use. We was still a drivin' along among them cantankerous seas, and every plunge brought us nearer the keys. After nightfall I can tell you I felt kinder anxious, for though I had three men on the look-out from the head, and one in each quarter, you couldn't see the brig's own length, except the white caps that went flashing up and breaking all about us. I kept by the wheel, and was a wishin' just for one glimpse o' Hght when I heard what I'd been expecting





THE LAUGHING NAN RESCUED FROM THE WRECKERS BY H.M.S. CORNWALLIS.

more'n an hour: 'Breakers right ahead!' and next moment, 'Breakers on the starboard bow!' from the two look-outs. Me and the mate and the man at the wheel jammed down the helm, you'd better believe, double quick, for we'd been pretty well prepared for that; and she swung partly round in the teeth of the souther, and shook like a piece of paper in a draught of air. Then of course she fell off again, but we was in a regular nest of shoals, and—to make a long story short—in another fifteen minutes she bumped and cracked, and settled on a reef. The sea made a clean breach over her, and she soon settled down in a way that told every man on board there was no hope for the old Spiteful. Both the boats were stove, and if they hadn't been they would have been useless, so we just crept under the bulwarks to windward and waited.

"Them southers never last long, though they be furious while they do blow, and by five bells the gale began to fall. Before sunrise it was greatly moderated, and kept on falling; by the time it was light I had got the hands at work, except one, who went overboard when we struck, poor fellow! on a makeshift raft out of 'lasses hogsheads and water casks on deck, for there was a speck of land in sight, which I knew was one of the Bahamas, and I thought I'd send the mate for help. We hadn't scarcely turned our hands to the raft, however, when the look-out shouted Boat, ho! and sure, some half mile to leeward was a boat a makin' for us. She was filled with a set of them ugly customers as you've been talkin' about; fellers as had as lief cut a man's throat as cut away a mast; but they came upon us fair and square, seein' as we wasn't worth murderin' and offered their help. It wasn't of no use to try and get the brig off, but I thought two-thirds of the cargo could be got out of her, and so we rigged a sling as well as we could, to be ready by the time the wrecking schooner came up, which she was under way, the captain of the wreckers said. She hove in sight before long, about the same time as a large man-o'-war rigged brig from the south'ard. The brig made straight towards us, and I couldn't account to myself for the anxiety of the wreckers to leave us on a sudden, but I supposed they might have some unpleasant ac-

counts to square up which they'd rather let slide. The wrecking schooner and the brig was both a comin' up pretty fast, but the men on board made a signal for her to sheer off, and tumbled over the side themselves. The brig run up the British ensign and fired a gun as they did so, but they gave way, and pulled south-west'ardly, as if to give the brig the slip, for she was coming up on an easterly breeze. She was too smart for them, however, and wore, with a second shot, and a third, so they thought it best to mind their eye and lay to. The cruiser lowered a boat and took 'em aboard, when they turned out to be the men that had been wanted for more than a month, for a trifling bit of murder that they'd done on a shoal to the eastward of where we lay. The Britisher was Her Majesty's brig-of-war Cornwallis from Jamaica, that had been after the gentlemen for some time, and caught them through our mishap.

"As for ourselves, we got took off that day by another schooner, and saved most all of the cargo."

## SECOND-SIGHT AND SUPERNATURAL WARNINGS

ALL ghost stories have a strange fascination about them; and the various corroborations which certain well-known tales of this class have received suggest to me a kindred topic, respecting a belief which is said to be peculiar to the inhabitants of mountainous countries. I allude to what is called "second-sight;" connected with which are certain supernatural warnings with reference to approaching death, to which it is difficult to assign a defined name. The county of Pembroke is rife with tales of this class; many of them depending upon such trustworthy evidence, as to compel the mind to refuse to dismiss them altogether as unworthy of credit; and yet, at the same time, it is difficult to understand the object of such interferences with the ordinary course of events. I might easily, were I so disposed, fill an entire number of this periodical with authentic records (as far as the evidence of the senses may be relied on), which can scarcely be referred to the ordinary theory of coincidences. I may perhaps be allowed to select a few; for the authenticity of which I can vouch, either from having heard them from the parties to whom they actually occurred, or from having been myself an actor in the scene.

Many years ago, seven or eight members of the family of my paternal grandfather were seated at the door of his house on a fine summer evening, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock. The parish church and its yard are only separated



from the spot by a brook and a couple of meadows. The family happened to be looking in the direction of the churchyard, when they were amazed by witnessing the advent of a funeral procession. They saw the crowd, and the coffin borne on men's shoulders come down the pathway towards the church, but the distance was too great to enable them to recognise the face of any of the actors in the scene. As the funeral cortège neared the church porch, they distinctly saw the clergyman, with whom they were personally acquainted, come out in his surplice to meet the mourners, and saw him precede them into the church. In a short time they came out, and my relatives saw them go to a particular part of the yard, where they remained for a time long enough to allow the remainder of the supposed funeral rites to be performed. Greatly amazed at what he beheld, my grandfather sent over to the church to inquire who had been buried at that unusual hour. The messenger returned with the intelligence that no person had been buried during that day, nor for several days before. A short time after this, a neighbor died, and was buried in the precise spot where the phantom interment was seen.

My mother's father lived on the banks of one of the many creeks or pills with which the beautiful harbor of Milford Haven is indented. In front of the house is a large court, built on a quay wall to protect it from the rising tide. In this court my mother was walking one fine evening, rather more than sixty years ago, enjoying the moonlight, and the balmy summer breeze. The tide was out, so that the creek was empty. Suddenly my mother's attention was aroused by hearing the sound of a boat coming up the pill. The measured dip of the oars in the water, and the noise of their revolution in the rowlocks, were distinctly audible. Presently she heard the keel of the boat grate on the gravelly beach by the side of the quay wall. Greatly alarmed, as nothing was visible, she ran into the house, and related what she had heard. A few days afterwards, the mate of an East Indiaman, which had put into Milford Haven for the purpose of undergoing repair, died on board, and his coffined corpse was brought up the pill, and landed at the very spot where my mother heard the phantom boat touch the ground.

Some years ago a friend of mine, a clergyman residing in the city of St. David's, who was the vicar of a rural parish, had a female parishioner who was notorious as a seer of phantom funerals. When my friend used to go out to his Sunday duty, this old woman would accost him frequently with, "Ay, ay, Mr. —, you'll be here of a week day soon, for I saw a funeral last night." Upon one occasion the clergyman asked her:

"Well, Molly have you seen a funeral lately?"

"Ay, ay, Mr. —, *vach*," was the reply, "I saw one a night or two ago, and I saw you as plainly as I see you now, and you did what I never saw you do before."

"What was that?" inquired my friend.

"Why," replied the old woman, "as you came out of the church to meet the funeral you stooped down, and appeared to pick something off the ground!"

"Well," thought my friend to himself, "I'll try, Molly, if I cannot make a liar of you for once."

Some little time after this conversation occurred, my friend was summoned to a burial in this country parish, Molly and her vaticinations having entirely passed from his memory. He rode on horseback, and was rather late. Hastily donning his surplice, he walked out to meet the funeral procession. As he emerged from the church porch, his surplice became entangled in his spur; and as he stooped down to disengage it, the old woman and her vision flashed across his recollection. "Molly was right, after all," said he to himself, as he rose up and walked on.

In the year 1838 I was on a visit to my parents, who at that time resided on the spot on which my mother was born, and where she passed the latter days of her life. Within a short distance of the house stood a large walled garden, which was approached through a gate leading into a stable-yard. From underneath the garden wall bubbled a well of delicious spring water, from whence the domestic offices were supplied. It was a custom of the family, in the summer time, that the water for

the use of the house should be brought in late in the evening, in order that it might be cool; and it was the duty of a servant to go out with a yoke and a couple of pails to fetch the water, just before closing up the house for the night. One evening the girl had gone out for this purpose. The night was beautifully fine; the moon shining so brightly that the smallest object was distinctly visible. The servant had not been absent many minutes, when she ran into the house without her burden, and, throwing herself into a chair in a state of extreme terror, fainted away. Restoratives having been used she recovered a little, and upon being questioned as to the cause of her alarm, she told us that as she was stooping over the well, about to fill one of the pails, she suddenly found herself in the midst of a crowd of people, who were carrying a coffin, which they had sat down at the gate of the stable-yard. As she had received no intimation of the approach of the concourse by any sound of footsteps, she was greatly alarmed; and as the object borne by the throng did not tend to tranquilize her nerves, she took to her heels, leaving her pails behind her. As no persuasion could induce her to return to the well, I offered to do so for her, and to ascertain the cause of her terror. When I arrived at the stable-yard there was neither coffin nor crowd to be seen; and upon asking a neighbor whose cottage commanded a view of the well whether she had seen a funeral go by, she put a stop to any farther inquiry, by asking me, "Who had ever heard of a funeral at ten o'clock at night?" to which pertinent query I could only reply by stating what the servant professed to have seen. So the matter rested for a few weeks, when there occurred an unusually high tide in Milford Haven. The water rose far above the level of the ordinary springs; filling the creek and flowing into the court in front of the house, it only ebbed when it had reached the door. The roadway at the end of the pill was impassable. A person having died on the opposite side of the inlet a few days before this, the funeral took place on the morning of the high tide; and as it was impossible to take the corpse to the parish church by the usual route, the bearers crossed the pill in a boat with the coffin, and having laid it down at the gate of our stable-yard, remained there until the boat could bring over the remainder of the funeral concourse.

In the year 1848 I returned to my home, after an absence of some years. A few days after my arrival, I took a walk one morning in the yard of one of our parish churches, through which there is a right of way for pedestrians. My object was a twofold one; firstly, to enjoy the magnificent prospect visible from the elevated position; and, secondly, to see whether any of my friends or acquaintances who had died during my absence were buried in the locality. After gazing around for a short time, I sauntered on, looking at one tombstone and then at another, when my attention was arrested by an altar-tomb enclosed with an iron railing. I walked up to it, and read an inscription which informed me that it was in memory of Colonel —. This gentleman had been the Assistant Poor Law Commissioner for South Wales; and while on one of his periodical tours of inspection he was seized with apoplexy in the workhouse of my native town, and died in a few hours. This was suggested to my mind as I read the inscription on the tomb; as the melancholy event occurred during the period of my absence, and I was only cognizant of the fact through the medium of the local press. Not being acquainted with the late Colonel —, and never having even seen him, the circumstances of his sudden demise had long passed from my memory, and were only revived by my thus viewing his tomb. I then passed on, and shortly returned home. On my arrival my father asked me in what direction I had been walking? I replied:

"In — churchyard, looking at the tombs; and among others I have seen the tomb of Colonel —, who died in the workhouse."

"That," replied my father, "is impossible, as there is no tomb erected over Colonel —'s grave."

At this remark I laughed.

"My dear father," said I, "you want to persuade me that I cannot read. I was not aware that Colonel — was buried in the churchyard, and was only informed of the fact by reading the inscription on the tomb."

"Whatever you may say to the contrary," replied my father

"what I tell you is true; there is no tomb over Colonel ——'s grave."

Astounded by the reiteration of this statement, as soon as I dined I returned to the churchyard, and again inspected all the tombs having railings round them, and found that my father was right. There was not only no tomb bearing the name of Colonel ——; but there was no tomb at all corresponding in appearance with the one which I had seen. Unwilling to credit the evidence of my own senses, I went to the cottage of an old acquaintance of my boyhood, who lived outside of the churchyard gate, and asked her to show me the place where Colonel —— lay buried. She took me to the spot, which was a green mound, undistinguished in appearance from the surrounding graves. Nearly two years subsequent to this occurrence, surviving relatives erected an altar-tomb, with a railing round it, over the last resting place of Colonel ——; and it was, as nearly as I could remember, an exact reproduction of the memorial of my day-dream.

I do not attempt to account, on rational or philosophical principles, for any of the occurrences which I have narrated. I have merely made a plain unvarnished statement of facts, leaving it to others to draw their own deductions or inferences therefrom. Of course the theory of coincidences is an easy mode of severing any Gordian knot; and the *cui bono* argument may serve as an adjunct to the former mode of settling a difficulty. But at the same time the numberless anecdotes of a class similar to those which I have imperfectly endeavored to relate, all resting upon unimpeachable testimony, must make the thoughtful pause, and ask themselves, in the language of our master-poet—

Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder?

#### A FIFTH AT WHIST.

We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stake had been gold mohur points, and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who was always lucky, had won five consecutive bumpers, which lent a self-satisfied smile to his countenance, and made us the losers, look anything but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance and hesitated to play. This the more surprised us, since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game that he deemed long consideration superfluous.

"Play away, Maxey; what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body-guard.

"Hush!" responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had suddenly been taken ill.

"For the love of God, sit quiet!" rejoined the other in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards. "If you value my life move not."

"What can he mean? Has he taken leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill, appealing to myself.

"Don't start—don't move, I tell you!" in a sort of whisper I never can forget, uttered Maxey. "If you make any sudden motion I am a dead man!"

We exchanged looks. He continued:

"Remain quiet, and all may yet be well. I have a cobra capella round my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs, but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that, should the reptile transfer but one fold, and attach himself to any other of the party, that individual might already be counted as a dead man, so fatal is the bite of that dreaded monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India, namely, in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore the more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue; the words seeming to leave his mouth without that feature altering its position, so rigid was his look,

so fearful was he lest the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten his fatal bite.

We were in agony little less than his during the scene.

"He is coiling round!" murmured Maxey; "I feel him cold—cold to my limb; and now he tightens! For the love of Heaven call for some milk! Let it be placed on the ground near me; let some be split on the floor."

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir! Northcote, you moved your head. By everything sacred I conjure you do not do so again! It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe; tell them I died blessing them, that my last prayers were for them; the snake is winding itself round my calf; I leave them all I possess. I can almost fancy I feel his breath! Great God, to die in such a manner!"

The milk was brought, and carefully put down; a few drop were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servants drew back.

Again Maxey spoke:

"No, no, it has no effect; on the contrary, he has clasped himself tighter—he has uncurled his upper fold! I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back and give the bite of death with more fatal precision. Receive me, O Lord, and pardon me! My last hour is come." Again he pauses. "I die firm; but this is past endurance. Ah, no; he has undone another fold, and loosens himself. Can he be going to some on else?" We involuntarily started. "For the love of Heaven, stir not—I am a dead man; but bear with me. He still loosens; he is about to dart. Move not, but beware. Churchill, he falls off that way. Oh! this agony is too hard to bear. Another pressure, and I am dead. No, he relaxes." At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had unwound himself; the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved—saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair, and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants. In another instant (need it be added?) we were all dispersed, the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried more dead than alive to his room.

That scene I can never forget; it dwells on my memory still, strengthened by the fate of poor Maxey, who from that hour pined in hopeless imbecility, and sank into an early grave.

KING FREDERICK'S MANIA FOR POTSDAM GIANTS.—Of course the following is from Mr. Carlyle's new book: "In the town of Julich there lived and worked a tall young carpenter; one day a well-dressed, positive-looking gentleman (Baron von Hompesch the records name him) enters the shop; 'wants a stout chest with lock on it, for household purposes; must be of such and such dimensions, six feet in length, especially, and that is an indispensable point; in fact, it will be longer than yourself I think, Herr Zimmermann; what is the cost? when can it be ready?' Cost, time and the rest are settled. 'A right stout chest, then, and see you don't forget the size; if too short, it will be of no use to me; mind!' 'Ja wold Geriss!' And the positive-looking, well-clad gentleman goes his way. At the appointed day he reappears; the chest is ready—we hope an unexceptionable article. 'Too short, as I dreaded!' says the positive gentleman. 'Nay, your honor,' says the carpenter, 'I am certain it is six feet six!' and takes out his foot-rule—'Pshaw, it was to be longer than yourself.' 'Well, it is.' 'No, it isn't!' The carpenter, to end the matter, gets into his chest, and will convince any and all mortals. No sooner is he in, rightly flat, than the positive gentleman, a Prussian recruiting officer in disguise, slams down the lid upon him, locks it, whistles in three stout fellows, who pick up the chest, gravely walk through the streets with it; open it in a safe place, and find, horrible to relate, the poor carpenter dead; choked by want of air in this frightful middle passage of his. Name of the town is given, Julich, as above; date, not. And if the thing had been only a popular myth, is it not a significant one? But it is too true; the poor carpenter lay dead, and Hompesch got imprisoned for life by the business."





THE MOUNTAIN OF GREATNESS, EASTERN AFRICA.

## THE MOUNTAIN OF GREATNESS IN EASTERN AFRICA.

THIS curiously shaped mountain, called Kilimandjaro or Mountain of Greatness, by the natives, was first visited by the Rev. Mr. Rebmann, a German missionary, a few years ago. He lays down its position about six hundred miles due west of Mombas, on the coast of Zanzibar, in a region of country hitherto quite unexplored. Although situated at no great distance from the equator, this elevation is covered with perpetual snow. The mountain is described as having two summits, ten or twelve miles apart, of which the western and highest is in the shape of an immense dome. The eastern terminates in several peaks, which are covered with snow during the rainy season.

**MENTAL EXCITEMENT.**—Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; joy illuminates it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diagoras and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. The doorkeeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the sur-

render of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it suddenly subsided. Lagrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

If a man is sincerely wedded to Truth, he must make up his mind to find her a portionless virgin, and love her for herself alone. The contract, too, must be to love, cherish and obey her, not only until death, but beyond it, for this is a union that must survive not only Death, but Time, the conqueror of Death.

**SIMPLICITY IN WOMAN.**—It is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and dress is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections.

MEN's lives should be like the days, more beautiful in the evening; or like the seasons, aglow with promise, and the autumn rich with golden sheaves, where good words and deeds have ripened on the field.

THERE is nothing worth having that is not difficult. My life, and, I suppose, the life of every man who has worked with hand or head, has been one long contest with difficulties, and none of us would be the men we now are, if we had tamely allowed difficulties to conquer us.—*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*





BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—PRINTER, POLITICIAN AND PHILOSOPHER.\*

## OUR PICTURE GALLERY: BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN, Washington, Adams and Jefferson are the names which stand out most prominently as the intellectual leaders of that grand epoch of our history called the Revolutionary. It is of Franklin that we have to speak at present.

What a life it was! Begun with hawking ballads in the streets of Boston, continued by organizing industry, education, benevolence, by conquering the thunders of the sky and making the lightning servant of all mankind, by organizing Union and Independence, by mitigating the ferocity of war, and finished by an attempt to break the last chain from oppressed man. What a life, and what a character! Well said the French poet, "Legislator of one world, the benefactor of two, all mankind owes you a debt of gratitude."

Nevertheless, there is nothing in his life to attract by its glare and brilliancy. The coloring cold and common-place. He was emphatically an exact, practical man, and as such his life was one of routine, made sublime by the two facts of his grand discovery with the kite, and the part he took in the Revolution.

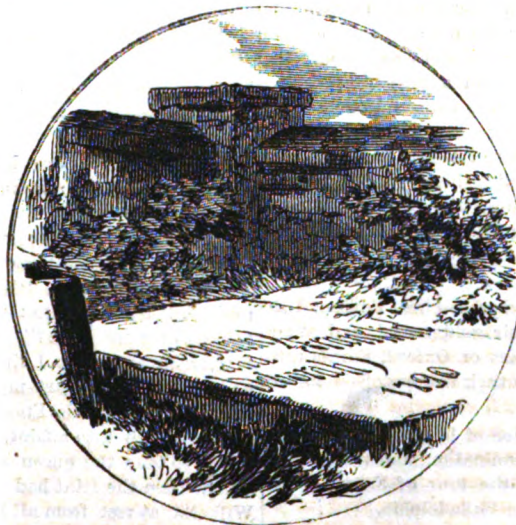
Benjamin Franklin was the fifteenth of seventeen children, and was born in Boston, 17th January, 1706. His father was an Englishman, who had emigrated to this country in 1681. He was a soap-boiler by trade, and a man of great force of mind. His father, who had very rigid notions in religion, wished to make "little Benjamin" a minister, but to this the boy had an

objection. At ten years old he was taken into his father's shop, but the profession of a tallow-chandler, as one of his biographers amusingly calls it, was distasteful to him, and so in 1717 he was apprenticed to his brother James, a printer. To this occupation he vigorously applied himself, and neglected no opportunity of storing his mind with that knowledge which afterwards he turned to so excellent an account.

In his seventeenth year he became a convert to the vegetarian doctrine, and refused to eat of food that had been slaughtered by man. This enabled him to devote the money he thus saved in food to the purchase of books.

His brother owned a newspaper, the *New England Courant*, and to this young Benjamin resolved to contribute. Fearing, however, that his productions would not meet with consideration

if they were known to be his, he sent them in a disguised hand. They were read by the little clique that controlled the paper, were praised in young Franklin's hearing, who then in all the pride of hidden authorship acknowledged himself as the writer. About this time his brother was imprisoned for a libel, which threw the management of the paper into young Benjamin's hands, who put his own name to the paper; upon his brother's release from gaol some differences arose between them, and disgusted at his brother's tyranny, he sold his books and proceeded to New York, where he arrived in October, 1723. Unable to get any employment, he went to Philadelphia. Here he was employed by Keimer, a well-known printer and poet. In 1724, Franklin



THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN.



went to Boston to visit his parents, but after remaining a short time he returned to Philadelphia. He here made the acquaintance of Miss Read, so famous in all the biographies of our hero.

He here also became introduced to Sir William Keith, the governor, who induced him to visit England on the wild-geese expedition of buying materials for the establishment of a paper. He remained in London for about twenty months, when he was induced to return to his native country, and in October, 1726, he arrived in Philadelphia. He here had the disappointment of finding his sweetheart, Miss Read, married to a dissolute fellow, but who had deserted her after a few months' cohabitation. He now accepted the offer of a Mr. Denham, in whose ship he had returned, and became his clerk; but after a year's service his kind master died, leaving Franklin a small legacy, as a token of his regard. He then re-entered the service of his old master, Keimer. This, however, did not last long—a quarrel sprang up between them, and he left. The following spring he was induced by a young printer, Meredith, to join him in the printing business. Success attended their enterprise, and in 1729 they became the proprietors of a paper.

In 1730, Franklin, now in his twenty-fourth year, married his old love, Miss Read, who had now become a widow, and in 1732 he commenced the publication of his famous almanac under the name of R. Saunders. For twenty-five years Poor Richard's Almanac flourished. In 1733 he commenced the study of the French, Italian and Spanish languages, and in 1736 received his first public promotion by being elected clerk of the general assembly, and was reappointed the following year, although his opponent was a man of wealth, talents and influence.

In 1737 he was appointed deputy postmaster-general at Philadelphia. In 1743 he drew up a plan for the education of youth, and the following year he established the Philosophical Society. Public honors and official employment had in the meantime been profusely showered upon him, and few men stood higher in the estimation of his fellow-citizens than did Benjamin Franklin in his thirty-seventh year. Indeed, his co-operation was considered almost indispensable to the success of every public institution, and when Doctor Bond conceived the idea of establishing a hospital in Philadelphia, he applied to Franklin for his co-operation. To this illustrious man, therefore, Philadelphia owes the first public institution of that kind.

But a loftier sphere was opening for him, for when the colonists determined to send an agent to England to convey their petition to the king, Franklin was unanimously chosen as the most fitting man for that important post. On the 27th of July, 1757, he arrived in London. Before this time, however, he had made those celebrated discoveries in electricity which have more than anything else stamped him as one of the benefactors of the human race. In 1749 he had in a most admirable paper noticed the points of resemblance between lightning and electricity, but the culminating triumph was in June, 1752, when he resolved to test his hypothesis by actual experiment. There being every indication of an approaching storm, Franklin and his son went into the fields with a kite of silk, which they loosened to the air. Fixing a key to the lower end of the stick, he awaited the result; perceiving some indication of electricity in the string, he applied his knuckles to the key, and to his joy received that famous rap on the knuckles which has made his name immortal. This simple fact solved the great problem, and out of this fact he built the lightning conductors.

The fame of these discoveries having reached Europe, the Royal Society of London sent him their gold medal, and some little time afterwards the Universities of Oxford, Edinburgh and St. Andrew's conferred upon him their degrees of doctor of laws.

In 1760 Franklin had the satisfaction of bringing his diplomatic labors in London to a happy termination, and the following summer was spent in making the tour of Europe. In August, 1762, once more he arrived in Philadelphia.

But again the disputes between the mother country and the

colonies broke out, and he was again dispatched to England to sustain the cause of his country. On the 7th of November he embarked for London, and on the 9th of December, 1764, he arrived at Portsmouth. At first his efforts were seemingly received with favor, but all these hopes were dashed to earth by the passage of the famous Stamp Act in 1765. Owing, however, to the passive resistance of the colonies, the act became inoperative.

After his labors in London, he refreshed himself with a tour in Germany and France, and settled again in London. He was now made agent for Georgia, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and conducted their negotiations with eminent ability. In 1774 the colonial government, to show their indignation at his independence, dismissed him from his office of postmaster-general. It was during his residence in England that he received news of his wife's death, after a happy wedded life of forty-four years. Finding all hopes of a favorable impression upon the British ministry abortive, he returned to Philadelphia in May, 1775, after an absence of ten years. He was immediately elected a member of the Continental Congress and also of the Committee of Safety.

On the 26th of September, 1776, Franklin, Silas Deane and Arthur Lee were appointed commissioners to the court of France. His associates were already in France, where he joined them in December of the same year. The object of this mission was to obtain the co-operation of France—as all know it was successful—money, munitions and men were shipped to assist the struggling colonists, Franklin in the meantime remaining in France. When the British government agreed to come to terms he proceeded from Paris to London, and on the 3d of September, 1783, the treaty was signed which made the rebellious States of America an independent republic in the eyes of England. On the 27th of July, 1785, he set sail from London, and on the 14th of September he arrived in Philadelphia.

In 1787 he was chosen as delegate to frame a constitution for the United States, and contributed materially to that object. But his frame was nearly worn out, and on the 17th of April, 1790, at eleven o'clock at night he quietly expired, aged eighty-four years and three months. His funeral took place on the 21st of April, and his remains were placed by the side of those of his wife in the north-west corner of Christ Church cemetery. When a young man of twenty-three he had penned the following quaint epitaph, with which we close his memoir:

The Body  
of  
Benjamin Franklin,  
Like the Cover of an old Book,  
Its Contents torn out,  
And stripped of its Lettering and Gilding,  
Lies here food for worms.  
But the Work shall not be lost,  
For it will, as he believes,  
appear once more in a new and  
more elegant Edition,  
Revised and  
Corrected by the Author.

**DEATH OF THE TYRANT, FREDERICK THE GREAT.**—On the 31st of May, 1740, the stern, strange king thus bade farewell to earth and royalty. "Feel my pulse, Pitsch," said he, noticing the surgeon of his giants: "tell me how long this will last." "Alas, not long," answered Pitsch. "Say not, alas; but how do you know?" "The pulse is gone!" "Impossible," said he, lifting his arm: "how could I move my fingers so, if the pulse were gone?" Pitsch looked mournfully steadfast. "Herr Jesu, to thee I live; Herr Jesu, to thee I die; in life and in death thou art my gain (*Du bist mein Gewinn*)."  
These were the last words Friedrich Wilhelm spoke in this world. He again fell into a faint. Eller gave a signal to the crown prince to take the queen away. Scarcely were they out of the room, when the faint had deepened into death; and Friedrich Wilhelm at rest from all his labors, slept with the primeval sons of Thor.

## THE TEMPLE LANE TRAGEDY.

## PART I.

It was in the month of May, 185—.

It was early in the morning. That is to say, it was morning more agreeably to convention than according to fact. It was morning by the clock, for St. Dunstan's had just tolled out the hour of two; but it was still night to all real intents and purposes, for it wanted a long while yet to daybreak, and no midnight could have been duller, or denser, or blacker. The rain was coming down heavily in those long, liquid streaks which preserve their form, and can be traced out from among their brother lines of water like cords in a net, falling on the stones each with a noisy, individual plash, quite bewildering when echoed and imitated on all sides by similar sounds. The pavement was dazzling in its brightness, it was so uncommonly wet, and gave such multiplied reflections of the gas-lamps. Many a bourgeois Dives, roused in his first sleep by the steady pattering upon his window-sill, turned in his eider-down swaddlings with a murmured—"What beautiful rain! How it will bring on the peas!" Many a vagrant Lazarus crouched nearer to his canine friends for warmth and dryness, not thinking about peas—and by no means blessing the rain.

It was not from mere hazard, or that it was a good name, that I have made mention of the church of St. Dunstan. The scene is at the end of Chancery lane; and a gentleman without an umbrella, and very wet, was to have been seen on the May morning under mention crossing over Fleet street obliquely towards the gate leading into the Middle Temple. The reader acquainted with the topography of the neighborhood will at once perceive that St. Dunstan's was the nearest church-clock, and therefore the most likely to be heard to strike by the gentleman crossing Fleet street. St. Dunstan's struck two, then. The gentleman crossed the road, and sounded the knocker of the gates leading into the Temple. The wicket door opened—by invisible agency, it would seem, to any who did not know that the shapeless heap of woollen wrappers behind was, in fact, so far a portion of humanity as what is called a night-porter can ever aspire to. The door opened. No questions were asked. Perhaps the knock was of a familiar sound; or perhaps it was no odds to the porter who wanted admission. The gentleman entered, and passed on his way down Temple lane. The gentleman was, bodily, very wet; mentally he appeared to be more comfortable. He was walking, not hurriedly; and as he walked he sang with considerable fluency, and what musical critics call *aplomb*—he sang Mozart's *La ci darem*.

Now, if the reader has perception—and of course the reader has, almost invariably—he will rapidly explain to himself how it was the air in question was performed successfully under such depressing circumstances. But first let me dispense with the anonymous character I have started with, which is only leading me into tautological embarrassments, and at once declare that the gentleman on his way down Temple lane, singing *La ci darem*, is John Royston, Esq., more familiarly known as Jack Royston, who is journeying to his dwelling up three pair of stairs in Rowden buildings, which, as every one knows, are nearly at the end of Temple lane, and abut on to the river. And now the reader can go on to explain to himself that *La ci darem* is a duet for soprano and barytone, and that for an individual barytone to be singing it as a solo, joyously, wet through the while, at two o'clock in the morning, in Temple lane, must be because his imagination has supplied the voice of the soprano required for the accurate performance of the music; and because of that singer conjured up by his imagination, he entertains views of a favorable and flattering character.

"Ah!" said Mr. Royston, cutting short his vocalisation in the middle of a bar, "Ah! Bella Brownsmith is a stunner, by Jove!"

He was fond of that mythological adjuration, and often flavored his conversation with it. Certainly it had the advantage of being classical, and of all the respectability that age could give it, being one of the oldest oaths to be found in the books of the recording angel.

"By Jove, she is a stunner! Dear Bella! Bella mia! I

wish she were. Why not? Shouldn't wonder if old Brownsmith were to cut up well. I should say he was warm. That style of man don't stop thirty years in the Red Ink Office and gave nothing. She's a clipping soprano voice. Canter says it's only a mezzo; I know better. Why, she can touch A without raising her eyebrows. How good she is in *Tu ce la notte*! Those are jolly little musical réunions, by Jove! They should get a better bass than Canter, though. He don't sound bad in a chorus, but he will do a solo; and his *Pro peccatis*!—awful, by Jove!—*La ci darem*—and he went on singing.

It may, perhaps, prevent any mistake, if I state at once that Mr. Royston was not a vocalist by profession. According to the law list, he was a barrister of some three years' standing, otherwise it would be rather difficult to define what he was. He had been called, and possessed a wig and a gown, and so far he was a barrister; on the other hand, he had no business, nor did he lay himself out to secure any. That he occasionally visited the Bank of England, and that for a few days afterwards he was a little flush of money, and there was joy amongst his tradesmen; that he played the key-bugle, and read novels in the French tongue; that he had been seen coming out of newspaper-offices in the Strand, and occasionally had his pockets burdened with proofs; that he had been known to do some translations for the book-trade, could sing light barytone songs, was well up in the news of the hour, and had written verses that were poetry—almost, was about all society knew, and all it cared to know. For he was good-looking, wore good clothes, had whiskers of an aristocratic calibre, and his ostensible profession was that of a gentleman. What more was required to be known? There's many a man journeying in the social world who cannot give one-half so reputable an account of himself. And so Jack's passport was universally *visé*, and smilingly returned to him, and he was asked here, there and everywhere, and he generally went; and he could find a knife and fork at a good many tables, and might continue to do so, no doubt, so long as he could supply himself with white handkerchiefs and gloves, dress-coat and lacquered boots, and maintain the appearance of not in the least wanting a dinner, or indeed anything else, of anybody. I am afraid it has always been like this; and, to go back once more to the parable, I dare say Lazarus might have had a dinner now and then—even with the rich man—if he had not been so desperately hungry and poverty-stricken altogether. It would be so shocking, says society, to sit down to dinner with a starving man? So shocking! wouldn't it, now? And so only the full-bellied get invitations.

"Good night, sir."

"Good night, Job."

This interchange of salutations, in which both stuck to fact and ignored the clock, took place between Mr. Royston, whom we have been keeping in Temple lane all this while, in the wet, too, and another huddle of wrappers, containing another porter, crouched in the archway leading up to Pump court.

"Very wet, sir."

"Very, by Jove!"

And Mr. Royston was nearing the outer door of his dwelling, and not without joy. In fact, he must have been possessed of wonderful spirits to have kept up so gleefully as he had, considering how wet he was, how he was altogether limp, and crumpled, and dripping. Yet he was still occupied with Mozart's air, although he only hummed it now. Job's abrupt good night had snapped off his less subdued vocalisation; but he hummed it nevertheless. In fact, as he himself phrased it, in explanation of his exuberant good temper, in that disguised language in which he and others delight sometimes to envelope their meanings, he felt that night "no end of moons on Bella Brownsmith!"

How he came to know the Brownsmiths nobody exactly knew. Somehow music had been a mutual magnet. Miss Brownsmith found Jack's light barytone, as she said, such a great assistance in duet-singing; and Jack found Bella, as he said, such a stunner to sing with. And so they did the duet in *Semiramide*, and the duet in *Lucia*, and the duet in the *Favorita*, and, in short any duet for soprano and barytone that they could get hold of, and had practising evenings and performing evenings, and so on



until Jack became an habitual and recognised visitor at Mr. Brownsmith's house in Brunswick square. It was from an evening devoted to musical entertainment that he was returning on the morning I have introduced him, in a very wet state, to the reader.

Temple lane looked grim and weird enough as Jack passed down it towards Rowden buildings. The rain streamed down the tall, gaunt houses, and rattled along the gutters hurriedly, for the road slopes down towards the river, and stood in vaporous beads upon the glass panes of the gas-lamps, dimming them as tears dim bright eyes. And the trees in the smaller Temple Gardens could be heard to rustle and shiver, and desperately clash their bare wet boughs together, as though they, too, had had quite enough of the rain. And no lights gleamed in the windows, and no sounds of humanity could be traced, save the echo of Mr. Royston's own footfalls, as they sounded slushily on the wet pavement. Even Job's sepulchral good-night had about it, by contrast, something genial and refreshing, as the words rung out in the stillness, and lingered in the moist air. The silhouette of the old Hall stood dense and impenetrable, and made the black sky less black by comparison. All was cheerless enough; but use, perhaps, nerved Mr. Royston against any depressing influence to be so derived, or his thoughts on the pleasures he had but just passed through armed him against discomfort. So, still humming, he turned into the doorway of the house which contained his chambers, and proceeded leisurely to mount the stairs. He proceeded leisurely, as any man would who had to pass over more than eighty steps to reach his destination. Mr. Royston inhabited the topmost tenement of the house, and so it was some moments before he arrived at his own door, having passed, on his way up, the offices, on the ground floor, of Messrs. Docket and Tacking, Solicitors; the chambers, on the first floor, of Mr. Leader, Q.C., and the eminent Mr. Bluebag; and, on the second floor, Mr. Grinder, Special Pleader, and Mr. Crammer, Home Circuit. He arrived, then, on the third floor landing, where was the door of his own residence, inscribed in large letters "Mr. J. Royston," and also the door of the rooms adjoining, endorsed "Mr. Nacker."

Jack opened his door with his key. Within was a second door, which was unfastened. He entered a dark and narrow passage, upon which the doors of his sitting and bedrooms opened on the one side, and on the other a spare room and pantry.

He was feeling his way with his hand for a small shelf, upon which he ought to find his candlestick.

"Confound Mrs. Grady! She's always forgetting something. Oh, here it is!"

His hand struck against the candle. Then commenced a further search.

"As usual! When there are matches there's no candle, and when there's a candle there are no matches! Never mind; I'll light it at the gas-lamp on the stairs."

He turned to go down the stairs to where the lamp was fixed, but, changing his mind again—

"Bah! there must be matches on the chimney-piece."

And he returned to his rooms, groped his way along the passage till he found the door of his sitting-room, turned the handle and went in. All was darkness, of course. The room was not large, and to find his way to the fireplace was not difficult, especially as no blind was drawn over the window, and its locality was, consequently, traceable, and formed a guide to the other portions of the apartment. He moved his hand along the chimney-piece, and having first upset, ultimately recovered the match-box, and struck a light. He was turning gently, so as not to destroy the feeble flame of the newly-ignited match, towards the candlestick on the table, when a sudden vague alarm struck him for the first time, and, with a start, he lost the light he had been in such pains to obtain. A dread, or rather a consciousness stole over him, and, as it did so, the perspiration burst out in large drops upon his forehead, and a violent trembling seized him—a consciousness that something strange had happened. He felt, rather than knew from having seen—the light he had obtained had been so brief and so feeble that there was some one besides himself in the room—that

there, close to him, within two inches of his hand, seated in his favorite chair, was some one—whom he did not, could not, know! A moment of condensed agony was spent in again striking a light! His hand trembled so violently he could hardly draw the match against the rough paper on the box for ignition, and having drawn it, his hard breathing nearly extinguished the flame. But, sure enough, sitting where he had known it must be, was the figure of a man leaning back in the chair, his head bowed forward, but his eyes gazing intently in the direction where Jack Royston was standing! For some moments the two men seemed to stare at each other in a paralysed and ghastly manner.

"Who the devil are you?"

But Jack Royston could hardly speak the words; his throat was fevered, his tongue was parched, and his heart was throbbing with a force acutely painful. He had hardly spoken them when the conviction came to him of their utter inutility. The strange man had not spoken, had not moved one muscle. He sat rigid, motionless; his eyes glaring wide open, yet vacantly, soullessly. Jack bounded towards him with an abrupt impulse. He found him stiff and cold. Likely enough. The man was stone dead!

It was not a comfortable thing, or a pacifying, or an agreeable thing, to encounter such a blot desecrating his Penates as was this dead man, his dead eyes staring deadly at nothing, and his dead feet dangling on to the hearthrug, and his dead body blocking up Jack Royston's pet armchair. It was staggering, confusing. It was a most fearful *non-sequitur* to any preceding incident in Jack Royston's life. It was a blow that took away his breath and his senses. A live man would have been nothing. He could have understood that. There was sense in that. And Jack prayed inwardly for a second that the man would yet get up and hit him, and they might have a fight. He longed to get back to something that was real and precedented and intelligible. But a dead man—stark dead!—in the chair in which so many jolly pipes had been smoked and jolly glasses drunk, in the room in which so many jolly fellows had met, where all was redolent of the comfortable, the human, the living! Death, in the dark hours of the morning, in the silence and the gloom, haunting his home; not spiritually, not spectrally, but bodily, coldly, clammy. It was strange, strange! It was frightful! Though he did not set up for a man of valor, Jack Royston had as much courage as most people, perhaps more than a good many. Few would have had very great presence of mind the first instant of such a situation. He felt a strange swimming in his head. He glared wildly round the room with an air of bewildered helplessness. He could just perceive that everything else was in its accustomed place. The books on the shelves, the pictures on the walls—French mezzotints—"Les Yeux Bleues," "Fleur de Marie," "Le Premier Baiser," &c., the foils in the corner, the tea-caddy on the side-table, the statuette of Dorothea, all were there. Then came a strong inclination to sink down in a faint on the floor, abandoned in favor of the more precipitate measure of dashing blindly from the place, leaping down the stairs at peril of his neck, hurrying out into the road without hat, and heedless of the never-ceasing rain, plunging through the miry road, and splitting the graveyard silence of the inn with loud cries for "Help! help! help!"

Job soon came running towards him—that is to say, with as near an approach to a run as Job was capable of. Jack, in a breathless and agitated manner, endeavoring to convey to him some notion of the strange scene he had left up in his chambers. Job did not in the least understand what had happened, but he whistled in a subdued and prolonged manner, by way of acknowledging his receipt of the marvels conveyed to him, having first given a steady gaze at the narrator, to ascertain that the strange story, and the strange manner in which it was delivered, did not arise from any uncertain action of the brain, induced by superfluous libation. Whether his experience in such cases enabled him to acquit Mr. Royston of all suspicion, or that he really saw it was necessary to accede to the demand that he should go at once to Rowden buildings (for that that was required of him was all he could understand), Job at once

turned back to mount to Mr. Royston's chambers. Jack, pale and breathless, ran up the stairs two and three and four at a time, having to wait on each landing for the more deliberate ascent of Job, who came clattering on in heavy wooden-soled boots, that appeared to be maintained on his legs and ankles by haybands, interwoven and wound round in a subtle and ingenious manner. Quite a little shower was falling from the many and wet capes of Job's huge overcoat—a wonderful garment, that might have been the result of a congress of watchmen and hackney-coachmen, it was so perfect a type of the taste in coats of those extinct genera. Large moist impressions of his boot-soles were left on the stairs as he clattered up. At length they arrived at the top, Jack breathing quickly from renewed agitation as he approached the scene of his alarms, and Job breathing heavily from the fatigues of the ascent. They entered the sitting-room. There, sure enough, as Jack Royston had endeavored to convey to Job, was the dead man leaning back in the chair, his head bowed on his chest, and his eyes open, and fixed in a blank, awful stare. Job turned his lantern on the wretched man's face, as though the lighted candle on the table did not sufficiently reveal to him the horrible marvel. But the face looked so fearful, the bright, magnified light shining on each rigid lineament, that he was glad to turn away the lantern again, directing its rays, as he did so, into each corner of the room, and afterwards towards the window, and then under the table. Neither of the men had spoken. But having exhausted his survey, and not knowing exactly what to do next, Job turned and gazed steadily at Mr. Royston.

"He was like that when I came in, but five minutes ago," cried Jack abruptly, almost violently, as though he had read some terrible accusation in his companion's eyes. "I have not been in five minutes."

"I know," says Job, "I see you pass. You was singing."

"But what am I to do?"

Job looked bewildered.

"I'll spring the rattle. It will fetch up George," he said. He went down to the staircase window, which looked on to the lane, leaned out, and sprung his rattle; waited a few seconds, and then repeated the process. Shortly afterwards came the noise of some one hurrying down the lane.

"What is it?" a husky voice inquired.

"Come up."

Job shut the window. He returned soon after with a little old man, in a great-coat the duplicate of his own, a red nightcap drawn over his ears, and very nearly over his eyes.

"Here's a rummy start, George!" says Job; and he put his friend in possession of the facts of the case, so far as he himself comprehended them. George scratched his head with severity and deliberation, then proceeded to the same line of conduct in regard to his lantern as Job had adopted with the one he carried; and stopping ultimately, as his predecessor in the process had done, gazed intently at Jack, without having as yet uttered a syllable.

Jack began to perceive that the assistants he had called in were not likely to be of particular service to him—at any rate, in the way of counsel. His presence of mind was gradually returning to him.

"George," he said, "this is a very strange case. We cannot leave things as they are. You must go instantly and get a doctor here as quick as you can."

George began to think who was the nearest. There was Doctor Carson in Fleet street; and yet he would hardly do; he was only there from twelve till five in the daytime.

"There's a surgeon at the bottom of Essex street—Mr. Randall. He will be the nearest. You must go and knock him up. He must come directly. You must also bring in a policeman. Do you hear? As quick as you can."

George nodded his head and went off.

Jack took hold of the dead man's hand, not without a shudder—it was quite cold. He felt for a pulse, but vainly; listened for the beating of the heart; opened his watch case, and held the polished interior to the man's mouth, to see if he yet breathed.

"It is too late, I am afraid," he said; "but it is best to have a doctor in."

Job shook his head affirmatively.

"You look pale, old man," says Jack. "Suppose you have a glass of brandy. I don't think it would do either of us any harm."

Job was affirmative again. Mr. Royston poured out the brandy into two wine-glasses. Job took one, and flung the contents dexterously down his throat, as though he were swallowing a nauseous drug he did not want to taste. Each had a second glass, and seemed the better for it.

George returned with Mr. Randall, the surgeon, and two policemen. Leaving the medical man he had called up to dress and proceed to the direction given, he had gone on into Fleet street, and secured the two officers. All arrived simultaneously at Mr. Royston's chambers.

The doctor went straight to the dead man.

"I can be of no use here," he said. "This man has been dead some hours."

All looked at each other, and then turned to examine the corpse more intently. It was the body of a young man, apparently about twenty-six, perhaps hardly so much. The face was sunburnt, but wan and worn. The eyes, gray in color, were deeply set. The features small, irregular, but not unhandsome. The brow beetled over. The lips were thin. The hair cut close, and dark brown in color. The man had worn his beard, which was long, but rather scanty, and much lighter in color than the hair. The hands were well shaped, though sinewy and attenuated. The clothes were not new, but were respectable. A cloth cap with a peak had fallen on the ground. The officers proceeded to take an inventory of the contents of the pockets. There were no papers or memoranda of any kind, except a fragment of *La Presse* newspaper, some weeks old. There were eleven pounds in gold in an old clasp purse, and two sovereigns loose in his right waistcoat pocket. There were no keys; no silver or copper money; no watch. There was a colored India silk handkerchief, without mark. Indeed, there was no mark upon any of the clothes; except that upon the buttons of the waistcoat, underneath, round the shank, were impressed, "Hepper, tailor, Broadway, New York."

The policemen took notes of the results of this investigation; the doctor was endeavoring to discover the cause of death.

"Very odd. No wound, no smell of poison, no appearance of strangulation." And he undid the unfortunate man's neck-handkerchief, which was tied loosely in a sailor's knot. "Well, I can do nothing more; so I may as well go home. There will be a *post mortem*, of course. You will know where to find me, if I am wanted. Good night, good night!" And he was gone.

The police proceeded to examine the premises. The window of the sitting-room was fastened on the inside. They opened it and looked out. There was a stone parapet outside; and between it and the window a gutter for carrying off the rain, about a foot wide, and on which it was possible to walk along, and so gain communication through the top windows, with all the other houses in the stock of buildings.

"How could this man have possibly got into the room?" said Jack; "I cannot understand. The window fastened, and the outer door locked!"

The policemen said nothing; they looked at each other, and one of them made a note. They then continued a systematic examination of the room, merely looking, however, and seldom disturbing the arrangement of anything; and having pretty well exhausted the one apartment, one of the officers went to carry on a like form in the other part of Mr. Royston's premises. There was a degree of hesitation about leaving Jack alone, even with the other policeman and the inn-porters, which Jack did not fail to observe.

"He looks handcuffs, if ever man did," murmured that gentleman, as he wiped his forehead. "It is time I thought about myself. Pleasant this! There's no place like home, certainly."

Probably from that tremendous insight into the frailties and misdeeds of their fellows which policemen by their vocation of a necessity acquire, it is quite evident that the officers in Mr. Royston's room had come to look upon him already in the light of a culprit and prisoner. Indeed, it was not quite be-

yond the range of probability that No. 97, as he flashed his lantern about mechanically, in every place where it was evident that nothing could possibly be, was composing the first paragraph of his evidence, to be delivered in any forthcoming investigation that might afford him the opportunity; how that, "from information he had received, early on the morning of Tuesday, the 13th of May, he had proceeded to No. 10 Rowden buildings, Temple Bar, and apprehended the prisoner at the bar for the wilful murder of the deceased," &c. &c. With considerable respect for the force which claims Sir Robert Peel as its institutor, I must yet confess that I should be very sorry to be tried upon any charge whatever by a jury of policemen. Too well I can understand how quickly and loudly "Guilty, my lord," would ring out from the twelve blue uniforms. Universal guilt is an unalterable item in the creed of a constable. Innocence with them is only another term for lucky crime, and the acquitted prisoner we occasionally read of in the paper, who leaves the court with his friends, and, as the president informs him, without a stain on his character, is to them only a fortunate criminal who has had a close shave of it, and whom they would caution to look sharp, as he won't have such luck another time. Mr. Royston was occupied with some such reflections upon the idiosyncrasy of the force.

"I tell you what it is," he said, at last, jumping up, "we can't go on like this; one of you must come round with me to the inspector, and lay the whole thing before him. The other, with Job—George, you're not wanted—can stay here with the body, and see that nothing fresh turns up."

The two policemen were hardly prepared for this outburst on the part of the prisoner, and were almost suspecting some manœuvre that was to result in an attempted escape. However, the advice was put into action. Jack departed with No. 97, stopping on his way out to knock at the door of Mr. Nacker, with whom he had some acquaintance, with a view to put him in possession of the facts of the case. The knocking obtaining no response, Jack came to the conclusion that his neighbor was fast asleep or absent from his rooms, and went on his way to the police office, accompanied by the constable. No. 97 kept a particularly watchful eye upon every movement of his companion, meditating as he walked along a variety of subtle schemes for a recapture, in the event of any attempt at escape or rescue.

The inspector was a stout, square-built man, very tightly buttoned in a well-fitting uniform of the well-known color and design, and of a superior cloth. Perhaps the first impression on seeing him was in respect to the large amount of chin he had to shave. Large folds of flesh encompassed his mouth, like the circles that form round a stone flung in the water; and a little patch of short cut whiskers sat gracefully, like a crescent-shaped scrubbing-brush, on his either cheek-bone. He had little rolling gray eyes, and a short, flexible nose, which seemed to be composed entirely of gristle, and which he had the habit of rubbing, and compressing, and bending into all conceivable forms. There was a comfortable fire in the office, and two or three policemen were enjoying themselves in its neighborhood, warming themselves or falling asleep over it. Other officers were busy writing. A little boy, wretchedly pale and sickly-looking, was coiled up on a bench, having been recently apprehended on the heinous charge of being very cold and wet, and having no home to go to. In his company was a person most respectably attired, but whose gentility of appearance was considerably marred by the facts of his being wet through, of his being covered in places with a rich impasto of mire, and of his being speechlessly drunk. He hiccupped loudly and musically at intervals, in a manner that never failed to startle his fellow-offender—the little boy. The charges were being entered in respect of these two criminals.

Jack was at length enabled to narrate to the inspector the difficulties under which he was placed. That officer heard all he had to say, without any observation beyond the violent manipulation of his nose, in the manner before alluded to. He was tolerably civil for a police inspector, took down the narrator's name and address, and the heads of his statement. Had a little private conversation with the policeman who had accompanied Jack to the station. Something to the mortification

of that functionary, the inspector hardly appeared to acquiesce in his strong opinion adverse to Mr. Royston. In fact, the inspector could see no reason to detain that gentleman, though he warned him that he must hold himself in readiness to appear whenever required, for the further investigation of the case.

The interview resulted in other constables being despatched with a stretcher to remove the body from Rowden buildings. Jack returned with them; the rain still falling heavily. Job and his companion were not sorry to be relieved of their vigil; and the body was conveyed on the stretcher to the dead-house appertaining to the parish of St. Bride's, Fleet street. Jack had, at length, the satisfaction of closing the door on his visitors; and, throwing himself on his bed, endeavored to snatch an hour or two's sleep, of which, after all he had undergone, he certainly stood in need.

To state that the whole of Temple lane and its neighborhood had been thrown into a state of great excitement, would be to state only what was true, in the words of more than one newspaper correspondent. At a very early hour the news was rife of what had happened, and the conclave of laundresses that assembled round the pump in the court that thence derives its name, was on that morning solemn and imposing in its numbers and state of emotion. Excitement fluttered the bonnets of those benign females whose mission it is, in their own formula, to "do" for the gentlemen of the Temple. Job, from his share in the important events, had the whole laundress world, for that morning, at his feet; and the more he retained, the more urgent became the attentions of the curious fair to obtain the information he possessed. Each bachelor in the Inn had that morning a prolonged interview with his Hebe; and doubt, and wonder, and surmise ruled every heart in the Temple. Even Mr. Leader, Queen's counsel—his breakfast-table heavily laden, besides ham and eggs, with a number of most important cases, which he had not looked at, and in some of which he had to address the court that morning—and personally unknown to Mr. Royston, came running up-stairs to make his acquaintance, and view the scene of the morning's mystery—actually proceeding so far as to descend from the window into the gutter, and speculate in that, for him, novel position, on the probabilities of the case. Mr. Bluebag also came up, eating dry toast, for he had quitted his breakfast in his anxiety, and gave vent to his views on the mystery. Mr. Snawler, the common law gentleman at the solicitor's office on the ground floor, also paid a prolonged visit, as, indeed, did other gentlemen from that and neighboring offices. The excitement was general. Policemen were seen hither and thither in unwonted profusion. The porters, with their short aprons and metal badges, omitted to keep their usual vivid look-out for jobs in their desire for mutual converse on this all-important subject, while a perfect cordon of beadles was drawn round the scene of the marvel. The beadle from the Temple church, in his orange-colored cape and snuff-brown coat, the beadle from St. Dunstan, the beadle from St. Clement Danes, and functionaries of like office who patrol the quiet no-thoroughfares that run down from the Strand to the river, were all assembled, and in grave discussion. If the secret had been hidden in a pewter vessel, more pots of porter could not have been turned up to discover the mystery than were emptied in the course of their deliberations.

There was wonderful talking over the matter in all the public-houses in the neighborhood. The bars, public and private, and even the jug and bottle entrances, were quite choked up with visitors. The whisperings, the nods and winks, the grave shakes of the head, the portentous "Ahs!" were numberless; as also the individuals who had exclusive sources of information, and had so acquired, from authority the most undoubted, particulars of a more refined character than any one else had been able to arrive at. In every court in the Temple were to be found little knots of persons narrating, and gesticulating, and pantomiming the occurrence, and how it had taken place. Even in the Temple Gardens, the nursery maids had the whole matter over and over again with the gardeners and the superannuated clerks who promenaded those enclosures; and the children discussed it amongst themselves, and wondered over



it, and were frightened at it, and ended with making it into a game, and played at being dead, and being found, and calling in policemen. Pedestrians in Fleet street made a detour to include the Temple in their walk, and look up at the house in Rowden buildings in which the dead body had been found; and travellers by the river steamboats got up from their seats as they passed by the Temple, and crowded to the side to see if they could make out the house in which the mystery had occurred; when some one, more confident than the rest, would point out a house, generally a wrong one, and they would all stare at it, and respect the great information of their fellow-passenger, and talk of nothing else but the Temple and its tragedy all their way to Chelsea or London Bridge, as the case might be. And the newspapers, which had commenced moderately, and given a brief narrative of the event under the heading of "Mysterious Occurrence," now went in for it with greater appetite, and called it boldly, "The Murder in the Temple"—giving "latest particulars" in "second editions," and stating that the police were on the track of the supposed assassin, and that it was probable that he would be in the hands of justice by the time the paper was in the possession of its readers.

But probably the excitement reached its culminating point when the coroner called his investigation into the cause of death. Every porter and laundress in the Inn seemed to be the victim of a dominant passion to be sworn a witness, irrespective of the question whether any evidence they could tender had or not any bearing upon the case. The jury went and looked at the body, made but an abashed inspection, and were rather glad when it was over. They then mounted to Mr. Royston's chambers, and examined the chair in which the dead man had been found sitting, and tried the window-fastening, and opened the window, and looked up the gutter and down the gutter, and said nothing, and came away. They examined Mrs. Grady, the laundress, who had nothing important to communicate, except that she had left Mr. Royston in his chambers dining with a friend, at seven o'clock in the evening, had not been there again until the following morning, and had not once parted with possession of her key of the outer door. These facts would have been soon told; but Mrs. Grady had conceived a notion that Mr. Royston was on trial for his life, and that she was a most important witness to character, and sighed and sobbed, entreated and expostulated, until she was fairly ordered out of court.

Mr. Rook, barrister, of King's Bench Walk, deposed that he was the friend alluded to by the last witness. He had dined with Mr. Royston, and gone out with him before eight o'clock to a musical party in Brunswick square. The coroner did not see what this evidence had to do with the case, but was informed that it was thought desirable to trace the state of the chambers from the time of their being left empty to the period of their discovery occupied by the body.

Mr. Royston was called, and the reporters announced that there was a visible sensation in court, and that no less than three of the audience were found to be sketching his portrait for different illustrated newspapers. Mr. Royston stated that he was a barrister, and occupied the chambers in question. Had done so for five years. Had dined at seven o'clock in his chambers with Mr. Rook, on the evening preceding the discovery of the body, and after dinner had left for Brunswick square. Closed his windows before leaving, as he thought it looked like rain. Did not return home until past two o'clock. Knew the hour, because he had heard it strike as he crossed Fleet street. He then described his finding the body. Deposed to the facts of his door being locked on his return, and also of his window being fastened. His calling in Job, George, the doctor and policemen, and of his giving information to the inspector at the police office. Had not missed any property, and could lay no claim to the money found on the deceased. Did not know the deceased; had never seen him before.

Job proved the return of Mr. Royston; heard the Hall clock strike, and knew it had just gone two. Noticed Mr. Royston, because he was so wet, and was singing. Was requested by Mr. Royston, a few minutes after, to return with him to his rooms. Was sure it was not more than five minutes after. Nor so

much. Went back and found the dead man. Had never seen him before.

George and the policemen gave evidence of all they knew of the matter, and detailed the particulars of the articles found in the dead man's pockets. George fancied he might have seen the man once or twice in the Temple, but could not swear about it. He was unknown to the police.

Mr. Randall, the surgeon, gave evidence of the fact of his having been called in. Stated that the man had been dead some hours when he first saw him; he should say at least four hours. He had made a *post-mortem* examination. The witness was here listened to with a most vivid interest, and the jury made very copious notes, which was the more creditable to them from the fact of their not in the least understanding what the witness was talking about. The result of the autopsy, as stated by the witness, was rather technical than intelligible. There was a great deal about congestion, valves, ventricles, tissues, secretions, fatty matter, morbid action, extravasated blood and the like. The brain was normal, the stomach healthy; contained nothing of a foreign nature; the heart was diseased, certainly. It might be sufficiently so to cause death, or it might not. It would be an element in the examination, if the circumstances attending the last few hours could be stated. There was no mark of external violence beyond a slight abrasion of skin on the left hand, which was of recent occurrence. The man was of spare habit, and exceedingly attenuated at the time of death; but there was nothing to indicate that he had died from want of the necessities of life. Quite the contrary. In the absence of further information, the witness should be disposed to think that deceased had died from diseased action of the heart.

Another medical witness echoed Mr. Randall's opinions, and there was little further evidence adduced. Mr. Brown-smith was in court to prove that Mr. Royston had spent the evening at his house, but was not examined.

On the question of the deceased's entry of the rooms by means of the gutter, it became necessary to inquire concerning the positions of the other rooms in the row from which access to the gutter might be obtained; and the inquest was adjourned that further evidence on this subject might be brought forward. The police were diligent in their examination. That any trace of footmarks should be found in the gutter, or along the sides of the stone parapet, was not possible; the heavy rain that had fallen had effectually removed any marks that might otherwise have been discovered. It was found that the gutter was commanded by the windows of no less than five sets of chambers. One of these, however, was unoccupied and to be let; the door was locked, the key in possession of the gatekeeper, and the windows securely fastened. The rooms were carefully examined, but afforded not the slightest trace of recent occupation, or anything that could favor the supposition of the dead man having gained the gutter from the empty chambers. These were the next rooms to Mr. Royston's on one side.

On the other resided Mr. Nacker. He had been in his room the whole evening, had supper at ten o'clock, smoked a cigar at the open window afterwards, until it came on to rain, when he had smoked another cigar and gone to bed. Had seen nothing, heard nothing. Was sure no person had walked past along the gutter. Had seen the body of the deceased. Could not identify it.

The chambers next to Mr. Nacker's were occupied by a Mr. Punter, and the chambers next to his were in the tenure of a Mr. Poole. These gentlemen were intimate friends, and had spent the evening together from seven until three in the morning, during which time they had performed duets, flute and clarinet, had played several games at *écarté*, had enjoyed a supper of lobster salad and chops sent in from the fish-shop in Fleet street, and had concluded their entertainments with gin-punch. They were both prepared to maintain that no one had gained the gutter from their rooms; that they had not seen any one enter Mr. Royston's rooms by the window; and neither of them had any knowledge of the dead man.

The rooms on the other side of the empty chambers were held by a Mr. Strike, connected with the newspaper press, who had left home at seven, had passed the evening at the Haymarket Theatre, written a review on a performance there, had supper



at a fish-shop in the Strand, and returned to his chambers about half-past one. His departure and return to the Temple were known to the porters. He also failed to recognise the deceased. No other person had a key to his rooms but himself. His door had been securely fastened.

This was all the information obtained. The coroner regretted that so little light had been thrown on the matter; pointed out that, even if the man had been proved to have effected an entry into the chambers by means of the gutter, there yet remained the strange fact of his having fastened the window after him, and the motive of his presence in the room was left totally unaccounted for. It could hardly be plunder. At all events, he had nothing belonging to Mr. Royston in his possession at the time of death, while he had a considerable sum of his own. He was respectably attired, and was utterly unknown to the police. No one had identified the body, and there was no evidence to show that the death had not resulted from natural causes. He was puzzled, the police were amazed, the jury bewildered, and the public furious that no satisfactory explanation could be given. An open verdict was returned, that the deceased had been found dead, but that there was no evidence to show how the death had been occasioned.

"I shall remember the morning of the 13th of May, as long as I live!" exclaimed Mr. Royston, as he found himself in his rooms again after the inquest; and he made a large cross against the date in the almanac that hung over the mantel-piece.

The public mind was very much unsettled in respect to the Temple lane tragedy. It was like being haunted by a riddle the explanation to which was withheld. The newspapers were greatly interested in the matter, and opened their columns to voluminous correspondence, containing all sorts of suggestions in elucidation of the mystery. Leading articles, too, were written on the subject. There was a scrap of Horace, a quotation from Rabelais, a touch and go narrative of the event, a tirade about coroners, a little scoffing about trial by jury, and a proposition that the alleged difficulties of the case all lay in a nutshell. The affair was dropping gradually from the public mind, which is of most sieve-like nature, holds very little, and that little a very short time, when a horrible murder in Spitalfields drew attention away from it altogether. It is not possible to hunt more than one hare at a time, so the public gave up the Temple mystery, and gave chase, hot and furious, to the Spitalfields tragedy.

Even the keenness of Jack Royston's wonderment was blunting. He took a week's recruiting at Boulogne; kept early hours for about ten days, in order to avoid the unpleasantness of coming home late and feeling about the room for matches. But he was overcoming even this; and the qualms with which he looked into his arm-chair, when he did come home rather late, were rapidly abating. It was still a striking legend attached to his chambers, and he got to like to tell the story, acting it as he went on with chair, candle, match-box and all the requisite properties. Although at first he had been rather shy of mentioning anything about it, at last it grew to be a species of entertainment in his rooms, and was asked for at little convivial meetings held there, as though it had been a comic song; and "Jack Royston and the Dead Man" became a recognised interlude, to be demanded of him as punctually as *Deh vieni, Il balen, Mein Herz ist am Rhein, Vi ravviso*, and other favorite barytone airs. But even this was becoming somewhat obsolete. For some months the mystery was unexplained.

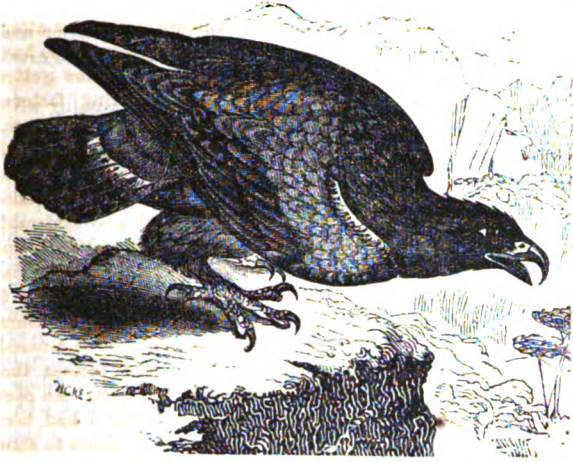
(To be concluded in our next.)

Let us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfilment of its duties, does honor to the man.



FLIGHT OF CRANES.





THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

## SOMETHING ABOUT BIRDS.

WHAT bird could more fittingly head our article on the feathered tribe than the acknowledged monarch of them all, the kingly eagle, which has been chosen, as the most fitting symbol of dominion, by some of the greatest nations upon earth? The great size of the eagle, its strength, its courage, and perhaps also its rapacity, pointed it out to the all-conquering Romans as the emblem of their state; and Rome has been followed by her inheritors in the adoption of this symbol. Few species are found more widely diffused than those of the eagle, as if the supremacy of the royal bird were asserted even in its ubiquity. Of the many varieties that which is esteemed the chief—the golden or royal eagle—is found in all the temperate regions of the northern hemisphere, in all parts of the United States, and all over Europe. Its favorite haunts are wild and mountainous regions, where it pursues its prey unmolested, and builds the eyrie in which its young are reared.

The eagle is too truly royal to endure the presence of its fellows, and it is consequently never seen save alone or with its mate; even its young are abandoned as soon as they are able to take care of themselves. During the first few weeks of their existence, however, the young eaglets are sedulously tended by their parents, who brave every danger for their protection in case of attack. The golden eagle is frequently seen in the mountainous regions of our own State, and in Maine and New Hampshire specimens are not unfrequently shot. In the West, and especially towards the Rocky Mountains, the species is quite common. Its name is derived from the yellowish tint of the feathers upon the summit of the head and on the neck; but the remainder of the body is dark brown in color, and old birds are nearly black. The longevity of the eagle is very remarkable,



THE WHITE-TAILED EAGLE.

individuals of the species having been known to attain an age of more than half a century, and some writers have affirmed that one hundred years are the limits of an eagle's life.

The white-tailed eagle differs from the royal or golden eagle in its plumage, and also, to some extent, in its habits and its food. It frequents the sea-shore, and the northern lakes, where it preys on fish, together with smaller birds, hares, rabbits, &c. The length of this bird is about two feet four or five inches.

Most of our readers will call to mind that noble "Fragment," in which Tennyson paints the audacious monarch of the air:

He clasps the crag with hooked hands,  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt, he falls!

By way of contrast to the kingly bird, we cannot forbear placing that ignoble moper, the barn-owl, next in our list. There is scarcely any part of the world to which this melancholy bird is not familiar; it is met with in South as well as in North America, in all parts of Europe, in Asia, and even in Australia. Its familiar name is one which has been transferred to it from its congeners in Europe, where it frequents the recesses of buildings, and especially attaches itself to towers, church-steeple and other secluded retreats, where it can remain unmolested



THE BARN-OWL.

during the day. It is accustomed to leave its haunts only during the night, or at least not until after twilight has set in, when, under cover of the darkness, lesser birds become its easy prey. The diurnal birds appear to feel an instinctive hatred of their destroyer, and when, by any accident, an owl is exposed to the sunlight or is caught at a distance from its usual place of refuge, all the birds of the neighborhood congregate about it, and assail the bewildered creature with derisive screechings, sometimes venturing even to rob it of its feathers, and to peck its purblind eyes.

A legend which prevails among the country-folk, in the north of England, represents that the daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, was transformed into an owl, and the following couplet is frequently shouted when the long, monotonous screech of the bird resounds:

I once was a king's daughter, and sat on my father's knee,  
But now I'm a poor hoolet, and hide in a hollow tree!

The barn-owl sometimes renders essential service to the farmer, by destroying mice, rats and other predatory animals which infest his fields and the neighborhood of his dwellings. The owl is also an expert catcher of fish.

Another and nobler American bird is the stately crane



largest of all the feathered tribe that inhabits the United States—which is met with in nearly every part of North America. The cranes pass the summer and autumn in the Northern States, venturing even to the utmost bounds of habitable regions, and far up into the fur countries of Hudson's Bay, retiring to winter quarters in the West Indies and Central America, though some few have been known to linger through the entire winter in the swamps of New Jersey and Delaware. Their favorite haunts are marshes and muddy flats near the sea shore, where they find the fish, marine worms and molluscs, which constitute their food, or in the neighborhood of inland ponds, where they prove active enemies to frogs, aquatic insects, &c.

The crane, when standing erect, measures nearly five feet, and has besides a great length of bill, by means of which it snaps up its wriggling food. The bird, though it avoids the habitations of men, is gregarious in its habits, and large flocks of cranes are frequently seen together. The species known as the whooping crane derives its name from the clamorous outcry with which it is accustomed to salute the rising of the sun. Captain Amadas, the first Englishman who ever set foot in North America, thus describes the clamor of a flock of these cranes on the island of Wokokou, off the coast of North Carolina, in the month of July: "Such a flock of cranes (the most part white) arose under us, with such a cry, redoubled by many echoes, as if an army of men had shouted all together." The greatest clamor takes place at the annual migrations, when thousands of these birds assemble and wing their course towards the warmer regions of the South. Every reader of Milton will call to mind the graceful description he introduces in "Paradise Lost" (B. vii., line 425), of the wedge-like order and flight of the feathered multitude:

Part loosely wing the region, part more wise,  
In common, ranged in figure wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Their aery caravan, high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane  
Her annual voyage, borne on winds, the air  
Flotes, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.

The allusion in the sixth line is to the instinctive habit of the cranes of assisting the feebler members of the flock, as they grow fatigued, by supporting them on the wings of the stronger birds.

Our illustration represents these birds at the commencement of one of their annual flights.

#### PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN HEIRESS.

BY GEORGIANA S. PURDUE

THE rays of the setting sun lit up the pretty village of Little Audrey with a glorious ruby light; the children at the cottage doors looked along the road for their fathers returning from their daily labor, with little sun-browned hands shading their eyes from its brilliant glow; the larks and blackbirds, in their cages hung against the cottage walls, hopped about blithely, as if conscious of its genial influence. An approaching traveller checked his weary steed to gaze upon the scene of rural loveliness laid out before him. Immediately below was the village, its whitewashed houses clustering round the little gray church, with its old-fashioned sun-dial, and the market cross. Two houses, rather more imposing than the rest, bespoke the residences of the schoolmaster and doctor, while the gable end of the old parsonage peeped through the trees that embowered it.

Such was the appearance of my native village on the eventful evening that I, Dorothy Popham, made my *début* into this busy world. A more lovely village would have been difficult to find, and so the traveller seemed to think, for a smile passed over his swarthy countenance, as, stretching forth his hands, he murmured: "A few more years—a little patience, and all will be mine." Then, urging on his tired horse, he rode quickly down the hill to the little hostelry, that rejoiced in the name of the Roaring Lion. As he dismounted a merry peal rang out from the steeple of the village church. "A good omen,"

he cried; "I hail it as a welcome." Then, turning to the landlord, who, uniting in his person the functions of hostler and waiter, came forward to receive his guest, he inquired the cause of this rejoicing.

"Oh, sir," returned our host, his honest face beaming with as much pleasure as if the worthy hostess had added another arrow to his already well-stocked quiver, "'tis madam has a daughter."

"Madam," repeated the traveller; "and who is madam?"

"Madam," returned the host, looking at his companion in much the same compassionate manner as an intelligent Englishman regards a native of New Zealand, when he inquires, "What is St. Paul's?" "Madam is the squire's lady, up at the Hall, yonder. You see, they have been married many years without any family, and it was feared all the estate would go to a nephew of the squire's, his brother's son, a wild young fellow, they say; so you see, sir, the village and the squire too are half mad with joy to think that madam has got a daughter, to keep the estate in the family."

"But," observed the stranger, "it would be still in the family if this gentleman the nephew had it; and it would be far better," he added—his dark face growing darker—"to have a man at the head of an important village like this, rather than a foolish girl."

"No! no!" cried the landlord, "our squire's daughter will be like her father; she'll ne'er be foolish—but I ask your pardon, sir, for speaking so free, for I see you are Captain Popham himself. I didn't know you, sir, in this twilight. I hope your honor's well!"

"Quite well," answered the gentleman, thus recognised; "but take this tired horse, and give me a fresh one to go on to the Hall with; I shall sleep there to-night."

The landlord hastened to obey, but not before he heard the captain, with a fearful oath, declare that not only the estate, but the girl too, should be his.

Meanwhile I, Dorothy Popham, the unconscious cause of this rejoicing, the bride thus early bespoke, lay in my mother's arms, a little mass of clothes, with a very red face and staring blue eyes. Still and hushed was the chamber, save when my father stepped about making a terrible creaking with his boots in his endeavors to be noiseless—at least so nurse Cooksley tells me—for it was from her, years afterwards, that I derived all these particulars. By and by my father is summoned away, by the announcement of a gentleman wishing to see him, and soon afterwards my first troubles in life commenced, by an ogress, in white cap and apron, subjecting me to all these lavatory horrors that usually attend an infantile toilette. When they were completed, and my tormentor was soothing me with the assurance that I was the very image of my father, the gentleman thus labelled entered the apartment, followed by another, whose dark and lowering but handsome countenance formed a strong contrast to my father's equally handsome but fair and open Saxon face. Taking me in his arms, he held me up to the new comer, saying, "Here, Tyler, is your little cousin; she takes from you a portion, but I shall not forget you—nor that, next to her, you are my nearest relation." As Captain Tyler Popham stooped to imprint a kiss upon my infant brow, his face was, old Cooksley says, as the face of a demon, but my dear confiding father saw nothing but the kiss, so, giving me back to the nurse, he put his hand affectionately upon his nephew's shoulder and led him from the room. Thus was I introduced to my cousin, Tyler Popham.

I was twelve years old before the captain came again to Audrey Hall, and a great rough boyden I was, although my father's darling pride. I could ride after the hounds and clear the fences as well as any young man in the county. I could tell the merits of a horse at a glance, to my father's great delight; but I think the event that gave the greatest brilliancy to my career was my once plunging into the river that ran through our park after a child, and, at the imminent risk of being drowned myself, safely bringing it to land. My father, who, with his gamekeeper, had watched the occurrence from a distance, perfectly transfixed with horror, no sooner saw us both safe upon the bank, than he gave expression to his feelings by

a "view halloo," that had the effect of bringing the child back to life as completely as any amount of friction could possibly have done. After this event, my popularity in the village greatly increased. If I was loved before for my generous father and gentle mother's sake, I was now loved entirely for my own; and when on a Sunday I walked through the churchyard in my little mob-cap and stiff brocaded dress over my hoop, with red-heeled shoes clattering on the pavement, the old women would crowd round me; and "Pray God bless her handsome face," met my ear on every side. Such was I at my twelfth year, and not a little did I think of myself, for my father's praises and the flattery I received on every side, from our own domestics down to the humblest villager, would have filled with vanity a heart naturally more humble than mine. The only being in the world who even hinted that I was not perfection was my mother. Stretched on her couch—for she was a great invalid—she would talk to me of that moral greatness which is far above all worldly wealth—of that inward self-respect, so much more valuable than the flattery of friends. Although I was occasionally wilful and inattentive, and would at times dart away from that dear mother, yet her words sank into my heart, and have held fast there, perhaps all the more firmly because the gentle voice that uttered them is now hushed for ever.

It was in her room one summer day that I again saw my cousin Captain Popham. My lessons had been badly learnt, my drawing was carelessly done, my French exercise a total failure, and I was sitting with tearful eyes on a low chair by my mother's side, for she was telling me that I was now too old for her instruction, and that my father and herself had agreed it would be better to send me to a school in the neighborhood, that had acquired a great reputation, under the name of the Abbey School. That much-abused domestic animal, the governess of modern times, was, in the days of which I write, an unknown species. All the daughters of high families were either sent to grand, strict schools, that bore a great resemblance to convents, or else were educated at home by their brothers' tutors. Having no brothers, my parents decided on the former mode of education, and it was after hearing of this place, as I buried my face, half-sulking half-sobbing, in my mother's dress, that my father entered, bringing with him his nephew. I was first made aware of his presence by my mother rising from her sofa, and greeting him with an excess of politeness very different from her usual frank, kindly manner. He, too, was reserved and ceremonious. Towards me, however, during the three days he passed with us, the captain made many overtures of friendship, which I frankly responded to. He told wondrous stories of London life and the great world, until he fired my young imagination, and I felt desirous of seeing and sharing in these pleasures myself. Then artfully changing the subject, he would sympathise with me on the hardship of being sent to school. It was wonderful the influence which this man gained over my childish mind during his short visit. His marvellous stories, his vivacious wit, his flattery so delicately veiled—all contributed to charm me.

After he left us, my mother learned from me, by degrees, what my cousin's conversation had been; and then, with a sternness and gravity I had never before seen expressed on her beautiful face, she said: "My child, I little thought to have to warn you against your fellow-man so soon, but there is something here, my best beloved," pressing, as she spoke, her hand upon her side, "that urges me not to defer telling you never to place your confidence in Tyler Popham; clever as he is, cautious as he has ever been, he wants the right principle within. The woman that trusts to him is lost. The day may come, my Dorothy, when you are left alone in the world, then, my child, I command you do not be led by him; rely rather upon your own clear judgment, your own honest heart." I stood silent—confounded. Never before had the idea presented itself to my mind that my parents were but mortal, and that the quiet vault which held so many of our ancestors might be again opened for them. Throwing my arms round my mother's neck, I declared that she should not die—that she should never leave me.

The next day I was taken by my father to be introduced to the ancient lady of whose establishment I was soon to form a member. After we had waited some time in a stately drawing-room, in which every article was arranged with faultless precision, there entered an equally stately lady, full dressed in hoop and ruffles, powder and high-heeled shoes, as was the fashion of those days. She made my father a majestic curtsy, and spoke to him in a subdued tone of deep respect; but she never noticed, nor even appeared to see me, excepting that when my father introduced me she bestowed upon me a little freezing smile. By and by she remarked that perhaps Miss Popham would like to see the other young ladies, and upon my father replying that I should be delighted, she rang a little silver bell, and desired the servant to summon Miss Judith. When Miss Judith appeared, it was with none of the stately dignity of the lady principal; she looked subdued and timid, made a quiet curtsy to my father and another to me, and led the way across a large hall, down a flight of stairs, and through a long passage, until she stopped before a pair of doors opening from the middle. Pushing them asunder, she said meekly—"This, Miss Popham, is the school-room;" and a very large room it was. Within it were some forty girls, mostly older than myself; my entrance caused a sudden hush, and I felt a good deal of my confidence and conceit deserting me, as forty pair of eyes were turned inquisitively upon me. There is no place so desirable for a clever, conceited and over-confident girl as a large school—she is there taught to see herself more as others see her. The impetuosity and imperiousness of her nature are checked, and she learns the magic influence of consideration for the feelings of others. In a word, I felt for the first time in my life that there were many other young people equally clever, handsome and good as myself. I was soon made aware that Miss Judith was the second English governess, that Miss Boxer was the first, and Mademoiselle Clary the French teacher and inspectress of deportment, while Signor Perroche and Madame Candide attended twice a week, the one to give lessons in singing, the other in music. Dancing was taught by Miss Grainger herself, the stately mistress of the establishment.

I cried very much, and so did dear mamma, at parting, and was only half consoled by a promise to be sent home every Saturday; but when once at school, I became reconciled, and found it not nearly so great a hardship as cousin Tyler had described. I began to almost like Miss Grainger, and really did like Miss Judith, whom I pitied for the many slights and rudenesses she received from her sister and the other pupils. I became a great favorite with Miss Boxer, the clever English teacher, who would even hold me up as a pattern of quickness to the other girls, and frequently took me into her private room to read to me passages from Mr. Goldsmith's poems, or an essay by Mr. Burke, whom she especially admired. There were many daughters of high families, and some titled little ladies, in our school; but I soon discovered that, with the exception of the rich city merchant's daughter, who wore a pearl necklace and ear-rings every day, Miss Dorothy Popham, of Audrey Hall, the richest heiress in the west of England, was considered the most important young lady there, and I am sure that she considered herself so.

After I had been at school three years, an event happened which created a great sensation. Our town, which I shall call Littlecot, rejoiced in the possession of a castle belonging to a noble duke, who passed most of his time upon the Continent. This nobleman had recently returned to England, and now occupied his ancestral halls. His family consisted of the duchess, a son, and a daughter. It was this daughter who occasioned the sensation in our school to which I have referred. One morning, the duchess drove down in her grand four horse coach, and in the course of a long interview with Miss Grainger, expressed her intention of placing her little daughter as a pupil at the Abbey. She moreover intimated that the duke and herself would honor with their presence our annual Christmas ball, which was to take place in a few weeks, at the commencement of the holidays. This promise threw Miss Grainger into a state of mingled perplexity and delight. Our ball had always been a source of much preparation and anxiety; the parents of all the young ladies were invited, and usually a large party as-

sembled; but upon this most important occasion poor Miss Grainger was quite beside herself with perplexity—"For," said she, "if her grace comes, how can I ask Mrs. Bolus or Mrs. Snare, the lawyer's and doctor's wives or Miss Greenwood's mamma, who always comes in the same worn-out gray silk? If I do not invite them, they will be offended, and I cannot afford to lose three pupils." At last the matter was settled by Miss Boxer observing that, as the company was so numerous, her grace would not expect to be introduced to any one, and therefore would not know of whom it was composed. So Miss Grainger was consoled, and directed the arrangements with a light heart and the confidence of success.

My dear, thoughtful mother sent for me the day before the ball took place; she wished me to be with her and my father, and not to be fluttered by the preparations which she knew would be in full sway at the Abbey. So I went home, and even then, full as I was of the coming pleasure, I could not but notice the increased paleness of my mother's face, and the more than usual weakness she displayed in moving from room to room. At an early hour the following morning, I was under the hands of Bridget, my mother's maid; for, in those days of frizzed and powdered hair, a lady's toilette was a very momentous affair; and I have heard my mother say that my grandmother, the Lady Laban Popham, used to have a hair-dresser from London, once a month, to dress her hair, with cushions, powder and pomatum, and that it remained as he left it until he came again. I wore no powder; my hair, of a dark brown color, was drawn off my face, and hung in thick frizzed curls down my neck. After my hair was done, Bridget arrayed me in a white satin petticoat, with train of white satin, brocaded with gold tissue. The dress my father had himself brought from London for me; my shoes were of white satin, trimmed with gold thread, with high, red heels. Our modern young ladies would laugh at a girl of fifteen dressed in this style, but in those days it was greatly admired. I also wore a cumbersome hoop, but that, my grandson Oscar tells me, is no uncommon thing even in these days of improved taste.

When we entered the ball-room, it was already filled with company, and a little murmur greeted us, which I instantly took as a compliment to myself. My mother, leading me by the hand, walked up the long room with a grace and dignity all her own, until she reached the chair of a lady whose face, of exquisite sweetness, greatly attracted me. Returning her cordial salutation, my mother said: "This, your grace, is my little daughter—my little Dorothy." I was quite surprised to find that duchess (whom Miss Grainger represented as so terrible a personage) kissing me on the cheek, saying she would have known me anywhere, from my likeness to Mr. Popham, and declaring she was delighted her Caroline would have me for a companion. Lady Caroline was a little girl, about ten years of age, and looked much younger, so I felt rather patronisingly towards my new acquaintance. Just then I was summoned away to execute a minuet, and afterwards had to take part in a cotillon. Then two young ladies came forward and recited a long, and, I thought, a very dull dialogue, in verse, but the company admired it vastly, and bestowed great praises upon the reciters. After this the ball really began; visitors and pupils danced together, and the enjoyment was at its height, when, as I was standing looking on and wishing for a partner to dance with, I perceived my father coming towards me, bringing with him a young gentleman I had not before noticed, and, in admiring and examining whose dress, which was the handsomest I had ever seen, I almost forgot to return the low bow he made as my father introduced him with, "Dolly, my dear, here is Lord Oscar, my friend the duke's only son; he is a stranger here, and wants you to show him the beauties of Littlecote and Audrey. He is coming over to-morrow, so don't over tire yourself to-night."

Lord Oscar, who was four years my senior, immediately asked me to join the country dance then forming; we did so, and at its close he persuaded me to dance a minuet with him. As we took our places upon the large space cleared for us, I felt not a little nervous at dancing before so large a company, with such an elegant and handsome partner. I made a thousand mis-

takes, and felt relieved when, concluding the dance, he led me to a seat beside the duchess. From that evening until the end of the holidays, there was hardly a day on which Lord Oscar did not ride over to the Hall, and my father, who looked with pride and pleasure upon his evident admiration for me, always welcomed him with warmth. My dear mother, too, liked the young nobleman, for he was generous and manly, and had, withal, a firm resolute spirit of his own. So my holidays passed swiftly and pleasantly by, and I felt less regret at returning to the Abbey than perhaps I might have done had I known that Oscar was also going away. Alas! I did not then know that he was going, with a commission which his father had at length consented to buy him, to join the British army in America, and that many years of sorrow would elapse before the frank clear eyes of Lord Oscar Littlecote would again meet mine.

I returned to school, and for a time all went on as before; except that the little Lady Caroline, a peevish and spoilt child, was continually getting into scrapes, from which it required all my generalship to extricate her. One dim winter's morning, as I lay in bed, debating whether I should rise and dress, and wishing a fire was permitted in my room, Miss Judith entered, looking more earnest and excited than I had ever seen her. "My dear Miss Popham," she cried, "get up and dress—in your habit, my dear; a groom and horse are below waiting for you. Your mamma, my dear, is not quite well, and wishes to see you." As I heard these words, my thoughts flew back three years—to the time when I first heard my mother hint that she might one day be taken from me. Again I conjured up the dark vault and mural tablets. So, hastily dressing, with eyes blinded with tears, I ran down stairs, without saying farewell to any one, and before Stephen, the groom, could dismount was seated on the spirited animal sent for me.

"Stephen," I cried, "is mamma very ill?"

"Why, miss, I believe she had some kind of a fit in the night; the doctor was there soon, and as madam asked for you, the squire sent me off at once."

With a fearful undefined presentiment filling my heart, I lashed on my noble horse to the utmost of his powers. In vain did the groom entreat and expostulate. I remembered the pace I had ridden with my father after the hounds, and I never checked the wild gallop until I sprang upon the stone steps of the portico, and rushed into the hall.

My father met me there. His face was very pale and his voice tremulous; but he said cheerfully:

"You must have ridden fast, my love: I did not expect you so soon."

"Papa," I gasped, "take me to mamma; what has happened to her?"

"My dear Dolly," said he, "mamma is very weak; she has burst a blood-vessel in a violent fit of coughing. If you see her, you must be very quiet and composed."

"So I will, papa; only take me to her," I exclaimed, my tearful eyes and rising sobs contradicting my words.

Taking my hand, my father led me to the well-known room: that room, where, in all my infant sorrow, my feet had ever turned—that dear room, where all my childish joys had found a ready sharer. How changed it was now—so dark, the curtains drawn, the furniture misplaced, a strong peculiar smell from the medicine the doctor had sent impregnating the entire chamber, and on the bed, with a face white and spotless as the pillow upon which it rested, lay my mother. The sheets and her night dress were stained with blood; they had not dared to disturb her to remove the traces of that fearful rupture. Her eyes were closed when we entered, but she opened them, with an inexpressibly sweet smile, and, stretching forth her arms, murmured, "My child;" in a moment I was clasped in them, smoothing and kissing the dear pale face. My grief was too deep for tears now. I cared only to rest my head upon her pillow, and lie still and silent by her side.

Long we thus remained; the only sounds that broke the stillness were the quick spasmodic breathing of my mother and the occasional gentle footstep of my father as he looked in upon us. Suddenly I started up, roused by a convulsive clutch upon my hand. "Papa!" I cried, springing from the bed and ring-



ing the hand-bell violently. In a moment Bridget, Cooksley, and my father rushed in, to find my mother in violent convulsions. Terrible was the struggle. Her exhausted nature was unequal to this second attack, and she lay back upon the pillows. I put my ears to her lips, beseeching her to speak to me. I heard her whisper, "Farewell, my best beloved; beware—" The sentence was never finished. The words in my ear, the memory of her gentle, tender love, was all that was left me of the spirit of my mother. The form was before me—beautiful, still warm, but dead: the immortal spirit that animated it had escaped to that heaven whence it came. I know not why I could not weep. I envied the servants and my father the tears they so profusely shed. My brain seemed on fire; but I walked quietly from the room to my own, and with a fearful calmness sat still as though waiting for I know not what. How long I remained in that stunned, apathetic state, I have no means of judging. The dim twilight of a winter's evening was closing in when Cooksley knocked at my door, begging me to come to tea. When I went out to her, I fancy the loving, faithful creature was a little hurt at my perfect calmness; for she said, "Thank God, Miss Dolly, you bear it so well; the poor master's broken-hearted. Do go to him, miss; perhaps you can comfort him a bit." I went, and my poor dear father did indeed seem broken-hearted. It needed better consolation than any I could offer to comfort him; but I sat with him in his study, and I think my presence reminded him that he was not bereaved of all. Oh! that terrible week—the house darkened; the household moving softly, as if fearing to wake her from the last long sleep; and those dreadful sounds of a hammer that struck, each one, upon my heart, and told me she was shut up from the loving gaze of her child for ever.

All the nobility and gentry of the three adjoining counties sent their carriages to pay the last mournful honors to one so universally beloved. When the sad procession returned, and we were left alone in our desolate home, my father said: "From to-day, Dorothy, you will take this seat," pointing to my mother's chair; "you must now be mistress here. You shall not return to the Abbey: I cannot part from both." Thus, before I was sixteen, I found myself at the head of the largest establishment in the county, and sad, indeed, would it have been for the comfort of all around had not my inexperience found a wise and judicious counsellor in the faithful Cooksley. Some months after our great loss, my cousin, Captain Tyler Popham, came again to Audrey Hall. I did not welcome him with joy, for I had a fixed idea that my mother's dying word, "Beware," referred to him, and it was with a feeling of sad anxiety that I observed how great a confidence and affection he seemed to have inspired my father with. To me he was invariably mild and deferential; nevertheless, I could not endure him, and felt right glad to discover that there was another person who looked upon him with much the same eyes as myself. This was the duchess. Ever since my mother's death, she had been like a second mother to me, so kind, so sympathising. Whenever Cooksley or I were at fault, we were certain the duchess, with her clear, quick perception, would set us right. The duchess often came to the Hall, and it was thus I discovered that although she admitted Captain Popham to be a fine high-bred gentleman, yet she saw a designing craftiness about him, beneath his polished courtliness, from which her frank open nature recoiled. Soon after my cousin went away, my father sent for Mr. Riley, his solicitor, and remained closeted with him for several hours in the study. This Mr. Riley was very intimate with my cousin Tyler. He had been my father's confidential adviser for many years, and often met the captain at the Hall. During Tyler's last visit they had had many conferences together, which we afterwards discovered to be productive of very important results.

Three years passed away without any more important change than the transformation of Dorothy Popham from a noisy hoydenish school-girl into a quiet young lady of housekeeping inclinations, but fond of a gallop, nevertheless, and who rarely missed an opportunity of riding to see the hounds at least "throw off." It was on one of these occasions—a bright spring morning—that I rode by my father's side, all life and spirits,

he talking to me with that passionate tenderness he had invariably exhibited since my mother's death. He was persuading me to ride with him to cover. I, on my side, was pleading an engagement with our excellent clergyman to inspect the village schools. We parted at the Green, and I entered the school-house. A hundred little sunburnt faces turned towards me smilingly, and I felt the happiness of being welcomed by the children of our tenants with affection and respect. Taking the seat Parson Whitworth had appointed me, I questioned the class of head scholars that he had selected for my examination. Their replies did them credit, and showed that there were some clever sharp girls among them; but I think the brightest among them all was the little girl whose life I had saved years gone by.

When the inspection was over and I took my departure, she walked by the side of my horse, chatting merrily. As we came in sight of the doctor's house, we observed about a hundred yards beyond his garden a large crowd collected—in fact, a very large crowd for Little Audrey. As I and my little friend approached, the rough farming men huddled together, as if wishing to hide something from my view. "What is it?" I inquired. The face of the man I addressed blanched with fear, and his lips trembled, but he did not answer. "Tell me," I cried imperiously, "what means this crowd?" "Oh, miss, my lady, do not ask me," returned he piteously. "Back, every one of you!" I cried, the spirit of my father rising within me. "Back!" and riding my horse in among them, there I saw lying on the ground a crushed and shapeless mass. The scarlet coat all soiled with mud, the diamond ring upon the hand that still clutched the gold-mounted whip, were all that told me it was—Oh, God in heaven!—my father.

I fell senseless from my horse upon the ground beside him. Two of the horror-stricken laborers carried me in their arms to the Hall, and when I recovered from that long death-like swoon it was to find myself in my own room, utterly prostrated with fever. I was even delirious; in my ravings I called for the duchess; Cooksley sent to Littlecot, only to find that she had left France. For weeks I lay in that fever between life and death; nothing but the care of our good doctor and the untiring watchfulness of Cooksley could have saved me. When at length my senses returned I was as weak and helpless as an infant; but I was again sensible, and I thanked God for that. I questioned Cooksley closely, and she, not daring to thwart me, related how the wild creature my poor father would ride had taken fright, and, throwing his rider, had dragged him for a great distance through fields and lanes. When at length her career was stopped, it was too late: her rider had expired. They did not bring him to the Hall, Cooksley said, but carried him from the doctor's house across to his last resting-place. The good creature told me with tears of the long line of tenants who followed his coffin, declaring Little Audrey would never see again so good a squire.

I learned from Cooksley that Captain Popham had come down to the funeral, and had remained at the Hall ever since. She spoke in high terms of the captain, and expatiated largely on the black silk dress which he had presented to her. As soon as I could sit up in bed and converse, Mr. Riley came to read to me my father's will. By it I was left sole heiress of all his vast estates; and, in the event of my dying childless, they were to pass to his nephew. Captain Popham and Parson Whitworth were appointed guardians. This latter arrangement surprised me much, and I said, in a low tone, to the solicitor, for the guardians were in the room—"I think, Mr. Riley, my father has made a very remarkable choice." "I thought so too, Miss Popham," he rejoined, "and strongly advised him to the contrary, but he would not be persuaded." This man was a thorough hypocrite; for it was, I have no doubt, by his machinations, that my father was induced to appoint Tyler as guardian, strongly against his own conviction and wish; but I did not know that then, although I thought it was strange to choose Tyler, and as for good old Mr. Whitworth, Cooksley would have been quite as fit a guardian. But so it was, and all I could do was to submit with a good grace. I expressed my intention of retaining all the servants the same as during my

father's lifetime, a resolution Mr. Riley commended, adding that, in my father's will, the desire was expressed that I should have some competent person to reside with me as a companion. Captain Tyler here stepping forward, begged to recommend a widow lady of his acquaintance as suitable for the post. Thanking him, I assured him I had already decided who I would engage. "Pray, who may that be?" he inquired. "It is Cooksley," I said; "I could have no one as a companion more attached to me." Captain Tyler was very angry, and talked loudly of the impropriety of placing an ignorant person like Cooksley in the position of companion to a rich heiress. The words "ignorant person," Cooksley never forgave him; they completely obliterated the impression made by the silk dress. For my part, I was firm, and Mr. Riley said I was at liberty to choose whom I pleased, so Cooksley was installed in her new office.

After that day, I gradually improved, and even talked of going out for a drive. Captain Tyler was unremitting in his attentions, and so kind that I began almost to like him. At length, with the assistance of Bridget and Cooksley, I ventured down stairs; and while I was seated in my mother's room, the captain entered. He complimented me on my good looks; and, taking advantage of my increased cordiality, made me an ardent declaration of love. I was amazed. I never expected this, for he was so much older than I. Gently, though firmly, I replied that I could not return his affection. He seemed surprised and unprepared for my refusal, for he was a very handsome man, and generally a favorite amongst the ladies. However, he did not press the subject, and only increased his kindness and attention. I had begun to hope the matter was forgotten, when suddenly, one day, he again recurred to it, and in warm terms renewed his professions of attachment to me. It was then that my mother's words, "The woman who trusts in him is lost"—came rushing to my memory. I thought too of Oscar, and rising to leave the room, said firmly, "Cousin Tyler, I can neither accept nor return your love." "Why not?" said he, standing between me and the door. "It matters not why," said I haughtily; "you have my answer. Let me pass!" "By Jove, no!" cried he, seizing my arm roughly, and pushing me into a chair. "I did not intend to begin so soon; but you have brought it upon yourself, madam—for, despite your airs, I intend that you shall marry me, or if not," he added, with a fearful look, "if not, you shall repent it." "How dare you!" I cried, springing to my feet, "speak thus to me in my own house? Leave the room, sir!" Stepping up to me, so close that I could feel his very breath upon my cheek, he hissed out, "You are mad, mad, madam; but make your choice—be my wife, or—" Before he could finish, I fainted at his feet.

The fever hardly gone returned with redoubled force. They cut off all my long hair; and even Cooksley became afraid, for I raved, she said, of such awful things. One morning, when I was a little better, instead of Cooksley, there appeared at my bedside a tall, gaunt woman of forbidding aspect. I asked her where my nurse was, and why she herself was there. She replied in a harsh, coarse voice, "She was my nuss now; Cooksley was nearly worn out with nussing." I requested her to send Bridget to me. She refused. I ordered her to leave the room. She made the most hideous faces imaginable at me. I rose to ring my bell, but it was gone. I endeavored to reach the door, she took me in her great brawny arms and threw me violently on the bed. I shrieked aloud. To my ineffable horror she struck me a heavy blow, and desired me with an oath to be still. I lay perfectly passive after that. To me, who had never before had a finger laid upon me in anger, this was overwhelming. I lay perfectly still, longing for my good doctor to arrive. The day wore on, no one came to me, neither did I receive any food; by and bye a servant brought dinner on a tray for the woman with me. Calling the girl, I said: "Fanny, I am dying; send either Bridget or Cooksley to me." As she came towards the bed, my tormentor interposed, saying; "Young woman, what are you thinking of? she'll do you a mischief." "La!" said the girl, starting back, "is she as bad as that?" "No, Fanny," I cried, "come hither;" but she looked frightened, and ran away. After she was gone, I begged for water,

and the woman put a little china cup to my lips. I had drank half its contents before I discovered that it was not pure water but mixed with brandy. "Do you know," I said, "that to me, just now recovering from a fever, brandy is death?" "Perhaps so," replied she, with another hideous grin. But I will not dwell upon that time, nor stay to relate how for days no human face but this virago's did I see; how all my drink was mixed with spirits; how she starved and tormented me in my own house, until I lost all save a faint glimmering of reason. Vain were the efforts made by our old physician to see me. He was repulsed by the captain and Mr. Riley, who declared his neglect and incapacity were the cause of my protracted illness—so rudely repulsed, indeed, that the good man's pride was roused and he came no more.

One night, when I awoke from a troubled feverish sleep, I found myself alone. I staggered from my bed. The feeble light of the lamp showed me that the door was unlocked. If I could only reach my old doctor's house, I should be safe. Throwing on a robe, I ran down stairs, and reached the great entrance-door; it was fastened; the key was there, but it resisted my feeble strength to turn. I thought of a lever; and cautiously opening the pantry-door, felt about for something to suit my purpose. My hand touched a large carving-knife, which I seized joyfully, and placing it in the handle of the key, turned it with a tremendous noise.

At that moment a light shone from the further end of the hall, and there, glaring upon me, was Captain Tyler. With a wild shriek, I tried to pull the door open; but, alas! a bolt I had not noticed, far above my reach, secured it. "Stand off!" I cried, as he advanced towards me, keeping his snake-like eye fixed on mine. "Stand off!" I repeated, holding the glittering knife towards him. He had not observed it before, and the sight of it evidently made him feel uncomfortable; for if I was as mad as he had hoped to have made me, it was rather an awkward weapon in my hands; so, raising his voice, he called out for John and Peter. When the men made their appearance, he said to them: "Ah! your poor lady! she is incurably gone; she has attempted my life; we must disarm her." Whereupon, rushing upon me, they took away the knife, carried me back to bed, and left me with the fury who nursed me.

The next day I had a plentiful breakfast. My coffee, I fancied possessed a strange flavor, but I thought this arose from my not having tasted any for so long. After I had drank that liquid, a strange influence came over me, which I can only compare to violent intoxication. Of what passed I know nothing; but Cooksley tells me she was summoned to my room, having recovered from her illness (which, she said, was a very singular one), to wait again upon me. She heard from Peter and John of my mad attempt, as the men called it, but was not prepared to see the terrible change that had taken place. My features, naturally delicate and regular, were swollen and inflamed by the spirits they had given me. I foamed at the mouth, and clutched wildly at the curtains of my bed.

Towards noon, she added, Captain Popham entered, followed by Mr. Riley, a strange doctor, and Parson Whitworth; Tyler bent over me saying: "My dear cousin," whereupon I screamed, and was so violent that she (Cooksley) and the other nurse were obliged to tie my hands. The doctor, after examining me and questioning the nurse, pronounced his opinion that I was incurably insane; upon this, poor old Mr. Whitworth, Cooksley declares, cried "like a baby." Leaving me, the party retired to the study, where a long consultation was held, and which ended in the family carriage being got ready and I placed therein, accompanied by the doctor, the nurse, Mr. Riley, and the captain. They conveyed me to a madhouse some miles distant, where, in my childhood, I had heard a woman had been flogged to death. The name of this place was Acorn Park, and there, in one of the narrow rooms, I found myself when I awoke the next day, weak and weary, but still in my right mind.

Presently a man came to me. He was a brutal, heavily-made fellow; he held in his hand a stout dog-whip. I shuddered as I saw; raising it, he gave me a fearful lash, desiring me to get up, and not sit there all of a heap. Looking full at him, I inquired "what he would have me to do?" My collected speech surprised him; he stared at me, shrugged his shoulders, whistled,

and went away. He returned bringing with him some food, and accompanying him was another man, of a stern, harsh expression of countenance, but superior in position to himself.

Addressing the new comer, he said, "You see, sir, she is quiet enough." "Yes," replied the other, "but you should have seen her yesterday; she was raving then." "Sir," I said, "my name is Dorothy Popham, of Audrey. I am perfectly sane. I am put here for the sake of my fortune by my wicked cousin." He interrupted me with, "O, very well, I know all about it; that is your tale, I am aware." But although he went away without regarding me, my words made an impression upon his man, who did not again strike me with his heavy whip. After a time, they took me from my solitary cell, and placed me in a well-furnished room, occupied by other ladies, all lunatics, but harmless. Oh, the unspeakable horror of living thus for months, seeing no eye beam with intelligence, hearing no voice beyond the incoherent drivelling of the unfortunate beings around me, or the brutal speeches of my keeper. This man treated me with a familiarity to which my nature revolted, but I was helpless, and that terrible whip was ever in his hand. Never can I be sufficiently grateful that God in His good pleasure spared me my reason through all these horrors.

One day I heard a servant talking to another of the elegant dress worn by the Duchess of Littlecot at church the previous Sunday. The words thrilled through me. She was returned then! That night, when the same servant came to conduct us to our rooms, I offered her ten guineas to take a note from me to the duchess. After a little hesitation, she consented; the bribe was too large to be rejected. She brought me paper and a pen. Oh, how strange it seemed to use one after so many months' deprivation! I wrote: "I conjure you, for my mother's sake, for Oscar's sake, come to me. I am not mad; but oh! the agony of being here! Come, I implore you, to the unfortunate Dorothy Popham."

The girl took the note, and promised to deliver it; and as I was seated the following day listlessly gazing from the barred windows upon the lawn beneath, a clear, ringing voice I well remembered fell upon my ear—"Show me the room she occupies; I insist on seeing her immediately!" I flew to the door, opened it, and there upon the landing, with the master of the house and two keepers confronting her, stood the duchess, her blue eyes flashing fire, her beautiful mouth firmly closed, her whole attitude breathing defiance. She did not know me, until, running with a wild cry of "Saved, saved!" into her arms, my voice told her that the miserable object before her was the once-lovely Dorothy. Circling me with her arms, she bore me quickly down stairs, and followed by three stalwart footmen, seated me in her carriage. Looking from the window, she cried, "Remember, sir, you shall bitterly repent having detained the heiress of Audrey Hall against her will." Then, turning to me, she soothed me with the gentlest caresses and assurances that never should I leave her but at my own desire. She was shocked to see what a wreck I had become, but was confident a month at the castle would brink back the roses to my cheeks.

Oh, the unspeakable happiness of being again free, of being once more with rational beings! Only those who have suffered as I have done can imagine it. A month at the castle restored me to life; and my poor foolish old Cooksley came over to me weeping, and accused herself of having allowed me to be taken from her. When I was sufficiently recovered, the duke assembled all the tenantry, and, after relating the injuries I had suffered, declared, as I was now of age, they had no one else to look up to but myself. When the honest farmers heard how their beloved squire's child had been treated, their indignation was loud and deep. A terrible cry arose for Captain Popham, but he had been too quick for them. He left the country the day after I left Acorn Park, accompanied by Riley, his accomplice in my incarceration. These miserable men lived for some time in America, on the property Captain Popham had carried off with him. When that was exhausted, fearing to return to this country, they passed many years in utter wretchedness, tormented with mutual reproaches and the stings of their own consciences. The doctor and the poor old clergyman, for their

carelessness and lack of penetration, were severely reprimanded by the duke, who instituted proceedings against the keeper of the asylum, but he had also fled; and Acorn Park was to let.

It remains now only to tell how Lord Oscar returned from America, a colonel, with clasps and medals, but without one of his arms. He returned as he had left, possessing the same brave, generous heart, and, pitying my sorrows, loved me with his old affection, despite my shattered beauty. He loved me, and I, grateful for such a protector, felt the warm love of by-gone days return as fresh as ever. We were married; and our life has been a very, very happy one. Children and grandchildren have sprung up around us. The good duke and his noble true-hearted duchess are gathered to their fathers, and we, too, must soon follow, for our ages are great, although the duke, my husband, tells me that, in his eyes, I am yet beautiful; and he, in mine, is still as charming as the gay cavalier with whom I danced my first minuet at Miss Grainger's ball.

#### LAKE FETZARA IN NORTHERN AFRICA.

WILL an exodus and stampede of ornithologists, birdsnesters and sportsmen from the United States to Algeria follow our publication of this tempting view? As patriotic citizens, we should sincerely deplore so serious an emigration; as philanthropists we should be sorry to see the myriad bird-fanciers (whether with scientific or gastronomical proclivities) of these United States transported to the sultry atmosphere and despotic government of French Algeria; but as caterers for the public instruction and entertainment, we cannot forbear presenting our readers with a view of the extraordinary locality.

Lake Fetzara, or to use the Arabic name, Gerah Fetzara, is situated in the province of Constantine, between Philippeville, Bona and Guelma. Its extent is small, the length being estimated at some four miles, and its breadth at two or three; but its peculiarity lies in the innumerable flocks of birds by which it is inhabited. Ducks, teal, egrets, cormorants, and a hundred other varieties have built their nests and hatched their young here for centuries; nor has it been until recently that the echoes of the surrounding mountains were awakened by the sportman's rifle. The French occupation of Algeria, however, somewhat disturbed the inhabitants of Lake Fetzara, and great havoc was made among the feathered innocents, much to the surprise of the native Arabs, who have not the remotest conception of hunting for hunting's sake. To such an extent was the sanguinary sport of the French officers and soldiers carried, that the general government interfered, and sporting on Lake Fetzara was strictly forbidden. Under this ordinance the lake soon became repopulated, and on the visit of an artist-naturalist about a year ago, it presented the spectacle seen in our engraving.

Two or three boats were carried overland to the shore of the lake and launched upon its waters, when the different haunts of the birds were visited, and numerous fine specimens were obtained, by special permission of the Marshal Commanding-in-Chief.

**A BARBAROUS SANITARY LAW.**—When the plague was in Edinburgh in the autumn of 1569, the "Good Regent" (Moray) had ordered that every family in which it appeared should remove their sick to the Boroughmuir under penalty of death, and actually hanged one tender-hearted husband for presuming to conceal the fact that his wife was attacked with the pestilence, and nursing her in his own house, instead of sending her forth to perish miserably amongst the unsheltered victims of this barbarous sanitary law.

**LEMONS** are recommended for dropsy, in a Russian medical journal, and are said to be beneficial in the most hopeless cases. The first day one lemon was given, after taking the peel off, and cutting it up into small pieces, in sugar; the two following days three were given, and afterwards eighteen every day. For nourishment meat was given. In every case the water came off the seventh day.





LAKE FETZARA IN NORTHERN AFRICA.—Page 68.



## LET THE PAST BE ALL FORGOTTEN.

BY HENRY O. WATSON.

Let the Past be all forgotten,  
As a dream fled long ago ;  
Let its memory vanish from us  
As a fleeting tide show.  
For I trace upon its pages,  
As I turn them o'er and o'er,  
Naught but perished joys and pleasures  
Time can never more restore.

In the dreary midnight watches  
Oft thy angel face would come,  
Peering at me through the darkness,  
Whispering to me of my home.  
And I struggled with misfortune—  
And I battled with my fate—  
Till I won the golden guerdon,  
Won it for thee—but too late.

Still I blame thee not, nor murmur,  
Though I stand beside thee now,  
With a bitter, hopeless longing  
Throbbing at my heart and brow.  
Still I blame thee not ; but never  
From the Past the veil remove ;  
Tears of blood have blurred the page  
That bore the record of our love.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHETESS.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

Written expressly for Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine.

BY JANUARY SEARLE

CHAPTER XXII.—PAUL'S OPIUM MADNESS IN BLOODY BELDIN'S CAVE—GEORDIE'S ENCOUNTER WITH MAD PAUL—BILL GIBBONS AND BEN OLAFF TO THE RESCUE—BEN OLAFF ON THE OPIUM DRUNK AND DRINKING—CARRYING PAUL THROUGH THE DAMP, DARK, SEA GALLERY—HIS DEPOSIT IN THE LUBBER'S HAMMOCK—LOWERING OF HIM OVER THE DREADFUL ROCKS—HIS AWAKENING—TUMBLING INTO THE SEA BELOW.

FINDING that Paul gave no signs of speedy recovery I lit my pipe, and sat and watched beside him, feeling his pulse every now and then to assure myself that he was not off into the land of dreams. It was no pleasant situation to be left in, however, and I felt the full misery of it. I do not think I am a coward, either physically or morally, but I hate death and the semblance of death—and I hate both more than I fear them. It is a kind of loathing with me, which sometimes makes me savage, as if I had been the sufferer of some great wrong ; and I dislike to go near a corpse or any person in an abnormal state—in a fit for example, although I have more than a dozen times in my life conquered my feelings when I have met people by the roadside in a state of epilepsy, and brought them safely out of their miserable condition.

So it was with me at present, and with respect to Paul. I could not leave him, and yet I hated to stay with him. It was a struggle between conscience and mere feeling, and conscience got the victory, as it always ought to do. Poor devil ! how could I leave him here, under the sea, with no one to take care of him. True, he had threatened to take my life, and I honestly believe he would, in his fanatical, hallucinatory feeling, have done so, if he had had the chance ; but that was no apology for me in any neglect I might show him, because he was not master of his own mind and will. So I resolved to stay by him to the last.

How many hours he slept I know not ; but he must have worn the day well nigh out—and I was getting dreadfully weary—when on a sudden, he roused himself and sat bolt upright, asking in amazement, as he gazed around the cave, where he was, and why he was brought to this horrible and dreary place. I explained as I best could ; but he swore he had never

seen me before, and that I must have brought him there to murder him. In vain I attempted to convince him to the contrary—he grew more and more arbitrary, savage and vindictive. At last he rose from the floor, and catching a rusty sword which hung on the opposite wall, made a thrust at me with all the force and power of his body ; but I was luckily prepared for him, and had hung a rapier to my side directly after he fell into the fit, which I now drew, and parried his lunge, much to his astonishment. In another instant I had knocked his weapon out of his hand, and seizing his right wrist I felled him like an ox, holding the point of my instrument close to his heart, and threatening him with instant death, if he moved a limb. This had the effect I desired, and he crouched on the rocks like a beaten spaniel.

Whilst I was wondering what the end of all this would be, I heard a shout in the cavern below which made my heart beat quicker time than it had done for many years before. I was not slow to answer it, as you may suppose, and before I had an opportunity to go out and meet the incomers, who should appear before me but Bill Gibbons and Ben Olaff—wet, cold and shivering—calling aloud for Guernsey jackets, and the proper rigging of a man.

I was too glad to see them to speak much ; but I handed them a can of good Hollands as quickly as I could draw it, and they soon helped themselves to sufficient clothing from the chests.

"What's the matter, sir?" said Bill Gibbons, as he saw Paul's position on the floor. "Is Paul four sheets to the wind?"

"No, Bill," I said, "but there's an opium devil in him, which nothing but a good licking can allay."

"How say you?" asked Ben Olaff, "an opium devil! What kind of a devil is that?"

"Have you never heard of an opium devil, Mr. Olaff?" quoth I. "Then you're a lucky man ; and I hope you may never know more about the animal than you see here at present."

"But what's it all mean, sir?" he rejoined. "I doesn't understand yer?"

"Mean," said I, "why that our foreign friend here is mad drunk with opium."

"Drunk with opium!" exclaimed Ben, in unfeigned astonishment, "what kind of a drunk is that?"

"Well, Mr. Olaff, you see the kind of drunk that it is before you."

But may the devil take me, if I understand it," quoth innocent Ben. "I knows all about drunk with beer, and the spirituous articles—but drunk with opium! that bangs my experience, considerable!"

I tried to explain ; but in no way could I make honest Ben understand what being drunk with opium was. He had never heard of such a thing. So failing to comprehend the matter, he and Bill betook themselves to the Hollands, once more, in grim earnest.

"How long now," said Ben, after a deep drain of the potent fluid, "may this chap hev laid here?"

"Not five minutes—this time—before you came so opportunely to my assistance, Mr. Olaff ; but I have no doubt whole hours before ; the opium, you see, made him mad, and he took me for a man who had brought him into this cave to murder him. So I could do nothing less than squelch him, to save myself ; for look you ! he set upon me with that rusty sword which I had the good fortune to knock out of his hand."

"Well, that's a rum un!" cried Gibbons, evidently tickled with the story. "Who'd a thote that sich a thing as that would hev happened down here, and that Paul should hev been drunk wi' opium to do it."

"I never thought it, you may depend upon it, Master Gibbons, or you wouldn't have caught me here," quoth I. "But, what's to be done with the man? and how are we to get him into the boat? Can either of you cunning chaps tell me?"

"That'll be easy enough by and by," said Ben, "as soon as the dark mother hangs out her blanket ; but not afore ; case, you see, there's all soorts o' eyes about these rocks an' waters, an' it wouldn't dew to lighten 'um wi' our secrets."

"Mayhap he'll get sober agin soon," suggested Gibbons, taking a fresh draught of Hollands; "an' if he shouldn't, it's none so bad bein' here, as I knows on, wi' plenty to eat and drink, a good fire to warm at, and good mates to talk to."

"But I'm tired of being here, friend Gibbons," said I, "and as for waiting till Paul gets sober, that's out of the question. He will be stationary drunk I tell you these ten hours yet."

"Ten hours!" cried Ben in astonishment, opening wide his eyes, and turning the mighty quid of tobacco which he had in his jaws; "ten hours, sir, do you say? why that's three times as long as ever I was drunk i' my life. I meks it a pint o' conscience to graduate the scale, you see sir, I does. If I gets drunk on beer I says to mysen, says I, teck two hours, Ben, to sleep thysen sober; an' if I gets drunk wi' liquor I allows a half hour extra. Couldn't afford no more time nor that for a single drunk. It wouldn't pay, sir. T' fishin' 'ud go to ruin, else; and then I wants to know what 'ud become o' the wife and bairns? Ten hours!" he added with an expression of indignation and contempt in his face and mouth—"why, sir, what a unconscienced drunk that be! There's no reason in't; an' if I was Paul, there, I'd cut down the time considerable. I wouldn't stan' it. I'd make my bargains wi' the drug. Now says I: if I teks so much o' you, you teks so many hours sleep o' me. Not a minit more! or you an' me quits company. Isn't I reight, sir?"

"It would be all right enough, Mr. Olaff, if the thing were possible; But it isn't. Opium drunk will have its own run of time, and won't hear of bargaining. I like your graduated scale of hours to get sober in, in the matter of the beer and spirituals, though, exc'e'lingly. It is both economical and philosophical, and does you, Mr. Olaff, a great deal of credit; although I think it would be better not to get drunk at all."

"Then a man musn't drink at all," said Ben; "for I tell you, who knows, sir, that t' best man as ever walked, wot drinks at all, is liable to git beyond the mark at times, though he mayn't mean it, the chap! Not he. There's extra good company, or extra good drinkin' stuff, or a man's in'ards is out o' order, or summuts or other, which is sure to catch him one of them fine days or nights. Now, I likes drink, 'case it meks a chap jolly, an' keeps his he rt up, and meks him friendly wi' his neibors, an' a well-wisher to all o' mankind in general. So you see, sir, I'se wi'llin' to teck penalty sumtimes, and get drunk. That's my doctrine."

"Well, Ben, it's honest speech any way; and honest speech is a jewel, as the world goes in our time. I won't quarrel with you about your drinking, Mr. Olaff, nor reason with you about it; for every man must go his own ways and pay his penalty, or take his reward."

"Good health, sir," cried Ben, as Bill Gibbons handed him the tin can, slapping him on the shoulder with a hearty slap, and a great grin of satisfaction on his face—saying to him at the same time:

"Odd's blood, Ben! thou'se a good 'un—thou is! thou can talk better nor ony Methodyko i' thy chapel."

And Ben coolly swallowed his gin, and returned the cup to his mate with an air of much complacency, as who should say:

"What thou say'st, Bill, is quite true, and I knows it."

"And now, good fellows," quoth I, "pray tell me what is to be done with Paul? for I want to see daylight once more. Can you get him out of the cavern without digging him after you under the water, and drowning him during the process?"

"How do ye think we got them ere kegs o' Hollands, and other things which you hev'n't seen, into t' cave if we can't?" asked Mr. Olaff, with a knowing leer on his face. "Tew be sure we can, sir; but I ain't goin' for t' say it 'll be a easy job, 'case, you see, Paul 'll hev to be lowered a hite of sum twenty yards into t' boat."

"I don't see how that's to be done," I rejoined, "without danger to the poor fellow's life; and I'd rather remain with him here, myself, until that opium devil leaves him, than put him to such risk."

"There's no risk in it, I assures you, sir," said Ben. "I've gone down them rocks from t' big hoile many's the time, and sail agin, I hope. We keeps every thing proper to lower both

man and goods i' this ere cave; and once git Paul into the lubber's hammock, as we calls the fine goods cradle, an' no fear o' him."

"But the boats, Mr. Olaff! How shall we get the boats up to the 'big hoile,' as you call it? I suppose t' hoile isn't above the deep sea entrance, is it?"

"Not so, sir," said Ben; "it lies on t' other side the Ole Cow's carcuse, and Bill here 'ul soon hev um round, if so be we is to get Paul out that way."

"Get him out in any safe way, Mr. Olaff, and I am ready to help you."

"I' that case, Bill," said he, "thou'd better be off an' pull the boats round the south pint, while me and the Leels gentle-man puts Paul into t' hammock. It must be gettin' dark outside."

"Aye, aye, captain!" said Bill; "I'll be off in a twinklin'; but hev a care o' Paul, Captain Olaff, for mark my wor'ls, you'll hev no easy job wi' him if he should waken out o' his drunk."

Saying which Bill took another "long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether" at the Hollands, and presently leaving the cave's properties behind him, he darted off, his grim nakedness illuminated by the red fire light until he vanished into the darkness like one of Dante's hell ins.

"Now then, sir," said Mr. Olaff, "smoke your pipe awhile, till I goes to the gear trap to fetch the lubber's hammock, and the ropes."

With that he left me alone once more with Paul, who, from the moment that he felt himself at the mercy of his antagonist in the sword encounter, had, as I said, crouched upon the rocks, and gone off again into another immensity of dream and horror. I pitied the poor fellow from my heart. It was a sorrowful sight to see so fine a man as he was naturally, the slave of an infernal drug, from whose thralldom there was no possibility of release. I hadn't much time, however, for reflection or sympathy, as Ben speedily reappeared with his coils and trappings, and we as speedily lugged Paul in the aforesaid lubber's hammock, which was a kind of sack, open only at one end, and attached to ropes sufficiently long to reach the sea from the upper mouth of the cavern—twenty yards from the sea level, as Mr. Olaff said. The smugglers used this apparatus to lower their choicest stuffs into the boats, for retransportation and inland sale, after the dry goods bales had been duly examined for this purpose in the cave; and it was called the lubber's hammock because some of the less hardy and experienced sailors occasionally used it in rough weather, as being safer and more secure than the single noose of the precarious rope, commonly employed to raise and lower the men over the terrible and precipitous rocks.

Paul was in a dead sleep when we packed him up, and now his head only was visible.

"Lay hold on him, sir," said Ben, when he had completed our arrangements, "and be careful how you steps, for we've got some dark and slippery places to go through, afore we reaches t' hoile."

"I'll be as careful as I can, Mr. Olaff, and shall have to trust to you to call out when there's any danger nigh."

"Come on then," said Ben; and we lifted Paul in his hammock and bore him away through a long, dark and jagged gallery, which seemed to me as if it had no end; for I have noticed that distance multiplies itself tenfold to a man who is travelling in the dark, and that he loses all idea of the flight of time.

I have read somewhere of a person who, for the sake of experiment, shut himself up in a solitary and perfectly dark cell, where he was kept two hours, and when he was released he imagined he had been there for days. And as we stumbled along this dark, damp and dripping gallery, and before we had got half way through it—the total length being a hundred and eighty-five yards—I thought we must have travelled a mile at least. More than once we had to lay Paul down on the rocks to rest ourselves, and dreary work it was, I assure you. I could feel the darkness, it was so thick and palpable. I trusted to Ben, however, and kept a good heart over it. Once I asked him:



"How near now to the end, Mr. Olaff?"

"A big piece yet, sir!" was the reply.

Each word sounded muffled and hollow to my ears, and more distant, also, by far than it really was, as if the vaulted rocks were jealous of the true ring of the human voice, and exulting in their cryptic power, changed the natural utterance of it into an unnatural, ghastly and ghoul-like expression. Ben spoke to me as if he were half smothered at the farther end of some obscene sepulchre, and I did not care to continue the conversation. To add to the annoyance, and I had almost said, horror of the passage, I was flouted continually by bats, whose wings struck me several times in the face, and on my arms and shoulders. At last, to my great joy, a dim light—not the "dim, religious light" of Keates—but a dim light, nevertheless, from Heaven, broke faintly upon the darkness of our way; and as we advanced I saw, looking through the vista of rocks, a blue sky in the distance, dotted with stars; and silently, and with deep, intense gratitude, I thanked God in my heart.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

"Yon's the light o' t' hoile, sir," cried Ben, as the first glimmering of it burst upon us. "We've no sich lang way to go now; and t' spake truth I'm glad on 't. I see no objections to roll a barrel o' whiskey or good Hollands along that snaky passage we've jist cumed thruf when there's plenty o' chaps about, an' lots o' torches; but it's a different matter, mark you, Mister Leeds Gentleman, to lug a opium drunk man thruf it, i' the dark, wi' them d—d bats a flyin' i' your face every minit by the way! Howsumdave, here we be! an' so let us land our cargo an' rest our weary banes."

"I'm glad enough to do so, I assure you, Mr. Olaff," said I; "and I don't want to go this way with the same or a similar cargo aboard again."

"Nor I nuther, sir!" exclaimed he, with animation, "so help me Jemmy! But let's see if Bill's below."

With that he went to the mouth of the cavern—a narrow opening, not more than twelve yards wide by eight high—which from below, and from the neighboring rocks, looked insignificant enough, and not likely, therefore, to attract attention as the entrance to a place of nefarious traffic.

I followed Ben cautiously, feeling the sides of the rocks as I went along, until I came to the extreme verge of the precipice, which went plump down, with the exception of a slightly projected rock, to the sea—a distance of sixty feet. I looked below, and short as the distance was, became sick and giddy, although I had caught a glimpse of Bill Gibbons and the boats, by the light of the rising moon and the stars. I shrunk back as soon as I could, and calling to Ben, asked him if he had brought any Hollands away with him.

"To be soore I hev," said Ben, pulling a quart bottle out of a pilot coat which he had taken from the cave; "an' much it be at your service, sir! Here, lad! tuck t' bottle an' drink, for thou maun be varry weary an' tired."

"So I truly am, Mr. Olaff," said I; "and I shall be heartily glad of a deep and potent draught. Thank you, good friend, and good luck to you!" quoth I, putting my mouth to the bottle, and drinking a whole Mediterranean sea out of its ample bowels. "I needed this much, Mr. Olaff," said I, returning the bottle; "and now I see that good drink was made to be used, and not abused."

"Jist it," rejoined Ben, opening his mouth and shoulders, and taking a drink deep enough—in Oriental phraseology—to float a seventy-four gun ship, "jist it, sir! Niver abuse the good things o' the good God! but use 'um like blazes, to good purpose as you and me does, sir, jist now, Amen! cho-re-ous! as the Methodyke brethern say, of which lot I see one, an' not a varry bad chap, nuther, Mister Leeds Gentleman!"

I confess I thought he wasn't a bad chap, although I could see by the last speech he made that the Hollands was, at last, laying hold of him. There was not much the matter with him, however; he was merely "screwed," and very far from being what the Yankees call "tight." So I said to him

"Mr. Olaff, hadn't you better hail Bill Gibbons, and let us

lower Paul over these infernal rocks at once? For to speak truth, I shall be glad when he's safe in the boat below."

"Suer, sir, I'll hail him. I wants to be i' Flambruf mysen; an' I sudn't hev been here now, if he hadn't been away so lang that Bill an' I, when we cumed fra Bridlington, and fund ye hadn't cum back, made up our minds to teck t' boat and look for yer. Yer see, sir, we thote that, mayhap, some hackcident had fallen yer—an' that fetched uz t' cave."

"Very good of you, Mr. Olaff, and I thank you heartily for your kindness. Now be so obliging as to hail Bill, and let us put Paul over the rock."

With that Mr. Olaff once more approached the verge of the cave and spoke with a loud voice:

"Bill there! below! what cheer, shipmate? Is all ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" was the prompt answer.

"Then keep a good lookout, Bill! we're goin' to drop the live cargo."

"All right," replied Bill.

"And now we'll fix the ropes, mister," said Ben. And in a few minutes he made all fast to a windlass which had escaped my notice, and presently Paul was launched over the side; Ben taking his place at the handle of the machine, whilst I leaned against one side of the cavern's mouth, watching with nervous concern and agitation the slow descent of the hammock and its contents. All went on well for about twenty feet, when on a sudden, a loud, wild shriek broke through the silence of the night, and was echoed from crag to crag in loud reverberations, as if all the headland were alive:

And Jura answered from her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps which called to her aloud.

Not literally, but figuratively—and also on a small scale; for Paul's lung-roar could not be compared, with anything like poetical justice, to the tremendous voice of the thunder speaking in those dread Alpine accents. Paul's lung-roar, however, was enough to scare me and my mates; for Ben called out in evident terror:

"What now, sir? what the devil's the matter? And where does that frightful cry cum fra?"

"It comes from the hammock, Mister Olaff," quoth I; "Paul's waking out of his drunk, and I fear there'll be mortal mischief done before five more minutes are over."

"Nowt o' t' soort, sir!" said Ben, as he doubled the speed of the windlass; "if Paul's soberin' the sooner we gets him down the better; but there's nowt to fear—mark me if there be."

There was a good deal to fear, however; for Paul had woke to one of his lucid intervals, as good novelists have it, and I felt sure there would be a serio-comic, if not tragic demonstration before long.

Holding with both hands to the side of the cave, I bent my head over the rocks to watch the result of Paul's awakening. I saw in the dim light a struggle amongst the canvas drapery; a terrible struggle as of a man in his final agony—and then burst forth another cry, but less shrill and piercing than the last—a sort of muffled cry, although appalling enough to the ear of the listener; and finally—my eyes still fixed below, as if by all-powerful magnetic influence—I saw the hammock double, and in another instant Paul tumbled head foremost down, down into the sea below!

"My God!" I exclaimed, "it's all over with poor Paul, Mister Olaff! He has jumped into the sea, and there's an end of him."

"You don't say so! Now cum, sir, don't say that!" said Ben, letting go the handle of the windlass, and coming forward to the mouth of the cave; "God's life, man, it's true enough," he added, locking over the side. "Poor Paul! thou wast a good lad, though thou didst git into that unconscionable opium drunk—an' thy poor ode muther 'ut dee when she hears o' thy drownin's. Poor Paul!" said Ben, rubbing the sleeve of his pilot coat over his eyes; "poor ode chap! thy end's a wet'un! But ba't's the best o' maest men—bad's the best, Paul!"

"Can you see Bill, Mister Olaff?" said I. "Call to him, and ask him if he heard Paul tumble into the sea."

"Oh, aye, sir! Bill there! There away, Bill!"

But no answer came to the call; and looking down we could not see Bill anywhere.

"He's arter him," said Mister Olaff. "I'll pound it, he's arter him; an' Paul won't be lost yet awhile; for mark me, Bill's a rare swimmer, an' full o' pluck as a game cock."

"I hope he'll save him, Mister Olaff," quoth I; "but in very truth I don't believe he will. It's all up, as I said, with poor Paul."

"Here cums Bill's boat, sir!" cried Ben; "I sees him there away, below. Hollo, Bill! Bill Gibbons, what's got Paul! Hast t'er picked him up? or has t' lad sunken t' bottom?"

"Sunk, captain!" cried Bill; "sunk, an' there's an end. Hadn't you chaps better cum down?"

"Can you ride i' t' lubber's hammock, sir?" quoth Ben. "I'll let you down easy enough, if you'll on'y be quiet; an' as for me, I can tie t' rope taut t' windlass and go below hand over feet wi'out help fra onybody."

"Yes, Mister Olaff," I replied, "I can do that same; so draw up the empty canvas, and I'll embark at once."

Ben did as I requested, and in a few minutes I stood in the boat with Bill Gibbons—and neither of us spoke a word. In a few minutes more Ben Olaff joined us; for running down the single rope was nothing to him; and then we pulled to the "North Sea," taking the boat which poor Paul and myself had come out in that morning in tow. And thus we reached the shore.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—A DISQUISITION UPON THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF OPIUM; AND A CRITICAL NOTICE OF THE "ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER."

THE history of the operations of opium upon the mind of man is a profoundly interesting study; and, indeed, the entire subject of artificial stimuli, their action and bearing upon all human conditions, is of immense importance, both theoretical and practical, to the philosophy and conduct of life. Whence arose this strange and startling, this old and universal custom, which comes to us through so long a line of ancestry, in such vast and continuous processions from all the regions of the earth? Peoples sundered by wide seas, and prodigious distances; by constitutional differences and bold contrasts of climate and national manners, have always—from the first memorials of history to the present hour—been alike its sanctioners and slaves, in one form or other of its manifestations. And the origin of the custom lies in the mighty cravings of humanity—its hungry instincts after happiness. Not contented with his actual condition; with the high and exalted pleasures which spring from the healthy exercise of his mental and bodily functions; no nor with the inspirations and overshadowings wherewith Nature, by her queenly acts of grace, surprises the soul into beholdings of its future beatitude and glory; man strives to get beyond all this; beyond himself and his environments, and to realize by magical and demon agency, whatsoever exists for him in the regions of possible experience. This is the hidden mystery of the charm and allurements of all stimuli; and of opium in particular, as the sole known medium which—without the usual accompaniments of vulgar intoxication—releases man most completely from the evils of mortality, and so vivifies the intellect and the imagination as to give him the power, the comprehension and the being which would seem to appertain only to some divine and colossal intelligence.

For this awful drug does literally push back the dark curtains which drop round the terrestrial boundaries, the finite concaves of the soul—and swell their extremest frontiers beyond all conceivable limits and embracements, into the wilds and deserts of infinitude. Space and time have no longer any relation to thought, but are swallowed up and absorbed in an eternity of being—in a consciousness which is all in all! Not a merely passive consciousness, however—but full of activities, vital forces and combinative powers—and stranger than all, of an oppressive feeling of duration, akin to the mystery, but not to the historical conception of time. The opium-eater lives in eternity! Time is but a gasp in his mighty breathings; and all its pageantries unroll themselves in geological and historic

periods and epochs before him, like pictures which suddenly come and vanish.

And in this sudden visitation and disappearance he has lived millions of ages, and feels all the immensity of their revelations and burden. Not as satiety, however; but as sublime, sorrowful experience; and out of this experience in the chambers of his eternal and inhuman solitude he weaves, in starry looms, amidst the muffled and funereal music of ponderous revolving worlds—new, strange, and more wondrous cartoons of unearthly design and coloring in the gloomy fabric of his visions for ever!

This fatal toil, however, this agony of dream creation and its results, are not the invariable conditions and sequences of opium eating, but rather the isolated and extraordinary necessity and manifestation of opium power operating upon a mind—as in the case of De Quincey and Coleridge for example—of great original capability—as well as susceptibility of impression from the grand and beautiful forms of nature. Culture, and long habits of contemplation and of communion with the master intellects of the world, are likewise requisite as a basement for structures, terraces, battlements, canopies and scenery of the highest opium trances.

And lacking this, the whole horizon of the enchanted world is changed in its entire portents and scenic presentments; and may assume the most brutal features of sensuality and sin, and become the veriest slaughter-house and shambles of the moral nature—populous only with ghastly, libidinous and unspeakable horrors. For the singularity of the experience, and its psychological interest, indeed, is precisely this: that it seizes and enlarges the original ideas, associations and products of the mind in its natural state—and apparently superadding nothing as material, either of purity or impurity; but simply, as I said, magnifying all into shadowy vastness—arranging them for ever in new combinations, and placing them in new connections with themselves; the character of the whole taking its coloring, its moral and intellectual tone, from the actual nature and furniture of the mind of the experimenter.

If, therefore, men will evoke the enchantments of opium let them take heed—unless they are prepared to encounter horrors, compared with which all that we have heard of infernal torments is ridiculously and childishly fabulous—that they are not tainted by any dark pollutions, lusts, cruelties or crimes; for in the phenomenal of opium, as upon the black and lurid concaves of some dismal, unimaginable hell—all these will flame back upon their souls and affright them with dire terrors which no man can conceive or number.

To the purest and most highly gifted minds, opium with all its illusions and splendors—even if, in their experience of its power, they know it only by these showings—is a fearful enchanter and dread taskmaster and exactor; commanding its subjects by the subtlest tyranny to an absolute obedience, and giving them no rest from the toils and galleries of its gorgeous slavery. But to the canine man, with his canine instincts and brute faculties—which can build nothing higher in conception than an obscene temple for the monstrous worship of a brute sensuality—opium has more frightful because more degrading retributions; although the retributive scale, in all its gradations from plus to minus, descending to the lowest, and ascending to the highest, is perfectly adjusted according to opium law; and the malicious tempter is as swift and dreadful as Nemesis in its executive administrations, as soon as its victim is completely and irremediably in its power.

For it is only then that the basilisk eyes and the crocodile heart of the Monstrous Drug unfold their malice and cruelty.

Its broader territory is, to the highest minds at least, full of beauty and all sensuous enchantments; and these steal into the soul, like noiseless, musical shadows, bringing with them the sweetest, softest and most blessed repose. But a few steps further, and the adytum is gained! The enchantments deepen: pillars of fiery adamant suddenly rise up behind, and around the unhappy trespasser, and cut off his retreat for ever. There is no return. And here it is that the malice of the Drug displays itself in all its potency—acting, as I said, upon the original faculties and experience of its victim, and multiplying these into infinite varieties of beauty or of terror—or of both combined.

Once in a conversation I had with Thomas Carlyle upon the use and effects of opium, he said to me: "I was at one time sick, and nigh unto death; and my medical man advised me to take opium as a palliative. But I had just read Thomas De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, and I said to him, 'Nae, mon! nae opium! If I maun dee, I'll jist dee wi' all the faculties that God has given to me about me; but I'll tak nae opium.'"

And I also would say to all men, in those memorable words, "Dee, but tak nae opium!"

One is sadly tempted in a stray chapter like this to speak a few words upon the greatest of all opium-eaters—by name Thomas De Quincey—already alluded to, in the speech of his great Age-fellow, Thomas Carlyle! And if the reader can pardon a digression of this sort, he shall have a few honest words upon this man, whose writings combine all the masculine power and scholarship of Milton, with the wonderful poesy and imagination of Jeremy Taylor. For it is certain that, since the days of the English Commonwealth, no one has approached De Quincey in those great attributes of speech which constitute the scholar and the man of genius.

He gradually works his way, by the most merciless logical processes, to the very outermost end of things, laying bare the arcane mechanism, and exposing the mysteries of their being and growth. His faculty of analysis, indeed, is one of the most prominent and remarkable characteristics of his intellect. He excels in all the diversities of mental dissections, and is in this respect superior to most, not only in skill, but in kind and degree of power. He is like a creator unravelling his own handiwork, so perfect and absolute is his resolution of the problems which he undertakes to solve. And superadded to this marvellous gift is the endowment of imagination, whereby he clothes the naked skeletons of thought and the barest natural objects with the garlands and singing robes of poetry. He has developed the resources of our noble English tongue by the power of his genius and the fine discrimination of his scholarship, to an extent of which it seemed incapable, from the very nature of the language and the golden uses to which the great masters of our literature had previously married it.

With one or perhaps two exceptions, no contemporary has worked the etymological mine to the same depths as he has, or read with such instinctive appreciation the esoteric meaning and value of words in their relation to the architecture of language. We nowhere discover, even in his most fugitive and extempore performances, any looseness of expression or disregard to the unity and epical result of his sentences. He is faultless in his constructions, and his writings are models of classic purity.

This perfection of style, however, and the gorgeous imagery of illustration in which it moves, are at times wearisome and almost painful to the reader. One would fain break through the ranks of this stately monotony of pomp and beauty, and turn it into disorder and confusion, in very revenge upon the author for the pitiless and sustained power of his march, and the immaculateness of his conceptions. This is especially the feeling with which we, at least, read the "*Susperia de Profundis*," and some passages of the "*Opium Confessions*." But the charm of the writer gradually prevails over all personal feelings, and he carries us away on the stormy wings of his imagination, until self-consciousness is lost, and absorbed in wonder and amazement at the sublimities of his daring revelation.

Nor do we, by these remarks, intend to charge De Quincey with anything like a general sameness in his writings, although, as we said, they are always provokingly perfect; and in the finest sweeps and compass of their power, oppressive sometimes from excess of grandeur, and overwhelmingly sorrowful. These traits, however, are physiognomic, and belong for the most part to that dark and tragical subject which is the burden of his soul. Otherwise he is one of the wisest and most companionable of men.

For strange as it may appear to those who know him only by his "*Opium Confessions*"—and the majority of readers are shut down in their knowledge of him within these limits—he is

essentially a humorist, and cannot restrain himself. Humor is in him and must out. It pervades all his essays, intruding occasionally even into the sacred precincts of sorrow and tragic catastrophe, where clearly it can have no functional rights, and must therefore be a fatal and unpardonable mistake of judgment; but otherwise manifesting itself in legitimate and endless varieties of forms—now gay and lively, now caustic and severe—or it bursts out in multitudinous ringing laughter. Thus he often tosses his darkest and profoundest sentences into billows of sunshine, rejoicing in this huge play like Leviathan in his abyssal deeps. It is his element, and one of the main armories of his power. Sad and solemn as are the foundations of his nature, and terrible as is the *Iliad* of woes which he has built, out of the experience and through the agency of opium, upon them—he has a keen sympathy with whatsoever is genial and beautiful in human life, and loves to portray it. A man of wide and deep relations, he expands on all sides to the infinite and recognises those fine threads of destiny which unite all persons, and keep interests together in the woof of time, and marshal them for new and ever newer developments in the eternal cycles of progression. It is this knowledge which deepens his interest in the concerns of life as they are exhibited upon the platforms of history, and it is that relationship which quickens his intellectual perceptions, and enables him to detect at a glance the multiform masters of the sphere. He is a large and hospitable man, at whose hearthstone the most opposite and incongruous persons find room and welcome. Ricardo comes with his *Novum Organum of Political Economy*; Coleridge with his theosophies, metaphysics and poetry; Kant, Richter, Lessing and Hegel unfold their burdens of philosophy before him; the Cæsars, their conquests; Cicero, his orations and body of moral law; Wordsworth, his Brahminical self-idolatry, worship of his own genius and abnegation of all contemporaries; and these, with innumerable companies of greater and lesser men, make up the guest-roll of this lordly symposium.

Nothing can more clearly demonstrate the wide range of De Quincey's mind, the masculine character of its materials, and the Phapian texture of his genius than his intellectual recognition of this diverse assembly. Between Ricardo and Wordsworth—the one representing the laws of practical life in their relation to the value of labor and commodity; the other man's spiritual nature in its relation to the universe—rolls a wide gulf, over whose spaces legions of men might float their argosies. Yet in this large, gastronomic mind of De Quincey they are both absorbed, with ample room left for more. He saw at once the inherent greatness of these opposite and dimly-related men without consulting the oracles of criticism, or waiting for the judgment of time; and trusting to the sagacities of his intellect, he had the courage and manliness to proclaim their genius to the world. It rarely happens that nature is so bountiful in her endowment of a single person. She is, for the most part, chary of her dispensations, stinting herself to one benevolence at a time, and reserving, as in the case before us, her profuser generosity for some favored example. De Quincey is fortunate, therefore, that upon him has descended the choicest of her gifts.

He is the supreme magistrate of modern speech; he stands alone and resembles no one. Tried by the rules which guide ordinary men in the art of composition, he is doubtless wanting and must put in the plea of guilty, recommending himself to such mercy as ordinary men can show; or, as he would probably prefer, he must move the venue of trial to a higher court, and then and there plead the right of exception by virtue of his individuality and genius. For the formula, as well as the causes and style of his composition, are his own and bear his mark. In the conduct of his argument he does not proceed in a direct mathematical line to his object, and conclude his demonstrations with the orthodox Q.E.D.—the *Selah* of all problems in Geometry; but he frequently commences with a dissertation upon something altogether foreign to it, diverging even in this preliminary article to something else quite as alien to it as it is to the subject of which he professes to speak; and yet, by a singular feat of magic, he contrives so to merge this apparently extraneous matter into the statement of the proposition, and even into



the body of the discourse, where it diverges again into similar alien channels, that we cease to regard it as an intrusion or an impertinence, and end by thoroughly accrediting and enjoying it.

For if these fine digressions, which are but the superabundant luxuriance of his ripe and tropical mind, do sometimes interrupt the logical sequences, they never disturb the general harmony of his discourse or weaken the force of his conclusions. Like a mighty river rolling seaward in magnificent sweeps and circuits of movement through a landscape ever changing in features, from the repose and beauty of pastoral scenes to rocky terrors, and regions of sublime altitudinous mountains, upon whose restless fronts lightnings flame, and thunders gather at the audible summons of the storm—so he, clad in glory and terror, rolls along in his tortuous, labyrinthine course, onward to the final goal of his proceeding. He is full of thoughts, and there is no end to his learned illustrations, which, indeed, follow all his footsteps like servitors and torch-bearers from the ruins of every dead civilization. The mind, through an excess and surcharge of power, often hinders itself, producing a kind of atrophy and paralysis in its motions; but this is never the case with De Quincey. He is always master of his own empire, and rules it with an absolute sceptre. He enslaves by his will all the imagery of nature, and forces it into the service of his imagination and the ministry of his designs. Art and science, literature and learning are his conscripts, and lay their spoils and triumphs at his feet. His ideas suggest each other sometimes with so startling a rapidity that the effect is almost supernatural; as if a sudden light had broken into some forgotten sepulchre of his brain, and raised them to a simultaneous resurrection.

Such a man, and much more, is Thomas De Quincey; and such are the effects which opium has produced upon him. He yet lives at a ripe old age, near Edinburgh; not living, however, because of opium, but in spite of it.

(To be continued.)

## LIONS.

If the reader has ever had the pleasure of playing with a puppy lion he will comprehend the fascination of such a favorite in the Arab tents.

The delight created by such a playfellow is very exciting, and creates a sensation of terror in well-constituted minds, embodying with it the feeling of all ferocity, power and grandeur which lie nascent in this innocent child. This feeling will of course be intensified by the terror felt for the grown lion; and as that terror is very great among the Arabs, we can imagine the interest Gerard excited, by bringing into their tents a lioness of about a month old, no larger than an Angora cat, and a lion about a third larger.

The young lady had all the timidity of her sex, slunk away from every one, and answered her caresses with blows of her little paws; her brother, whom they christened Hubert, had more manly *aplomb*. He sat quiet, looking with some astonishment at all that passed, but without any savageness. The women idolized him, and were never tired of caressing. A goat was brought to be his nurse. At first he took no notice of her, but no sooner had a few drops of milk moistened his lips than he fastened upon her with leonine ardor. The goat had of course to be held down—she by no means fancied her foster son! But although the lioness had seen her brother take his meals in this way, she could not be seduced to follow his example. She was never quiet or happy except when in concealment.

Hubert passed the night under Gerard's burnous as tranquilly as if with his mother; and indeed throughout his career, Hubert showed a sociability which speaks well for him. His sister died the death of many children—teething was fatal to her; nay, Gerard assures us that teething is a very critical affair with young lionesses, and often carries them off, there being no kindly surgeon to lance their little gums. Hubert

was taken to the camp, where of course he became the idol of the regiment, always present at parade, and gambolling with the men during the idle hours. As he grew up his exploits became somewhat questionable. He had early strangled his nurse the goat. He then showed a propensity for sheep, donkeys and Bedouins, which made it necessary for him to be chained up, and, finally, having killed a horse and dangerously wounded two men (owing to some difference of sentiment), he was caged. Gerard of course continued to pet him. Every night he opened the cage. Hubert sprang out joyously, and began playing with him at hide and seek, embracing him with an ardor which was more affectionate than agreeable.

"One night, in high spirits, he embraced me so fervently that I should have been strangled had they not beat him away with their sabre sheaths. That was the last time I cared to play hide and seek with him. But I must do him the justice to say, that in all our struggles he scrupulously avoided using teeth or talons; he was the same to all whom he liked, and to whom he was really very affectionate and gentle.

"Hubert was sent to Paris and placed in the Jardin des Plantes, where some time afterward Gerard went to see him. He was lying half asleep, gazing with indifference on all the visitors, when suddenly he raised his head, his eyes dilated, a nervous twitching of the muscles of his face and agitation of the tail, showed that the sight of the well-known uniform had aroused him. He recognized the uniform but he had not yet identified his old master. His eyes eagerly interrogated this vaguely remembered form. Gerard approached, and unable to resist his emotion thrust his hand into the cage.

"It was a touching moment which followed; without taking his eyes from Gerard he applied his nose to the outstretched hand, and began to breathe deeply; with every breath his eye became more affectionate, and when Gerard said to him, 'Well, Hubert, my old soldier!' he made a terrible bound against the bars of his prison, which trembled beneath his weight. My friends, alarmed, sprang back, and called me to do the same. Noble beast! thou art terrible, even in thy love! He stood up, pressed against the bars, striving to break through the obstacle which separated us. He looked magnificent as he stood there roaring with joy and rage. His rough tongue licked with joy the hand which I abandoned to him, while with his enormous paws he tried to draw me gently to him. No sooner did any one approach the cage than he flew out in frightful expressions of anger, which changed into calmness and caresses on their retreating. It is impossible for me to describe how painful our parting was that day. Twenty times I was forced to return to reassure him that he would see me again, and each time that I moved out of sight he made the place tremble with his bounds and cries.

"Poor Hubert! this visit, and the long *tit-a-tete* of subsequent visits, made captivity a little less painful to him, but the effect seemed to be injurious on the whole. He drooped, and the keepers attributed it to these visits, which perhaps made him languish for the camp and his old days of liberty. He died, leaving Gerard firmly resolved to kill as many lions as he could, but to capture no more, death in the forest by a rifle being infinitely preferable to a pulmonary disease bred in a prison."

Grace is, in a great measure, a natural gift; elegance implies cultivation, or something of a more artificial character. A rustic, uneducated girl may be graceful; but an elegant woman must be accomplished and well trained. It is the same with things as with persons; we talk of a graceful tree, but of an elegant house or other building. Animals may be graceful, but they cannot be elegant. The movements of a kitten or a young fawn are full of grace; but to call them elegant animals would be absurd. Lastly, "elegant" may be applied to mental qualifications, which "graceful" never can. Elegance must always imply something that is made or invented by man. The general rule is, that elegance is the characteristic of art; and grace, of nature.

## BURIAL PLACE OF THE ORIGINAL JOHN SMITH.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH was interred in the oldest church in London, which is called St. Sepulchre's. It stands opposite the famous prison of Old Bailey, and not far from St. Paul's Cathedral. The church was partially destroyed by the great fire in London, but early rebuilt. It is an immense edifice, with a very wealthy parish. An American correspondent was told by the sexton that in the great burial vaults beneath the church, where interments have been made for many hundred years, there were fifteen hundred coffins now entire under the building.

The Rev. Mr. Magoon, former pastor of the Second Baptist church, Richmond, visited St. Sepulchre's when in London, and says he saw the largest Sunday school there he had seen in that metropolis. After service, he found some interesting records. Among other worthies there buried, the records go on to say: "The famous Captain John Smith, who: perhaps underwent more romantic adventures and deeds of arms than any man who ever existed, rested here, in 1631, from his turmoils. We refer to his history for his wondrous acts of chivalry; for the kindness he experienced among the Turks, from the beauteous Calamata, and the blessed Pocahontas, the great king of Virginia's daughter."

A gentleman of Albemarle, who visited the same church some years ago, gave an interesting notice of Captain Smith's former monument, in a letter to a friend. He says that from "Stowe's Survey of London," printed in 1633, two years after the death of Captain John Smith, it appears there was a tablet erected to his memory, in St. Sepulchre's, inscribed with his motto, "*Vincere est Vivere*," and the following verses:

Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquer'd Kings,  
Subdued large Territories, and done things  
Which to the World impossible would seeme,  
But that the truth is held in more esteem;  
Shall I report his former service done,  
In honor of God and Christendome—  
How that he did divide from Pagans three,  
Their Heads and Lives, Types of his Chivalry;  
For which great service in that climate done  
Brave Sigismundus (King of Hengarian),  
Did give him as a coat of arms to wear,  
Those conquer'd heads got by his sword and speare?  
Or shall I tell of his adventures since,  
Done in Virginia, that large Continence;  
How that he subdu'd Kings unto his Yoke,  
And made those heathen flee, as wind doth smoke,  
And made their land, being of so large a station,  
A habitation for our Christian nation,  
Where God is glorified, their wants supplid,  
Which, else for necessities might have did.  
But what avails his conquests, now he lies,  
Inter'd in Earth, a prey for Worms and Flies!  
O may his soule in sweet Elysium sleepe,  
Until the keeper that all soules dothe keepe,  
Return to judgment, and that after thence,  
With angels he may have his recompence.

This tablet, the writer says, was destroyed by the great fire in 1666, together with most of the monumental antiquities of the church, and all now remaining to the memory of Captain Smith is a large flat stone in front of the communion table, engraved with his coat of arms. The three Turks' heads are said to be still distinguishable, but in a few years more they will be entirely effaced by the many feet which every Sunday unconsciously trample upon the tomb of so famous a man.

MURR ELAQUEVCE.—When Leitch Ritchie was travelling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back. "If you are in want," said Ritchie with some degree of peevishness, "why don't you beg?" "Sure, it's beggin' I am, yer honor." "You didn't say a word." "Ov course not, yer honor; but see how the skin is speakin' through the holes of me trousers, and the bones cryin' out through the skin. Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes. Man alive! isn't it beggin' I am with a hundred tongues!"

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—Published by C. B. SKYMOUR & Co. 13 Frankfort street, New York. The growth of the arts in America is one of the most noticeable features of our progress as a nation. A few years ago and the word Art was almost without an American meaning, except in the case of a few painters who had already exhibited the genius of the country, and unhappily elsewhere. Wood engraving, with its ready transfers of pencilled thought and fancy, was the immediate and happy instrument of changing this dim state of things. We can now boast of the word and its productions as things of our own. Slowest in the train of progress has been Music. The work before us is the first indication of an awakening to the requirements of the age. Here we have a publication containing sixteen pages of the full-size of folio music, filled with every description of pianoforte and vocal music, for ten cents. The quality of the work, as well as its price, commands it to public approbation and support. The selections are judiciously made, and any purchaser will obtain more by subscribing to "Our Musical Friend" than by laying out several hundred dollars for miscellaneous and untried music.

FOUNDER OF YALE COLLEGE.—Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College, at New Haven, Conn., was buried at the church in Wrexham, Wales. His monument, a plain altar tomb, bears this inscription:

Born in America, in Europe bred,  
In Africa travelled, and in Asia wed;  
Where long he lived and thrived, in London died.  
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even,  
And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.  
You that survive and read this tale, take care,  
For this most certain exit do prepare,  
Where blest in peace, the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust.

The strangest fact is yet to tell. It is recorded that Mr. Yale went to the East Indies from this country as an adventurer, and becoming wealthy, obtained the Presidency of Madras, and is said to have ruled with oppressive authority. He caused his groom to be hanged for riding out a favorite horse without leave. For this murder he was ordered to England, where he was tried for the crime, but by some means escaped all punishment, except a heavy fine. He died in 1792.

"FRAID."—An old sea captain who had retired from service and was living on a farm, had a harumscarum nephew with him. He could neither frighten nor drive the said nephew to do anything in its proper time. Among the rest he could never get him to drive up the cows to milk till after dark; he had to drive them from a back pasture, undergrown with sugar brush. Finally the captain asked the lad if he was not afraid to go through the woods in the dark.

"Fraid!—what is that? I never seen a fraid," replied the boy.

"Well, never mind, you will see one some of these nights if you do not get the cows up before dark," said the captain meaningly.

That night the boy played until dusk before he went after the cows as usual. The captain took a sheet and followed him. Now, the captain had a tame monkey, which saw all the performance, and, monkey like, he took a table cloth and followed at a respectful distance. The captain went into the woods, where there was a big log by the side of the path. Going to the farther end of it, he wound the sheet round him, got upon it, and stood still, the monkey assuming a similar position upon the other end of the log; in this position the parties stood when the boy came along with the cows. They shied a little upon seeing the ghosts, which caused the boy to look ahead.

"Hallo, what is that?" he shouted, "I think it's a fraid!" And then espying the monkey he sang out, "if there ain't two fraids—a big fraid and a little fraid."

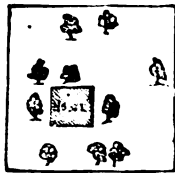
This caused the captain to look around, and he saw for the first time his ghostly companion. He thought it was a fraid, sure enough. The old captain ran towards home, the monkey chasing him, and the wicked nephew clapping his hands and shouting:

"Run big fraid, or little fraid will catch you!"

## PUZZLES.

## 1. THE DIVIDED GARDEN.

A PERSON let his house to several inmates, who occupied different floors, and having a garden attached to the house, he was desirous of dividing it among them. There were ten trees in



1



2

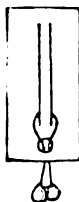
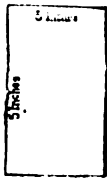
the garden, and he was desirous of dividing it so that each of the five inmates should have an equal share of garden and two trees. How did he do it?

## 2. THE VERTICAL LINE PUZZLE.

Draw six vertical lines, as below, and, by adding five other lines to them, let the whole form nine.

## 3. THE CARDBOARD PUZZLE.

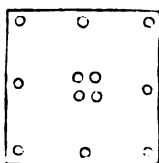
Take a piece of cardboard or leather, of the shape and measurement indicated by the diagram, cut it in such a manner that you yourself may pass through it, still keeping it in one piece.



4

## 4. THE BUTTON PUZZLE.

In the centre of a piece of leather make two parallel cuts with a penknife, and just below a small hole of the same width; then pass a piece of string under the slit and through the hole, as in the figure, and tie two buttons much larger than the hole to the ends of the string. The



5

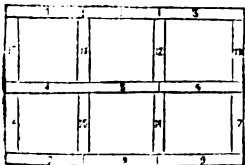


6

puzzle is, to get the string out again without taking off the buttons.

## 5. THE CIRCLE PUZZLE.

Get a piece of cardboard, the size and shape of the diagram,

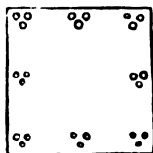


7



8

and punch in it twelve circles or holes in the position shown. The puzzle is, to cut the cardboard into four pieces of equal size, each piece to be of the same shape, and to contain three circles, without cutting into any of them.



9



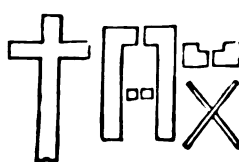
10

## 6. THE CROSS PUZZLE.

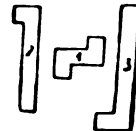
Cut three pieces of paper to the shape of No. 1, one to the shape of No. 2, and one to that of No. 3. Let them be of proportional sizes; then place the pieces together so as to form a cross.

## 7. THREE-SQUARE PUZZLE.

Cut seventeen slips of cardboard of equal lengths, and place them on a table to form six squares, as in the diagram. It is



11

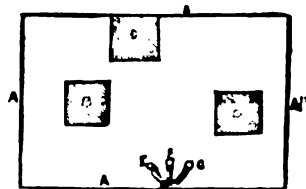


12

now required to take away five of the pieces, yet to leave but three perfect squares.

## 8. CYLINDER PUZZLE.

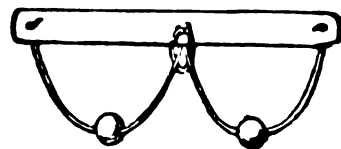
Cut a piece of cardboard about four inches long, of the shape of the diagram, and make three holes in it as represented. The puzzle is, to make one piece of wood pass through, and also exactly to fill, each of the three holes



13

## 9. THE NUNS.

Twenty-four nuns were arranged in a convent by night by a sister, to count nine each way, as in the diagram. Four of them went out for a walk by moonlight. How were the remainder placed in the square so as still to count nine each way? The four who went out returned, bringing with them four friends; how were they all placed still to count nine each way, and thus to deceive the sister, as to whether there were 20, 24, 28, or 32 in the square?



15

## 10. THE DOG PUZZLE.

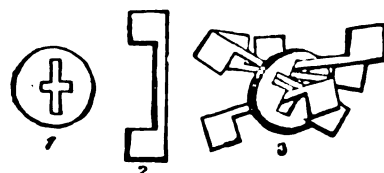
The dogs are, by placing two lines upon them, to be suddenly aroused to life and made to run. Query, how and where should these lines be placed, and what should be the forms of them?

## 11. CUTTING OUT A CROSS.

How can be cut out of a single piece of paper, and with one cut of the scissors, a perfect cross, and all the other forms as shown in the cuts?

## 12. ANOTHER CROSS PUZZLE.

With three pieces of cardboard of the shape and size of No. 1, and one each of No. 2 and 3, to form a cross.



16



## 13. THE FOUNTAIN PUZZLE.

A is a wall, B C D three houses, and E F G three fountains or canals. It is required to bring the water from E to D, from G to B, and from F to C, without one crossing the other, or passing outside of the wall A.

## 14. THE CABINET-MAKER'S PUZZLE.

A cabinet-maker had a circular piece of veneering, with which he has to veneer the tops of two oval stools; but it so happens that the area of the stools, exclusive of the hand-holes in the centre, and the circular piece, are the same (as that of the circle). How must he cut his stuff so as to be exactly sufficient for his purpose?

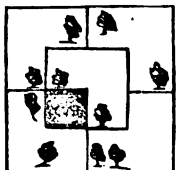
## 15. THE STRING AND BALLS PUZZLE.

Get an oblong strip of wood or ivory, and bore three holes in it, as shown in the cut. Then take a piece of twine, passing the two ends through the holes at the extremities, fastening them with a knot, and thread upon it two beads or rings, as depicted above. The puzzle is to get both beads on the same side, without removing the string from the holes, or untying the knots.

## 16. THE DOUBLE-HEADED PUZZLE.

Cut a circular piece of wood as in the cut No. 1, and four others, like No. 2. The puzzle consists in getting them all into the cross-shaped slit, until they look like Fig. 3.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.



1. THE DIVIDED GARDEN ANSWER.

NINE

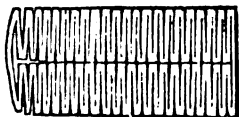
2. ANSWER TO VERTICAL LINE PUZZLE.

## 3. ANSWER TO CUT CARD PUZZLE.

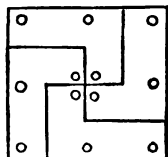
Double the cardboard or leather lengthways down the middle, and then cut first to the right, nearly to the end (the narrow way), and then to the left, and so on to the end of the card; then open it and cut down the middle, except the two ends. The diagram shows the proper cuttings. By opening the card or leather, a person may pass through it. A laurel leaf may be treated in the same manner.

## 4. ANSWER TO THE BUTTON PUZZLE.

Draw the narrow slip of the leather through the hole, and the string and buttons may be easily released.



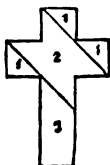
8



5. ANSWER TO THE CIRCLE PUZZLE.

## 7. ANSWER TO THE THREE-SQUARE PUZZLE.

Take away the pieces numbered 8, 10, 1, 8, 13, and three squares only will remain.

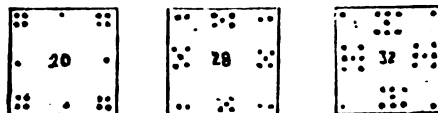


6. ANSWER TO THE CROSS PUZZLE.

Take a round cylinder of the diameter of the circular hole, and of the height of the square hole. Having drawn a straight line across the end, dividing into two equal parts, cut an equal section from either side to the edge of the circular base, a figure like that represented by the woodcut in the margin would



8

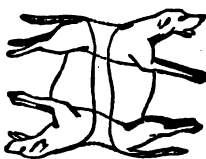


9. ANSWER TO THE NUMS' PUZZLE.

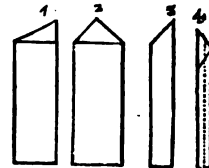
then be produced, which would fulfil the required conditions.

## 11. ANSWER TO CUTTING OUT A CROSS PUZZLE.

Take a piece of writing paper about three times as long as it is broad, say six inches long and two wide. Fold the up-

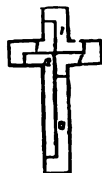


10. THE DOGS' PUZZLE, SEE DOTTED LINES.



11

per corner down, as shown in Fig. 1; then fold the other upper corner over the first, and it will appear as in Fig. 2; you next fold the paper in half lengthwise also, in the middle of the paper, and it will exhibit the form of Fig. 4, which, when cut through with the scissors in the direction of the dotted line, will give all the forms mentioned.



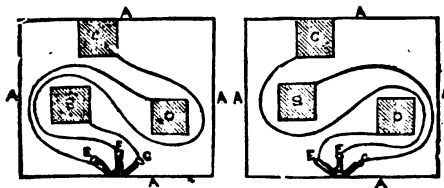
12. ANSWER TO ANOTHER CROSS PUZZLE.



16

## 14. ANSWER TO THE CABINET-MAKERS' PUZZLE.

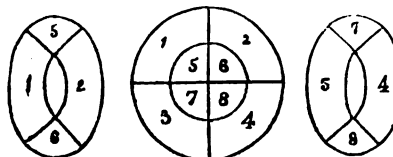
The cabinet-maker must find the centre of the circle, and strike another circle, half the diameter of the first, and having the same centre. Then cut the whole into four parts, by means of two lines drawn at right angles to each other, then cut along the inner circle, and put the pieces together as in the above diagram.



18. ANSWER TO THE FOUNTAIN PUZZLE.

## 15. ANSWER TO THE STRING AND BALLS PUZZLE.

Draw the loop well down, slipping either ball through it. Push it through the hole at the extremities, pass it over the knot, and draw it through again. The same process must be repeated with the other ball; the loop can be drawn through the hole in the centre, and the ball will slide along the cord



14

until it reaches the other side. The string is then replaced, having both balls on the same side.

This plan of passing the loop over the knot is a key to all the puzzles of this nature.

There is another and perhaps a neater way of performing this trick. Draw the loop through the central hole, and bring it through far enough to pass one of the balls through. Having done this, draw the string back, and both balls will be found on the same side.

#### 16. ANSWER TO THE DOUBLE-HEADED PUZZLE.

Arrange them side by side in the short arms of the cross, draw out the centre piece, and the rest will follow easily. The reversal of the same process will put them back again

### NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE.

#### FLOWER PLANTS IN MASSES.

THAT plants in masses should not be placed in any kind of rows, but be dotted about as irregularly as possible, and at various distances from each other and from the front or back of the garden, would seem to be an unnecessary remark were it not a rule that is seldom observed in small gardens. Nothing is more common than to see the plants put in either straight lines, or rows following the outline of the mass, at one measured distance apart, and with two plants of the same kind occupying precisely the same position in the bed, on opposite sides of the garden, thus making the arrangement of a group a system of pairs, rather than the most inartificial and broken thing imaginable.

The point to be aimed at is, to have an appearance essentially free and varied, and approximating to nature. And since no such things as lines of plants or symmetrical correspondence of sorts in particular parts, or anything approaching to regularity of distance between the plants is to be found in natural groups, neither should any of these things exist in irregular garden masses. It is observable in nature, indeed, that several stems sometimes spring out from nearly the same spot, and by the growth of the branches get forced away from each other in various oblique directions, thus making a very picturesque and pleasing group. Something of the same kind might often be attempted with advantage in gardens or pleasure-grounds, with both shrubs and trees, and would get rid of the monotony of a succession of upright and shapely specimens, standing free from every species of incumbrance.

#### THE CONSERVATORY.

Although having a conservatory within, as it were, the walls of a dwelling, makes it delightfully accessible at all seasons, and affords a pleasing object through one of the drawing-room or library windows when it is thus entered, yet the only kind of structure that can consistently be built in such a situation will not be fit for growing plants in.

A conservatory that communicates directly with one of the principal rooms is sometimes found objectionable on account of admitting dampness, an earthy smell, or the odors from fumigation by tobacco, or insects. It is therefore generally better to attach them by a glass corridor, or interpose a small ante-room between them and the drawing-room or parlor; or remove them still further from the house, and approach them by a covered way. It is, without doubt, very agreeable where there is a suite of rooms terminating in a conservatory, to be able to open them to the latter at night, for the purposes of an entertainment. But it must be remembered, where gas is used, that this is highly injurious to plants, particularly tender flower plants, oftentimes causing them to throw off all their flower buds.

When a corridor separates the conservatory from the house, it affords an opportunity for making a difference of level between the two points; and a conservatory that is two or three feet below the floor-line of the house will have its flowers much more favorably displayed from the window or glass door that may lie in that direction. No conservatory should ever be put on the entrance front of the house, which is an inversion of all

rule, and presents the best feature of the garden first, and destroys all privacy. Where a house is very near an avenue, however, and there is not room for a carriage drive within the gates, or it is desired to have the bulk of the place seen only from the principal windows of the house, a glazed corridor, of sufficient breadth to receive plants on both sides of the passage, will form a charming entrance porch. Flowers in a vestibule or lobby are always attractive.

#### FLOWERS SUITABLE FOR THE GREENHOUSE.

Of the various flower plants adapted for growth in the greenhouse, the following are some of the most desirable specimens: Camellia—of this admired winter-blooming genus there are several distinct species, the varieties from many of which multiply annually; its durable glossy foliage and splendid flowers, which excel those of any other plant, will insure it a pre-eminence in every greenhouse, as in good collections flowers of various hues may be gathered from October to May. Gloxinia—a favorite herbaceous plant, of which there are several varieties yielding beautiful showy flowers, blue, lilac and white. Magnolia—most of the species of this justly favorite genus are hardy, and blossom in the summer; there are, however, some of the Chinese varieties, which, cultivated in a greenhouse, will produce their beautiful purple, yellow and white blossoms from January to April. Mesembryanthemum—a genus of succulent plants consisting of hundreds of species and varieties varying greatly in their forms, attitudes and habits of growth, some being upright, others pro umbent, some are thick, others slender leaved; they are all singular and many of them beautiful, and the colors of the flowers, which are of every shade, are very ornamental. Cactus—a family of plants comprising numerous species supposed to be of different genera, from the variation of their characters and habits, and though they all belong to the hothouse, they succeed well in a warm room or good greenhouse; some are formed into erect pyramids, others are of a trailing habit, and all produce from the sides of their stalks and leaves beautiful crimson, scarlet, white or pink flowers.

#### THE GLADIOLUS.

The gladiolus produces flowers of various colors, and is well worthy the attention of those who cultivate tender exotic plants. They may be planted late in the fall, about an inch deep, in pots, which must be kept in a greenhouse or light room, and watered sparingly until they begin to grow. The Natalensis is perhaps the most desirable to cultivate of all others; it blossoms freely, and the colors are exquisitely beautiful. In its progress of blooming it exhibits variable colors, as vermilion, red, yellow, green, white, crimson, &c., which brighten as the flower arrives at perfection to the brilliancy of a rainbow. Another good quality displays itself in the bulb, which if properly managed will yield an abundance of offsets; these being cultivated will flower the third year in perfection, and thus continue to multiply perpetually.

If, instead of planting in the fall, the bulb be preserved in good condition through the winter until early in April, and then planted in a soil consisting of about one half fresh loam, equal parts of leaf mould and sand well mixed, they may be forwarded in a warm room, greenhouse, or moderate hot bed until settled warm weather, and then turned out of the pots into a border, where they can be shaded from the sun at noon-day. This will induce each of them to throw up three or four stems from three to four feet high, each stem producing five or six gorgeous blossoms in great perfection.

#### GOSSIP ABOUT THE ROSE.

Roses have been much abused. The Greeks said five or six pretty things about them, and then the Latins translated these, adding to them some three or four of their own. From that time the poets of all countries and all ages have translated, copied and imitated that which the Greeks and Latins said, without at all heightening our love of the flower by any fresh coloring. They have even continued to call the month of May the month of roses, without reflecting that roses blossom earlier in Greece and Italy than in other lands, where almost all roses wait for the suns of June to expand their beauties.

There is no country without roses; from Sweden to the coasts

of Africa, from Kamtschatka to Bengal, or on the mountains of Mexico, the rose flourishes in all climates and in all soils; it is one of the grand prodigalities of nature. Some rose trees are covered with white blossoms, others bear flowers varying from the palest rose to the deepest crimson and purple, from the most delicate straw color to the most brilliant yellow. Blue is the only color Nature has refused it. There are very few blue flowers.

The loves of the roses are not merely imaginative. The flower of the wild rose is composed of five leaves or petals, in the middle of which are some delicate threads supporting little yellow masses, and these are the stamens; these threads surround a sort of little green egg, which is called an ovary, and contains the seed or grains; the grains are eggs, which the plants leave for the earth and the sun to vivify. The mass which surmounts the stamens is covered with a yellow dust, every grain of the same being a skin that contains a much finer dust, which makes fruitful the pistil. When once the pistil becomes situated thus the nuptial bed is taken down—the leaves of the rose fade and fall one by one; the stamens become dry and disappear. The ovary enlarges and becomes an oblong fruit of the shape of an olive, green at first, then yellow, then orange, then scarlet; when, some day, the fruit bursts and grains of a gold color, containing eternal generations of rose trees, fall upon the earth and there germinate. The little nymph who inhabits the rose has from fifteen to twenty lovers. Nor are these lovers mythical characters. Cut off the stamens of a rose and isolate it and the petals will lose their splendid color, become rusty, and fall; but far from enlarging, and being brighter in color, the pistil also will sink barren. The hangings of the nuptial bed will serve it for a winding sheet, and the rose will die without leaving any posterity.

#### MANAGEMENT OF CAMELLIAS.

During the growing season camellias should be set out and syringed all over the leaves once or twice a week, but care should be taken not to do this when the sun shines, or at any rate not to set the plants in the sun while they are wet, as the heat of the sun acting on the water will scald the leaves, and make them appear blotched and partially withered, thus greatly diminishing their usually beautiful effect.

The roots of camellias are seldom very strong, and they are very easily injured; great care should, therefore, be taken in changing the plants from one pot to another, not to bruise the roots, and to cut off all that are at all injured. If, on turning out the plants previous to repotting, the ball of earth has no white roots appearing on the outside, the earth and decayed roots should be shaken or cleared away till good roots are seen; and these should be carefully examined, and all the bad parts cut away. The plants should then be repotted in a pot not more than an inch exceeding the diameter of the ball of earth left round the sound roots.

Small camellias should not be shifted oftener than once in two years; and large ones—that is, those above five feet high—not oftener than once in three or four years. But in case the earth in the pot appears to have sunk, a little vegetable mould may be laid on the surface. The usual time for shifting camellias is just when they have done flowering, before they are beginning to send out their young shoots. When planted in the free ground in a conservatory, they will require no other care than regular watering and syringing the leaves.

#### THE HYDRANGEA.

The "*hydrangea hortensis*" is a plant that, when grown in a pot, requires to have the saucer kept half full of water. There are several species, most of which are hardy shrubs. They should be grown in a rich, loamy soil, and pruned every year—all the old wood being cut out, so that the wood which is to produce the flowering shoots may not be more than two or, at most, three years old. Cuttings strike readily at any season when the plant is in a growing state; if put into a rich soil and kept moist, they will root in a fortnight, and flower in a month, that is, if they receive proper attention.

The flowers of the hydrangea, though generally pink, are sometimes blue; and the art of making them blue at pleasure has long been a desideratum among floriculturists. A great

number of recipes have been given for this purpose; but though all of them are occasionally successful, none of them will insure success. Sometimes transplanting hydrangeas that have been grown in loam into peat, will have the desired effect; and at others, watering with water in which iron has been steeped will change the color of the flowers.

#### CHINA AND BOURBON ROSES.

Of the China roses there are three quite distinct sections—the true China, the hybrid China and the highly-prized tea-scented China. In each of these sections there are many choice varieties, all of them suited for walls, poles or to grow as dwarfs on their own roots in beds and parterres. They are quite a grand class of roses—their foliage and bloom are exquisitely beautiful, and the hybrid China is so hardy as to do well in north-east or north-west aspects, either on walls or trellises, or trained in a pyramidal form. The tea roses are the most delicate of the China tribe, and are therefore best suited for greenhouse culture, and are always best on their own roots. If grown in the open ground, as standards, they must be taken up in November, and placed against a wall and their heads protected, and replanted at the beginning of March. The dwarf China roses are lovely things for pot culture, and in warm situations make beautiful beds or edgings for a rosary.

Bourbon roses are equally useful for every purpose—for walls, lawns and poles, when worked on standards from six to eight feet high; or for beds, borders and pots, when grown on their own roots. The foliage and blooms are always fine—indeed, magnificent—and they are, generally speaking, strong growers and easily cultivated. The hybrid Bourbons are the earliest, but not the most permanent bloomers. The best for poles and tall standards are the Paul Ricaut, deep carmine; Salvator Rosa, rosy pink; Jenny, mottled pink; Elise Mercœur, French white and pink; and Nathalie Daniel, very fine pink. The late blooming Bourbons are very numerous; those best suited for walls and poles are Souvenir de Malmaison, Sir J. Paxton, Pierre de St. Cyr, Louis Odier, Apolline, Bouquet de Flore, Madame Desprez and Mrs. Standish.

#### GERANIUMS IN WINTER.

When this family of plants is not wanted to bloom in winter, they may be easily kept in a room from which frost is excluded. They must have but little water until they commence growing in the spring. The leaves will drop off, but that need not be regarded. Only enough water should be given to prevent the stems from shrivelling; if more is given the stems will turn black and rot, and when they commence their spring growth, the supply of water must be very moderate until they have made progress; then, also, they will require to be in a window near the light. During winter protection from frost is all that is required. The Cottage Maid, Cerise Unique and Captain Darley are of a pale scarlet hue, and very beautiful. Another pleasing and quite distinct class of this family are of a light pink or peach color. Lucia Rosa, Princess Alice and Kingsbury Pet are fine sorts of the latter class. A rich, loamy soil, with well decayed manure, two parts of the former to one of the latter, will suit these plants.

#### ARRANGEMENT AND CARE OF ROOM PLANTS.

Where there is quite a quantity of plants to be kept in rooms, they should be disposed of to the best effect, and, at the same time, in such a manner as will be most effectual to their preservation. A stage of some description is better than a table, and of whatever shape or form, it ought to be on castors, that it may, in severe nights of frost, be drawn to the centre of the room. The shape may be either concave, a half circle, or one square side. The bottom step or table should be six inches wide and five inches deep, keeping each successive step one inch further apart to the desired height, which may be about six feet. Allowing the first step to be about two feet from the floor, there will be five or six steps, which will hold about fifty pots of a common size; a stage in the form of half a circle will hold more, look the handsomest, and be most convenient.

With a proper kind of stage, the plants should be placed upon the various steps, beginning with the tallest on the top, graduating to the bottom. It is desirable to place flats or saucers under each to prevent the water from falling to the



floor, and the water should be emptied from the flats of all, except such as the calla and hydrangea—the latter, while dormant, should be kept only a little moist.

Previous to taking in the plants to be thus arranged, they should be divested of every decayed leaf, insects, and all contracted dust, having their shoots neatly tied up, and every one in correct order. Every leaf of the camellias ought to be sponged, and the plants placed in an airy exposure, and from this period till they begin to grow they should be exposed to the sun. If the flower buds are too crowded, picking off the weakest will preserve the remainder in greater perfection, and prevent them in part from falling off. They should on no account be kept in a room where there is much fluctuating fire heat, as the flower buds will not expand unless they are kept in an even temperature.

#### PRIMULAS.

There are a few fine species and varieties of the primula, adapted either for the greenhouse or for rooms. All the various kinds in cultivation will also keep perfectly well in a frame, except the China sorts, which require a mode of treatment peculiar to themselves. That which is commonly known as the China primrose has pink flowers, blooming almost through the whole year, but most profusely from January to May. There is a double white and a double purple variety that will always be scarce from the slow method of their propagation. They should be kept in the shade, and not be over-watered during summer. As the stems of the plant become naked, a few inches should be taken off the bottom of the ball at the autumnal repotting, and placing them in a larger pot will allow the stems to be covered up to the leaves. The albiflora variety is of pure white color, and very beautiful.

#### THE SEA LAVENDER.

This is a singular plant, the footstalks of the flowers being colored in such a manner as to resemble flowers, while the real flowers are the white part at the extremity of the purple. The handsomest species belonging to the genus is the arborea, and is quite shrubby. This splendid plant should have plenty of room for its roots; the soil in which it is grown should be half sandy loam and half vegetable mould. It is extremely difficult to raise young plants by cuttings; the common kinds are generally increased by seeds, or by dividing the roots, and they should be allowed plenty of space, as they are easily killed if crowded by other plants.

#### CARE OF FLOWERS IN POTS.

It is a common fault to put plants kept in rooms into too large pots. This has always a bad effect. If the soil be good, and not over-watered, the plants will indeed grow rapidly, but it will be to produce leaves and branches instead of flowers; and if the soil be over-watered, the mass of soddened soil round the roots has the same effect upon them as stagnant water in the saucer. The soil should always be in such a state as to admit air with the water to the roots; but this it cannot do when it becomes a blackened paste by being saturated with water. At the same time, frequent repotting is often absolutely necessary to keep the plants in a dwarf compact habit of growth, and to prevent them from being drawn up. The way in which practical gardeners ascertain when repotting is necessary, is by turning the plant out of its pot, with the ball of earth attached, and if they find the roots look white round the outside of the mould, then the plant should be transferred to a larger pot, but only one size larger; afterwards it may be repotted again, if necessary, but always to a pot only a little larger than the one it was taken from. By persevering in this mode of treatment for some time, and never advancing more than one size at each change, a plant may be grown to a large size, and made to produce abundance of flowers; while by the contrary treatment, that is, suffering it to remain in a very small pot, or shifting it suddenly into a very large one, the stem will become weakened and elongated, and the flowers will be few and very poor.

#### THE BLUE AFRICAN LILY.

The African lilies all require a loamy soil, enriched with well decayed manure from an old hotbed loosely shaken down in the pot, but not pressed, and they should be fully exposed to the light. They should also have plenty of water when they

are in a growing state; and they require to be shifted repeatedly into larger and larger pots, each only a little larger than the preceding one, taking off the offsets every time, if any should be found, till the flower buds are formed. The plants are always very large before they flower, and, when the flower-buds form, they should be in a large pot, so that the roots may have plenty of room; and they must be abundantly supplied with water, taking care, however, not to let any remain in a stagnant state about the roots.

Treated in such a manner, and kept in a greenhouse, or parlor, or under a verandah, this plant will frequently send up a flower-stalk above three feet high, crowned with twenty or thirty heads of flowers, which will come into blossom in succession. When in flower, it may be placed in the open air, and forms a noble ornament. If it is wanted to flower when of a comparatively small size, it should not be so often shifted, and when it is the pots need not be so nearly of a size; once shifting in spring will indeed be enough, and if the roots are very large a division of them may be made.

#### FLOWER PLANTS FOR BALCONIES.

The most suitable plants for balconies are those of low growth; and as, from their exposed situation, they are liable to great and sudden changes, with regard to temperature, winds and moisture, they ought to be naturally tolerably hardy. To prevent the soil in the pots from becoming over-dried, from the pot being constantly exposed to the wind, some persons practise placing one pot within another, with a little sand or moss between, this sand or moss being kept constantly moist.

The pots may be set in saucers, provided a little gravel be placed in the bottom of each saucer, so as to allow the free escape of water from the hole in the bottom of the pot, for if this water stagnates in the pot it soon swells the soil so as to close up the hole in the bottom, and to prevent the free escape of water, in which case the soil in the pot becomes hard. When there is no gravel in the saucers, the plants should be well and frequently watered, but the water that runs through the earth in the pot into the saucers should be poured out immediately and thrown away.

A very good mode of growing plants in balconies is to set the pots in wooden boxes or troughs, painted stone color, with a little gravel at the bottom for the pots to stand on, and with the interstices filled in with moss, which may also cover the rims and surface of the pots, so as to make the plants appear to be growing out of moss. In the case, however, of mignonne and trailing plants, they are best grown entirely in wooden boxes without the intervention of pots.

#### HYACINTHS IN POTS.

It is usual to plant hyacinth bulbs in small pots, one bulb in each, but they flower better and make more show by planting six or eight bulbs in one pot of nine inches diameter. Fill each pot with light rich sandy soil, and plant the bulbs so shallow that nearly half the bulb shall stand above the soil, and if they are intended to flower in winter, place the pots containing the bulbs on the floor of the cellar or under the front stage of the greenhouse. Keep the soil a little moist, and when the pots are filled with roots, and the leaves are up, with the flower buds appearing in the centre, remove them to a warm room window where they can receive the benefit of the sun, and water them freely during the whole time of flowering; but as soon as the flowers fade and the leaves begin to decay the watering should be gradually diminished. Some of the pots planted with the bulbs may be plunged in the ground in a warm sheltered situation, covered from four to six inches deep with soil, there to remain till spring, when they can be taken up as they are wanted to be brought into flower, and set in a greenhouse or a room window.

**CURE FOR BALDNESS.**—A medical journal says that the decoction of boxwood has been successful in cases of baldness. Four large handfuls of stem and leaves of the garden box are boiled in three pints of water in a closely covered vessel, for fifteen minutes, and allowed to stand in an earthen jar ten hours or more; the liquid is then strained, and one ounce and a half of cologne added, and with this solution the head is well washed every morning.

## A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

THE tragic fun of the world will be a recognized fact in the next generation. As it is, many things lead us to consider as burlesque what a hundred years ago was considered the atmospheric air of etiquette, without which no reasonable being could breathe. Let us read one morning's etiquette of the decapitated Queen, Marie Antoinette:

It is difficult to form an idea of the exceeding annoyance to which, as a queen, etiquette subjected that naturally lively and amiable young Austrian princess at the French court. She had actually to receive her first physician, first surgeon, physician in ordinary, reader, secretary, king's valets, and king's physicians and surgeons, besides other officers of the king's household, one after another, before she was allowed to get up. She had then to go through what was designated as "les grandes entrées" whilst she was dressing, which act was hence called "la toilette de présentation." Brothers of the king, princes of the blood, captains of the guard, officers of the court, had all to pay their respects to the queen whilst she was actually putting on her daily garments. Once dressed, she had to receive the ladies—the order of things, one would have thought, ought to have been reversed. Then she had to attend mass, and then to dine, or, as it would now be called, to déjeuner. To judge of the prodigious annoyance of such an extreme punctiliousness, one anecdote will suffice, and we are told that such events happened daily. The lady in waiting was about to "passer la chemise à la reine," when she was obliged to hand it over to a lady of honor who had just come in, and who had to take off her gloves before she could accept of it; by that time the Duchess of Orleans had come in after scratching at the door, and the chemise had to be handed to her, and she again had to pass it over to the Comtesse de Provence, who followed close upon her footsteps. All this while the queen was trembling with cold, and holding her hands folded across her naked bosom. No wonder that Marie Antoinette should have felt an intense delight at the idea of escaping, even partially, from all the torments and tyrannies of court etiquette.

AFTER this it is a pleasure to arrive at a Chinese absurdity, and here it is:

In China they bake ices. An ice is enveloped in a crust of delicate pastry, and introduced into the oven. The paste is quickly baked, and this ice is still unmelted, having been protected from the heat by its envelope; and thus the epicure has the delight of biting through a burning crust, and then immediately cooling his palate with the grateful contents.

WE often hear of the charms of literary society. We copy this very graphic summary of the conversation of literary men. The writer must certainly be the Wandering Jew, or the oldest inhabitant:

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsocial, and even irritable when pressed into conversation. Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved. Corneille in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company and suck his wine and their humors. Southey was stiff, sedate and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox in conversation never flagged, his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious, so also was Grotius. Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, and talked like Poor Poll." Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt is "like a pleasant stream" in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects and constantly demurs.

GRAVE men joke sometimes, and the effort is not unfrequently productive of a rare piece of wit in a razor-like repartee:

Rev. Dr. Strong of Hartford, and Rev. Dr. Mason of New York, sometimes visited each other. On one of these occasions, while Dr. Mason was visiting in Hartford, the two doctors one day took a walk together. Now, the stoop of Dr. Strong's residence was of freestone, and constructed after the old Yankee pattern; that is, two stone slabs of sufficient thickness each to form a step, laid upon each other, the upper being smaller than the lower. It so happened that a corner of the lower stone had been broken and laid up loosely; so, when the two clergymen returned from their walk, and were ascending the steps, Dr. Mason stepped upon the broken corner, which turned over with him, and caused him to stumble.

"Brother Strong," he exclaimed, "why don't you mend your ways?"

"I would," said Dr. Strong, "if I were a Mason."

WESTERN decisions in difficult and complicated cases of dispute have long been quoted as ingenious and acute in the extreme. The case we quote is an instance at the same time of the sagacious and the humorous:

A prisoner was on trial lately in one of the western courts on a charge of entering a house in the night time with intent to steal. The testimony was clear that he had made an opening sufficiently large to admit the upper part of his body, and through which he protruded himself about half way, and stretching out his arm, committed the theft; and the counsel for the prisoner argued as follows: "What an outrage" (looking horrified, and with outstretched and trembling arms), "I repeat, what an outrage upon your intelligence and common sense is it for the State's attorney to ask at your hands the conviction of my client on such testimony! The law is against entering a house; and can a man be said to enter a house when only one-half of his body is in and the other half out! Gentlemen, look to the Divine Law on this point. God commanded Adam and Eve not to eat the apple—i. e., the whole of the apple. And all the commentators agree that if they had only eaten one-half, they would not have been expelled from the blooming garden of Eden." The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" as to one-half of his body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half. The judge sentenced the guilty half to one year's imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the innocent half cut off or take it along with him.

WE have heard of a good many reasons for striking a man, but Marmaduke Carter's reason for doing that thing is the most curious of them all:

Marmaduke Carter was arraigned for striking Benjamin Jacobs in the mouth, without just cause or provocation. The offender was a stout fellow, of middle age, in a claret-colored coat and corduroy pants. There was nothing ferocious in his appearance or in the expression of his countenance.

Mayor—"Why did you strike Benjamin Jacobs?"

Prisoner—"Well, sir, I had a very bad toothache."

Mayor—"What had that to do with the assault?"

Prisoner—"Why, I couldn't sleep, you know, and I thought I'd take a stroll about the streets to amuse myself, but the tooth (it's an eye tooth) ached worse and worse, and I began to feel savage, you know—and that's how it came about."

Mayor—"Why did you not get your tooth taken out?"

Prisoner—"That is just what I was after. I thought if I could get into a bit of a snarl with somebody, I might have it knocked out, you know, and that is the easiest and cheapest way it can be done."

Mayor—"You will find it not the cheapest way, I think. Were there no dentists?"

Prisoner—"All humbugs—they fellows. They murder you with their pullikins, you know—and then make you pay for it. Besides, they've got into the fashion of using their gloryform, as they call it, and that's rank poison, you know. There's no sort of an instrument for taking out a tooth equal to a good set of hard knuckles. They do the work clean and quick, and when you're mad, you know, you can't feel the hurt of it."

Mayor—"And this is the best excuse you have to offer for striking this man in the mouth?"

Prisoner—"Yes. I fetched him a clip there as a sort of a hint to show him where I wanted to be hit myself, you know. That was my idea."

Mayor—"And a very bad idea it was. You must give bail to keep the peace."

Prisoner—"It's no use to do anything of the kind—for while I've got the toothache, you know, I will be fractious. I always am, and I can't help it. So, if you're going to put me to jail, you must do it, for fight I will as long as I can stand up to it, till that tooth gets started; them's my sentiments."

He was committed.

THE following specimen of laziness given by a contemporary is too good to be lost:

We have seen lazy men (and women, too, for that matter), in our day and generation, but we do think that a little the laziest individual we ever did meet is a certain bald-headed, oldish gentleman, who lives somewhere in Fourteenth street near the Fifth avenue. Standing the other day with a friend, at the south-west corner of Broadway and Union square, waiting for a Fourth avenue omnibus, upward bound, we noticed the subject of this paragraph crossing the street with his arm in a sling. Turning to our companion, who was well acquainted with him, we asked:

"Why, what in the world has happened to Mr. ———'s arm?"

"Oh, nothing at all," was the reply, "he only wears it in a sling, because he is too lazy to swing it!"

It is decidedly necessary to have some little smattering of the language of the country through which one is travelling. The

want of a "little French" can hardly be better illustrated than by the following humorous incident:

An American at Paris went to a restaurant to get his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a plate of fragrant beef soup. This was very well, and when it was dispatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter understood him perfectly, and brought him vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," thought he, "but it is Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tapioca broth was brought him; again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow root. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. The bystanders now supposed that they saw an unfortunate individual who had lost all his teeth, and our friend, determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointed in despair to the last line on the bill of fare. The intelligent waiter, who saw at once what he wanted, politely handed him—a bunch of toothpicks. This was too much—our countryman paid his bill, and incontinently left.

SOME of our preachers emulate the liberality of Dogberry and bestow all their "tediousness" upon their congregations, and would give more if they had it. The ludicrous rebuke of one of these slow ministers in Georgia is amusing:

A story is told of the Rev. D—, of Georgia, which illustrates the danger of prolixity in the pulpit as well as elsewhere. He had a very slow delivery, and with the best of intentions undertook to inflict his tediousness upon the unfortunate inmates of the lunatic asylum in a series of sermons. At his last appointment he was preaching upon the absolute necessity of trusting in Christ. He was illustrating his subject by the case of a man condemned to be hung, and reprieved under the gallows. He went on to describe the gathering of the crowd, the bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks under the gallows, the appearance of the executioner, the adjustment of the halter, the preparation to let fall the platform, and just then the appearance in the distance of the dust-covered courier, the jaded horse, the waving handkerchief, the commotion in the crowd. At this thrilling point, when every one was listening in breathless silence for the denouement, the doctor became a little prolix. One of the lunatics could hold in no longer; he arose in the congregation, and shouted, "Hurry, doctor, for mercy's sake, hurry! They'll hang the man before you get there!"

LITERALNESS is all very well in the way of truth-telling, but like every good thing it may be carried to extremes. It is, however, oftentimes productive of curious and humorous results:

A very "particular Friend" is Amos Smith, and a very decided enemy to all worldly titles, as anybody in Philadelphia knows. And "thereby hangs a tale."

This correspondent had a letter to "Amos Smith, Esquire." Friend Amos replied punctually, and after despatching business matters, added the following paragraph:

"I desire to inform thee that, being a member of the Society of Friends, I am not free to use worldly titles in addressing my friends, and I wish them to refrain from using them to me. Thon wilt, therefore, please omit the word esquire at the end of my name, and direct thy letters to Amos Smith, without any tail."

By the return of mail came a reply directed in precise accordance with the request of the particular Friend to "Amos Smith, without any tail, Philadelphia."

SUDDEN conversion may always be safely doubted. The days of miracles are past, except in France—that melo-dramatic nation producing a miracle and a new form of government every two or three years—so that most sudden conversions arise for some worldly reason or the other, and that will leak out at some unexpected moment:

Recently the Methodists held a great revival in Wisconsin. Among the converts was one whose previous profession had been "three card monte." Times being somewhat hard, he found little profit in his legitimate "practice," and became "converted," as the elders say. One night, at the suggestion of an elder, he rose to edify the congregation with his experience, and thus delivered himself: "Ladies and gentlemen—I mean brethren and sisters—I never felt so happy before in all my life—(embarrassed)—I say I never felt so happy before in all my life—(very much embarrassed)—if any one thinks I ever did, they can get a lively bet out of me!"

It is said that the noble profession of law has a saint. The following tells who it is, and how it was obtained:

Erona, a lawyer of Brittany, went to Rome to entreat the Pope to give the lawyers a patron saint. The Pope replied that he knew of no saint not already disposed of to some profession. His holiness, however, proposed that he should go round the church of Giovanni di Laterana blindfolded, and after saying a number of Ave Marias, the first he should lay hold of should be his patron. This the good old lawyer undertook; and at the end of his Ave Marias, stopped at

the altar of St. Michael, where he laid hold of, not the saint, but, unfortunately, the devil under the saint's feet, crying out, "This is our saint, let him be our patron!"

This day is past when such ignorance as the following anecdote exhibits could be found in any civilized community:

In 1774, Dr. Webster was a popular preacher of the Kirk of Scotland, in Edinburgh. Business brought him to London, and one day, when passing the House of Lords, his curiosity induced him to make an effort to stop in and see them. None were admitted without an order, except noblemen's servants. Webster, being ignorant of the rule, requested admittance.

"What Lord do you belong to?" said the doorkeeper.

"To the Lord Jehovah," replied Webster.

"The Lord Jehovah," repeated the keeper, "I have kept here seven years, but I have never heard of such a Lord. Jack," said he to his fellow keeper on the front steps, "here's a chap who says he belongs to Lord Jehovah; don't you know such a Lord?"

"Never heard of him," says Jack.

"But," says Webster (willing to keep up the illusion), "there is such a Lord."

"Pass him in," said Jack, "I suppose it's some poor Scotch Lord."

This occurred at a period when there was not one in twenty of all the manufacturing and rural districts in England who could read the Bible or write his own name. Sabbath schools were introduced in 1783. Now the people are intelligent and happy, and can not only read and write, but have found out who the Lord Jehovah is.

A PORTION of the following is often quoted. We give it entire and also its curious origin:

Quin is said to have betted Foote a wager that he would speak some nonsense which Foote could not repeat off hand after him. Quin then produced the following string of incoherence: "So she went into the garden to pick a cabbage leaf, to make an apple pie of; and as she was coming up street, put her head into the shop, and said, 'Do you sell any soap?' So she died, and he very imprudently married the barber; and the powder fell out of the combs; her wig, and poor Mrs. Murphy's puddings were quite entirely spoiled; and there were present the Cariches, and the Gibbles, and the Piesomes, and the Great Pandindron himself, with the little round button at top, and they played at the ancient game of 'Catch who can,' till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."

We often hear of the "good old times" and the wonderful things they did in those days. According to these accounts we are falling off fearfully. An old Vermonter tells us what was done even when he was a boy. We can't come within a mile of it:

Uncle Dad Morton, of Vermont, tells the following story: "Them ancestors of our'n didn't do nothin' halfways. But there's an awful fallin' off since them times. Why, in my time, when I was a boy, things went on more economical than now. We ad worked. My work was to take care of the hens and chickens, and I'll tell you how I raised 'em. You know, I see a very thinkin' codd, atter a thinkin', 'cept when I see asleep. Well, it came to me one mornin' to raise a big lot of chickens from one hen, and I'll tell you how I did it. I took an old whiskey barrel and filled it up with fresh eggs, and then put it on the south side of the barn, with some horses manure around it, and then set the old hen on the banghole. The old critter kept her sittin', and in three weeks I heard a little 'peep.' Then I put my ear to the spigot, when the peeping growed like a swarm of bees. I didn't say anything to the folks about the hatching, for they'd all the time told me I was a fool, but the next morning I knocked in the head of the barrel, and covered the barn floor two deep all over with chickings."

When a man is suffering from dyspepsia, he can hardly be looked upon as an accountable being. With this apology we publish the following sonnet from a sufferer:

Ah, me! what mischiefs from the stomach rise!  
What fatal fits, beyond all doubt or question!  
How many a deed of high and bold enterprise  
Hath been prevented by a bad digestion!  
I ween the savory crust of filthy pies  
Hath made to fall many a man to quake and tremble,  
Filling his belly with dyspeptic sighs,  
Until a huge balloon it doth resemble.  
Thus do our lower parts impede the upper,  
And much the brain's good works molest and hinder;  
We gorge our cerebellum with hot supper,  
And burn, with drama, our viscera to a cinder,  
Choosing our arrows from disease's quiver,  
Till man in misery lives to loathe his liver.

A MAN, a young man—we should suppose a very young man, whose name has not been handed down to posterity, luckily for him, was guilty of the following ungallant response. A response



as ungallant as it is untrue, and which by this time in all probability he has found out:

A sentiment at a Yankee celebration was, "Marriage—ordained of God for the happiness of man—through whose portals the bachelor will not, cannot, or dare not enter." Response by a bachelor (pointing to the flag): "The ladies—our stars before marriage! our stripes after."

Mrs. Stiggins has a very happy way of accommodating herself to circumstances. She must be not only an ingenious but a contented woman, and a crown of glory to her husband, old Stiggins:

Said Stiggins to his wife, one day,  
"We've nothing left to eat;  
If things go on in this queer way,  
We shan't make both ends meet."

The dame replied, in words discreet,  
"We're not so badly fed,  
If we can make but one end meat,  
And make the other bread."

The following dialogue needs no comment:

"Good morning, Mr. Perkins; have you some excellent mulasses?"  
"No, ma'm, our excellent mulasses are all out, but we have some fine old St. Flamingo, some New Orleans, some West Endine, and a sort of mulasses which is made from maple sugar, and which we call seeryup."

"Want to know, Mr. Perkins, if this seeryup is acterly made from maple sugar?"

"I pledge you my word of honor, Mrs. Hornby, that it is acterly made from the genuine bird's-eye maple sugar."

"Then Mr. Perkins, I shall not interrogatory any more, but without further circumlocution, proceed to purchase half a pound of seeryup."

"Bey pardon, Mrs. Hornby, we don't sell it by weight, but by measure."

"Call by measure? Then I will take half a yard!"

### THE CONCEIT OF DUMAS.

In the last number of Monte Cristo, M. Dumas thus relates how he undertook his present tour in Russia: On seeing me enter, the Count and Countess Koucheleff rose, came to meet me, conducted me to an arm-chair, and then sat down, one on my right, the other on my left.

"M. Dumas," said the count to me, "we have observed how fatigued you were when going away at two o'clock in the morning."

"I confess to you, count," I replied, "that it quite deranges my habits."

"Well," said the countess, "henceforth we shall suffer you to go at midnight."

"It is very easy to say so, countess."

What could I do? "It must, however, be attempted, but on one condition," said the count.

"What!"

The countess undertook to answer—

"That you come with us to St. Petersburg." I bounded, the thing seemed to me so foolish. "Caper, frisk," said the countess, "yet we confidently expect you."

"But it is impossible, countess."

"How, impossible?" asked the count.

"Undoubtedly."

"You must set out next Tuesday—that is to say in five days."

"Why do you wish that in five days I get ready for such a journey?—the more," continued I, speaking partly to my interlocutors and partly to myself—"that if I should go to Russia, it would not be to go to St. Petersburg merely."

"You are right," said the count, "Petersburg is only the city of Peter: it is not Russia."

"No," continued I, "I would wish to go to Moscow, Nidjny, Novogorod, Kasan, Astrakan, Sebastopol, and return by the Danube."

"That happens wonderfully well," responded the countess, "I have an estate at Koralswo, near Moscow; the count has possessions at Nidjny, the steppes of Kasan, fisheries on the Caspian Sea, and a country house at Pechatka. That gives you a foothold of two hundred leagues in two hundred leagues."

This was enough to make the head swim, especially of one

detained in Paris only by a hair, and that a woman's hair, the most fragile of all hairs.

"Countess," said I to her, "I require three days to decide."

"I give you three minutes," said she. "Either we will refuse our sister to M. Hume or you shall be his groomsman."

I rose, went on the balcony and deliberated. I remembered that my resolution had been already formed to set out for Greece, Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt; considered that Maze-line, the ship builder, demanded five months to finish our vessel; still thought that, under the circumstances, nothing could be more interesting than a journey through Russia. I reflected that the readers of Monte Cristo, being my especial friends, would accept what I should give them, quite certain that I would do all I possibly could not to alienate them. I thought at last all this mere madness; and this was, I much fear, the reflection which determined me. After two minutes and a half I returned to the countess.

"Well?" she inquired of me.

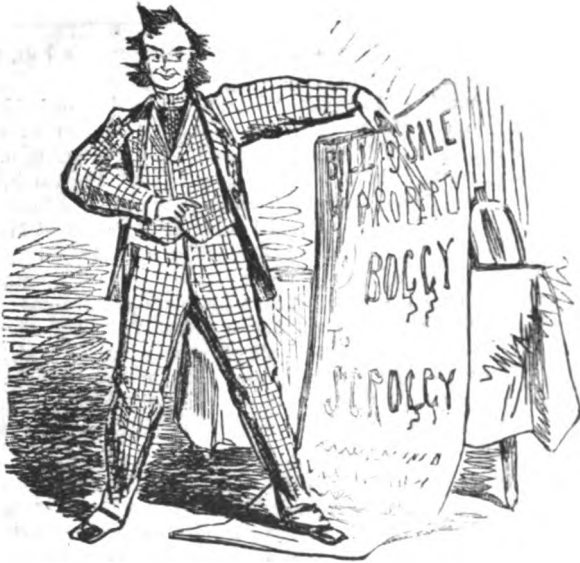
"Well, countess," I responded, "I depart with you."

The count warmly pressed my hand. Hume embraced me. And this is how, dear readers, we set out. Behold me already at St. Petersburg. Shall I accomplish the remainder of my journey? Man proposes and God disposes!

A SMUGGLER'S STORY.—"We shall be, my dear madam," said I to a fellow-passenger in the Dieppe boat, taking out my watch, but keeping my eye steadily upon her, "we shall be in less than ten minutes at the custom-house." A spasm—a flicker from the guilt within—glanced over her countenance. "You look very good-natured, sir," stammered she. I bowed, and looked considerably more so, in order to invite her confidence. "If I was to tell you a secret, which I find is too much to keep to myself, oh, would you keep it inviolable?" "I know it, my dear madam—I know it already," said I, smilingly; "it is the lace, is it not?" She uttered a shriek, and, yes, she had got it there among the crinoline. She thought it had been sticking out, you see, unknown to her. "Oh, sir," cried she, "it is only ten pounds' worth; please to forgive me, and I'll never do it again. As it is, I think I shall expire." "My dear madam," replied I sternly but kindly, "here is the pier, and the officer has fixed his eye upon us. I must do my duty." I rushed up the ladder like a lamplighter; I pointed out that woman to a legitimate authority; I accompanied her upon her way, in custody, to the searching-house. I did not see her searched, but I saw what was found upon her, and I saw her fined and dismissed with ignominy. Then, having generously given up my emoluments as informer to the subordinate officials, I hurried off in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. I gave her lace twice the value of that she had lost, paid her fine and then I explained, "You, madam, had ten pounds' worth of smuggled goods about your person; I had nearly fifty times that amount. I turned informer, madam, let me convince you, for the sake of both of us. You have too expressive a countenance, believe me, and the officer would have found you out at all events, even as I did myself. Are you satisfied, my dear madam? If you still feel aggrieved or injured by me in any way, pray take some more lace; here is lots of it." We parted the best of friends.

AN IMPORTANT FACT.—Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind—these are the grand constituents of health and happiness; the cardinal points upon which everything turns. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject—for the winds, waves, the earth itself, are restless, and the waving of trees, shrubs and flowers is known to be an essential part of their economy. A fixed rule of taking several hours' exercise every day, if possible, in the open air, if not, under cover, will be almost certain to secure one exemption from disease, as well as from the attacks of low spirits, or *ennui*, that monster who is ever way-laying the rich and indolent. "Throw but a stone, the giant dies." Low spirits cannot exist in the atmosphere of bodily and mental activity.

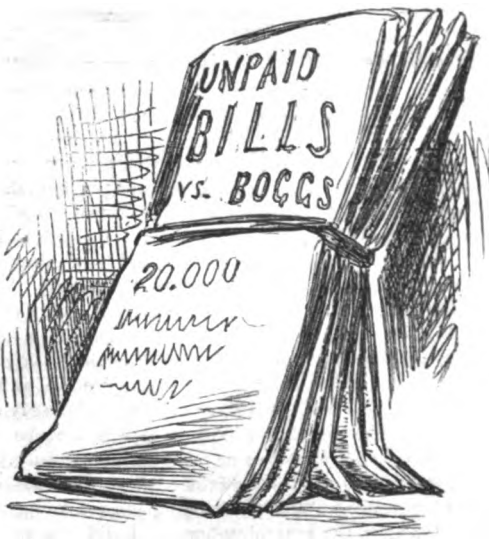
**ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.**



**1. Mr. Boggs, who has just sold for cash his landed property, suddenly disappears.**



**2. The only remains found by his bereaved (?) friends after a thorough search.**



**3. Probable cause of Mr. Boggs' disappearance.**



**4. Indications of premeditated suicide found by his anxious relatives—who have large expectations.**



**5. Concluding in their minds that he has gone to the land of the angels, they assemble to read his will.**



**6. Mr. Boggs enjoying the society of the angels in a foreign clime.**





## FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR JANUARY.

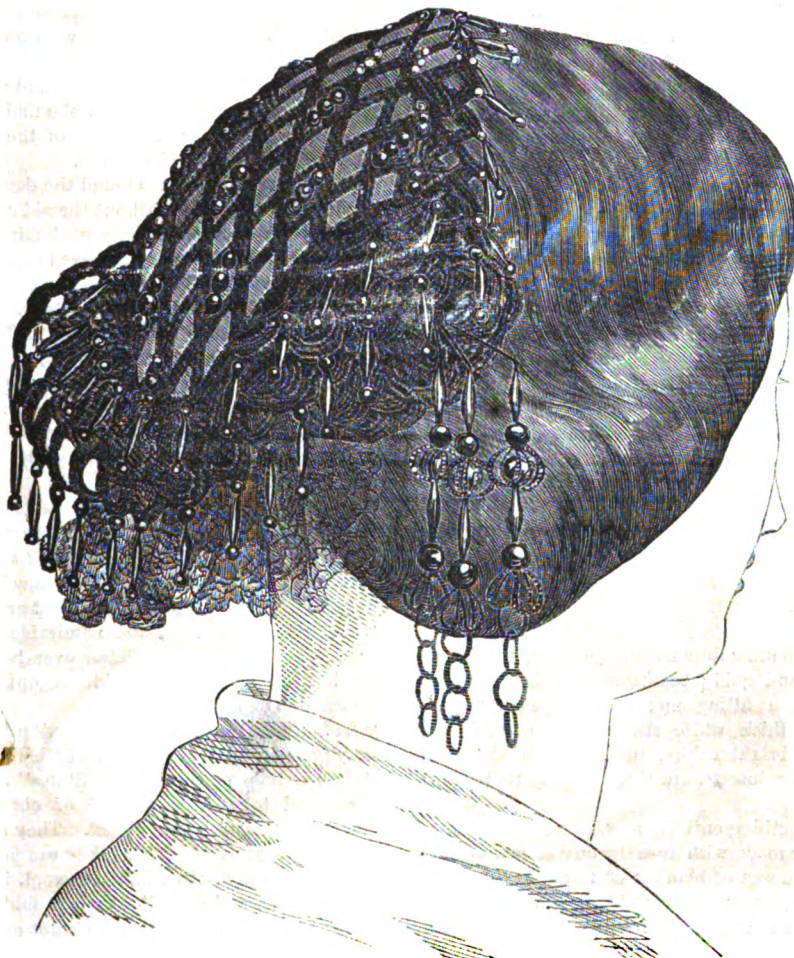
### WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

With this number of the *MAGAZINE* we welcome our readers to a New Year, laden with its precious freight of hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, grief, disappointment, and perhaps sudden and unlooked-for good fortune. From the bottom of our heart we hope it will be a Happy New Year, with only just enough clouds to make a rainbow at its close. At the present moment almost every one is in a state of joyous anticipation. Christmas and New Year in their very sound concentrate a whole host of pleasurable emotions, and send a warmth to the heart like no other word in the language, excepting Home. Children are on a tiptoe of expectation, joining in mysterious conferences, and constantly engaged in making pincushions, needle-books and watchpockets, which nearly comprise a child's list of presents.

VOL. IV., No. 1-6

Ambitious young ladies are anxiously expecting a rich set of lace, a costly dress or a diamond bracelet, and wishing with all their hearts that the presents would come before the holidays.

Anxious, thoughtful mothers are busy preparing for a thousand things, the Christmas tree being the great object of consideration. A very remarkable specimen of horticultural science is the Christmas tree, with its magical colored lights, its gay ribbons, its charming boxes of bonbons, its hanging fruits, and a vase hidden by sleds, skates, dolls, horses, boxes of toys, and many other things too numerous to mention. It also grows lace capes and elegant handkerchiefs; and collars, decorated with bows of gay-colored ribbons; and even fine green velvet smoking caps, braided with gold, which "Fred" insists upon it are for him. Who could have originated the Christmas tree? Whoever it was, they deserve to be immortalised.



1. COIFFURE. PAGE 81.



Broadway is alive with preparations for the coming carnival. Dealers in fancy goods are exhibiting most beautiful novelties, by every steamer, to tempt the eye and gratify the varied tastes of thousands of purchasers. Carefully-hoarded sums of money, large and small, are daily taken out and counted again and again, as if that process would swell them up to the required amount. By-and-by the fifty, or the ten, or the five dollars is added (perhaps it only counts by cents), and the happy possessor congratulates herself on having accomplished her work, and saved the requisite sum which is to accomplish what she so ardently desires.

Saving the money is not always, however, the most difficult part of the undertaking. It is an exceedingly nice point to combine in one's gifts a satisfactory sense of beauty, fitness and value. For instance, who would not like to go and select from TIFFANY'S one of their fine bronzes—a magnificent clock, with nine saucy cupids turning the wheel of time round the dial—just the thing for a lady's *boudoir*; or the more stately companion pieces, philosophers, warriors, knights and queens, down to the neatest little inkstands, quaint and fanciful, adapted to amateur scribblers and ladies who write sentimental verses to twilight and the moon? For ambitious curiosity-seekers, there is a curious Pompeian chandelier, the model of the one in Prince Napoleon's dining-room. It has no globes, but, instead, thirty-six mock candles, which serve as jets, and have a very brilliant effect when lighted.

In the jewellery department there is a cornelian bracelet which belonged to Rachel, consisting of a number of beads, which grow smaller towards each end, and are linked together with fine gold chains. A pair of ear-rings on exhibition here would make the lucky owner the envy of the whole sex. Think of drops, each made of one large pearl, and surmounted by a radiant cluster of diamonds, like a glory—the cost only four thousand dollars! Emeralds, for some reason, are very much in favor this season. Most beautiful golden arrows for the hair are studded with these gems. Bouquet-holders, and the old-fashioned buckles, which, with the decline of pointed waists, are being revived, are charmingly set with these jewels, which sparkle in the midst of the gold filagree workmanship. The style, however, is very different from the heavy, clumsy affairs which were the delight of the belles of a former generation. Light and graceful, beautiful in design and of exquisite workmanship, they are particularly adapted to the delicate evening toilettes and pretty airy drapery in which our northern flowers like to float, like *Peris* at the entrance of Paradise.

By the way, speaking of airy drapery, I know where to find the finest and most ethereal of these graceful nothings—a mass of soft white mist, embroidered with the tips of rosy clouds, sinking in the distance to celestial blue, or a mixture of rainbow hues, which are dazzling to see. For brides, no colors are permitted, but only a silver embroidery thrown upon the surface, like light across a pure surface of snow. It is at S. M. PEYSE, corner of Broadway and Broome street, that we are indebted for these charming toilettes, selected by himself in Paris, and greatly superior to any ever before imported into this country.

Mr. Peyser exhibits, also, elegant bridal boxes of satin, worked with pearls, and chenille caskets and boxes of perfumery, whose exquisite cut crystal bottles exhale the odors of the Garden of Eden. I don't like to offer a premium to lazy young ladies, but if any of that species want to present a specimen of their industry to some dear friend, there are cigar cases closely netted in silk and gold; beautifully worked slippers, which require only the filling up; and suspenders—such suspenders!—made of thick white silk elastic, embroidered with delicate flowers in bright colors, among which glittering little fire-flies, and other insects, are flitting away their short existence.

"L'Africaine" is something entirely new, and can be bought in a completed state, or made with ease by any lady who likes worsted netting. It is a sort of blanket of thick wool, netted in wide, bright tiger stripes, and is intended as a foot-robe for a sleigh: a capital present to a gentleman—novel and significant, combining a hint with a gift.

Ladies are becoming tired of porte-monnaies, and so the

nicest little crochet bags of purses are imported, netted in black, scarlet and gold, and profusely decorated with tassels and pendant buttons.

The Parisian *L'Artiste* says: Women, perhaps, were never better head-dressed than they are now; their hair is waved, plaited, craped, thrown back, swollen out, twisted cable-like, with an art which is really marvellous. Paris combs are equal to Greek chisels, and hair is much more docile than Parian or Pentelican marble. Observe this head of beautiful black hair, whose raven fillets describe their pure lines on a pale forehead, and, as by a diadem, are pressed by a *torade* springing from the back of the head and returning to the place from which it came! See that blonde crown where the amorous zephyr seems to linger and play, what a golden glory—such as crowns saints' brows—does it form to that white and rosy face! Notice with what taste these ties, these curls, these tresses, curled on themselves like Ammon's horn, or like the volute of the Ionian column's capital, are assembled on the nape of the neck! Could an Athenian sculptor or Renaissance painter arrange them with more grace, more ingenuity, more style? Never! never!

We have as yet referred merely to the arrangement of the hair; what shall we say in speaking of head-dresses proper? We challenge art to invent anything better! Here we see flowers where dewdrops tremble, opening their petals amid glaucous, russet or green foliage; their supple spray falling negligently on the shoulders; or strings of sequins, braids of pearls, stars of diamonds, pins with globes of filigree work, pins constellated with turquoises; bandelets of gold, braided with the hair tresses; feathers light and delicate as colored vapors or as summer rainbows; ribbon knots tricked and flounced like roses; velvet network; gauze spanzled with gold and silver, whose every break glitters in the light; fillets of rose coral, grapes of amethyst, currants of rubies, butterflies of precious stones, glass bubbles metal colored, buprestes clytra; everything fancy can conceive that is new and coquettish and brilliant, all worn without excess, with no overloading, with no grotesque overheaping, with no ridiculous luxury, but all in harmony with appearance of the face and the proportions of the head. The Venus de Milo, could she find her arms and borrow from a lady of fashion a corsage of the day, might go into society head-dressed as she now is.

A "lady" thinks she has found the desideratum—a means of expansion for the dress, without the aid of metal or whalebone hoops. Her plan is to wear a corded skirt, starched stiff, and a muslin one over it, made with three flounces, also starched stiff. Now, there are several objections to this arrangement, which are quite as valid as those against hoops. The first is the fact that starched skirts do not retain any stiffness, if exposed to the least dampness or moisture. Secondly, if the stiffness does not leave them, they lay over in flat folds upon a very slight outside pressure. Thirdly, flounced muslin skirts would be both expensive and troublesome to keep in order; indeed, would be out of the reach of any but those who can afford to keep a laundry maid.

Over small hoops these flounced under-skirts, either of moiree or muslin, are admirable for those who can afford them. Nothing else gives such perfection of *tournure*, or so effectively conceals any apparent signs of the machinery beneath. The secret of the Empress Eugenie's perfect art in the disposition of her crinoline arises from the admirable effect of superbly arranged skirts of flounced tulle over hoops of exquisite fineness; but to render them durable, of course something must be worn capable of resisting pressure.

"La Mariposa," the Spanish for butterfly, is the pretty name of very pretty rigolettes made by a little Chinese girl, who wants to "buy a map of the United States" and "some books to study," and takes this method of obtaining the necessary means to accomplish her object. They are what people call cunning—"Just as cunning as they can be," said an enthusiastic lady. They are netted in white wool, in a pretty half handkerchief shape, and with light wings folded over at the side, fastened by handsome rosettes, look not unlike the fanciful idea which the youthful maker has attached to them.

Very pretty netted pelerine capes are worn this winter, and

Not only communicate additional warmth, but are a becoming and graceful accessory to the dress. Blue and brown are the favorite colors, with twisted wool cord and tassels, and steel buttons down the front.

A magnificent diadem has been designed in London for the Princess Woronzoff, of Russia. It is so formed as to be convertible at pleasure into a necklace of bracelets, and consists of nine brilliants of enormous size, each surmounted with brilliants of smaller dimensions, and connected by elastic joined chains composed of stones of the same material, the whole being set in silver. The value of the ornament is upwards of twenty thousand pounds sterling. The diamonds have long been heirlooms in the Woronzoff family.

The Count Duchatel recently presented his wife with a ruby, for which he paid eighty thousand dollars (four hundred thousand francs). This is beyond anything we have heard of the gallantry of American husbands.

For the month succeeding the holidays, balls and parties follow each other in quick succession, and promise to be particularly numerous and brilliant this season. The toilettes are *en grande tenue*, solid velvet being very much in favor for matrons. This is too heavy for double skirts, and they are therefore made very wide and long behind, forming a demi-train, but sufficiently short in front to reveal the tip of the *chaussure* or a glimpse of the embroidery beneath. Some of these robes are sublime in their regal amplitude, and put all idea of relinquishing hoops out of the question.

Embossed velvet robes are imported in magnificent styles, but nearly all with double skirts, the velvet designs being wrought in splendid relief upon the upper skirt. Among these rich fabrics we find none so handsome as the new shade of drab, soft, delicate and pure as a youthful Quakeress, ornamented with designs in a rare shade of rich dark brown. Black also are superb, and very *distingué*; these have generally been considered too heavy for demoiselles, and yet nothing is more becoming to the slight form and bright complexion than the lustrous folds relieved by the witchery of a cloud of misty lace.

Heavy plaid bayadere striped cloths are imported for the promenade, and nothing could be more appropriate. The colors are generally dark and bright, frequently quite brilliant, and the fabric is very durable, and able to resist the penetrating effects of even New York slush and mud. The designs of this material make it unfit for basques, which should never be seen in plaids or broad bayadere stripes. The bodies are therefore made plain high, and straight round the waist; and the sleeves small bishop, plaited at the top, with a short, round, or square cap, and a cuff turned over to match. Bishop or gigot sleeves can never be worn excepting for the street or an ordinary house dress, the confinement to the wrist destroying the graceful flow of the wide sleeve, and permitting no display of the rich laced, puffed and ribboned under-sleeves, which form part of every full dress.

A very heavy and durable material for the street has been introduced quite recently, and is called "Ottoman" cloth. It consists of silk and wool, and comes in dark colors, and very wide. The price is two dollars per yard, as much as a handsome, plain silk, but eight yards is abundance for a dress.

So far as the "making up" is concerned, there is little in the way of novelty to record. Square pompadour waists are much in favor, and also high plain waists trimmed square with rich fringe, and buttoned down the front with crochet or jewelled buttons. Pointed bodies are still worn, the points very deep, and sometimes numbering seven or nine. For the low corsage of a light evening silk dress, they are very stylish and very much admired. For full dress, however, straight bodies are now in vogue, worn with a belt fastened by the old-fashioned buckle, in light and graceful designs.

Basques in some shape or other seem to have become an institution, which we could no more do without than we could do without dress altogether. They are not only convenient, but graceful, becoming and womanly, and especially admired by gentlemen. Perhaps that is one reason why ladies have retained them so long. At any rate, they have not yet lost caste, but are principally made this season in velvet, both black and colored, and worn for home toilette, with handsome flounced

or bayadere silk skirts. The black ones are trimmed with guipure lace, and jet heading, or chenille trimming, worked with jet, but the colored (dark green and purple being the most in vogue) are frequently ornamented with a border of ermine or swansdown, with admirable effect. For young ladies, or those recently married, these velvet jackets may be cut low in the neck, and trimmed round the top with fur, forming a point back and front.

The demand for furs this season has been unprecedented, rich mink capes, costing from one to five hundred dollars, have been sold as commonly as victorines were a few years ago, and the imperial fur cloak is no longer a novelty. One which we saw purchased for a New Year's present was of sable, exquisitely fine, soft and thick, with the gray tinge when it is turned up, which the connoisseurs know how to appreciate, and which, standing still in the light, looks so darkly light as to make the term "sable blackness" no misnomer. It was superbly finished, and the price only eight hundred dollars.

The rage for furs has revived fur trimming, which is very extensively used for cloth cloaks, basques, velvet dresses, and as a border to morning robes. Six to ten inches is the ordinary depth, varying and graduating according to taste, or the style of the garment which it adorns. The finest kinds, such as real sable, mink or ermine, properly used in conjunction with handsome materials, produce a very imposing effect; but nothing can be more forlorn than a common garment, in evidently straightened circumstances, decked out with strips of dyed fitch or musk rat.

Mr. GENIN has a pretty novelty, called the "Arctic" hood, which is at the same time, very *recherché*, and exceedingly warm and comfortable—just what is needed for the keen air of these sharp winter nights, when not even vanity, and the desire to preserve one's head-dress intact, can prevent the biting wind from whistling in the smallest and most aristocratic ears, and when the interstices of a "Rigolette," or a "Nubian" scarf, serve only as so many air holes through which Jack Frost plays off his wildest pranks. The Arctic hoods, on the contrary, fulfil all the requisites. They are both distinguished and becoming, and soft and nice as fine dark silk plush, silk lining wadded and quilted, and a real mink border can make them.

It is probable that the showy plaids and stripes, many of which are enormous this winter in size, will be entirely relinquished in favor of solid colors as spring advances. Soft lively shades will be in demand, of which the pure violet will be the queen. This charming shade is already elected supreme in the heart of the Empress Eugenie, whose exquisite taste every one must acknowledge. Among the "new" colors we should mention the lovely "mace," a modest, transparent tint, which looks like the "golden cream," of which rural housewives boast. In satin it is absolutely divine, and we cannot forbear a description of a New Year's dress of this material, made at the establishment of Madame DEMOREST, 375 Broadway. The skirt was very long and wide, laying in rich folds upon the ground behind. Over this was an upper skirt of point lace, looped up with the finest and tiniest crimson velvet flowers tipped with marabout, like precious little snow flakes on holly berries. The corsage was very low, with four points, and ornamented with lace decorated with bouquet to match the skirt. Sleeve, a short pointed cap of satin over a full puffed sleeve of lace. Head-dress, a wreath of tiny crimson velvet blossoms, sides tipped with marabout.

We cannot but admire the perfection of art at which the modiste arrives in this establishment; the "fit" is irreproachable, and the workmanship executed to a charm, and with a nicety rarely found. This care and artistic rendering of details has made this establishment the first upon this continent in its *specialité*, which is the making of paper models and teaching the science of dressmaking. Thirty-six branches are now in operation, we believe, all over the country, all proceeding from the New York house, which is the fountain head.

#### REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

Much has been said of the decline of hoops, and of an absolute fiat



having gone forth which would consign them at once to eternal oblivion, and still they have not gone out of fashion; on the contrary, they are worn more universally than ever, and it is

impossible to say when their reign will be at an end. A return to scant drapery, at once hideous and inconvenient, is impossible; neither will women consent to wear the enormous load of skirts which is necessary to produce the requisite degree of expansion without hoops; some method will have to be suggested, therefore, which will combine present advantages without resorting to any of those experiments of which we have already experienced the annoyance.

Where a fashion originates, or how it obtains its vitality, scarcely any one knows; but once made popular, and no amount of ridicule or outside influence has the least effect upon it. The very ones who deride finally adopt it, and none are so sensitive to the least departure from established modes as the fathers, brothers, husbands and lovers who ridicule them. We copy some paragraphs in point from a late fashion writer:

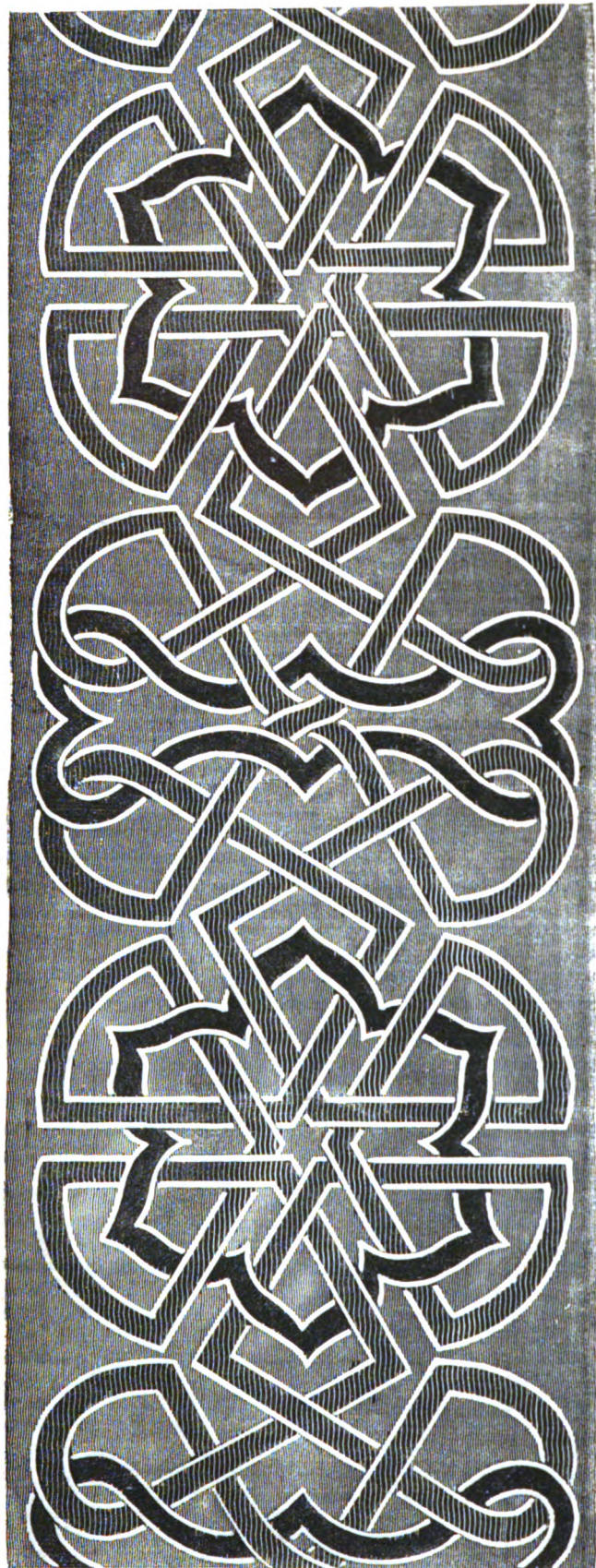
Fashion is a very potent influence—that is certain. It is scoffed at, abused and ridiculed, but it is omnipotent. Gentlemen expend their wit on different articles of ladies' attire, and yet would not be seen in the street with a lady who did not wear them. Ladies frequently profess entire independence of the fickle goddess, yet their first inquiry is, "Which is the latest fashion?" and the universal sentiment is very well expressed in the trite remark—"Better be out of the world than out of the fashion!"

The fashions for this season combine, in a remarkable degree, elegance with excellence, and it is only the most shocking old croakers who will venture to complain of them. Of course there are costly laces, and furs, and velvets enough to keep up the usual outcry about "extravagance;" but there is also plenty of nice warm cloth and merino for those who cannot afford to indulge in such luxuries, and one will cover quite as much contentment as the other. For the rest, it is perfectly proper for those who have plenty of money to encourage trade, and gratify their fancies in any way they please which does not hurt others, and for my part it is almost as much pleasure to see a handsome article of dress as to possess it myself.

But it is the most fashionable who are generally the most sensible. It is poor girls who work in shops, seamstresses, and would-be fine ladies who pride themselves on living at home on the earnings of some hard-working father, who wear thin shoes at twelve shillings a pair, and spatter through the mud in a handsome silk dress, the only one they have in the world. It is the rich, fashionable women who buy heavy-soled boots, three-quarters of an inch thick, at seven dollars a pair, and which are, after all, the most economical, because they will last two winters for the street, while the others last only two weeks. The price quoted is the "outside" of the fancy French importing house charges, and is cheaper at that than the "cheap" gaiters bought by poor women and foolish girls.

It is fashionable women, also, who wear on the promenade, in such weather as we have had recently, heavy cloth and merino dresses, and thick dark skirts adapted to the circumstances. It is those who have only one embroidered skirt who think they must wear it every time they go out; and when it is seen dragging in the wet, with the mud about it half a yard deep, be sure the wearer has nothing else to put on, and instead of promenading, ought to be at home quilting herself a useful garment, or earning money to buy a Balmoral, which are the best in this case.

The advantage which a really fashionable woman possesses is, that she knows what is proper and suitable to be worn on every occasion, and provides herself with it. Her imitators, however, unable to obtain all, provide that which is intended for show, leaving the useful to take care of itself.



BORDER FOR BRAIDED SMOKING CAP. PAGE 29.





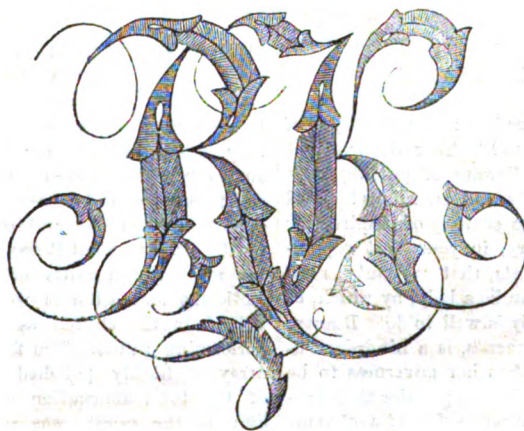
CROWN OF BRAIDED SMOKING CAP. PAGE 92.

## STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

THE feature of the present month in New York society is the great number of balls, and other magnificent entertainments which precede and follow the Christmas and New Year's holidays. Of course ball dresses are universally subjects of interest and inquiry, and all sorts of methods are employed to vary the toilette, and make each as charming as possible. For demoiselles light and flowing costumes are universally adopted, the fuller and more expansive the better. For the more costly toilettes of married ladies the most expensive lace is employed, and diamonds, feathers and beautiful artificial flowers are in great demand. A new and pretty toilette for the evening is composed of pink tarlatan, with nine flounces, edged with a very narrow black velvet and guipure lace. The low body is pointed before and behind, and trimmed round the top and points with narrow black velvet. Over this is worn an Antoinetta cape of black guipure, with a deep frill covering the body to the waist; the ends tied behind and hanging. The sleeves are formed of two puffs, tied with black velvets with long ends. Another is of white tulle, with four flounces cut in large scallops, and trim-

med with three rows of bouillonnes. Very narrow coral-colored velvets are looped together across each scallop, and fastened by bows. The body is low, with very short sleeves covered by falls reaching the top flounce and edged with blonde. The berthe is formed of bouillonnes, trimmed like the flounces with velvet, and ornamented in front by a bouquet of daisies mixed with branches of coral. A round wreath to match the bouquet formed the head-dress.

The evening head-dresses are usually made either in the form of a cachepeigne or of a diadem. A pretty one in the former style is composed of a wreath of pink acacia and rose leaves across the front, fastening two tufts of tulle placed very backward. Behind should be rose leaves with long sprays of acacia, and two long and wide barbes of tulle simply hemmed. One much admired consists of two plaits of blue velvet, one across the front, the other more backward. These were both spotted with silver stars, and attached by a silver cord with two tassels, one hanging lower than the other. The beautiful Cambrai laces of the manufacturers Ferguson & Son, Rue des Jeuneurs, No. 40, daily grow in favor. Our fashionable dames trim bonnets, mantles, caps and dresses with this new style of lace. Within the last





year, this fabric has been so much improved in lightness of texture and beauty of design, that it is now suitable to form any accompanying decoration to the richest velvet and silks. At the present moment, the dresses that are most frequently seen, in addition to the woollen textures, are of black silk. These robes have generally two deep flounces, or with a single flounce very deep and surmounted by a number of narrow ones. This style of trimming is a reminiscence of the first Empire, and harmonizes with the plain waists and large puffed or slashed sleeves, which are worn. But the voluminous skirts bear no resemblance to the umbrella case of petticoats in which the belles of fifty years back sheathed themselves. Waistbands have replaced basques almost universally; the old-fashioned buckle is restored to favor. They are very large and wide, some are of plain or richly wrought gold; others are studded with precious stones. Silver gilt, polished silver and steel are also employed in the materials used for buckles. All are light and graceful in form and design, and bear little resemblance to the clumsy ornaments with which our grandparents decorated the waist, the knees and the shoes.

For the promenade, the styles offered for January are of a commendably useful and durable character. Thick cloth dresses, heavy beaver wrappers, with wide deep sleeves, and boots with soles at least three-quarters of an inch thick. New fabrics of silk and wool, are also imported, very heavy in texture, and wider than ordinary double width; one of these is known as "Ottoman" cloth, and makes a very handsome and ladylike street dress.

A pretty Polish hood, for balls and parties, is very much admired as a substitute for the "Rigolette" and netted scarf which have been in vogue, but are objected to from the want of sufficient warmth. The new hood is made of fine, dark silk plush, bordered with real mink, and lined with silk, wadded and quilted.

#### DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

FIG. 1st.—Street dress of rich, plain, dark brown poplin, with two skirts, striped with black velvet. The body is plain and high without points, and the sleeves flowing, surmounted by a small round cap, and bordered with black velvet undersleeves, and collar of *Point d'Angleterre*. Marie Stuart hat of green Lyons velvet, with coiffure edged with fringe. Straw-colored kid gloves, and gold twisted serpent bracelet with eyes formed of emeralds.

FIG. 2d.—Morning dress of handsome checkered "Ottoman" cloth, ornamented in points with narrow black guipure lace and crochet buttons set in the inner spaces. The body is plain, round, and finished with a belt clasped by a gold buckle. A small circular cape conceals the corsage, and is trimmed to match the skirt and sleeves in front, the edge being simply completed by a narrow row of guipure, small collar and cuffs of plain fine linen cambric. Head-dress a coiffure of white lace, fastened with large pins of light green enamel.

Child's dress of fine white merino, ornamented with broad bright blue ribbons and black velvet. Blue gaiter boots, and white merino socks.

#### THE VALUE OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

Who dares set our children copies saying that "Beauty is of small account compared with goodness?" Tear the leaf out wherever you see such profanity. Beware of putting such falsehoods into copy books, O parents and guardians! Lord Eldon has deprived some of you of the custody of children for less offences. Write, on the contrary, in your best copperplate, for transcription by our innocents, that "Beauty is the best gift to woman," provided a woman be a lady, by which, of course, I mean somebody whose family is well to do. Beauty, under our existing Christian arrangements, is a hindrance to dependants; for what sensible lady likes her governess to be prettier than her daughter, or her maid to be prettier than herself? and to the poor girl, no doubt, the possession of a charm-

ing face is, under our Christian arrangements aforesaid, a curse bestowed by some magnificent fairy, protectress of casino lovers and the rest of the aristocracy. But, dear and respectable woman, lawfully married wife, down upon your knees morning and evening, and thank Providence if you have been made beautiful, or have reason to think so. Thank Providence, I repeat to you, for a gift that has saved or will save you two-thirds of the vexations which make up life. If you only knew its value! You think you do; but, as the Queen of Sheba complained to Solomon the Wise, one-half has not been told. It won your husband, that you know quite well, though you pretend to think that accomplishments, sweetness, high breeding, and all that were your real charms. Stuff! he married you for your beauty, and would tell you so, but for reasons which I will not betray. And it is by your beauty that you keep him—I won't say constant, we are all that, you know—but attentive, considerate, generous, forgiving, enduring.

I tell you, madam, that if you were a plain woman you would be treated in a far different manner. The plain ones all are. Some know it, but are too vain to say so—some don't know it, but it is true. If an ugly woman said to a husband a quarter of the unpleasant things that you say, he would pack her off into the country on a separate maintenance. If she ran up such a milliner's bill as you calmly asked your husband to cast up the other morning—as quietly assuming a check for it as the raw, young, valuable Dissenting missionary going to the Hottentots sail, in answer to an instructing friend, that of course he should assume justification by faith—it would be tossed back to her with a growl if the man were gentleman, and an oath if he were a snob.

If she wrote him, he being away, the careless and scanty letter that you wrote the other day, and which you would hardly have written at all but that you wanted money for a ball dress (whereat she sent him sixteen sides of clearly-written, affectionate and amusing stuff, not at all a bore to read, and very good hints for his dinner table-talk at the country-house), she would have had a brief extract from the counterfoils of his checks for the year, and an intimation that she would have no more money till Christmas, when he meant to retrench. But you are beautiful, or he thinks so. He likes that face, and he is weak enough not to like to see or to imagine it (which is worse, because one imagines gentleness and misses abuse) in a melancholy state, tears gathering in the eyes, disappointment clouding the features, perhaps embarrassment at his conduct giving the countenance a really piteous effect. That's why you get the playful answer and the kiss in return for your rudeness, when you ought to have a box on the ears. That is why the party is given, the opera box taken, the visit to Brighton accorded, and when you send your half sulky letter for money, then, as Mr. Tennyson says—

Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the check book to his hands.

Be thankful, too, for your small mercies—your small waist, small hand, small foot, small talk, but above all, dear woman, be thankful that you have got one of those faces which a man of average sensibility does not like to see in discontent or distress.

#### WHAT MODERN CIVILIZATION OWES TO A COUPLE OF MEDIEVAL LOVERS.

It is sufficient to remark the appearance of Abelard in this century, as the commencement of a reaction against the dogmatic authority of the church. It was henceforth possible to reason and to inquire, and there can be no doubt that Protestantism, even in this modified and isolated form, had a beneficial effect on the establishment it assailed. A new armory was required to meet the assaults of dialectic and scholarship. Dialecticians and scholars were therefore, henceforth, as much valued in the church as self-flagellating friars and miracle-performing saints. The faith was now guarded by a noble array of highly polished intellects, and the very dogma of the total abnegation of the understanding at the bidding of the priest, was supported by a show of reasoning

which few other questions had called forth. With the enlargement of the clerical sphere of knowledge, refinement in taste and sentiment took place. And at this time, as philosophic discussion took its rise with Abelard, the ennobling and idealization of woman took its birth contemporaneously with the sufferings of Eloisa. Up to this period the church had avowedly looked with disdain on woman, as inheriting in a peculiar degree the curse of our first parents, because she had been the first to break the law. Knightly gallantry, indeed, had thought proper to elevate the feminine ideal, and clothe with imaginary virtues the heroines of its fictitious idolatry. It made her the aim and arbiter of all its achievements. The principal seat in hall and festival was reserved for the softer sex, which hitherto had been considered scarcely worthy of reverence or companionship.

Perhaps this courtesy to the ladies on the part of knights and nobles began in an opposition to the wife-secluding habits of the Orientals against whom they fought, as at an earlier date the worship of images was certainly maintained by Rome as a protest against the unadorned worship of the Saracens. Perhaps it arose from the gradual expansion of wealth, and the security of life and property, which left time and opportunity for the cultivation of the female character. Ladies were constituted chiefs of societies of nuns, and were obeyed with implicit submission. Large communities of young maidens were presided over by widows who were still in the bloom of youth, and so holy and pure were these sisterhoods considered, that brotherhoods and monks were allowed to occupy the same house, and the sexes were only separated from each other, even at night, by an aged abbot sleeping on the floor between them. Though this experiment failed, the fact of its being tried proved the confidence inspired by the spotlessness of the female character. Other things conspired to give a greater dignity to what had been called the inferior sex. The death of whole families in the Crusade had left the daughters heiresses of immense possessions. In every country but France the crown itself was open to female succession, and it was henceforth impossible to affect a superiority over a person merely because she was corporeally weak and beautiful, who was lady of strong castles, and could summon a thousand retainers beneath the banners of her house.

The very elevation of the women with whom they were surrounded—the peeresses and princesses, and even the ladies of lower rank, to whom the voice of the troubadours attributed all the virtues under heaven—necessitated in the mind of the clergy a corresponding elevation in the character of the queen and representative of the female sex, whom they had already worshipped as personally without sin, and endowed with superhuman power. At this time the immaculate conception of the holy Virgin was first broached as an article of belief—a doctrine which, after being dormant at intervals, and occasionally blossoming into declaration, has finally received its full ratification by the authority of the present Pope—Pius IX. In the twelfth century it was acknowledged and propagated as a fresh increase to the glory of the mother of God, but it is now fixed for ever as indispensable to the salvation of every Christian.

#### DINING WITH A BISHOP.

ONE of the leading English prelates not long ago invited to his hospitable mansion, in London, a country rector, an old friend, from one of the remote provinces. The simple-minded gentleman came about five o'clock, having a notion that he should arrive about the dinner-hour. Soon after he had taken his seat, tea was brought round. "Well," thought the rector, "this is bare living, at any rate; if I had known, I would have had a beefsteak at a chop-house before I came; but I hardly expected that a bishop would dine at one o'clock. Is it a fast day, I wonder?" He drank his tea, however, and said nothing. About half-past seven o'clock his bed candle was placed in his hand and he was conducted to his sleeping-room. "Call you this London?" he soliloquized; "why, I should have fared far better at Silverton; I should have had my comfortable mutton chop and my glass of beer at nine o'clock, and I should

have been in bed by ten, well fed and contented. But here I am, half starved, in the midst of splendor—as hungry as a hunter—almost ready to devour my blanket, like the boa constrictor—ha! ha!—and where everything looks so grand. Well, fine furniture won't make a man fat; give me substantial victuals, and you may take the gildings." Soliloquizing in this fashion, he undressed himself, pulled over his ears his cotton night-cap, "with a tassel on the top," as the song says, and crept into bed, coiling himself up comfortably; and, being of a forgiving temper, he soon forgot his troubles, and sank into his first sleep as sweetly as a "christom child;" when, lo! after a while, bells begin to ring, and a smart knock at his door resounds through his room, and a voice is heard, saying, "Dinner is on the table, sir!" The old gentleman awoke in considerable confusion, not knowing whether it was to-day or to-morrow; and, according to the most authentic account, he appeared shortly after at the dinner table, though in a somewhat ruffled condition as relates to his wardrobe, and mentally in a doze of uncertainty as to the day of the week and the meal he was eating.

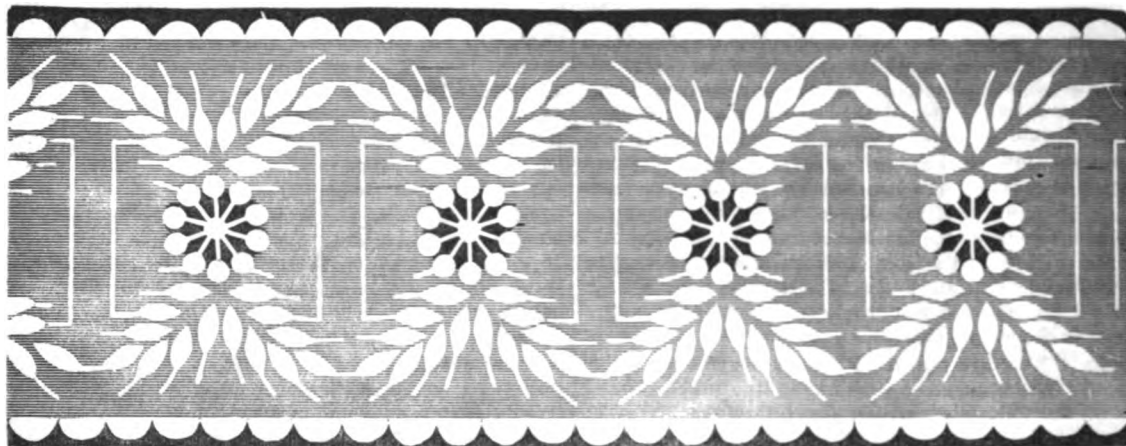
#### THE INSPIRATION OF BALLS.

BALLS and parties follow fast after weddings, and prepare the way for more; they are not so useless as many think, nor so full of vanity. They are not only mediums of pleasant social intercourse, but act as delightful safety-valves for the effervescing life of youth. The chronicler of the matinees is also a nice apologist for balls, and young ladies will not be unwilling to know the emotions which they excite in the breasts of susceptible individuals of the other sex. Our gentleman says:

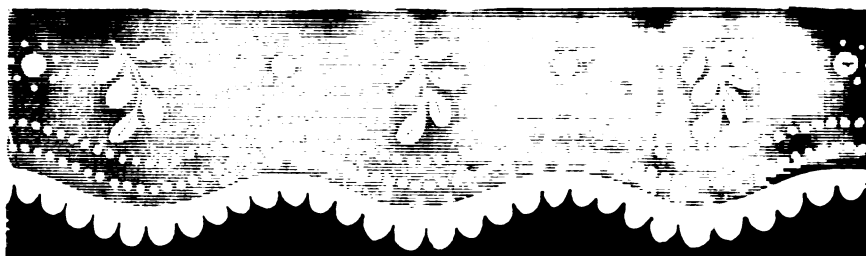
For all is not nonsense that seems so: many and many of those you meet in society are not so shallow as you think; many receive vivid impressions from the gaiety of a scene that you imagine are absorbed in frivolity. While a man stands paying silly compliments to some little flirt just out this season, his eye takes in not only the fresh and budding charms before him, but all the brilliancy of the ball. The gaily decorated room; the lofty walls covered with mirrors and pictures; statues peering from behind the heavy curtains; flowers and frescoes, and gilding, and columns making up the background; dazzling light streaming down on the restless throng; beautiful women clad in elegant and dainty garments; gallant men saying courteous things; young forms bearing the lovely maidens swiftly in the dance; tossing plumes, sparkling jewels, subtle perfumes; white arms, half exposed; exquisite bosoms, shrouded in delicate laces; then the music of soft voices and gentle tones and subdued laughter, with some inspiring strain from a distant band; all this furnishes an intoxication, a sort of *delire*, to an imaginative nature that is not easily to be resisted.

Should you get accustomed to the light, enter the ball-room; see the merry feet of the dancers as they glide swiftly by in the mazes of the redowa; feel your own blood tingle as the robes of a woman you admire are swept swiftly by you, and the influence of the wine mounts up to your brain; catch the inspiration of the music and the moment, and approach some fair girl radiant with youth and beauty, whose eyes beam softly and gladly when you ask her to join the dance. Lay your arm around the taper waist that otherwise you scarce dare think of, feel her soft breath on your cheek, her finger clasped in yours, and if the excitement of society is not quite entrancing, you are not susceptible. Quicker and quicker becomes the movement of the music; faster and faster you whirl on; as your partner pants with the rapid motion and the sympathetic excitement, she rests more closely on you for support, and all her pulses beat in unison with yours. Ah, me! could one always be dancing! Do you remember the German princess who waltzed to Strauss's music till she died? What wonder? And yet the blues and the old fogies can't understand why the young people like society, what charm there is in dancing. Well, when our blood gets cold, and our imagination dull, perhaps we will wonder too. Thank Heaven! that time is not come yet!





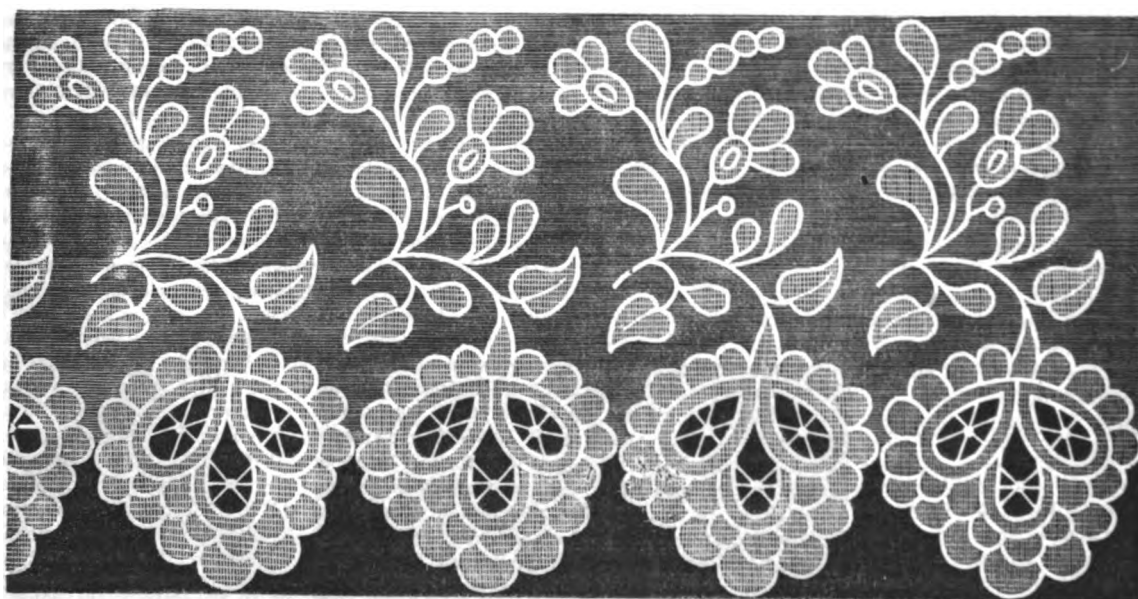
HANDSOME INSERTION IN SATIN STITCH.



DESIGN FOR CUFFS.



DESIGN FOR TRIMMING.



DESIGN FOR FRENCH EMBROIDERY.



DESCRIPTION OF  
COIFFURES.

## No. 1—PAGE 81.—

A CHARMING Negligé of net or fillet of black chenille and lace, enriched with jet. The centre is crossed in diamond pattern, with jet beads across the alternate open spaces. A double border is formed of chenille, with jet pendants, and it is fastened at the sides with magnificent pins, with hanging drops and bead links.

No. 2—Coiffure of handsome open lace in palm leaf pattern, with broad loops and ends of violet blue ribbon, deeply fringed. Over the ears loops of black velvet terminate in long irregular ends. This is a charming accompaniment to the *matinée toilette* of a bride.

A PARISIAN  
STORY OF  
CRINOLINE.

Nor long ago, beneath the bright October sun, one of the most celebrated beauties of the Parisian theatre was walking on the Boulevard, and by her graceful steps and the beauty of her figure, attracted universal attention. Mdlle X. was followed for five minutes by an unknown admirer. She knew it, as any French woman would, and walked on rapidly. The admirer followed like a faithful dog.

Suddenly in the middle of the pavement, at a most frequented spot, Mdlle. X. stopped and presented an obstinate rigidity. The admirer, astonished, believed that there was going to be a scene, but he dared the danger and approached the beautiful artiste, who was still unmoved. What was his surprise when he saw that she looked at him appealingly, almost supplicatingly.

He advanced nearer, and her looks besought a desire to say one private word.

The mysterious word was spoken!

"Mademoiselle," replied the admirer, "there are but two means to spare you from embarrassment, and to prevent an unfortunate exhibition."

"What are they?" asked the stationary beauty.

"One is to wait until I can find a coach that I can persuade to come directly upon the pavement, or better and more simply to appear ill and permit me to carry you to one of those hackney-cabs that are already near by."



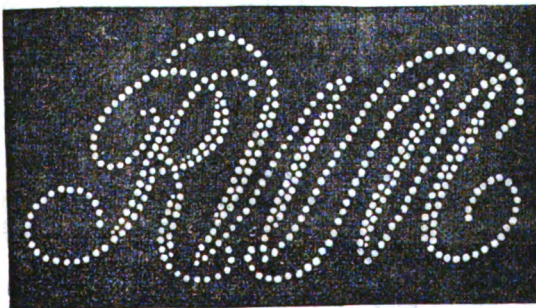
2. COIFFURE.

dence, and stopped near a staircase; a dressing-maid was called. The admirer, understanding all, had retired discreetly.

Mdlle X. kept her seat; her maid relieved her of a stupendous crinoline, which unclasp in the street, and falling from its security at the waist, had rendered locomotion impracticable, if not dangerous. This operation ended, Mdlle. X., slim as a sylph floating on the waves, escaped from the carriage, with her hand waving her last thanks, rapidly mounted the stairs. The maid stood holding the discarded skirt, with its crinoline flounces, in her right hand; the hero placed ten louis d'or in the other, and put the happy skirt in the carriage, driving off as fast as a driver could urge his horses, with the influence of a princely *douceur*. It is generally known that, ten days afterwards, the papers announced the marriage of Mdlle. X., the most charming actress in all Paris, with M. B—, the most honorable banker in all Europe. Thus ended the comedy of crinoline in one act. Her skirt was returned with the small addition of a husband.

## OPERA MATINEES.

ONE of the greatest features of the opera season which has closed, was the absolute furore for matinees. It was a refreshing but not always agreeable novelty to those who had been accustomed to lounge in and out, with a choice of all the seats in the house, to find themselves blockaded at every step, every inch of space





occupied, and if compelled in sheer desperation to occupy and pay for a box, to find their view obstructed by rows of square shoulders and democratic bonnets, very unlike the softness and silkiness of the regular *habitué*. A lively writer on the subject says:

Mr. Ullman might abandon altogether the exploded fashion of giving operatic entertainments at night; *c'est en fait autrefois aussi, mais nous avons changé tout cela*; we can all amuse ourselves so much better by daylight. I say we, deliberately; for though the *matinées* doubtless originated in a devilish desire to tempt the weaker sex, yet, when the woman declared the apple good, Adam thought he might relish it too. Though at first, only the daughters of Eve attended the music of mornings, the sons and grandsons have of late been as numerous as of evenings. At the last *matinée* there must have been a thousand men. And not only fashionable fellows; not only young men about town, or vagabonds whom you might expect to find following in the wake of woman, or lazily lounging in the lobbies of the Academy by day as well as by night. I saw great historians stand all the morning in the parquet; and reverend divines gazing through their lorgnettes when Soto danced; and South street merchants comfortably ensconced in their boxes during 'Change hours. All the beaux were there of course; endeavoring to penetrate the mass of crinoline, and for the sake of being agreeable to one woman, making themselves disagreeable to twenty; sitting on the floor of the boxes close between two chairs occupied by their female friends; peering in through the half open doors of the first circle; promenading in the *foyer*, and stopping at each turn before the long mirrors to pull up their collars and fasten their cravats; or waiting around the entrance for the *héritière*. All the belles were there, for they had nothing else to do; they wanted to kill a morning, and then they were so fond of music; and William might chance to leave the office in time to stop on his way up town; and if they should meet Tom, as they appointed yesterday.

The women, at first, used to think themselves alone and unobserved at these *matinées*. And then you should have observed them. They went prying around the lobbies; they stalked into the proscenium boxes without leave; they climbed into the amphitheatre; they tried the stage door; they were rude to each other, crowded and jostled, and said naughty words, and looked daggers, and I believe even pinched and trod on toes—purposely, too: they certainly tore the laces, and sat on the camels'-hair shawls of their neighbors. They went hours before the time, and crowded around the entrance, pounding at the doors, and demanding admission so vehemently that at last the manager was obliged to allow them access earlier than the time stated in the bills; they stood immediately in front of the private boxes; they took out chairs from the same; they sat on the edges; and, one morning, two Broblyngnagians nearly smothered Gulliver, who was in the back seat of a box, by flinging their shawls, and furs, and crinolines over his shoulders.

The *matinées* are a mystery to me. What in heaven's name the people go for, I can't imagine. They can't see each other; the house is so miserably lighted that the best lorgnette only gives you a headache to use; they don't dress fine, so you might as well walk the street; you can't show your own clothes, nor criticise your acquaintances'; very few men can get around to visit; you can't flirt and chatter as you could at the classic Philharmonic rehearsals; the crowd is so great that locomotion is uncomfortable; hundreds of the audience stand during the entire performance—women as well as men. And it does me good to see the malicious creatures obliged to stand. When I think how often I have had to get up in a railroad car for some one who bounced into my place without so much as a "Thank ye," I'm glad to observe them looking weary and worn out. I go into a private box on purpose to let them see a man at his ease, while they rest first on one leg and then on the other, like a chicken at roost. But why does all the world go to the *matinées*? I believe in the musical taste of New York. I believe in it very firmly. I swear by the amateurs; and know twenty young ladies who sing well enough for prima donnas, besides a thousand people who dote on the last opera, whatever it may be; but they can all go in the evening; they do. Why then should they crowd in the daytime, when no place is se-

cured? I myself am indifferent musical, but I don't like opera well enough to stand three hours in a dark place with a bonnet and feathers stuck right in my eyes, and steel hoops knocking my knees on every side, even to listen to Laborde or to look at Piccolomini. I am not a regular *habitué* of the *matinées*. I go for an hour and gaze and wonder, and come away.

There is but one way to account for the phenomenon, and that is to say that *matinées* are the rage. Everybody goes because everybody else goes. Everybody likes to be in a crowd, perceives the electric influence there evolved, gets *en rapport* with the music, thinks better and brighter and faster, talks quicker and shrewder, feels more acutely, enjoys more keenly.

The performers themselves are not unsusceptible to this magnetism; they sing and act better, and so exert a reacting influence. Thus out of the bitter comes forth sweetness; artistic excellence results from fashionable folly. For all these people cannot listen to the splendid strains of passionate music, callous or indifferent or foolish though the majority may be, without many of them feeling the refining and ennobling effects. And not only the ear is touched, and through that the brain and nerve and soul, but the lust of the eye and the pride of life are gratified. The magnificent theatre crowded with human beings; tier above tier of heads and faces; the very obscurity making the hall look larger as well as dimmer; the strange effect of the stage and the singers seen in this half-light; all make a confused sort of picture on the retina like the remembrance of a dream.

#### FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS.

A young lady, who married the son of one of our oldest governors, was requested by her husband's father (who was sick and could not, therefore, attend the wedding) to ride down to his house in her bridal dress, so that he might see her. She did so, and found her way from the carriage to his chamber strewn thick with the rarest flowers. After receiving the most earnest and affectionate wishes for her happiness, she was presented with the deed of an elegant house, furnished and in complete order—a very nice present, and a most fortunate young lady. Apart from this, she received presents amounting to fifteen thousand dollars, and over two thousand dollars worth which were sent by friends in Paris, and did not arrive until after the wedding had taken place.

Another interesting wedding was that of Miss U. S., of Brooklyn. The ceremony was performed in the old Trinity church, and was exceedingly interesting from its peculiar family character. The beautiful bride, elegantly attired in rich white corded silk lace veil and white flowers, was preceded by a long cavalcade, all relatives, headed by the venerable grandfather and grandmother, and comprising aunts and uncles with their children, brothers and sisters, and ended with the father and mother of the bride, and the bride herself. The solemn and delicious music, which consisted of a slow movement from a symphony by Beethoven and Mendelssohn's Wedding March, was a fit accompaniment to a bridal under such happy auspices.

GOOSE AT MICHAELMAS.—This custom has been thus accounted for, and though the fact has been contradicted by some, it is yet pertinaciously maintained by others. Queen Elizabeth, on her way to Tilbury Fort, on the 29th of September, 1588, dined at the ancient seat of Sir Neville Umfreyville, near that place; and among the good and substantial dishes which the knight had provided for her entertainment, were two fine geese. The queen ate heartily, and asking for a bumper of Burgundy, drank "Destruction to the Spanish Armada!" At the moment she returned the tankard to the knight, news arrived that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed by a storm. She immediately took another bumper, and was so much pleased with the event, that every year after on that day she had a goose served up. The court made it a custom, and the people the fashion, ever since.

BRIBERY—Offering you a pair of lips—for a kiss. Justifiable corruption—Taking the bribe.



## HOME.

THE French have no word into which the English word *home* may be legitimately translated. Yet it is sufficiently evident that many of the French people have the thing without the name, while a large portion of the American people have the name without the thing. There are comparatively few who have an adequate idea of home as an institution. It is recognised as a house, containing convenient furniture—a place to eat, drink and sleep in; but such a place is very far from being a home.

Home, properly regarded, is the grand institution of social life. Like all institutions, it has its external form and internal significance. It is the birthplace of the affections, the centre of every genial influence; and in building up a home, regard should be had to all that can contribute to its happiness and comfort.

It is not the elm before the door of home that the sailor pines for when tossing on the distant sea. It is not the roof that sheltered his childhood, the well that gave him drink, nor the humble bed where he used to lie and dream. These may be the objects that come to his vision as he paces the lonely deck, but the heart within him longs for the sweet influences which came through all these things, or were associated with them; the heart clings to the institution which develops it, to that beautiful tree of which it is the fruit. Whenever, therefore, the heart wanders, it carries the thought of home with it. Whenever, by the rivers of Babylon, the heart feels lone and sad, it hangs its harp on the willow and weeps; it prefers home above any other joy; it will never forget it. There swelled its first throb, there were developed its first affections; there a mother's eyes looked into it; there a mother's voice spoke to it; there a mother's prayer ascended for it; there the love of parents, brothers and sisters gave it precious entertainment; there bubbled up from unseen fountains life's earliest hopes; there life took form and color and consistence; from that centre went out all its young ambitions; to that focus return its concentrated memories; there it took form and fitted itself to loving natures and pleasant natural scenes, and it will carry that impress wherever it may go, unless it become perverted by vice or crime.

'Tis in the little communities that we call homes that the hopes of America rest. It is here that subordination to wholesome restraint, and respect for laws are inculcated; it is here, if anywhere, that the affections receive their culture, that amiable dispositions are developed, that the amenities of life are learned, that mind and body are established on healthful principles, that mutual respect for mutual rights is engendered, and here that all those faculties and qualities are nurtured which enter into the structure of worthy characters. In the homes of America are born the children of America, and from them go out into American life American men and women. They go out with the stamp of their homes upon them; and only as these homes are what they should be, will they be what they should be. It is with this in view that we offer the following suggestions touching the establishment of a home:

The greatest danger of home life springs from its familiarity. Kindred hearts gathered at a common fireside are far too apt to relax from the proprieties of social life. Careless language and careless attire are too often indulged in, when the eye of the world is shut out, and the ear of the world cannot hear. The courtesies of social life belong to home. Politeness is essential at home. We must remember what is due to one another, and not reserve all our civilities for strangers. A home, in which politeness reigns, is a home from which polite men and women go out; and they go out from no other.

Home should be a happy place, a pleasant place. Much can be done by making it as neat and orderly, aye, and as ornamental as possible. There should be home amusements, so that one need not go far from home to seek enjoyment. There are homes, or places so called, which have no attractive feature about them; places in which no evening is to be spent, no leisure hour beguiled; and it is from such homes that the young, naturally enough, fly off to a more genial clime. But there are

homes, and every home should be of this description, which exercise a charm possessed by no other place on the face of the earth; homes in which the greatest pleasure and happiness are found, and which yield in innocent recreation a solid and a lasting good. How much can books do to while away a winter's night; how pleasant it is to cultivate vocal, or, it may be, instrumental music; how much joy can music add to the family circle! When the day's work is done what can be more cheerful, more consistent than to find a family gathered together, finding in each other's company a delight which no other company can give.

"Six things," says a recent writer, "are requisite to create a home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up by cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; whilst over all, as a protecting canopy and defending glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."

Indeed, to make a home happy, industry and integrity are essential qualities. No home can be happy of which the members are conscious that they have not fairly earned the comforts by which they are surrounded. But, where there is the consciousness that duties are humbly discharged, that the good things which add to its comfort are the legitimate results of honest industry, the pleasure is solid and satisfactory. To make a home happy a man must be industrious and frugal, and a woman thrifty and tidy. A slattern, or an idler, could undo the best of homes; but, where there is honest labor on the one hand and honest thrift on the other, a little money will go a long way in making a comfortable home. One thing is exceedingly important, namely, sobriety. Nothing will make amends for the want of that. Sobriety is an element that must not be left out, for without that industry will lose its energy, frugality its forethought, affection its tenderness, and home its charm. Sobriety has saved from ruin many a home, and the want of it has destroyed still more.

Now, as home is the place where we should find our greatest happiness, it is incumbent on us to see that we do all we can in our several relationships to make it as happy as we can. Have we done this? Are we doing it? Is there nothing more we can do?

For there are his heavens sweet,  
Both made of love—one inconceivable  
Even by the other, so divine it is;  
The other far on this side of the stars,  
By men called Home.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.—Never was the French better translated into plain Saxon than in the story which is told of an old-fashioned couple, who received a card of invitation to dinner from some much gayer folks than themselves. At the bottom of the card was the then new R. S. V. P. This puzzled the worthy pair. It might puzzle us in these days, although most of us are a little better acquainted with the French—*Répondez s'il vous plait*. The old gentleman took a nap upon it, from which he was awaked by his helpmate, who said, after shaking him up, "My love, I have found it out. R. S. V. P. It means—remember six very punctual."

"BUSINESS before pleasure," as the man said when he kissed his own wife before going out to kiss his neighbor's.

IN the article of millinery goods the assortment of T. E. ISAACKS will be found complete and varied. He has removed to his fine new and large store, No. 104 Duane street, five doors from Broadway, where his facilities for the convenience of his customers are greatly extended. If there is one point in a lady's dress which more than any other marks the possession of taste and refinement, it is the use or abuse of the article of ribbons. The eye of a connoisseur can at a glance select the *parvenu* from the lady. To secure a *recherché* selection it is necessary to purchase the article where the most varied assortment can be found, and in order to be sure of the excellence of the article, our readers would do well to visit the store of T. E. Isaacks, 104 Duane street.

## A FRENCH WRITER ON CRINOLINE.

As a set-off to the ridicule with which hoops are always treated by journalists, we copy from the New Orleans *Picayune* the following article, translated from *L'Artiste*, and written by Theophile Santier :

"I hear you declaim against crinoline, against those hooped petticoats, those steel-springed dresses which are mended like watches by the watchmaker when they break! You say they are hideous, barbarous, abominable, contrary to art. I do not agree with you. Women are right in wearing crinoline, despite jokes, caricatures, vaudevilles and all sorts of impertinences.

They are right to prefer these ample, rich jupes, spread broadly out before the eye, to the narrow scabbards in which their grandmothers and mothers were sheathed. Out of this abundance of folds, which grow larger and larger like the fustanella of a dancing dervish, the body rises elegantly and delicately, the upper part of the body is placed in an advantageous relief, and the whole person forms a graceful pyramid. This mass of rich materials forms as it were a sort of pedestal to the bust and head, the only important parts of the body, now that nudity is no longer allowed in public. If we might venture on a mythological parallel in so modern a subject, we would assert that a woman in ball costume is attired in strict conformity to the Olympic etiquette. The twelve gods and goddesses on state occasions had the body naked; drapery in innumerable folds covered them from the hips to the feet. Therefore, for the very same reason, we should, on state occasions, bare the breast, the shoulders and the arms. This same fashion still prevails at Java; there, nobody is received at court except naked to the waist.

"Erudition and jokes aside, a young lady *décolleté*, and with her arms bare, head dressed as we have described, surrounded by waves of moire antique, satin or taffetas, with her double jupes or her innumerable flounces, seems to us to be as beautiful and well dressed as it is possible for a woman to be, and we cannot see what reproach art can make her. Unfortunately, there are no contemporary painters; those who seem to live among us belong to long past epochs. Antiquity misunderstood prevents them from feeling the time present. They have a preconceived form of beauty, and the modern ideal is a hidden letter from them.

"A more serious objection is the incompatibility of crinoline

with modern architecture and furniture. When women wore hoops, the drawing-rooms were large, the doors were wide and double, the chairs had their arms far apart, the carriages were able to hold this breadth of jupes easily, the boxes at theatres were not like drawers in a sideboard. But why cannot we build larger drawing-rooms, change the forms of our furniture and carriages, and demolish our theatres? Rest assured, women will no more abandon crinoline than rice powder—that other theme of declamation which no artist should repeat. Women, with that rare sentiment of harmony which characterizes them, feel that there is a sort of discord between full dress and the natural figure. And as skilful painters establish an accord between

flesh and drapery by light glazing, so women whiten their skin (which would appear brown by the side of moires, laces and satins), to give it a unity of tone, preferable to those blotches of white, yellow and rose seen in the purest complexions. With this fine rice powder they give their epidermis a mica of marble, and banish from their complexion that ruddy health which is a vulgarity in our civilization, for it supposes the predominance of the physical appetites over the intellectual instincts. In this way the form becomes more like sculpture; it becomes more spiritual and pure. Shall we defend, too, the black put on the eyes (so much blamed!) which lengthens the eyelids, gives relief to the eyebrows, increases the brilliancy of the eyes, and is like those *coups de force* masters give to the great paintings they give the last touches to. Fashion is in the right in all these particulars.

"Let a great painter like Paul Veronese paint the staircase of

the Grand Opera, or the vestibule of the Italian Opera, when the duchesses of high life or the *demi-monde* are waiting for their carriages—all draped in white burnous, striped cabans, ermine camails, sorties de bal lined and bordered with down, and all the wonders of all the looms in the world; their heads spangled with flowers and diamonds, the end of their glove lying on the arm of their escort, in all the insolence of their beauty, their youth and their luxury, and you would see if before such a painting anybody spoke of the meanness of modern costumes."

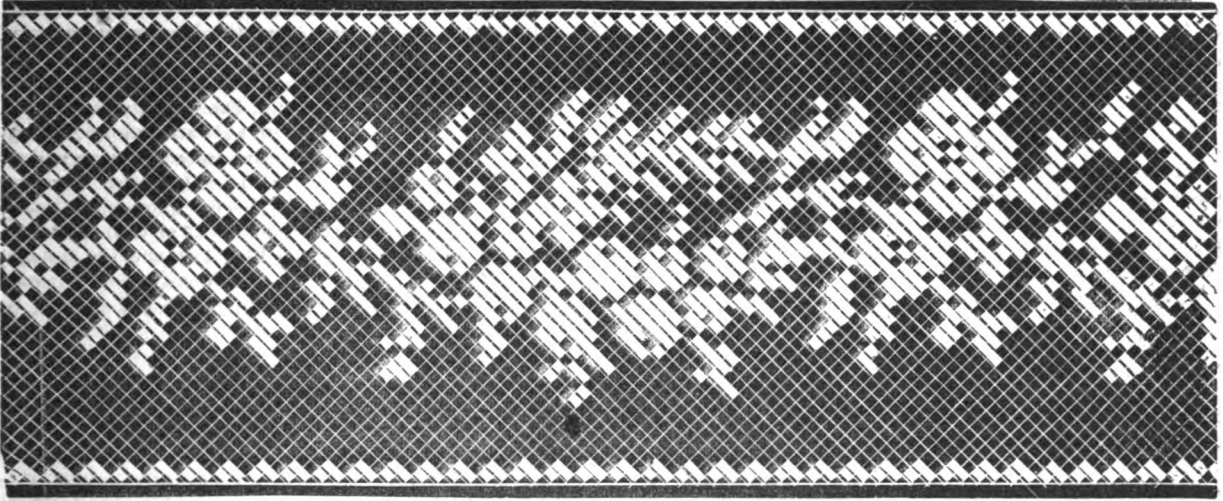
## DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

## BRAIDED SMOKING CAP—PAGE 84.

*Materials.*—Wide Russia silk braid, gold cord No. 3, and velvet



WORK-BAG IN DARNED NETTING PAGE 93.



BORDER FOR WORK-BAG IN DARNED NETTING.

or cloth on which the pattern must be worked. The braid must be of two colors.

This rich and beautiful pattern can be executed with very little trouble, the only essential to success being to form the points and curves well, and to pass one line over or under another, as seen in the engraving. The braid may be of two colors or of two shades of the same, which would look very well. The lighter should be taken for the entirely black lines, there being less of them than of the others. The outlines are edged with gold thread, sewed over. All the joins must be made where they will be concealed by another braid crossing them.

The design given for this cap crown would also be pretty for a braided mat, to which a rich O. P. border may be added.

DESIGN FOR CUFFS AND TRIMMINGS IN BRODERIE A LA MINUTE—PAGE 88.

To be worked in the manner already described in our last number, with the Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 18, of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. A narrow scallop must be worked beyond the outer row of holes.

HANDSOME INSERTION—PAGE 88.

To be worked in satin stitch, on fine jaconet muslin, with the Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 36, of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.

DESIGN FOR FRENCH EMBROIDERY—PAGE 88.

The leaves in satin stitch, the scallops overcast, and the spots

all pierced and sewed neatly over. From the delicacy of the pattern, a fine cotton should be employed; say Evans's Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 60.

LACE PATTERN—PAGE 88.

To be worked on Brussels net, with glazed cotton, and the Boar's Head Sewing Cotton of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. No. 120 will be wanted for the lace; No. 70 for the spots.

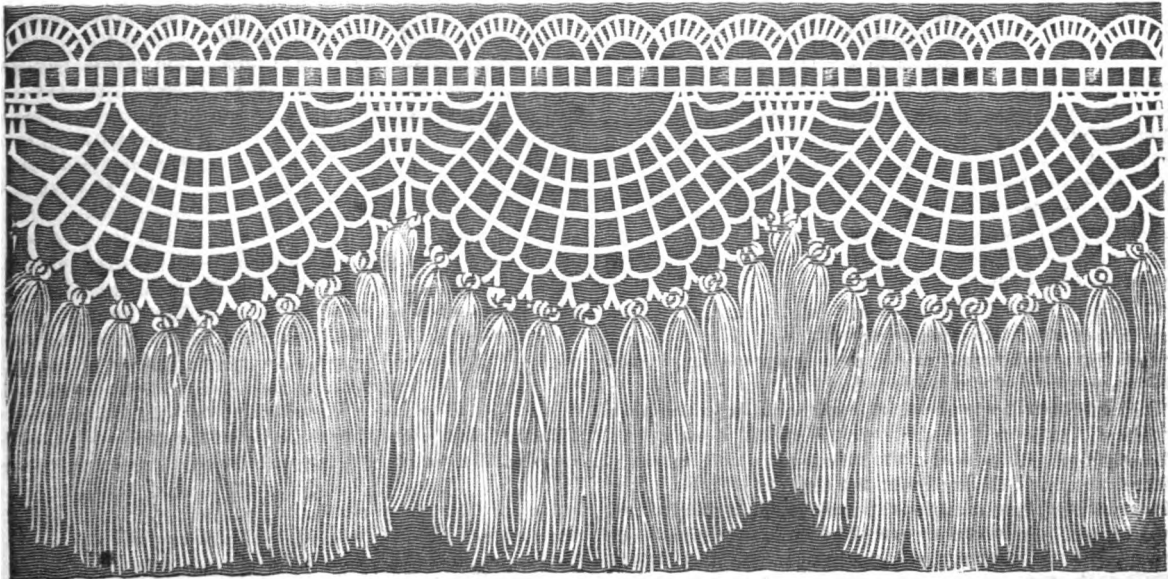
The pattern being drawn, is to be laid under the net, and traced out with the glazed cotton; then darned with a single line in each line of holes with the finest boar's head. Those parts where the spots are worked must be cut out and lightly sewed over; a single English spot is then worked on each.

This design would also answer for Broderie Anglaise.

WORK-BAG IN DARNED NETTING—PAGE 92.

The materials for this bag are fine netting silk, of a dark color, with mesh No. 10; colored silks, fringe, cord and tassels, and two iron rings six inches in diameter, which must be covered with narrow satin ribbon wound round it; the ribbon must match in color with the netting.

Begin on eight stitches and increase, as for any piece of octagon netting, until the piece is large enough to fit one of the iron circles; then work without any increase round and round, until you have done about ten inches. Darn on the lower part of the straight piece the pattern given in the second



HANDSOME CROCHET LACE. PAGE 94.



block; the flowers in blue, pink or crimson; the leaves in green; the border in gold or maize. Line the netting with silk or satin; sew in the rings, and add a cord to finish the borders; put fringe along the top, and also round the lower ring, and run in the cords.

#### DEEP HANDSOME CROCHET LACE—PAGE 98.

If used for mantillas, make it of fine black crochet silk; if of cotton, for tidies or similar purposes, the Boar's Head Crochet of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England, will be found both the best and smoothest in working, and of the best color when washed.

Make a chain of the required length; and on it work one row of open square crochet.

2d row.—9 sc, 6 ch, miss 5, T sc, 29 ch, miss 20, 3 sc, 6 ch, miss 5. + repeat to the end.

3d row.—6 dc, over centre of 9 sc. 6 ch, 1 tc on 2d of 3 sc, 2 ch, dc on 3d of 29. 2 ch, miss 2, 1 dc, to the end of the 29 ch, tc on centre of 3 sc, 6 ch.

The remaining rows of the scallop may be worked from the engraving. In the last row a fringe is knotted thus: Wind the cotton or silk on a card three inches long. Cut the strands at one edge only. With the hook draw six loops at a time through a scallop, and then the ends through the loops. Pull them tightly.

The heading is done by chains of 6, in each of which 8 dc are worked.

#### THE TRIALS OF A FASCINATING MAN.

I AM not a handsome man. I never made any pretensions to beauty, my features are not regular, my nose is decidedly ugly, and my moustache anything but elegant, being about the color of a well-baked pumpkin pie; yet, spite of all these advantages, disadvantages I mean, the girls will have it that I am a perfect lady-killer.

For the sake of the charitable, if there are any among the softer sex, which from the depths of my martyrdom I almost begin to doubt, I make the following sketch of some of my dilemmas; hoping that they, more reasonable and more merciful than I have found the majority of the sex to be, will hereafter pause before they allow their indiscretion to bring such a series of misfortunes upon any of the brotherhood.

"Alphonse," said my sister Julia, one evening after we had been talking over the above desperate state of affairs, "it is very evident that you are a dangerous man to be allowed to go loose in a community of young ladies like this; why, the havoc you are making is perfectly terrific, and some means must be devised of putting an end to it; there are no two ways about it, my dear brother, you must get married."

"Now, Julia, it is useless talking," I replied; "I am willing to do anything reasonable in the case; but the fact is, I have always entertained some old-fashioned notions about love as requisite for matrimony, and I really don't fancy being hurried into anything desperate."

"Well, Alphonse, I am going to put a stop to all this. My friend Araminta Douglass is coming here next week; I have known her long and intimately, and if you do not find her an exception to all your previously formed ideas of femininity, and moreover a woman capable of inspiring a genuine affection, I shall be very much disappointed."

"Very well," said I, "if the young lady can really win me, I have no objection to sacrificing myself."

"She will not win you," replied Julia, emphatically, "but I hope you may be so fortunate as to win her."

The appointed day arrived, and with it Miss Araminta Douglass.

She was a splendid woman; the stately grace and dignity of all her movements charmed me; the elegance of her manners and her wonderful conversational powers awoke my highest admiration; and her amiability completely won my heart. My courtship was not without its trials, but of these I do not purpose to speak. Suffice it, that after various embarrassing delays, and periods of the most torturing suspense, I at last acknow-

ledged the passion which her charms had inspired, and received, if not a positive acceptance, yet sufficient encouragement to make me the happiest of men.

This latter event occurred during a visit at Beech Lawn, the aristocratic country residence of Miss Douglass's parents. Of course I could not think of returning to town without carrying with me the miniature of my idol; and in compliance with my request, Araminta presented me with a lovely daguerreotype, which she had had taken while in town, on the conditions of an exchange. Now I had no miniature of myself, but in my bureau was a most exquisite medallion locket, elegantly enamelled and set with gems; and as there was a very good artist in the village, I concluded to have a picture taken and set in the locket.

The artist succeeded admirably, and the picture was sent home on the afternoon previous to my departure. I intended to present it to Araminta that evening, but before I had an opportunity of doing so, one of those little incidents which have been the bane of my life must needs occur.

There happened to be at that time a seamstress employed in the family, a pale-faced, light-haired young lady, of whom Araminta had always spoken with respect, as the daughter of an honest and well-to-do farmer in the vicinity. I am an early riser, and often in my morning promenades up and down the lawn I had met this young lady, and not unfrequently she had joined me in my walk, and pointed out to me the various beauties of the scene. By some chance, I found that she was quite poetical in her tastes, and having from long experience acquired a secret horror of all sentimental young ladies, I thereafter quietly avoided her.

On that unfortunate evening, however, I happened to spy, in passing a little summer-house, Miss Barlow, sitting within in an attitude of despondency, and sobbing violently. My sympathies were instantly aroused, but fearing to be intrusive, I was about to withdraw from the vicinity, when she raised her head, and seeing me, exclaimed:

"Oh! Mr. Hathaway, I am overwhelmed with shame at being discovered in such a state as this; but, indeed, sir, my heart is breaking," at the same time moving along to give me room to seat myself beside her.

In spite of an intuitive feeling that I might be getting myself into a scrape, I accepted the offered privilege, and—what man with a human heart in his bosom could have done less?

"Tell me, my dear Miss Barlow," I said, "is there no way in which I can be instrumental in alleviating your distress?"

"Oh! no, sir," was the reply, "my distress is all here," laying her hand pathetically upon her heart. I felt the cold chills starting through my veins. I could not speak.

"Oh! Mr. Hathaway," she exclaimed, laying her head upon my shoulder, and bursting into a fresh flood of tears, "is it possible that you have never till this moment suspected the terrible secret which is hurrying me to the grave!"

I fairly trembled in my boots; fortunately, however, I heard the roll of carriage wheels, and knew that Araminta had returned. I said something about my sympathy for her, and my sincere hope that she might yet be happy, and withdrew as quickly as possible; not, however, until Araminta had discovered my presence in the summer-house, and Miss Barlow's tears. She was a woman of sense, however, and said nothing.

Tea was waiting for us, and when we had arose from the table it was nearly nine o'clock when I was left alone with Araminta. Then I excused myself from the room, and went to my own apartment in search of the locket which I had left lying on my dressing-bureau. What was my astonishment to find it missing! I searched long and vainly, and at last concluded that some of the servants must have taken it. But what was I to do? I had promised Araminta to leave my daguerreotype with her, and I disliked exceedingly to mention my loss to her, knowing the disagreeable suspicions which would be likely to follow. A moment's thought decided me. The artist at the village, thinking my picture a good one for exhibition, had reserved one for his own use. This I would have set in as handsome a case as I could find in his assortment, and present it to Araminta in the morning. Banishing my vexation, therefore, as best might, I returned to the parlor, and informed Mi

Douglass that I had sat for a picture for her, but it would not be finished until morning, when I hoped for the pleasure of presenting it to her.

Araminta accepted the daguerreotype very graciously, and I left in the best possible spirits. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when on the following week I received a note couched in these terms, and accompanied by my letters and miniature.

"SIR,—Previous to my acquaintance with you, I had been informed of your character as an experienced and most unprincipled flirt. My high respect for your sister, and I may add the frankness and apparent sincerity of your own manners, served, however, to dispel the prejudices thereby inspired; though, as you very well know, it was long before I could feel sufficient confidence in your integrity to accept your addresses. Recent developments, however, have not only confirmed my old suspicions, but laid open to my view a blacker phrase of your character than any I had ever pictured. Your own conscience will doubtless suggest the circumstances to which I have referred. Sir, I am no longer blinded by your insidious wiles, and this opportunity of expressing to you the scorn and execration in which I hold a man of your character, affords me the highest pleasure. With unfeigned thankfulness I return to you your letters and daguerreotype, and demand my own. Do not have the baseness to undertake one word of defence for your infamous conduct, as it will avail you nothing, but rather sink you in a still deeper pit of infamy.

"In the utmost indignation, I am, sir, your undeceived victim,  
ARAMINTA DOUGLASS."

Now wasn't that an edifying letter to be received by a man not only entirely innocent of every charge therein contained, but also entirely ignorant of these terrible "circumstances," to which such pointed allusion was made? At first I stamped with rage, but swearing and all other exhibitions of temper were utterly useless. Any effort at an explanation by letter would evidently be equally futile; there were only two methods of procedure left me. I could either abandon the whole thing, and suffer the case to go by default; or I could confront the irate Juno in person (that is, if I could gain access to her indignant presence), and demand the proof of her allegations. This latter a due regard for my reputation as an honest man decided me to do.

I left town by the first train, *en route* for Beech Lawn. Arrived, sent up my card, and was refused an audience, just as I had anticipated. It was time to be resolute, so I wrote on the back of the card:

"Miss Douglass, I am as innocent of the charges you have preferred against me as any man living, and you have no right to take me the opportunity of exculpating myself. Therefore, allow me to inform you that the letters and daguerreotype in my possession will never be given up until I have justice at your hands. If you do not wish to see me yourself, you can refer me to your father, but I do not choose to apply to him till I am certain of being treated as a gentleman should be."

This message, after a little delay, brought me an invitation to enter the library, where I found her father. I stated my errand at once, and, after a patient hearing, he conceded my right to an explanation. It seemed that Miss Douglass had acted entirely upon impulse, and without consulting her parents; and he, therefore, summoned her at once to his presence, and required the proof of the charges which she had preferred.

Araminta was still undaunted. Looking at me with a fixed, indignant gaze, she asked:

"Does Mr. Hathaway pretend to deny that, during his late visit here, he met frequently by stealth, once at least in the arbor at the foot of the garden walk, where I myself saw him in conversation with her, Miss Susan Barlow, my seamstress? That he succeeded in winning her youthful affections, and presented to her on that very occasion his miniature set in an elegant locket? He dare not deny it, for the locket I have myself seen."

Had a mine exploded beneath my feet, I could not have been more astonished. Quickly regaining my self-possession, how-

ever, I rehearsed as delicately as possible the circumstances of my acquaintance with Miss Barlow, and the loss of the locket. Araminta was still sceptical, however, and I was obliged to suggest that Miss Barlow be summoned to deny, if she could, the truth of my statement. She was engaged in an upper room, and her father instantly sent a message to her. She came down covered with blushes and trepidation, and a few moments' cross-questioning completely sustained me. I was sorry for the pain which I was obliged to inflict upon the poor girl—but what could I do? Araminta, however, evidently could not forget that the poor, self-immolated victim was one of her own sex, and I think it would have gone hard with me still, but for the ludicrous scene which terminated the examination, and in which I certainly bore the least enviable part.

The only point left was to gain possession of the locket; upon this I was determined. Upon demanding it of Miss Barlow, however, she burst into tears and declared it was no longer in her possession.

"Have you lost it?" I asked.

"It was taken from me, sir."

"Do you know by whom?"

"Yes, sir. Rose has it."

"Who is Rose?" I asked.

"Do you mean the cook?" asked Miss Douglass, indignantly.

"Yes, ma'am. Rose in the kitchen; I showed it to her one day, and she said Mr. Hathaway was the nicest young man she ever saw, and that the woman that got him for a husband would be happier than a queen. She didn't seem to like it because I had his picture, and the next day she got it away from me, and she won't give it up."

It was too much; even the gravity of her father was not proof against this last development; he roared with laughter. Araminta was more vexed than amused.

"Send for Rose," said Mr. Douglass. "Let's have it all out while we are about it."

The bell was rung, and Rose called.

"Well, Rose," said Mr. Douglass, with as much gravity as he could command, "it appears that you have been stealing. Miss Barlow here charges you with having taken from her a valuable gold locket set with stones. Are you aware that the offence is criminal, and would send you to the lock-up?"

"I didn't go for to steal it, Mr. Douglass," said Rose, penitently, "fore my heavenly Master, I didn't; but it has a handsome picter in it that I liked to look at," looking out from under her eyebrows at me, "and I jest kep it a few days. Miss Barlow, she say she goin' to have him for allurs, and I think she might let poor Rose have his pictur a little while."

Fancy my feelings.

"Well," said Mr. Douglass, "the locket does not belong to either of you, and must be instantly restored to its proper owner. Rose, produce it at once."

Rose looked sheepish for a moment, and then commenced fumbling among the folds of her dress, and soon produced the locket from her bosom, and stood with it in her hand waiting for some one to take it.

"You can lay it on the table," said I.

Mr. Douglass roared, Araminta blushed, and the two girls looked defiance at each other from under lowering brows. My state of mind as a modest man in the midst of such a scene is more easily imagined than described.

As soon as Mr. Douglass could command himself sufficiently he dismissed the girls, and I retired from the field on which I had won such questionable laurels. I took my dinner at the hotel, and returned post-haste to town. The next week I received a letter from Araminta of rather a different temper from her last, which I answered in person. Mr. Douglass could not refrain from sundry sly hints about "daguerreotypes," "dangerous fascinations," &c., but further than this there was no allusion made to my last visit.

One month ago I became a Benedict, and if there is another poor, persecuted son of Adam, whose experiences have been any way similar to mine, I advise him to go and do likewise, for it is the only remedy of which the race allows.





#### VICTORIA COLLAR IN APPLICATION.

**Materials.**—Brussels net and French cambric, with the Royal Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton, No. 30, of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England.

The pattern, as in all appliqué work, is marked on the upper material, and the two are tacked together evenly on *toile cirée*. The outlines are then run with double thread; and where the broad white lines occur, as in the edges, and some parts of the flowers, each edge of the line must be run, and the parts between filled in with tracing. The whole work is then done in buttonhole stitch, with single thread, graduated according to the width of the white lines. The trimmings are run on and sewed over. The stems are in satin stitch. When completed cut out the cambric from the ground with fine lace scissors.

**WALKING AND PURE AIR.**—Anaximenes taught that air is mind. Some one else says that air is the hidden food of life. Plutarch seems to incline to Anaximenes' opinion, remarking that perhaps the reason why there is a sympathy of feeling on various subjects arises from breathing the same air. Air is an exhalation of all the minerals of the globe; the most elaborately-finished of all the works of the Creator—the rock of ages disintegrated and fitted for the life of man. All classes of men affirm this. In English universities, boat races, horseback rides and ten mile walks, are a part of the educational means or physical development.

A LADY who could not conceal even from herself the plainness of her face boasted that her back was perfect. "That is the reason, I suppose, that your friends are always glad to see it," said one of her listeners.

PATTERN FOR A COLLAR.





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#### GLIMPSES OF TURKISH LIFE.

(From the Note-Book of an American Lady long resident at Constantinople; continued from the September number.)

##### INTRODUCTION.

WITH the design of giving the reader a correct view of the state of society in Turkey, its manners and customs, I have gathered the following fragments from my notes, which, though interwoven with somewhat of the romance which is characteristic of the East, are nevertheless reliable facts; of course suppressing the real names of the characters which are delineated.

I have preferred to embody the matured experience of a long residence in Turkey in my narration rather than to give the crudity of first impressions, which would only mislead the judgment and weary the reader with the repetition of the tales of every day travellers.

In order to depict the *modus operandi* of men and things, our recital opens by the description of the different members of a Turkish family, with their style and appurtenances of living, so that in the course of events most of the national peculiarities, both moral and material, will in due time come before us.

REVNAK.

##### THE MANSION.

The city of Stambol is, save in the marts of business or commerce, apparently quiet. The inhabitants quietly and with measured gait reach their homes. The veiled ladies in single file, and with only occasional whispers, indicative of associated movements, gently wend their way. In public good breeding demands silence, and scarce a recog-

VOL. IV., No. 2—7

nition passes between friends and neighbors in the great thoroughfares of the metropolis.

Walls about the dwellings, closed lattices over the windows, hushed voices amid the multitudes, all serve to create an atmosphere of mystery—a city of apparent enchantment—a wonderful sense of life bound up in some weird spell, which a word, a wand or any sudden animating impulse might startle into activity.

Outside the city the same air of stillness pervades the extensive suburbs, where the homes of the peoples of every clime and tongue under heaven are gracefully scattered or grouped from shore to hill top.

The great ocean highway re-echoes with no confusion of chariots or neighing of steeds, but the musical stroke of the measured oars faintly tells of the hourly passage of the busy multitude.

For Stambol has its myriad inhabitants, with all their daily recurring necessities, and the palaces of the sultan, the elegant dwellings of the wealthy and the hamlets of the humble poor all along the shores of the Bosphorus are teeming with life. It needs but to step within the gateways to witness the bustle of domestic life, to hear the hum of voices, to learn somewhat of the varied vicissitudes of human existence, the commotion of mortal passions and the ceaseless play of man's desires.

There is a mute language in nature, a voice in the roaring cascade, a music in the melody of birds. There is, too, a meaning in the very stone from the quarry, if bearing the impress of human ingenuity. What if no ear listens, no cunning hand remodels, no eye beholds? all would be speechless, im-



REVNAK HANUM, OR THE ORIENTALIZED AMERICAN LADY.



material, invisible. External appearances about us have in reality little interest, save in their relative association with the great human family. If Stambol is shrouded in a mysterious exterior, is it not because the streets are trodden by human footsteps and the houses are not tenantless?

The houses which line the shores of the Bosphorus are generally overhanging, as it were, the very stream itself, and only approachable on the front by cayiks, which are the most popular conveyances. Thus the bustle of the busy world seems to subside into the more musical splash of the rippling waters, the rush and turmoil of human affairs are submerged in the gliding motions of the delicate crafts which noiselessly speed on their varied missions. Merchandise and provisions are afloat under your windows, visitors step from their cayiks upon your very door stone, and the blue wave tenders its buoyant bosom to the lover who dares to whisper his hopes under the lattice.

But the dwelling of Zeid Pasha, to which we were conducted on the day of the royal visit to the Medical College, was not as usual, built on the water's edge. It stood upon a high bank which overlooked the stream, and upon disembarking the access was by a long flight of marble steps to the portal of the mansion.

This palatial residence was most conspicuous from the symmetry of its architectural beauty and the exquisite loveliness of its site. The external surroundings were the blue and rippling waters, the gently sloping hills of old Asia, and a pure atmosphere laden with the perfumes of rare and odoriferous plants, and vibrating with the notes of the songsters of the neighboring groves, the far-famed Bullhills, who, free in their native air, were warbling all the long nights their sweet and plaintive trills of melody. The declivities of the adjacent hillsides were adorned by a succession of terraces covered with rare exotics, interspersed with marble vases, playing fountains, cool grottoes and shady groves.

But unmindful of all this external loveliness we strain our eager vision up the marble steps, beyond the doorway, overlook the black eunuch, glance through long suites of rooms, till suddenly our ear catches a sound of gentle voices, and we are arrested in the magnificent saloon where Giaffer had deposited the lovely and insensible form of Adilé Hanum.

This beautiful saloon of the harem, notwithstanding its peculiarly Oriental style and appearance, presented a most happy combination of European and Eastern luxury.

In old-fashioned Turkish houses the rooms are surrounded on three sides by low *sedirs* or wide sofas; the windows extending only half way to the ceiling, and having over them a species of deadlights, made of stained glass. The floors are covered with native matting or carpets, and the walls decorated with most elaborate landscapes and arabesques; otherwise they are destitute of what in America would be called furniture. But the apartment in question contained one single *sedir*, extended below the windows and covered with heavy blue satin, embroidered in variegated silks and gold, with a massive fringe of the same precious metal. The cushions which leaned against the wall were of uncut velvet from the looms of Broossa, the ancient capital. This *sedir*, of ample width, softly yielding buoyancy, and surrounding cushions for comfort and support, seemed to invite to a voluptuous repose. Besides the external lattices, the windows were shaded with draperies of yellow silk and white muslin, bordered with fringes of silver. The other sides of the room were adorned with European couches and chairs of the most elegant workmanship, mirrors and pier tables, on which were displayed various articles of *virtu*, collected from all parts of the world. A beautiful mosaic table of Carrara occupied the centre of the room, upon which were placed a variety of lamps and candelabras. The various chairs and couches were most decorously arranged along the walls, for no attempts are ever made at elegant confusion by the Osmanlis: the ceiling and walls were painted in fresco and gold, and the floor covered with the finest matting.

The adoption of foreign articles of luxury seems to be characteristic of progressive civilization all over the world; and in America even, many attempts have been made to introduce rather the ideas of Oriental habits than the realities them-

selves. This, in most cases, is supposed to be attained by a certain style of nomenclature, such as Turkish divans, Turkish lounging chairs, Turkish easy chairs, Ottomans, &c., all which articles are yet to be introduced into Turkey, save indeed the Ottomans, which are already there in abundance, in the shape of sundry men, women and children.

What, then, must have been the astonishment of an Oriental gentleman, who, soon after his arrival in New York, upon inquiring for the lady of the mansion where he was visiting, was coolly informed that her ladyship was to be found in the back parlor, *seated upon an Ottoman!* Of course he felt somewhat reluctant to pursue his search.

On the contrary, the truth is, that when anything foreign is used in Turkey, the thing itself is transported *sans nom d'une reproche*.

Indeed, there were specimens of almost every article of European luxury and domestic comfort to be seen in the mansion in question, though often more for show than for use.

Toilet tables, with their mirrors conveniently suspended, were there; neglected, however, by the fair beauties, who preferred to sit upon their sofas with a little glass upon the cushions before them, where they might leisurely braid their tresses, tinge their eyebrows and languidly consider the *pose* of the glittering jewels upon their gossamer turbans. Washstands, with their gilded and snowy porcelain, can never tempt these naiads of the fountain from the running stream which carries away all impurities in its crystal flowing; and great beds of state, with gilded cornices and silken draperies, are retained in all their grandeur untenanted; for they only create a sensation of dizziness in those who love to sleep upon a great pile of downy mattresses, in the middle of the floor of any apartment they happen to fancy.

Such being the *dii penates* of this household, we will just stop to inquire who might the *paterfamilias* be.

#### ZEID PASHA.

Human existence is marked by changes; the struggles to live, to breathe, to create new spheres of being and action bring about strange vicissitudes. The road to fortune is often rugged and steep, the journey slow and wearisome; yet sometimes the goal is attained suddenly as if by enchantment.

Is it chance or destiny that thus helps on to worldly prosperity? In Turkey it is called *kader* or predestination. One man laboring with unremitting toil, added to the accumulated experience of many years, reaps only withering reverses; while it often happens that an inexperienced youth, carelessly lounging in the shop of his employer, attracts the attention of the sultan, is taken into the royal household, educated and promoted until, by a succession of favors, he becomes a *Redjal* or grandee of the realm.

But worldly prosperity and the love of display always go hand in hand, and the spirit of emulation pervades the whole human family. Even in England, where wealth and honors are hereditary, many individuals of princely incomes have incurred large debts to sustain their exaggerated ideas of high living.

Americans, too, who, by some lucky chance, either of speculation, Yankee invention or quackery, have suddenly amassed wealth, not content with comfortable homes and the legitimate fruits of their good fortune, with an obliviousness of all antecedents, seem only desirous to outshine their fellow-citizens, and to exceed them in all sorts of extravagance; thus entitling themselves to the well-merited sobriquet of "codfish aristocracy." This disposition is most prevalent in Turkey, where there are no hereditary honors, and everything is pre-eminently external. As the individual ascends the ladder of worldly prosperity, his desires increase for all the outward signs of luxury and magnificence; for, in order to impress the multitude with individual importance or delegated authority, the symbols of wealth and power must always be displayed. And in a country where mind but rarely makes the man, what does constitute the superior being? Trapping and tinsel. Arabian steeds, embroidered housings and saddle-cloths, mounted pipe-bearers and servants, eager attendants on foot, and beautiful cayiks, with sprite-like oarsmen in loose silken shirts, crying out "yalunuz!"

as his excellency sails by. At home, costly furniture, jewelled pipes, imported ladies, many and fair, dancing girls, slaves, white and black, eunuchs, ostlers, cooks, scullions—all humble and obsequious, waiting with folded arms to do the will of the great Pasha Effendi. These are all the paraphernalia of power, the strong arms of the Turkish grandee, who, constituting his external pomp and circumstance, do each in his own channel disseminate through the community the fame and power of his master. And we shall see in the sequel how many ways and means the necessity for all this extravagance creates for its own maintenance.

Zeid Pasha, whose family has already been introduced to our readers, cannot be termed one of the upstarts; for he is the son of a man of letters, who was a distinguished poet, and much esteemed by the people. His origin is not, therefore, to be traced to obscurity, and the circumstance of his being the son of a celebrated man contributed greatly to his advancement in life. In addition, his own personal attainments, combined with political events, hastened his rapid promotion, until from being a clerk at the Porte, he became ambassador to several foreign courts in succession, and subsequently a minister of the realm.

But notwithstanding his superior mental culture, and extended intercourse with foreign courts, this pasha resembles his fellow-beings, and the love of display has become the more intense, apparently in proportion to his facilities of communion with society and general observation.

Considering the small portion of this world's goods which fell to him by inheritance, without any other apparent means for amassing wealth, it would seem that the owner of this palatial residence and princely retinue must be a second Aladdin with his enchanted lamp.

It is a common saying that wealth is power; in Turkey it is equally true that power is wealth; for a man there in any public office whatever, and even with the smallest salary, makes a display in his style of living ten times greater than his income can sustain.

Zeid Pasha, now at the very acme of his ambition, could not be satisfied until he was at least upon a par with his equals, if not surpassing them all, in luxury. Not to mention his various mansions in Stambol and other places, this new residence on the Bosphorus seemed to bid defiance to all competition; while the bustle of preparation within its walls, and the gaily dressed servants loitering around, betokened a princely *ménage* and the most lavish expenditure.

Like those of all other grandees, the principal officers of Zeid Pasha's household were the *Möhrdar*, the *Sir-Keatib* and the *Keahya*. Every transaction in Turkey, financial or official, must be authenticated by affixing a seal. The general ignorance of the people, and the multiplicity of the affairs of the grandees, have created the necessity of having *Möhrdars* or seal-bearers. This service is performed for the sultan by the grand vizir.

The *Sir-Keatib* or secretary performs all the correspondence, both public and private. The *Keahya* is the major domo, who presides over the domestic expenditures and disbursements.

The secondary officers are the *kaftan-aghassi* (gentleman of the wardrobe); *tutungee-bashee* (pipe-bearer); *perdijses* (curtain keepers); *peshgir-aghassi* (knight of the towel); *kahvegee-bashee*, (coffee server); *kilergee* (high-steward); *sonfragee-bashee* (head waiter), and the *Mirakhor* or master of the stables. Each of those have one or two lieutenants hoping for promotion. There is also a host of *cavasses*, who act as errand boys or messengers, with semi-official authority, being a branch of the police.

In a third class may be ranked the kitchen officers, boatmen, ostlers, coachmen and other supernumeraries.

In Zeid Pasha's palace, all these constituted the officers of the *Selamluk* or apartment of the gentlemen, which is always separate from the harem or quarters of the ladies in its localities and appointments.

The harem is the home or sanctuary of every Osmanli, for it is written in the Koran, "The interior of thy dwelling is a sanctuary; speak unto the true believers that they restrain their eyes and keep themselves from immodest actions. This will be more pure for them, for God is well acquainted with that which

they do: and speak unto the believing women, that they restrain their eyes, and discover not their ornaments (personal charms), except what necessarily appeareth thereof; and let them throw their veils over their bosoms and not show their ornaments unless to their husbands, or their fathers, or their husband's fathers, or their sons, or their husband's sons, or their brother's sons, or unto such as attend them, or unto children."

Hence, the concealment of the women from the public gaze being a religious injunction, their seclusion became a matter of necessity; and as they were commanded to be always veiled in the presence of men, a place of retreat was indispensable for them.

Apart from the hosts of male attendants, the innumerable visitors coming and going, would compel them to wear their veils from morning till night. The houses are consequently so constructed as to promote this separation, and certain apartments in them are exclusively reserved for the ladies.

There are two classes of Osmanlis; those who have been suddenly transported from the interior of the Mussulman dominions to posts of rank and power near the court; and others who have always resided in the metropolis, and in contact with progressive refinement and civilization. The former identify the enjoyment of wealth with sensuality, and as soon as they acquire the means, not only marry all the wives allowed them, but add innumerable *Odaluks* and slaves to their harems. But more enlightened views of life and superior mental culture generally refine the animal desires, create new channels for the love of luxury and display, and nurture tastes for a higher order of pleasure. Of this latter number was Zeid Pasha, whose harem consisted of one wife, two sons and a daughter. *Nazrê Hanum*, in the absence of other wives, and in contradiction to her daughter, was entitled, *Böyük Hanum* or the lady superior. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and was married to Zeid Effendi at the early age of fourteen. Of Georgian descent, she was tall in stature, with a well developed form, her complexion was fair, her features regular, her eyes black, and her hair, of the same dark hue, hung in long braids over her shoulders. There was in her whole air and demeanor a degree of refinement and elegance, not excelled by the most aristocratic European lady, though she was not versed in polite literature, and scarcely knew her own alphabet. She is the mother of three children, two sons and a daughter. One of the sons, *Nessim Bey*, eighteen years of age, had been lately married to the daughter of a pasha. He followed the same diplomatic career as his father, and was a clerk at the bureau of the *Amedgee* or state chancellor. The younger brother, *Mahmoud Bey*, was of a more bellicose temperament, and had entered the Royal Military College at Pera. *Mahmoud Bey* was sixteen years old, and though not married, had, as is customary, a favorite *odaluk*, the gift of his mother, who thus hoped to retain him in the family circle.

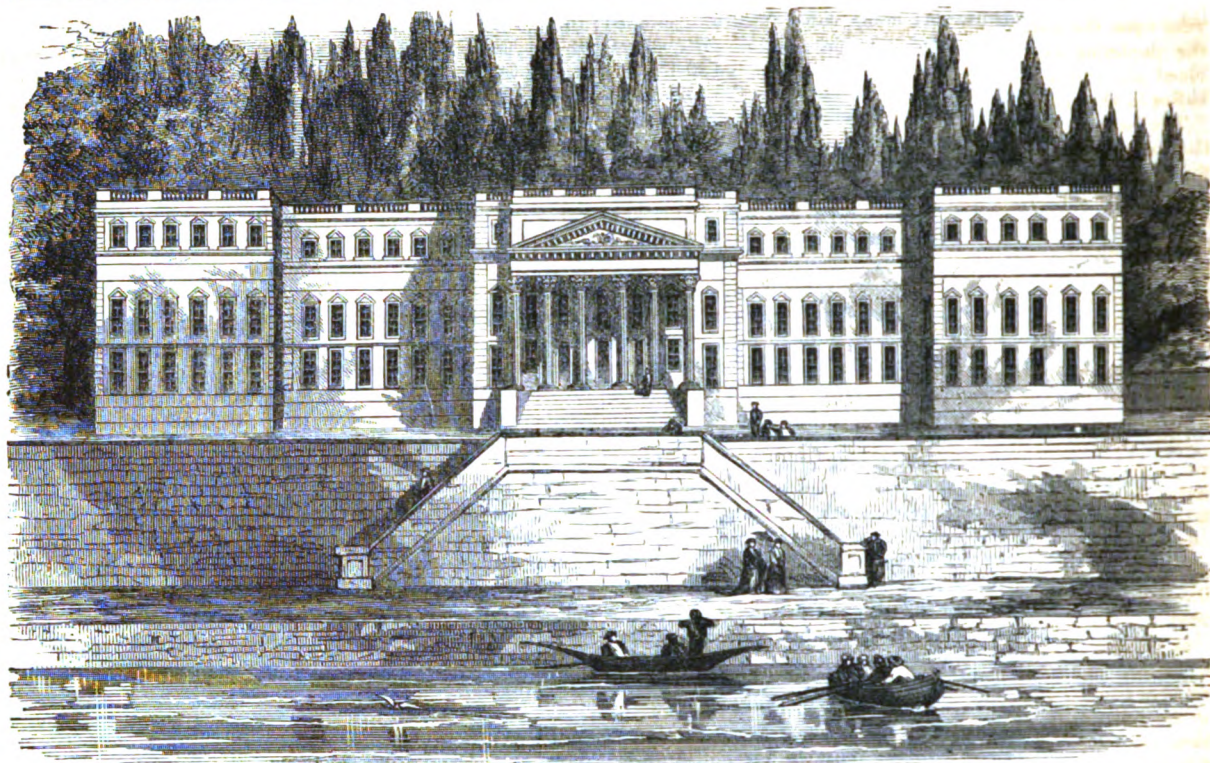
The harem being a counterpart of the *selamluk*, had also its complement of officers. The *Hasnadar* *Ousta* or keeper of the jewels and other treasures, the lady of the wardrobe, the coffee-server and the mistress of the bath, which is always attached to the houses of the great; there were besides numerous inferior slaves and servants. There were in reality three or four establishments combined in one, for the *Böyük Hanum*, the two sons and the daughter, each had their suite of apartments and separate retinue.

So that Zeid Pasha, with his own *selamluk* and its officers, his own wife and his harem, with its innumerable numbers, his servants and slaves, carriages, horses, and nearly every other chattel under heaven, must have possessed all his heart could desire or his brightest ambition covet.

#### THE INVALID.

It seems to be a common belief in the East that a cheerful disposition of the various surroundings of an invalid tends much to a rapid recovery. There is no shutting of doors, darkening of rooms nor exclusion of friends; on the contrary, we have often wondered how any one ever got well with so small a quantum of repose. No one is denied admission to the sick room, and all sorts of affairs are discussed by way of diverting the individual who cannot mingle in the business of every day life. But all disagreeable subjects are carefully avoided, and





THE MANSION.

every family sorrow is concealed from the invalid; indeed, near relatives sometimes die, and their dissolution is kept secret, often a year or more, till some chance divulges the event. Even death itself is spoken of under a consoling imagery. If a man dies they say, "He has preferred the society of the virgins of Paradise," or "He has been transported from the house of corruption to the house of peace—from this lower world to the celestial regions."

To the room, then, where Adilé was lying there was now a general rush from all parts of the harem. The pasha, who had been anxiously watching for our arrival from the windows of the selamluk, immediately made his appearance, eagerly inquiring the cause of Adilé's illness. The two sons were also there, for on account of the sultan's visit to the Medical

School there was a public holiday—no business being transacted at the Porte, nor any recitations held at the military colleges.

The venerable Haznadar Kadun, or lady duenna of the harem—who had formerly been the nurse of Zeid Pasha—was almost overcome with surprise and agitation, for she felt a motherly interest in all the household; the numerous halayiks anxiously pressed into the room, all proffering their services and asking the cause of the fair girl's present condition. The Böyük Hanum explained the affair to the pasha; and as all came to the same conclusion, that fear was the cause of Adilé's illness, a messenger was despatched for a barber or bleeder.

The first remedy in all ailments among the Orientals is taking blood, which is done both as a preventive and a cure; so that the profession of a barber is by no means a sinecure, particularly if patronized by the harem of a pasha. There is the regular annual bleeding of each member of the family; then any sudden alarm is supposed so to derange the nervous system, that quiet is only obtained by depletion.

Necessity now required the presence of a man within these precincts; but the ladies were ready to receive him, not having removed their yaskmaks, while a thin veil of white muslin was temporarily thrown over the most beautiful of all, the suffering Adilé. The halayiks, not being free women, were exempt from concealment, yet many of them attempted to screen their features with the long drapery of their sleeves, from a sense of pride or a desire to appear above their condition.

Two slaves now approached, one holding the large polished basin of silver, and another the tall, graceful ewer. Kneeling down, she supported this basin, which her companion filled with warm water, and in which they placed the foot of Adilé; while a third stood near, holding a large towel, the ends of which were embroidered with gold thread. The incision was made in a



TURKISH DINNER PARTY.



vein upon the instep, and the foot remained in the water till the depletion was finished. It is the practice in the East to bleed all unmarried females in the foot, and only the married ladies in the arm.

The barber now took his departure, making a low salaam to the ladies, and saying, *Suhatter ola!* (may it be beneficial), for every occasion has its formula of politeness. If you sneeze, they say, *Hayer ola!* (may it prove propitious), as that inclination is supposed to be produced by the fact that some one is talking about you; if you drink a glass of water, *Afiyet olsun!* (may it promote your health); if you are ill, *Gecmish ola!* (may it pass away); and if you lose a friend by death, they come on a visit of condolence, saying, *Bashunuz sgh olsun!* (may your own life be preserved).

There are a thousand such expressions, accumulated, by long usage, to as many contingencies of life, and the right thing must always be said at the right time.

Adilé was conveyed to her own room, and the arrival of the family physician was soon after announced; for Zeid Pasha having heard that he was in the neighborhood had immediately sent for him.

The Turkish notions of all physical ailments may be divided into two classes—the *yelanjik* or erysipelatos, and the *gelanjik* or febrile; and for the cure of them there are two sets of people—a certain class of emirs for the one, and for the other a famous woman called *Gelinjikgee* and her descendants. When these professors of the healing art fail to perfect a cure, other means are resorted to. As they do not consider any mere man capable of curing a sick person, they regard all physicians as secondary causes in the hands of Allah. Hence, their ideas of cures being more superstitious than scientific, they resort to all sorts of charms and incantations. It is owing to this fact

that the tombs of departed saints are adorned with many-colored rags, which are torn from the clothing of different sufferers, and tied upon the railings as signals of distress to their friends in the spirit world. With a similar fanaticism they cast themselves at the feet of the most forlorn-looking dervishes, who, having the odor of sanctity about them, are supposed to be the chosen of Allah, and able to express all maladies by the imposition of hands or feet. Indeed, invalids are often transported to Christian churches, whose priests are earnestly besought to read portions of the Gospels over them. If an attack of illness is slight at first, they begin by calling in a physician of the third rate, or one who is cheap in his prices, and is generally a mere quack or an apothecary—then one a little superior, until by degrees they are forced to summon the number one, Dr. McGuffock, who has been in Constantinople for the last forty years.

This gentleman, though a Scotchman by birth, is of course English in the opinion of the Turks; and as there are many other English physicians, he is termed, *par excellence*, the *Böyük İngiliz*, or Englishman the Great. Whenever therefore he is

summoned there is a general panic in the family, since there is little hope of the recovery of the victims of his predecessors.

But of course there was no such alarm on the present occasion, the pasha himself entertained more enlightened views of medical science, and only wished to have the opinion of his own physician regarding his daughter's illness. As the doctor had known every member of the family from their earliest years, and was himself so advanced in life as to be supposed to be within the special clause of the Koran, the ladies made no attempt to conceal their features in his presence. As he entered the apartment he said, "Ah! what is the matter with my charming little Circassian," and recognizing me immediately began in pure English to make inquiries about the sudden illness of his patient. I explained to him the accident and its consequences upon Adilé; whereupon he prescribed some simple sedative and took his leave of us. Hazradar Kadun followed him to the passage between the harem and selamluk, in order to hand him the customary fee; for in Turkey there are no such things as physician's bills.

As I felt much interest in Adilé I willingly offered to pass the night in her room, where a bed was prepared for me. When

we were left alone, finding her in a tranquil mood, I expressed my conviction that the young man was safe and well. But she said:

"I trust he is; it seems almost impossible; for no one has the least chance of being saved in that current, and I cannot bear to think he has met with such a fate."

"But there were a multitude of boats, he must have been taken up," I confidently replied.

"Ah, true! even then he must have suffered agonizing pains; you don't know what one suffers in such circumstances," said the weeping girl; "but I have experienced it myself when I was a little child."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed; "tell me how it happened."

"Is it possible you have forgotten my own history?" she said with such a heavy sigh that I thought best to change the subject.

"Pray how is your ankle, that you twisted as you were getting into the araba?"

"Oh!" said she smiling, "that was all *losh* (nonsense); but tell me, did you observe what a *chichek* (flower) he was?"

This is a proverbial expression, meaning that he was a cunning fellow or a clever rogue.

"But you do not mean that young arabagee, my dear Adilé?" said I.

"Arabagee! Oh, my friend, could you not perceive he was no arabagee in reality," said the girl; "you know him very well. Where were your eyes, that you did not see Artin our banker's son?"

"The banker's son!" I cried in astonishment.

"Soos," said Adilé, placing her finger on her lips in token of mystery.

Just then we heard an unusual whispering of voices and shuffling of feet in the hall, and I stepped out to inquire the



IL SIGNOR DOTTORE MANZURINI DI PADUA.



cause. I was informed that the *saraf* or banker had just arrived and asked an interview with the Pasha Effendi.

It is not customary to summon an Osmanli from his harem; there are only two individuals who enjoy that prerogative, the lord chamberlain of the palace and the personal banker of the grandee. The former never visits any one save as the messenger of royalty, and heeds not time or tide in the execution of his duty, and the latter being the *homme d'affaires* and confidential adviser, never intrudes upon domestic privacy without the most stringent necessity.

The pasha after being closeted with his banker in the *halvet-odassi*, or his private boudoir between the selamluk and the harem, ordered his three-oared boat and proceeded to make his toilet, after which he left the house accompanied by the banker and a single attendant.

#### THE ARMENIAN BANKERS.

The sad history of that ancient and once flourishing people, the Armenians, is well known to our readers. Their descent from the patriarch Noah, early homes in the region of Ararat, and rapid progress as a nation with a long line of princes. How they suffered from the incursions of the Romans, Greeks, Persians, Saracens and Turks, who finally subjugated them; but their last conquerors, finding them such a useful people, consented to acknowledge them as tributaries.

At the present time, "this community constitutes the very life of Turkey; for the Turks, being accustomed to rule rather than serve, have relinquished to them all branches of industry. Hence the Armenians are the bankers, merchants, mechanics and tradesmen of all sorts in Turkey. Besides, there exists a congeniality of sentiment and community of interest between them and the Mussulmans; for being originally from the same region, they were alike in their habits and feelings; therefore, easily assimilating themselves to their conquerors, they gained their confidence and became, and still are, the most influential of all the rayahs. There is not a pasha or a grandee who is not indebted to them, either pecuniarily or for his promotion; and the humblest peasant owes them the value of the very seed he sows; so that without them the Osmanlis could not survive a single day."

Serkiss Azha, the banker of Zeid Pasha, was originally from Agin, a town in Armenia. In order to better his condition, when he was quite young, he removed to Constantinople, and became apprentice to one of the bankers.

The business of a *saraf* or banker in Constantinople does not consist in discounting notes, dabbling in government securities, speculating on 'Change, or other operations of financial shaving; they have their own system.

A Turk is a helpless being as regards his own finances; not desiring to engage in productive pursuits, his ambition leads him to aspire to civil employment. But he has not the means either of self-maintenance or promotion. If he has been so fortunate as to attach himself to a patron, and thereby secured a position, he next endeavors to procure a banker, to whom he not only intrusts his income and disbursements, but depends upon him for future advancement. The salary is only paid at the end of the month of actual service, and often postponed for several months, so that pressing wants compel him to ask the interference of a banker, who is authorised to draw the salary, and also to collect other incomes, as collateral securities for any advances; upon which advances he is entitled to charge the moderate interest of twenty per cent. a year. But the banker's avails are not confined to this high per centage.

The sum advanced by no means meets the necessities of his employer, and hence they compromise the matter. If the functionary wants a carpet or a pipe, a jewel or a slave, a cayik or a carriage, the banker is commissioned to make the purchases, which he obtains on credit, though each article is passed into the account as if cash had been paid on the very day. This apparent advantage, combined with the extravagant desires of the customer, tempts the banker to injudicious advances, thus involving himself in difficulties from which he can only escape by the promotion of the functionary, bringing with it increased revenues. Thus the interests of banker and functionary become identified; the one, from motives of self-preservation, endeavors

to accelerate the good fortune of his patron, and the other studiously involves his banker in such embarrassments as will prove stepping stones to his own future greatness.

The revenue of the government is derived from the custom duties, direct and indirect taxes, besides many other sources. Sometimes these are collected by its own officials; but owing to the spoliation of their agents, it has been considered more profitable to farm out these revenues at public auction, to individual speculators; and favoritism being almost a principle in the Oriental system, whoever has the most powerful friend at court generally succeeds in outbidding his competitors. The purchases are made by the bankers; but it is a known fact that their patrons are partners in the profits. Agents are sent to the different localities to collect the dues to the government; and as they are clothed with authority, and bound to look after the interests of their employers as well as their own, they oppress the people by unjust assessments; who, on their part, having no other means of redress, try to cheat their oppressors by concealing their produce.

The connection of Zeid Pasha with Serkiss had an early origin; for when Serkiss had served his apprenticeship and amassed a little sum for himself, he commenced business on his own account. As was customary, his principal made over to him some of his more insignificant customers, among whom was Zeid Effendi, then a clerk at the Porte; so that with the promotion of Zeid, the banker Serkiss advanced until he also became a prominent person, and an Amira.

The isolated condition of the Turkish government from the people has created a third class in the community, who occupy a position between the people and the officials. These intermediaries are generally the notables of the different communities, and are called by the Turks, *Voojooks*; by the Greeks, *Archons*; and by the Armenians, *Amiras*.

They are not elected by the people, nor appointed by the government, but are self-constituted authorities. When they become wealthy their money enables them to assume these dignities, and to exert a most detrimental influence in the country, threatening the government and opposing such measures as may be injurious to their own interests in the name of the people, at the same time oppressing the people in the name of the government, so that they are detested by the one and mistrusted by the other. And yet, as they are interwoven with the affairs of every official, they are tolerated as a matter of policy.

The abrupt and unseasonable visit of Serkiss to Zeid Pasha was occasioned by a sudden emergency; for he had heard during the day that the custom-house at Smyrna, the disposal of which was in the hands of the minister of finance, was about to be given to a certain banker—a rival of his—notwithstanding his own application for the same.

Fearing that the matter would be irretrievably settled, Serkiss was anxious to bring all the influence in his power to accomplish his object. As he was the banker of the Valide Sultan, a word from her in his favor would have been all powerful; but he could not have an interview with her highness at that late hour of the evening. He therefore hastened to Zeid Pasha, who immediately proceeded with him to the residence of the minister of finance.

#### THE HAREM, OR INTERIOR LIFE.

The mansion was at length quiet; the shuffling footfalls no longer re-echoed through the vast halls; voices were all hushed, and the lovely Adilé was enjoying the repose so essential after so much agitation.

The day dawned, and the air was pure and balmy, as if nature revelled in a perpetual holiday in this delightful region. Yet Adilé looked sadly as she clapped her hands for the ladies of her bed-chamber, who immediately made their appearance with all the paraphernalia of the morning toilette. She was enveloped in a rose-colored robe de chambre, doubled with the softest, whitest and most delicate fur, and supported by innumerable pillows and cushions. The pretty Fatma held the silver basin before her, with its perforated cover and perfumed soap; Pembé, a fair-haired, blue-eyed damsel, gracefully supported the embossed ewer, from whose long curved spout a gentle



stream of water was issuing, while their mistress performed her ablutions. A gossamer kerchief of golden hue and edged with a fine lace of white silk, was gracefully and carelessly arranged upon her head and secured by small pins, sparkling with brilliants. The young lady looked the while at her own reflection in a beautiful little mirror, encased in mother-of-pearl, seemingly contented; she dismissed her attendants, and languidly reclined back upon her pillows.

In somewhat similar style, I was served and arrayed; my mattresses were made to disappear, and we were ready for our breakfast.

The reader imagines, perhaps, that I have spent the night in a French bedstead; such a supposition, though natural, would be a great mistake, for Oriental dormitories are at variance with our own notions of comfort. They have no apartments exclusively for sleeping, the same room serving for sitting, eating or sleeping. There are large closets, either in the room itself or closely adjoining, for the convenience of stowing away the bedding during the day. Among other innovations and improvements, European bedsteads have been introduced into many of the houses, yet habit is so strong that they still prefer their own mode of sleeping, which is upon the floor, where they spread mattresses one over the other, almost to the height of a French bedstead. The casings of these mattresses are made of heavy silk, and they are filled with either cotton or wool, and the pillows are of the same materials. The sheets are of a species of silk gauze or of fine white cotton cambric, one is spread over the mattress, and each coverlid or quilt has another which is tacked upon it, and frequently removed for washing. In a large family more than one person is constantly employed basting these sheets upon the quilts, for each bed is provided with several, according to the temperature of the weather. The pillow-cases are of lace and thin muslin, trimmed at both the ends, which are left open and decorated with bows of narrow variegated ribbons. The wearing apparel is generally kept in closets or large chests of walnut wood; each article is carefully folded in a square of chintz or silk, lined and bound with ribbon, and the whole wardrobe enveloped together in one large *bahya* as they call them.

In the apartment, then, where we had been sleeping our simple breakfast was served. It consisted of a *chibouk* (a pipe), a spoonful of preserves and a little cup of *café noir*. Our room was again the rendezvous of the whole family. The pasha and the Hanum Effendi, the Gelin Hanum (Lady Bride) and the young Bey Effendis, and, of course, *en train* the mistresses of the various departments with their numerous satellites.

The father of Gelin Hanum also came, attended by his own physician, to facilitate as speedily as possible the recovery of the daughter of the house. This professor of the healing art was of the Italian school, and seemed determined to win golden opinions from all sorts of men, by impressing them with his own immense importance and profound learning. He accordingly, on the present occasion, appeared rather in the character of a minister plenipotentiary than a medical adviser. The moment he entered the room he delivered himself of a speech which seemed to have been conned for the occasion. As he held the pulse of the invalid without any inquiries about her condition, he at once proclaimed her to be suffering from a high fever, and went on in a most elaborate manner, enumerating in rapid succession the effects which follow from febrile affections, and terminated the harangue by saying:

"I am glad that I have been summoned in time to arrest the portending malady. I will prescribe certain pills whose efficacy has already been tested by his excellency," and he glanced at the father of the Lady Bride, who graciously nodded his assent.

Il Signor Dottore Mansurini di Padua had lived long enough in Turkey to comprehend the peculiarities of the people, and had attained much popularity by humoring their prejudices. So the doctor conducted himself in this pompous off-hand style not because he was a fool, but more of a knave.

Upon his departure the Hasnadar Ousta followed him as usual, not with the intention of paying him, for that would have been *mal-à-propos*; but she presented him with a shawl of

cashmere as a remuneration for his trouble, and as a compliment to the personage under whose patronage he had been introduced.

#### THE VISIT.

It will be remembered that on our way to Dolma-Bakché landing we encountered a Turkish family, who promised to visit us on the following day. It was the harem of Mustapha Pasha, who lived near us, and consisted of his wife Gulbeyaz Hanum and a couple of halayiks. Without the usual preliminaries of visits, such as sending word of their intentions, &c., our friend now arrived quite early in the morning, for she was very intimate with the family of Zeid Pasha, and came and went without ceremony. Her approach being announced, the gentlemen retreated by an opposite door, while Gelin Hanum and I hastened to welcome her at the head of the grand stairway, and we all repaired to Adilé's room. Naziré Hanum descended from her sofa, and the ladies exchanged salutations, each attempting to kiss the hem of the other's garment, with simultaneous exclamations, "*Stahfur Allah! Stahfur Allah!*" (God forbid!) Gulbeyaz Hanum then turned to Adilé:

"*Gecmish ola! djanum kuz* (may it quickly pass, girl of my soul). What has happened to you?"

"Oh, nothing to me," said Adilé; "but much to the young arabagee."

"Do you mean that handsome young fellow, with the great moustache, you were flirting with yesterday?" said Gulbeyaz.

Naziré Hanum here related the adventure, while the halayiks served the pipes and coffee. As she finished the recital Gulbeyaz said:

"Any accident upon the water always reminds me of that awful day when we were nearly drowned ourselves, Adilé. I do believe I shall die a watery death, and for my part have full faith in the proverb—A ship should be nowhere but on the wall, and water only in a goblet."

An Armenian woman somewhat advanced in years now entered the room; she had a painted handkerchief tied under her chin, wore a short jacket lined with fur, and the usual style of dress, trousers, &c. She seemed very active, intelligent and wide awake to affairs in general, though evidently of the lower class. A large bundle was in her arms, which, upon seeing Adilé, she suddenly dropped and exclaimed,

"My daughter, why are you lying in bed?"

Adilé briefly explained the cause of her illness, for there is much condescension and even affability between superiors and inferiors. Their very mode of address implies a certain degree of consideration; for they never call them by their names without some endearing adjective—and as our own Southerners have aunts and uncles among their dependants, so the Osmanlis have a *Doorig-Abla* or sister Doorig for a laundress, and *Bedros-Akhbar* or brother Peter for a cook.

"Ah," said the woman of the world, this *Zartar-Abla* or sister Sally," I see, I understand; you have got the *gelingik*. We must send for Mariam Kadun. By the way, when I have left the gold trimming with Aishé Hanum, and the silk entarry at Halil Pasha's, I am going to show my *Ishlemés* to the harem of Serkis Agha, then some lace is wanted at *Beahiktash*, then I shall go to Ortaköy and see the Gelinjikgee herself; she might be here this very afternoon."

"Don't talk about that Gelinjikgee with her red water," said Gulbeyaz Hanum. "I intend to send my own physician here, *Issa nefes!* his breath is as efficacious as that of Jesus. Paleologo will surely cure her, as he did me when I was dying of *merak*" (depression of spirits).

"I am sure he would suit me then," said Adilé, sadly, "for I always have *merak*."

Here Gulbeyaz whispered to Adilé, and they both seemed to be highly amused.

"Nonsense!" said Zartar, "none of your physic and doctors are worth anything. The best of them do no more than kill. I know what ails her—she is so beautiful she has undoubtedly encountered the evil eye. Only let me draw a breath over her to exorcise the demon."

"Oh yes," said the halayiks, in one voice, "do so, dear Zartar."



OUT-DOOR COSTUME OF A LADY.

"I can assure you, Hanum Effendi," said one advancing, "that her breath is most holy and efficacious. You remember that terrible styne I had upon my eye? she cured it."

They surrounded the bed where Adilé was lying, and one of the girls brought in a lighted taper, while the crone, who took her seat by Adilé, produced from her pocket a little piece of white muslin, which, when she opened it, was found to contain some half-dozen cloves. She took one of them and sticking it upon a pin, lighted it in the candle, and then she commenced her incantation in a low muttering tone, while she waved the smoking clove to and fro over the head and face of the enchanted girl. As the burning clove now and then crackled, the bystanders exclaimed,

"There goes the evil spirit."

"Now," said Zartar to Adilé, as she finished, "you are too beautiful to remain unguarded against the *nazar* (evil eye); here I have a *nooska* (a charm), which will protect you." So saying, she drew from her bosom a little red satin bag, supposed to contain some of those mysterious cabalistic inscriptions, which are so much used, and so potent against all human ills.

This she offered to Adilé, who seemed indifferent about its pretended efficacy, especially as Gálbeyaz remarked, "Don't touch it, who knows what Giaour stuff it contains."

"Ah, indeed," said Zartar, "perhaps it is Giaour stuff, but what if it should work a cure?" So saying, she whispered to Adilé, who seemed almost stunned by the few words she had heard.

A sudden glow suffused her features, and her whole form seemed convulsed with emotion. She seized the amulet, pressed it to her lips and laid it in her bosom.

The spell was already working, and the maiden was again light-hearted.

She was so much excited that Gálbeyaz said, "She is becoming delirious. Woman, what have you done?"

"Don't be afraid," said the offended Zartar. My Giaour stuff works quickly, as you see. Paleologo for you, my lady."

Adilé knowing the high spirit of both Gálbeyaz Hanum and sister Sally, feared that they would come to angry words and indiscreet disclosures. She accordingly by way of diversion said, "Can't you cease prattling? Come, show us the inside of that bundle of yours. Have you anything new, anything *à la Franga*?"

The personage to whom this was addressed was a pedlar woman, one of a numerous and largely patronised sisterhood in the country. They have easy access to the harems for the disposal of their goods, where they often loiter for hours, wandering about from one apartment to another, displaying the fineries which all ladies love to see if not to possess, and retailing the sayings and doings of the hanums and effendis who compose the distinguished Oriental world. In a word, these women are the most arrant gossips, convenient go-betweens, and sometimes even match-makers. And as they are better paid for such services than for their precious merchandise, they are ever on the alert to foster all sort of intrigue.

Zartar-Abla now opened her packages, and as all the halayiks eagerly surrounded her, there was a great display of articles of toilette, dresses, trimmings and the fine arts in general.

"Here," she said, "is a beautiful *aya* (silk lace trimming), just like the one I sold yesterday at the sultan's palace, and here is an embroidered head-dress for only two purnes and a hundred piastres."

"But what's that glittering in that corner?" said Adilé.

"Oh, that's the wedding entarry of Muhribé Hanum, the freed halayik of Validé Sultan, who was married to Essad Effendi. She begged me to sell it."

"How! Is it possible she is reduced to such extremity?"

"Yes, because her husband is a perfect drunkard! There was no such thing in my days, but now the young men are so *à la Franga* that they think it the height of fashion to drink as hard as they can. Indeed, the house is topsy-turvy. The food is carried away and sold by the cook, and even the furniture in the selamluk has been made away with by the servants. Essad Effendi is amiable enough when left to himself, but his associate clerks at the Porte very often come to the house, and they carry on like fools. It was only the other day, while I was there, they made such a rumpus that his wife went to the harem door and screamed out, 'Giaours, chappguns, rascals, get you gone to your own houses!' As their banker will not let them have any more money, Muhribé Hanum begged me to try to sell this dress. The gold upon it is worth a goodly sum."

Whereupon the high-spirited Gálbeyaz said,

"But why does she live with such a fellow? I would be divorced immediately!"

"Indeed!" said Zartar. "Why don't you get divorced yourself? You are worse off than she is, for she loves Essad Effendi, and you don't care a straw for your husband."



ZARTAR-ABLA, OR SISTER SALLY.





ZEID PASHA AND SUITE.

"That's true," half whispered Gölbeyaz, "and I could get another husband. But what would every one say if I should separate myself? Better as it is, my friend."

"Yes," responded the woman, sarcastically, "since you have found the remedy for your merak."

"Koozum Zartar (Sally, my lamb), let me alone, and don't be saucy. What have you got in that little white jar?"



TURKISH LETTER.

"That's a Frankish stuff—they say it came all the way from Yeny-Dünya, the New World, a country six months off. It is called American Blushes, and is used by all the ladies there; and they say it is the use of this which makes them so pleasing to the gentlemen. For my part, I have never seen a pretty Frank lady yet. What if their cheeks are rosy—they seem to be made only of skin and bone."

The ladies all laughed immoderately at this new vein of Zartar's sarcasm, and Adilé, mischievously pointing to me, said to her,

"You seem to forget that Revnak Hanum is here."

The intrepid woman of wares instantly retorted,

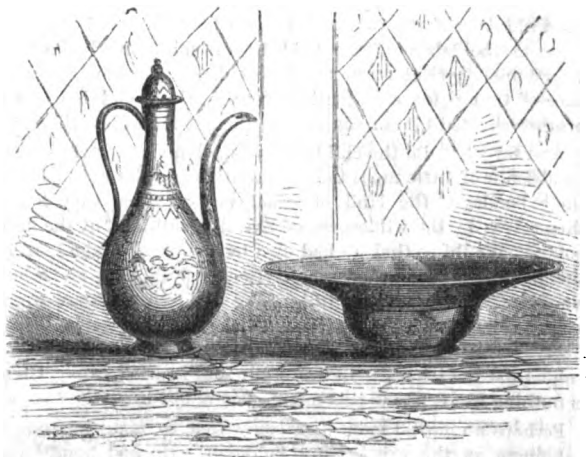
"Oh, I don't mind her, for she is one of us;" and her embarrassment on account of her breach of politeness might have been more lasting if the Böyük Hanum had not just then entered the room, observing,

"Ladies, I have been informed that the lunch is ready—who is coming to join me?"

At Adilé's special request it was concluded to have the repast served in her own room, which, with its peculiar style and appointments, we will present to our readers—regretting, the while, that we cannot regale their palates with some of the dainties of an Oriental cuisine.

## A DINNER.

The halayiks proceeded to form a hollow square in the angle of the sofa, by placing extra cushions on the floor, over the whole of which they spread a large crumb-cloth of crimson silk bordered with gold. In the middle of this square they placed a low stand, and upon it a large circular tray of highly polished



TURKISH EWER AND BASIN.

brass. There were no plates, knives, forks or glasses; around the edge of the tray at intervals were rolls of bread, and spoons made of tortoise shell, with carved and ornamented handles of ivory tipped with coral. A second circle was formed of little plates, containing pickles, preserves and fruit, and other conveniences. We all performed our ablutions, and when the round silver tureen of soup was placed in the centre of the tray, we took our seats and spread our napkins over our laps.

When the cover was removed from the tureen, the lady superior, taking her spoon with an invitation to us all to help ourselves, showed us the *modus operandi*. Her example was easily followed, and the next dish that was served was not difficult to manage with the fingers, as it consisted of small bits of roast meat or kebab; but upon the appearance of an entremet or composition of meat and vegetables, my awkwardness in conveying the food to my mouth was so apparent that Adilé ordered the attendants to bring me a fork—the appearance of which immediately excited the disdain of Galbeyaz Hanum, who insisted that fingers were made before forks, and wondered why I did not relinquish such an inconvenient habit.

The fact is, that if a lady is known at a European table by the manner she uses her knife and fork, or conforms to other little matters of etiquette, the same is equally true of the style in which the hanums use their own fingers, and their general deportment while eating.

The two fore-fingers and thumb are the pincettes; a small piece of bread is used to give a certain stability to the morsels of food, and they are so expert that no particle ever soils the polished surface of the tray. Nor are they guilty of indiscriminate exploration in the dish—each person limiting their spoliation to a particular spot. Each variety of food is partaken of sparingly; the succession is both numerous and rapid, and the food is transferred from one table to another, according to the different grades of the members of the household. The courses are often fifteen or twenty, and each person is at liberty to enjoy all of them, or as many as she may fancy, leaving the table at any time.

The kitchen department of their establishments being presided over by men is an appurtenance of the selamlu, and the food, after being prepared, is conveyed to the harem by means of a sort of revolving dumb waiter, which is between the harem and selamluk. This is called the dolab, and is placed in the wall, serving to introduce or dispatch the necessary provisions or other articles; so that those who bring, or those who receive them, are invisible to each other.

A people who rarely ever dream of those feasts of reason which often render the less sensual almost indifferent to such animal gratification, must, of course, study more deeply the science of pleasure, and become more apt in their inventions and combinations for their palpable enjoyments.

How many are the testimonials of those who have lived in these sunny regions of the Orient, regarding the good things of this life. In the terrestrial paradise, where dwelt the great progenitors of our race, every tree was good for food and pleasant to the sight—tempting even in their natural forms. In those good old days of the patriarch Isaac, when his son Esau came in from the labors of the field, he was faint; his limbs were weary, his physical strength almost departed. The delicious odor of that pottage of lentils overcame him, and his crafty brother cheated him of his very birthright for a mess thereof.

And for what did the children of Israel murmur, when after an absence of little more than a month from the very land of their bondage, the land of cruel task-masters, they found themselves in the wilderness of Sin—for nothing but the flesh pots: "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full. The children of Israel wept, saying—We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions and the garlic. But now our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all beside this manna before our eyes."

Perhaps no mortal man ever compassed so many sources of happiness as the great King Solomon. He had houses and vineyards, great possessions of cattle, all the delights of the

sons of men—in a word, whatsoever his eyes desired. In the royal harem were "seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines;" and he also "loved many strange women." His wine was served in golden goblets, his food upon the same pure metal; indeed, "silver was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon." Nothing was wanting to complete the sum of his earthly happiness; yet hear him declare, "All is vanity." "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink; all the labor of man is for his mouth—a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry; for that shall abide with him of his labor the days of his life, which God giveth him under the sun."

What rare delicacies has the world produced for the gratification of the palate! Crocodiles, lizards, locusts (food of John the Baptist), fattened snails, bloated geese livers (divine *pâté de foie gras*), frogs delicate as pullets, primo horseflesh of Tartar fame; in classic times, sea hogs and seals, and a host of untranslatable specimens of the finny tribes.

Philosophers wrote treatises on the epicurean art, and a distinguished worshipper of the Muses wished his neck was like a crane's, that he might the longer enjoy the taste of his food. So profound have been the researches of chemical science, that our bodies, and the sustenance they require, have been reduced to the four elements—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen; and substances containing these elements have been analyzed, and forced, in some way or other, to contribute to the great source of human happiness.

Dry bones are converted into the most delicious gelatine, sawdust into gum arabic and sugar, and sweet and slippery are the disembodied spirits of cast-off rags and decaying ropes, as they emerge from the crucible of science. To what refinement has the gastronomic art attained; how beautiful the forms our food is made to assume by the modern professors of the culinary department!

The English, and their descendants generally, have little pretensions to taste in their style of food; for the Saxon gourmand delights in half cooked bullocks, sheep apparently seething in their own blood, vegetables boiled in their native simplicity, untainted by sauce or savor, and the heavy, substantial plum pudding, while he trembles at the mention of Parisian *bon mets*, which might leave him in doubt of their natural ingredients, or entice him to devour a pussy cat under the title of fillet of rabbit à l'Espagnole.

Yet the higher classes yield a certain deference to the French taste, or sacrifice national prejudice à la mode Française; for while the more substantial part of the repast is in the English style of cookery, the entrées are French, and they often retain their venison pasty upon the table under the polished title of a *dormant*.

To say nothing of the necessity of preparing the food for easy digestion, which is generally attained by the French, who approximate to our Oriental mode of cooking, there is an infinite variety in the form of the viands, the sauces are all so "piquant," the nomenclature so coquettish, the guise so tempting, that the most fastidious taste finds them irresistible.

Potage à la reine, œufs à la neige, vol au vent, gateaux à la Polonoise, poulet à la Montmorenci, filets of fowl sauté à la sauce suprême, all à la something besides the primitive ingredients, at once exciting the curiosity and admiration.

The same style of flattering the palate prevails more or less throughout all Europe, and under somewhat different modifications throughout the Eastern hemisphere. The happy mingling of meat and vegetables in savory masses conducive both to health and pleasure, the peculiarly delicious forms of *fari*, the various combinations of pure olive oil with fish and vegetables, the bubbles of pastry light as air, the rare compotes, the exquisite conserves of roses, violets and all sorts of fruits, the far-famed pilaf, always the finale of the repast; these, and a thousand other *chef-d'œuvres*, render the Oriental epicure a rival for even the most skilful Parisian competitor.

There is also much meaning in the names of the Oriental preparations of food. They love to regale themselves upon the *Harum-Boodoo*, a delicate preparation of chicken; the *lamm-*

*Bayıldı*, or the priest's ecstasy, a wonderful and overpowering mess of egg-plant; the *Kus-Memessu*, an exquisite style of quince *farci*; *Taouk-Geöksi*, or mock chicken breast, a species of blanc-mange; and a thousand more, equally enticing.

A gentleman's wealth in the East is measured more by the style of his table, the delicacy of his viands, and the skill of his *maitres de cuisine*, than by the grandeur of his residence, the elegance of his furniture, or the livery of his attendants. This kind of display, while it gratifies the ambition of luxury, excites more generosity of soul, especially in a land where hospitality is practised to such a boundless extent.

The absence of the ladies from the *selamluk* leaves ample freedom for visitors, and it is seldom that a pasha has an opportunity to dine in his own harem.

#### SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

There is no doubt that society is more interesting and profitable when composed of both sexes, and a variety of characters. It is like the mountains and valleys in a beautiful scene, in which the bold and the softer outlines are blended, the one modulating the other. The brilliant lights and more modest shades gracefully mingled; all necessary to form a perfect picture. Yet in order thus to commingle the ingredients there must be a fitness—an adaptation of the one to the other.

The extended views of life, acquired from the experience of others, as well as personal observation and a degree of self-possession are necessary for the sudden emergencies of a general social intercourse. Much is wanting to perfect the modes of society, even among those who have lived always in the observances of European etiquette. There is not in the East that cultivation of the intellect which sets aside the grosser part of our nature, and of course the physique predominates over the moral.

If with the mental philosophy of the schools, a Locke on the human understanding and a Key to the intellectual powers, with a host of other spiritual mentors, there is still such a degree of sensuality and folly, what can be expected of those whose locks and keys are so eminently material?

Which serves to restrain man and womankind in general, the refinement of the spiritual or the confinement of the animal? is a matter of calculation well worth the study.

In general, we may say, there is less vice in the East than in the West, unless we except those who have lately been civilized; for in the days of their simplicity the Orientals held virtue in high repute. The barriers which the then existing state of society threw about them were so impassable that they never glanced beyond, nor dreamed of trespassing upon the rights of their neighbors. But modern philosophy, to their untutored minds, has too often only stripped virtue of its charms, annulling the proverb that—

Vice is a monster of such hateful mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen;

so that the present generation, and perhaps many to come, are entirely unfitted to be freed from the chain of time-linked prejudices, which are indigenous to their primitive condition.

The ladies of the East have a remarkable degree of simplicity and childishness about them—a sort of natural impetuosity, which can only be checked by an actual experience of general society, which they never can command; therefore reason and judgment are not predominant in their compositions, while the sentiment of the beautiful in its most voluptuous form is the legitimate offspring of their passionate natures.

Their literature consists in poetry of the most extravagant conceptions, or fictions of the imagination abounding in metaphors. Indeed, their every-day converse is in hyperbole, and the very tones of their language are musical. There is nothing more soft, more *séduisante*, than the voice of a Turkish woman of refinement, when modulated by the euphonious accents of her native tongue. Like Byron, I love their language—

Which melts like kisses from a female's mouth,  
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,  
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,  
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,  
That not a single accent seems uncouth,  
Like our harsh Northern whistling, grunting guttural,  
Which we're obliged to hiss and s-it and sputter all.

There is a poetry of motion about them too, for they carry themselves at the same time majestically and gracefully—slowly rustling through the apartments with their trailing dresses and modesty of mien. Their persons are unconfined, their forms undisguised by their apparel—which only adorns the charms that nature has given them, without transforming them into wasps or peacocks.

We had scarcely left the table, and the *Böyük Hanum* was yet using her towel after the usual ablutions, when the hem of her garment was assailed by a new set of visitors, apparently from the lower and middle classes of the people; for she did not interfere with their obeisances, but received them with the dignity which belonged to her station in life, and at the same time with the greatest affability.

The arrival of such persons, under the present circumstances, may be considered *mal-à-propos*, but in the East nobody is refused admittance under the pretext that the lady is engaged, or any member of the family indisposed.

They make their way into the house, with the chance of being able to effect an audience or not. Such being the freedom of access, it is admirable to observe the innate sense of propriety which regulates the general intercourse; superiors maintaining their own state, inferiors gracefully humble, without pride and without envy—all imbued with the sublime consciousness that Allah allots to each one his or her own destiny.

These women came supplicating her ladyship with various petitions. One with tears pleading for the *Hanum Effendi's* interference in behalf of her son, who had been condemned to the bagnio for committing manslaughter in a brawl. Another begged her to provide a husband for her daughter, quoting as an apology the proverb, "that a girl of fifteen ought either be married or buried." A third desired that the *Pasha Effendi* would be asked to summon her husband and lecture him on his connubial duties; and a fourth wished a situation at the quarantine for her respectable spouse. So for many hours the *Böyük Hanum* held her levee, kindly listening to the sorrows and grievance of her sisters in humanity, and giving them all the consolation in her power. For ladies are perhaps more powerful in the East than in the Western world; they rule not with the assumption of superiority over the other sex, but the laws of love, of consanguinity, of sympathy, are the mainsprings of their power.

We had several interruptions from the Harem-Aghassis, the black gentlemen of the relatives and the neighboring families, who were sent to inquire after the health of *Adilé*; and thus the day passed; the evening meal was partaken of, and after the gentlemen of the family had spent an hour or so with us, it was concluded that *Adilé* would be better for solitude and repose.

We were no sooner alone than the excited girl produced the charm of *Zartar*, which had been so potent in restoring her equanimity.

She showed me the inscription which she took from the little silk bag. It contained a stanza from one of the popular songs, and was as follows:

All the waters in the sea  
Could not extinguish the fire of my love.

"This is his own writing," said *Adilé*, with evident satisfaction, "but how could he have been saved? it is beyond belief. I must question *Zartar*," she accordingly clapped her hands and ordered one of the *halayiks* to summon the pedlar woman, who had been retained in the house by *Adilé's* special request.

*Zartar-Abla* entered the room with a long face and an impatient air, while the girls, who actually huddled her in, were laughing immoderately.

"Vallah, these girls have almost crazed me. They have tossed about my goods, and nothing suits them. The *henna* is not of the golden hue, nor the *rustuk* of a dye as deep as they fancy. What all the *hanum effendis* have pronounced just the right tinge is not good enough for these girls. After all, I know what they want, 'tis a husband a piece, which I can't bring in my bundle; and when I tell them my opinion, they know I have guessed the truth, that's the reason they are all giggling."

"No matter *Zartar-Abla*, don't mind them," said *Adilé*.





RECEPTION AT THE HAREM OF ZEID PASHA.

"let me choose from your bundle now, and I will make amends for all they have done."

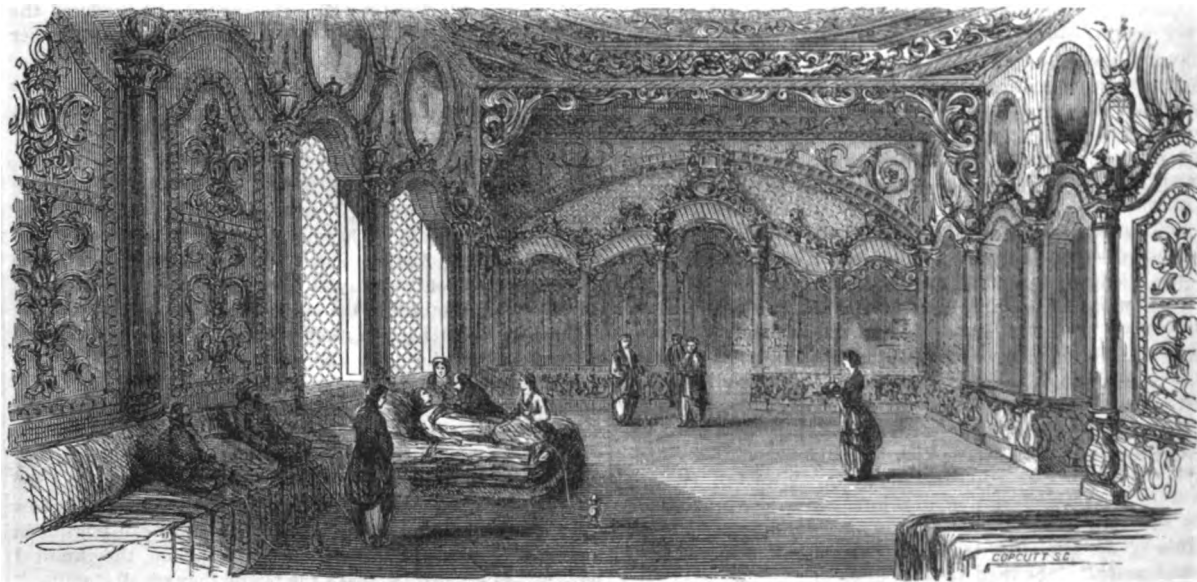
The ambulatory bazaar was now brought in and an examination of its contents was commenced, the mischievous girls officiously acting as saleswomen for the distressed proprietor.

"Hanum Effendi, buy this *rastuk*," said one, "'tis genuine charcoal, and will blacken your eyebrows nicely, as well as your handkerchief."

"Here," said another, holding up a piece of embroidered silk, "buy this *ishlemé*, which will do for a present for some Kúrdish bride;" and so, one after another, they began to hold up to ridicule poor Zartar's treasures, until Adilé was obliged to say,

"Now, girls, you have teased her enough—let me be alone to make my own purchases."

They left the apartment, and Adilé tried to propitiate the



THE SICK ROOM.



THE SARAF, OR ARMENIAN BANKER.

woman by selecting several articles at good prices. She then said,

"Zartar, you must tell me all about Artin. How was he saved? Is he well, or suffering much?"

"Saved! suffering much! Why, what has happened to him?" said Zartar, in astonishment. "I saw him just before I came here, as well as he ever was, sitting in his room smoking his chibouk. He thinks of going soon to Smyrna, to take charge of the custom-house, which his father has just farmed from the government. He told me that he wished to see you before his departure."

"Tell him, Zartar, after a few days I may see him in the garden, but for the present it is impossible; as I am ill, I will not be allowed to go out."

"But he goes away day after to-morrow!"

"Oh, what shall I do?" said the distressed girl, clasping her hands, seemingly *distrain* for a moment; but recovering herself, she addressed me, saying,

"Djanum Revnak Hanum, will you give me my writing desk? It is upon one of the cushions of the *sedir*."

This *escritoire* was a small ebony case inlaid with mother of pearl and gold. It contained utensils very different from those used by us. There were some five or six little antique porcelain vases of different sizes, with their lids of solid gold; one contained the black ink, another red, another gold sand, a fourth held a small sponge, as a penwiper, and a fifth was filled with flat pieces of soft red wax and small white shells of ivory. Instead of quills there were several reeds, for the peculiarity of the Turkish script—which is written, as it were, back-handed, or from right to left—makes the pliable nature of a quill unfit for use, as it spatters in tracing the letters. Nor can they use our ink, which is too liquid, and the paper is always highly finished or glazed.

As Adilé took this beautiful case from my hands, she smilingly remarked,

"This is *his* gift, and *he* taught me to read and write." She then took a sheet of the paper, and cut from it a scrap, upon

which she traced a few characters, and scattering over them some of the gold dust, gave it to me to read. It contained a stanza from a popular song:

Boolooshallum yarun  
Kalpakgêlar bashindah.  
(To-morrow you will meet me  
At Kalpakgêlar bashêe.)

When I expressed my astonishment at the idea of her going out, she only reminded me of the proverb—

Günden güré, nêlêr doghar?  
(Who knows what a day may bring forth?)

and proceeded to fold up the *billetdoux*.

In genuine Turkish style she enveloped it in a small triangular piece of book-muslin, crossing the two ends and tying them in a knot upon the back, around which she twisted one of the pieces of soft red wax, impressing her own seal upon it, which she covered with a little ivory shell, to preserve the impression from being defaced. It is not customary to affix a seal or signature to the inside of a letter, unless it be a public document, and it is by removing the shell that the author of the epistle is known; and for a superscription, a strip of paper is attached to the note, bearing the name of the individual to whom it is addressed. Upon the present occasion there was no need of any address, and the precious missive was entrusted to the good offices of Zartar-Abla.

Adilé consoled by the knowledge of the safety of her friend Artin, seemed to revel in the memories of the happy hours she had passed with this companion of her childhood, and she began to relate some incidents of her past life, of which I already had much knowledge. I listened, till overcome with weariness, she fell into a gentle slumber.

There is a beauty which creates its own atmosphere of loveliness, softens wherever it lingers, hushes the whispers of jealousy, and seems to shine like a star too distant from the terrestrial orbit ever to come in contact with earthborn passions. Adilé was fair and unspeakably lovely. She was of medium height, her form full and rounded, but not approaching the least degree of *embonpoint*. The contour of her person was such that you gazed upon her with perfect satisfaction, the result of the rare *tout ensemble*. Her air, when we knew her,



GULBEYAZ HANUM.

was somewhat pensive, but brightened by occasional bursts of playfulness, while there was a majesty in her whole demeanor. Her eyes were dark beneath their heavy lids, and the shadow of their long silken lashes; the nose straight and somewhat prominent, the lips full, deep dyed, pouting lips, and her dark brown hair hung in wavy curls over her neck and bosom. Her outward adornings were always in exquisite taste, though she little needed any additional charms, for in all garbs Adilé was beautiful. So you lingered to gaze upon her, and sighed when she had passed by, or as the vision of her loveliness flitted before you in your hours of meditation. Once seen you could not forget her, for there was a spell in her beauty that seemed to tell of a near consanguinity to the hours of immortality.

Whence came this angel upon earth? Who was she? For Adilé was a "child of the soul," the adopted daughter of Zeid Pasha and Naziré Hanum.

### THE DOUBLE PLOT—A TALE OF THE THURINGIAN FOREST.

BY CHARLES KING, M.D.

Our studies were over for the time, and still we lingered in Germany, Fred Willis and myself. For three years we had been housemates and heartmates, fellow-students in the stranger land.

"Come, Fred," I exclaimed one morning, "we have had work enough together; and now, in these leisure days, let us have some sport together. What do you propose?"

"O, I must review my studies once again, before encountering the professor. Let that youth be pitied who has a wise man for his father!"

"Nonsense, your father has not held the office of college professor so long without learning that young men's spirits will effervesce sometimes."

"Or in other words, that the most demure will indulge, when chance favors, in a spree. To tell the truth, I am tired, Charlie, worn out, half-killed with the effort of winning that confounded bet."

"Which?"

"How can you ask? The mad walk of forty-eight miles which I undertook in sport, and accomplished in wearisome earnest. I could not drink, or smoke, or argue with the students, trained to the work as they are. Too much a Yankee not to wish to exceed them in some performance, I hit, as you know, upon a walking match."

"And left one behind at fifteen, one at twenty, one at thirty miles. But, Fred, I thought you won the bet with comparative ease."

"Ease! I wish you knew how my strained sinews ache this moment. You helped bring me to my chamber, when I fell exhausted on the doorstep, and heard, with the rest, of my triumphant progress. But no one ever knew what I could tell of the horrors of those last few miles, the utter weariness and wretchedness when every fibre ached and every nerve was all a-twinge with over-work. I seemed to feel the very blood creep slower and slower through my tired veins."

"And yet you persisted. Good! I like your courage, Fred."

"Do you suppose I'd yield, and have a score of Germans yahing' over the Yankee's crushed presumption? No, sir. My patriotism sustained me. It was evening, you remember, late; the streets were almost empty, only a loaded stage-coach or a wagon rattled over the pavement now and then. The bright full moon was watching as I staggered on; and even its pale light, resting upon me like a weight, seemed more than I could bear."

"Were you not tempted to steal a ride in some vehicle as it passed?"

"Not until, half-mazed as I was with exhaustion, I lost my way, and, directed wrong by some blunderer, went half-a-mile out of the regular course, and that when every step was torture. Finding my mistake at last, and hearing the sound of wheels, I waited for them to approach. Anguish had made my senses

keen; that wagon must have been a mile from me when I heard it first. You can guess how slowly it seemed to approach, and guess my vexation when it stopped at the very door against which I leaned; and the stupid driver would not be bribed or persuaded to travel another rod that night."

"Wrath is always a stimulant, you know, and my anger helped me on. I reached the doorstep, fell senseless; a watchman aroused the house; I was brought to my bed, and soothed asleep, and my long sleep guarded by the best of chums. Add only one last favor, Charlie, by lengthening my rest. I haven't the heart—rather, I haven't the legs for an adventure. Go yourself."

"But going alone, I shall lose two-thirds of my enjoyment. Suppose I wait a week; cannot you be persuaded then?"

He shook his head. "Before this walk I felt as if, in the glorious autumn weather, I could travel, rejoicing on, till the end of the world should be reached; I would strike rest out of my vocabulary. Now I would strike out every other word."

Deceiver! and I swallowed all he said.

Once, during a vacation, when Fred and I had strayed into the vicinity of the Thuringian Forest, we had passed a merry night-watch with a jolly gray-bearded forester. Karl would not suffer us to depart without a promise that before leaving Germany we would repeat the visit. What better opportunity than the present? Fred had sufficient excuse for breaking his pledge, mine I was glad to fulfil.

So, with a light knapsack and a lighter heart, off trudged I, in the clear November morning, and soon reached the home of my friend in the village of Thal.

There stood his little house, with the stag's-head nailed over its door, to indicate the calling of the occupant; and forth came Karl as I approached his threshold, every hair in his gray beard beaming a welcome.

"So you have not forgotten me," I said.

"Forgotten! Have I thought of any one else beside you and your friend this week past? Did not I hear from the town that your classes were out? And is not the Kirmse festival coming off anon; the merrymaking that takes place here in Germany of your American Thanksgiving; and at which I told you the maidens of Ruhla had promised to appear, with their picturesque dress and their fine complexions, over which all our young men go wild."

"Fairer than your own Constantina, Karl."

"So you remember her name? Ah! there it is; a young face will leave an impression, where an old face, if it make one, fades anon. I thought it was your comrade Willis who fancied Constantina; I saw them eyeing each other, but it did not please me."

"Surely, Karl, you could not think we would abuse your hospitality!"

"Worse things happen than we think, sometimes; and perhaps you would call it no abuse to take my girl away as your wife. I have different plans."

"Well, Karl, I have no plans at all; so let me look at the little girl before we part. She has a fair face and a sparkling wit."

"Ah, there it is! If you have no plans about my daughter, make none; she is betrothed to a worthy man; after the Kirmse they will be married, and come to dwell at the lodge with me. She's a good maiden. I should find it hard to live without Constantina."

A young girl finds it hard to live without following the bent of her own sweet will; and hence it is not wonderful that when Karl turned his back to make some preparations for the watch-fire on the hill, forth came Constantina from behind a screen where—unintentionally of course—she had listened to every word which her father had spoken.

Introducing myself, I recalled our previous visit to the lodge, whereupon Constantina laid aside the shyness with which she had at first approached, and laughing, said:

"Then you think I had forgotten! Dear old Karl, my father, supposes that no one has been watching for strangers this week past except himself. Ah, old brains are wise, but young hearts are wiser, often!"

"Young hearts, Constantina?"



She blushed and hesitated.

"There is but an instant: have you brought me no word from—any one? That is, did you meet no one on the way hither?"

"I neither met friend of yours, nor brought any word, Constantina, except this on my lips, that it's well worth my tramp to the forest to look once on your bright face."

She appeared disappointed.

"No word or token?"

"None. Why do you not ask for my friend and your admirer, Willis? By-the-way, I did bring a token, alas! that it comes from the wrong direction!"

"You are sure of that?" she asked coquettishly, as I drew a gay silk neckcloth from my knapsack.

"This did my comrade send for the lad you love best to wear at the coming Kirmse festival; you must yourself pin it on the shoulder of the favored. What may his name be, Constantina?"

"Eckel; he will indeed be favored when this shall hang from his shoulder! I hear my father's footsteps; thank your friend, he was thoughtful."

Constantina vanished, and not understanding the words which—smiling at my own stupidity—I afterwards recalled, I turned to examine the forester's little parlor.

How always you may know if a woman have entered a room! How comfort and elegance follow in woman's footsteps as surely as flowers in the steps of spring! Even here in the forest were chintz-covered seats, a shining stove, a picture here and there, a book, a lute; while the room seemed like a bower, with the plants that stood on every window-ledge, and the beautiful glossy ivy leaves that were trained about and converted into things of beauty the rough joists of the ceiling. What a different home were Karl's, had he lived alone!

I need not tell of our bivouac in the forest, the fire we kindled of green fir-boughs, how it crackled and showered up its brilliant sparks into the keen, clear mountain air; how we ate a royal meal and drank royal bumpers, and then smoked our pipes, while the stars looked down upon us, and the autumn leaves on the branches shone in the gleaming firelight like nearer stars.

And as the night wore on, how I kept Karl awake with old American campaigning songs, and in return the old man made my blood creep with his ghostly mountain legends! Karl slept at last, but I sat gazing into the dark hollows between the hills or star-touched heights, where fairies, gnomes, ghosts, wild horsemen and the evil one himself had held their revels centuries ago—still hold them, if the tales of Karl were true.

Opposite rose the Hörselberg, where the Fran-Venus—so the German peasants call her—long haunted, tempting adventurous knights into the cavern on the mountain side in search of her. Of all the brave who had dared attempt this expedition, none ever returned; and Karl assured me that Eckart, the faithful squire of the last knight who went to the cave, still sat at the entrance waiting his master's return.

As the fire sent its weird lights and shadows flickering through the wood, my mind grew more and more possessed with this legend. I felt as if Frau-Venus were weaving her spell about my own heart—a longing seized my soul to look, at least, into the fatal cave—to rest my own eyes upon Eckart, the graybeard now, with centuries on his back, though he went there as a boy. I seemed to have wings; I could fly the dark chasm of the valley which separated us; but, alas! on making the attempt, I fluttered back to earth, and fell asleep on the frosty ground.

On the morrow we went to the festival, Karl and I. Constantina was there already. It was a pretty sight to see the stout youths and ruddy maidens dancing in the chilly November air. I learned the secret of certain dances which the fashionable world at home was then beginning to patronize. Awkward enough they were in narrow heated halls beside graceful quadrilles; but almost beautiful here, with stout peasants for dancers, with a dance-hall stretching from hill to hill, and for inspiriting motive, not the music alone, but a temperature little above the freezing point.

A brave lad was Constantina's lover, bright eyed and rosy cheeked; and a handsome pair they were as they whirled under the lindens in the waltz; but the gay cravat which streamed from Eckel's shoulder—according to the custom of the day, when each youth wore his mistress's favor—the kerchief was not that which I had brought. Ah! then Constantina only flattered us with her seeming delight in the gift! These maidens, a man may never know when their yea means yea!

I had hardly finished these meditations when Constantina stood beside me. We were quickly engaged in gay prattle; all the more enjoyed that only a screen of linden-boughs concealed us from the sharp eye of the forester. I told of our night-watch and that legend of the Hörselberg; how it had filled my brain, and how I still longed to tempt myself the dangers of the mountain cave, and pluck old Eckart by the beard.

A light gleamed in the maiden's eye.

"I know a near way thither; many a time I have climbed almost to the cave; but there is something awful in the loneliness of the place. I could go, I think, with a brave heart like thine!"

"Why have you never proposed that your lover should join in the feat?" I asked.

"Eckel? Ah, he's a good fellow, but a commonplace. He says, 'Let evil alone, let the devil dwell in his cave.' He says, and looks into my eyes, 'Would you send me to beard him in his den, and all for sport, Constantina?' So, of course I repent, and make Eckel think I was only trying him."

"You maidens are sly; but I doubt if your wit be sharp enough, Constantina, to evade your father's falcon eye. He would never trust us so far from home."

"Of course not voluntarily; yet, my friend, do you fancy I've lived so long behind gratings and found no tool to pry them open?"

She was so graceful in her coquetry, so fair in her blooming youth, that I only wonder my own heart did not yield to such rare charms; perhaps because rarer charms enthralled it then. I only murmured some syllable in deprecation of her wickedness.

"I do but inherit my father's wit; I do but copy him in my wilfulness—where's the harm? And now listen: you have seen Eckel; well, he's my tool this time. I only endure his addresses because he is useful to me. Men use for their purposes tools of iron or gold; we maidens do not wish to tire our weak hands, and therefore we use men!"

And I did not dream that she was thus using me, as her silver laugh rang out there under the linden-boughs!

"Hush, your father caught the sound! Be careful, Constantina."

"Trust me; and look now how I will manage with good Eckel."

"But did I not hear that Eckel was the richest as well as handsomest of all the Kirmse youths?"

"It is likely: but we have fancies. Now Eckel shall ask my father's leave to take me to Ruhla, and find out why the young people there have disappointed us in not attending the festival. The Ruhla maidens have a prettier costume and fairer faces than ours."

Meek Constantina! She knew that the Scharfenberg did not look down on a lovelier face than hers!

"Well, and the leave secured?"

"I can persuade good Eckel to let me go with the stranger instead; or if he demur, I will utter such threats as can bring him to good behavior at any time. He knows me! And he likes and trusts you—I am not afraid!"

The matter was as easily arranged as Constantina anticipated. Arranged so speedily that I could hardly believe my senses, when I found we twain were travelling comfortably toward the Hörselberg.

Shall I tell to what expedients we were driven before reaching the cave—through what forests we passed, what streams we forded, what hidden caverns escaped, what weird and lonely solitudes we penetrated? Shall I tell of my wonder when reaching the entrance of the cave, the maiden who had preceded me by a few steps, had wholly disappeared; how I searched

each cranny among the rocks, and called in my fright upon all the powers of darkness to deliver her? Shall I tell of the horror when looking down the sides of the slippery crags, in crossing rapid streams on my return, I expected everywhere to find the dead body of Constantina? And how I dreaded to tell her gray-haired father and good Eckel of the loss?

Worn out by excitement, I threw myself upon a bed of withered leaves and fell asleep. Awaking, the wicked spell of Frau-Venus seemed to have left me: my mind in a healthier state, I reflected that the stout mountain girl was more than twice my match for any feat of danger; syrens and fiends, except most human ones, I knew were all a myth. Constantina had played me one of her merry pranks, and I should return to the cottage to find the maiden laughing behind her parlor screen.

Nay, I would spoil that pleasure. Return to Thal I would not. Struck with sudden apprehensions concerning the recovery of my fellow-student, I hastened back to our lodgings. Alas, the times were out of joint for me! Fred had been suddenly summoned home; by half-an-hour's delay I had lost my chance in the steamer at which he arrived, and two tedious weeks of waiting lay before me now.

How often in that time I lived over again my recent adventures; how I could see that little lodge, with the glistening ivy-leaves creeping over its joists; and the watch-fire on the mountain top, with its bright sparks rising to the starry sky; and the merry Kirmse festival, with its feasting and dancing in the open air; and my whispered talk with Constantina under the linden-boughs; and our journey to the mystic Hörselberg, that still loomed before my mind wherever I went. Ah, the spell of the Frau-Venus was not all unwound!

I thought not then, I thought not afterwards, when reaching America, and hastening in search of my truant friend, I found that candid youth at his breakfast-table, and was, with a look between confusion and amusement, introduced to a lady opposite, his wife—Constantina, the forester's daughter.

Yes, Eckart, the faithful squire who had spirited my fair companion away, was no other than my false friend Fred Willis. But as I sit in his library penning this tale, and Constantina's merry face looks over my shoulder while I write, I can forgive them both.

And what became of the poor forester, the desolate old man? Before his wrath had subsided at Constantina's elopement, Karl had himself married a sturdy widow with a pocketfull of gold, who will manage his will for him, Constantina says.

And then she sighs; for the good girl loved her father, and would hardly have left his side but for dread of the widow, who had long laid siege to Karl's affections; and the daughter's quick eye saw when they began to yield.

I know not what success may have attended other squires and knights, who dared enter the cavern of the Hörselberg; but I knew that if they carried off bodily Frau-Venus herself, she could hardly have made them a brighter home than this home of these two madcap diplomatists—Fred Willis and Constantina.

#### THE FATHER OF WATERS.

THE vastness of the Mississippi river is thus depicted by a writer from Malden Rock, Wisconsin:

While I look out upon the river, three miles wide at this point, my mind seems to take in at one grasp the magnitude of the stream. From the frozen regions at the North to the sunny South, it extends some thirty-one hundred miles, and, with the Missouri, is forty-five hundred miles in length. It would reach from New York across the Atlantic, and extend from France to Turkey, and to the Caspian Sea. Its average depth from its source in Lake Itasca, in Minnesota, to its delta in the Gulf of Mexico, is fifty feet, and its width half a mile.

The trapper on the Upper Mississippi can take the furs of the animals that inhabit its sources and exchange them for tropical fruits that are gathered on the banks below. Slaves toil at one end of this great thoroughfare, while the free red men of the forest roam at the other end. The floods are more than a month in travelling from its source to its delta.

The total value of steamers afloat on this river and its tributaries is more than \$60,000,000, and number as many as fifteen hundred—more than twice the steamboat tonnage of England, and equal to that of all other parts of the world. It drains an area of twelve hundred thousand square miles, which is justly styled the garden of the world. It receives a score of tributaries, the least of which is longer than the vaunted streams of mighty empires.

It might form natural boundaries for all Europe, and yet leave for every country a river larger than the Seine. It engulphs more every year than the revenue of many petty kingdoms, and rolls a volume in whose depths the cathedral of St. Paul could be sunk out of sight. It discharges in one year more water than has issued from the Tiber in five centuries; it swallows up fifty rivers, which have no name, each of which is longer than the Thames. The addition of the waters of the Danube would not swell it half a fathom; in one single reservoir—Pépin—twenty-five hundred miles from the sea, the navies of the world might safely ride at anchor. It washes the shores of twelve powerful States, and between its arms lies space enough for twenty more.

**THE INTELLECTUAL CAPABILITIES OF WOMEN.**—Volumes have been written on the long-disputed point, whether the mental powers of woman be equal to those of man. Women, say the defenders of the present system of things, have opened no vistas in the realms of thought; with a few brilliant exceptions, they have produced nothing really great in art, science or literature; and an exception does not form the rule. What they have not achieved during the course of eighteen centuries, they are not likely to achieve in the nineteenth. It is all very well to talk of difficulties educational, &c., but genius is repressed by none of these. It works out its own way to the light; it wants no artificial aid or stimulus. Women, reply their champions, have never yet had fair play. Cramped in every direction—superficially and imperfectly trained—isolated from the free and genial communion with the minds of those who have already attained high intellectual eminence, which is so essential to the development of the faculties and the formation of the taste; excluded from all share in lofty and ennobling pursuits; confined to the narrow though sacred sphere of domestic duties, or engaged in the follies and vanities of fashionable life, and alternating between the cooking of a dinner and the cut of a sleeve, her natural capabilities have been stifled and frittered away without having enjoyed the possibility of attaining their full and legitimate growth. The social and political inferiority in which she has hitherto been held, cannot fail, they maintain, to have acted in a depressing manner on her intellectual nature, whatever its original force and vigor. In both these arguments there is a certain degree of plausibility. Perhaps the truth lies between the two.

**VARIOUS MODES OF SALUTATION.**—Of all the different modes of salutation in various countries, there is none so graceful as that which prevails in Syria. At New Guinea the fashion is certainly picturesque; for they place upon their hands the leaves of trees as symbols of peace and friendship. An Ethiopian takes the robe of another and ties it about his own waist, leaving his friend partially naked. In a cold climate this would not be very agreeable. Sometimes it is usual for persons to place themselves naked before those whom they salute as a sign of humility. This custom was put in practice before Sir Joseph Banks, when he received a visit from two Otaheitan females. The inhabitants of the Philippine Islands take the hand or foot of him they salute, and gently rub their face with it, which is at all events more agreeable than the salute of the Laplanders, who have a habit of rubbing noses, applying their own proboscis with some degree of force to that of the person they desire to salute. The salute with which you are greeted in Syria is at once most grateful and flattering; the hand is raised with a quick but gentle motion to the heart, to the lips, and to the head, to intimate that the person saluting is willing to serve you, to think for you, to speak for you, and to act for you.





ASTOUNDING PERFORMANCE OF MRS. CRUISER AT THE ROYAL CRIM TARTARY GARDENS.

## HOW I TAMED MRS. CRUISER.

By *Benedict Cruiser, M.M., and now H.H.* Edited by *G. A. Sala.*

## PART THE FOURTH (CONTINUED).

OF THE AGONISING PROCESS BY WHICH THAT WHICH WAS ONCE A BOWER OF BLISS WAS CONVERTED INTO A CAVE OF DESPAIR.

"I AM not angry with you, dear," Hetty Moalsey continued; "you could not help it. You are as much to be pitied as I am. I hope Flora won't make you more unhappy. Good-bye, and God bless you."

She held forth her little face for me to kiss. Yes, she did—my wife's sister; and I kissed her, and bade God bless her, too, with a heart full of tenderness. Was she wrong, was I wrong, I wonder? Was it against any of the commandments? She was my wife's sister, and she told me that she loved me! But it was all over; and she went away to return no more.

Never more, oh! never more! Who of the most callous among us does not feel a strange, sad thrill run through his heart, does not know that the sealed fountain of tears is breaking its bonds, when those words flash out on the darkened tablet of the soul? "Never more!" and "Too late!" they are the most awful words in human speech. Of what avail are mercy and forgiveness, and the oblivion of wrong, when it is too late; when you are to see the beloved object never more? The die is cast, the drama is played out. You may fret, and moan, and wring your hands in impotent remorse. You cannot unsay the words that have been spoken, or undo the things that have been done. You cannot bring back the dead to life. Never more! never more! The bridge of hope sinks into the great gulf with a crash, and all the vain lamenting in the world will not span over that abyss again.

I came up to town that evening very miserable and desponding. I had pressed Hetty to let me write her a cheque; it is like our sex to think that all wounds can be healed with a golden plaister. I was sure she wanted pocket-money, funds for clothes, and necessaries even; but she would have none of my proffered gold. She firmly, too, declined to promise me the

wretched consolation of writing to me. It were better not, she said; only in case of sickness, I should hear of her, she said, through her family. As the train whirled and rattled towards town, I could not help feeling, from time to time, an insane desire that there would be a collision, a grand railway smash; that the boiler might burst, the carriage in which I was seated run off the rails, or that the locomotive might get disengaged from the train—say in Merstham tunnel—and we left to a dark and horrible death. It would be at an end then: love, misery, tyranny, disappointment, and the Widow Cruiser might marry Father Pond, or Father Fiddell, or the Father of Evil himself, if she felt so inclined.

It was not an express train, but one that stopped at almost every station, which made me considerably more unhappy, and suggested to me, notably at Hayward's Heath and at Horley, the expediency of jumping out on to the platform, and casting myself under the wheels of the tender, as the train got into motion again. A grinding scrunch, a quick, short pang, and a wheelbarrow full of ashes to cover up the blood, and there would be a *dénouement* to it, and me, and the whole business. I had but one companion in the first-class *coupé* in which I was riding. My last companion in a similar carriage had been, alas! the beautiful Gorgon who was waiting for me at the St. Aloysius House to devour me. I thought it might allay the horrible perturbation of mind which I felt to smoke a cigar. I had heard much of the soothing effects of the Indian weed, and though you have heard before that I was, at the best of times, but an indifferent smoker, I thought I might as well try the sedative properties of nicotine. So I drew a cigar from my case, muttering some sulky words to my companion supposed to be expressive of a hope that cigar smoke was not offensive; to these he responded simply by an inclination of the head, which I took to be a mark of acquiescence in my proceeding. He was an odd-looking traveller, with a clean shaven sunburnt face, very scant iron-gray hair, and plenty of wrinkles, though there was an odd something about him that seemed to deny that he had even reached the middle age. He had very white, regular teeth, and very small twinkling black eyes, and a great scar on the left-hand side of his face, which extended from the



corner of his mouth to his cheekbone. He had on a check travelling suit and cap to match; an eyeglass, which seemed rather a superfluity when those twinkling black orbs were taken into account, and, though it was June, he was muffled in railway rugs and wrappers. He was rather an annoying fellow-traveller, too; for he pertinaciously resisted all the efforts I made to draw him into conversation, and kept on whistling, or rather hissing between his teeth, in excellent time and tune, but with an unmistakably sinister expression, a selection of airs from "Robert le Diable." Indeed, had he been dressed in black velvet, instead of check, he would not have been unlike Bertram himself.

I lighted my cigar and began to smoke; and after the first few whiffs the man in the check suit began to cough, in a dry, hacking, irritable, irritating manner. I took the weed from my lips, and again asked, but in a louder key than before, whether the smoke of my cigar were disagreeable to him?

"Yes, it is," he answered, curtly.

"I know," I continued, "that it sometimes is offensive to ladies, but it is rare to meet with a gentleman, particularly one who bears the appearance of having travelled, who doesn't like smoking."

"Don't like it," was the only reply the checked man condescended to give.

"And again," I went on with a gloomy sarcasm, "the practice is contrary, I am aware, to the bye-laws of the railway company."

"The bye-laws of the railway company," retorted the man in the checked suit, wriggling himself uneasily in his padded compartment, "may go to Bermondsey."

"Bermondsey," I observed, with the same gloomy sarcasm, "is, I believe, the town destination of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway line."

"I mean," replied the man in check, "that the railway company, with yourself, and that thing you are smoking into the bargain, may all go to old Nick."

"Sir," I exclaimed, wrathfully, "my cigar——"

"Confound your cigar," interrupted the man in the check suit, pettishly. "Your cigar—it isn't a cigar at all. It is cabbage leaves, shoe leaves, hay, straw, clover, brown paper, anything but tobacco. Psha! man, don't be out of temper. Here, take a cigar—a real cigar, mind—from my case, and throw that confounded roll of poison out of the window."

There was something insinuating, not to say commanding, in the checked man's address, for all his testy words; and though I at first debated in my mind the feasibility of throwing him out of the window instead of the cigar, I eventually thought it as well to humor him, and accepted the proffered gift. It was, in truth, a most delicious cigar, and, untrustworthy judge as I was of these (perhaps noxious luxuries), I felt that it must be worth at least eightpence. The man in the check suit lighted a companion cigar, and we journeyed on for some twenty miles without exchanging a word, yet evidently in that amicable frame of mind towards one another, which the placid contentment of a good cigar alone can give.

But at Croydon we began a rambling conversation, and soon became quite friendly. What subtle stimulant there may have been in the checked man's cigar—whether the tobacco was qualified with betel-nut, or bhang, or haschisch, or mandragora, I know not; but I found myself growing very communicative, and comparatively cheerful. I told him all about myself, who I was, and whom I was married to. I think, only, that I suppressed the fact that my wife was a Tartar, and that in going back to her, I experienced a sensation somewhat analogous to that which may be assumed to be felt by a little boy returning to Doctor Broomstick's Academy for Young Gentlemen on Black Monday. You see that you never disclose everything in this world; you may tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, but you don't tell the whole truth, and there is a considerable drawback upon the heaviest import duty you pay to society.

My friend was very chatty, very affable, companionable and agreeable; but I don't think he was so communicative as I was. Long after he must have known that I was Benedict Cruiser, married man, of the St. Aloysius House, Thamesia (for I don't

know whether to call the district Belgravia, Pimlico, Chelsea, Vauxhall or Millbank, in which our house was situated), that my father-in-law was Lieutenant-Colonel Moulsey, of the Hon. East India Company's service, and that I was a sleeping partner in some soap-boiling works at Pedlar's Acre, I was still in a bewildering maze of doubt as to whom or what he might be. He seemed to know everything and to have been everywhere; but he might have been a commercial traveller, a Queen's messenger, a Chartist lecturer, a newspaper reporter, a common informer, a detective policeman, a prime minister or a civil engineer—who are all much of a muchness for the variety, the extent and the completeness of their information upon general topics—for anything that I could discover. The most curious thing was, that he seemed to know intuitively a great deal more about me than ever I told him; and I know not what impulse possessed me (it seemed something like the fascination that birds are said to have for a boa-constrictor) when, at New Cross, I gave him my card, and expressed a hope that our acquaintance might be continued.

I feel rather shamefaced when I say that the man of the checked suit, after examining my card, coolly tore it in half, lighted a fresh cigar with one of the moieties the guard at Croydon seemed to know him well, and had carefully locked the carriage, in accordance, I presume, with his whispered instructions (although these must have been, I fancy, scarcely reconcilable with the bye-laws of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Company)—and threw the remaining half out of the window.

"I shall be delighted, I'm sure," he said, with much equanimity. "I'll come and see you, and we'll have some more cigars of the same brand. And so you married the beauty, did you? I've heard all about it from Limmers and the other fellows. I thought you must be Mr. Cruiser when you entered the carriage. What a tomfool you must be, to be sure."

"Sir!" I began, indignantly.

"There are tomfools and tomfools," continued the checked man; "we are arrant fools, every one of us. The Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., is a fool, though he knows more Greek than you or I know English. Newton was a fool, in his generation, and so are Barnum and Dr. Eliotson, and Mr. Davis, the leviathan of the ring. I'm a fool—a confounded fool, though I could twist you round my little finger, mentally and physically. There, don't be angry. I like you very much. There's no harm in you, and I wish you well out of it."

"Well out of what?" I asked, uneasily.

"Well out of the beauty and her tantrums. You bought a pig in a poke, and now you find yourself possessor of the Erymanthian boar. I'm afraid you're not quite enough of a Hercules to manage that animal, my friend. I told Limmers so."

"As you speak of Captain Limmers, sir," I replied, nettled, and yet unaccountably nervous, "I suppose you are in the army."

"I have been in the army," was the checked man's response; "but I didn't like the way they have in the army, and I left it. I'm nothing now, except as big a fool as you were when you married the beauty."

"What, have you married a beauty?" I broke in, almost joyfully.

"Not in the slightest degree. I courted beauty when I was nineteen, and beauty said I was a beast, and went off and married a greater beast than I. He never turned out to be a Prince Azor, and beauty and the beast (who has turned out a greater beast than ever, and is a director of five companies) live in Berkeley Square, and see the very best society. They ask me to dinner once in six months; and it isn't so unpleasant to whisper to beauty (there are crow's feet under her eyes now) when she leaves the dining-room with the ladies, 'You have a bruise under the corsage of that white tulle slip, my lady, and your husband gave it you.' These are the little 'ones for her nob' that are got in life's game of cribbage. But here we are at London Bridge."

"And I may hope," I said, "that you will do me the honor——"

"I will do myself the pleasure," he rejoined. "Tell your

wife I'm coming. Tell her Carr Eversleigh's coming. Bye-bye. Hansom!"

He had given me his name—I learned its orthography subsequently—bidden me adieu, jumped out of the carriage, confided his carpet bag to a porter, who seemed to know him quite as well as the guard down the line; hailed a cab and disappeared, and all in far less time than, to follow the colloquial idiotism, it would take you to pronounce the name of Mr. John Robinson. And I found myself five minutes afterwards jolting over London Bridge in an atrocious four wheeler, smelling of new paint and stale straw, and repeating to myself mechanically—"Carr Eversleigh—Carr Eversleigh! Who the deuce is Carr Eversleigh?"

I arrived at the St. Aloysius House at a somewhat late hour; for I am not ashamed to state that I halted at the American Stores, in Oxford street—it wasn't exactly in my way to Millbank—and comforted myself with a chop and kidney, and a mighty magnum of something hot. And whether it was the chop or the kidney, or the something hot, or Mr. Carr Eversleigh, or Mr. Carr Eversleigh's cigar, I cannot at all tell, but when I neared my new domicile it is nevertheless a fact that I felt equal to face all the Mrs. Cruisers in Christendom.

Did you ever hear of a house being turned out of windows? Without resorting to anything like exaggeration or figurative language, I found my house in that condition when I approached it. There was quite a little mob round the house, among whom I could plainly distinguish a pieman and a policeman. The door was wide open, and on the door step, in earnest though apparently incoherent conversation with Pincott, the awakened parlor maid, was an individual with very long hair floating over his shoulders, and who was attired in a rusty suit of black. He looked as if a bucket of clean water thrown over him would have made him much better, and, moreover, as if all the alcoholic fluids in the world thrown into him could not have made him much worse.

"More Puseyites, I suppose," I groaned, as I paid the cabman. "This is a lay brother, or a novice, or something of that sort."

"Get along, do, you drunken creetur," I heard Pincott's sharp acrid voice exclaim.

"Drunken!" repeated the man with the long hair. "Are the eternal Entitysh to be degraded to this level? F'bid it, Casshandra. Nerrer say that agen t'me, young woman. This isn't intoxication. It'sh inspiration."

It seemed a slightly drunken inspiration, for the disciple of Cassandra was decidedly thick in his utterance, and, moreover, reeled as he spoke.

"Oh, here's master!" cried out Pincott, seeing me approach. "Oh, I'm so glad. Will you be good enough to make this respectable party move on? I've asked the p'ecaceman, but he says he didn't witness the assault, and that you must summings him. And, if you please, sir, I think that, besides being not himself for drink, he isn't quite right in his head."

"Who is he—what is he?" I shouted savagely. "Who are you, fellow, and what do you mean by creating a disturbance at a respectable house at this unseasonable hour?" And, as I spoke, my great indignation prompted me to lay hold of the long-haired man's collar, and to shake him with some violence.

"Handsh off," he, on his part, cried out; "handsh off, by the eternalsh entitysh, you'll be casth into shabbyss of woe. I'm here on bishness. I mebbe 'runk, but I'm insphired. I'm Carlo the Meejum."

"And who on earth is Carlo the Meejum, you vagabond?" I asked, still shaking him.

"Carlo the Medium," the long-haired man repeated, making a desperate effort to speak distinctly. "I discover the irrevocable past, and throw lightsh upon the gloomy fuschia. (I suppose he meant future.) The good lady of the 'ouse is avensh the irremediable destiniah expahiated on by the Solomic Sage of Science, Professor Hummums, and I'm his meejum, and he gives me two pound a week, and 'as preformed before the Emperor of Rooshia and the Isthmus of Panama, and I'm as good a man as you, and 'll fight any mortal man eleven-stunten catch weight, and the immutabilities of the past is written upon the adamantiah tabletah of the fuschia. Lurliety!" Say-

ing which the man with the long hair (I saw now, by the flashlight, that he had a red nose) tumbled down on the door step, and lay all of a heap, with the nape of his neck on the scraper.

I beckoned to the policeman, who, considering, I presume, that the fracas was no business of his, was amicably discussing some small talk and a twopenny kidney with the pieman. I gave the municipal functionary half a crown, and told him to remove the long-haired man, to lock him up, or to do with him whatsoever he liked. Then, with much dignity, I waved to the crowd to retire, and taking Pincott by the arm, drew her into the house, closed the door, and walked into the parlor.

"Now, woman!" I said, sternly—I felt as brave as a lion that night—"perhaps you'll be kind enough to inform me what the cause of this indecorous hubbub may be."

If I were to say that on ordinary occasions Mrs. or Miss Pincott—for she was one of those inexplicable domestics who tacitly defy you to tell whether they are married, or have ever been married, or not—was in the habit of disregarding my wishes, snubbing, brow-beating, and, so to speak, bullying me, I should be telling no more than the truth. She was in league with her mistress in her high church as well as her low church vagaries, and made common cause with her against the (once) wretched man who writes these lines. But I think she quailed now beneath my eagle glance, and instead of the pert and flip-pant retort, which I should not have been in the least surprised at receiving, she answered me in a very civil and subdued tone.

"Oh, if you please, sir, missus has been a carryin' on dreadful!"

"What do you mean by 'carrying on dreadful'?" I asked. To my certain knowledge Mrs. Cruiser had been so "carrying on" for an indefinite period of time, and it puzzled me to know how she could manage to do so in a more dreadful manner.

"She's off with the Puseyites, please sir. The new furnitur' had scarcely been in a day, and the boodore fitted up as a heratery, and wax candles on the sideboards, and a screen in carved hoak, and a little silver bell to ring in lunch, when she had the most dreadful shakeup—shindy—quarrel, I mean, with Father Pond and Father Fiddell."

"Ha! she has quarrelled with them, has she, Pincott," I exclaimed, a feeling of gloomy joy expanding my chest. "Tell me all about it, that's a good girl." As I said this, my dexter finger and thumb sought my sinister waistcoat pocket. I found a sovereign, pressed it into Pincott's palm, and looked affably at that handmaiden.

Whether it was being called by the unaccustomed epithet of a "good girl," or whether she was mollified by the golden ointment I had discreetly administered to her, is uncertain, but Pincott gave a coquettish wriggle to her austere cap-ribbons; and after a nervous glance at the parlor door, to see that it was closed, went on.

"Well, sir, Mr. Fiddell's man Surplidge—his 'acklights,' I think he calls himself—du say that the father he not only wanted missus to confess at six o'clock every mornin' on her bended knees, and a singin' of hymns in Latin and Greek, and sichlike heathen parleyvoos, but he wanted her to eat nothin' but parched peas and drink Thames water every blessed Wednesday and Friday. Poor soul! to 'ave her poisoned under one's very nose, like. And then he wanted her to do penance, and said as how he must cus' her with bells, and books, and candlesticks, and all manner of things, if she didn't. And she wouldn't. And what do you think the penance was to be, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Pincott. To stand in a white sheet on Vauxhall Bridge, or walk barefoot along the newly-macadamised road to Pimlico, perhaps."

"Wus than that, sir; a deal wus than that. She was to put No. 7 shot in her shoes, and to wear a flannil waistcoat made of horsehair, just like a sofycover, next her skin; and he had the impudence to hint that missus might as well put on a belt with little spikes inside, to eat into her precious flesh, poor dear! and give herself a dozen hevery mornin' before breakfast with a cat-o-nine-tails. He called it mortifying the flesh. I'd have mortified his flesh! I'd a warmed him, the old wagabone," the indignant Pincott continued.

"And she refused him," I interposed, with sardonic humor. "Oh dear, yes! Mrs. Cruiser does not care about suffering pain herself. It is so much more agreeable to inflict it upon others."

"She said she would see him at Jericho fust," the accurate Pincott continued. "And then he threatened to excommunicate her, and called her 'misguided sister.' And then she boxed his ears and threw the holy water over him, and he began to cuss in Latin, and she pushed him down stairs, and told him never to come into the house again."

"And the other fellow, Pond; what of him?" I broke in, impatiently.

"Oh! he was all soft sawder and nice words. He didn't want no horsehair westcoat nor cat-o'-nine-tails. Money was his cry. It was donations for this and donations for that, and the westment fund and the candle fund, and all manner of funds. And he wanted the back kitchen to be turned into a refectory for the eight poor sisters of the blessed Wapshot. I knew one of them blessed sisters when she went out a charin' in Churton street, and a blessed one she was to pawn her husband's clothes. And then the top garrets, they was to be dormitories for the penitent orange girls and reformed fusee sellers of the metropolis."

"Go on, pray go on, Pincott. It is getting late."

"Well, there was another to do with the Rev. Mr. Pond. She bundled him down stairs, just as she had done the Rev. Father Fiddell. That was the day before yesterday. But, oh dear! oh dear! that wasn't the wust. The wust is to come, sir."

"Tell me the worst, Pincott," I said, with a groan of resignation.

"She's been and gone and done it, sir."

"Gone and done what? gone into a convent? run away? brought a dancing bear into the drawing-room? set the house on fire?"

"Wus than all. She's been and jined 'em, sir!"

"Joined whom, in the name of confusion?"

"The Spiritys, sir; the people as raises ghostesses and hears noises, and does the Cock lane ghost over again. Missus has jined the Spirit Rappers, sir!"

At this moment a terrific noise was audible above our heads. It seemed as if the ceiling of the parlor was about to fall bodily through. Then there was a succession of violent rumblings and concussions, as though all the furniture on the first floor was being thrown about. Then there was a heavy tramping of feet, and then a hideous peal of hysterical laughter.

"What is it, where is it, let me go!" I cried out, trying to open the parlor door.

"For 'evin's sake, sir, be calm," expostulated Pincott, endeavoring to restrain me. "They've been at it all day."

"Who, who?" I shouted.

"Missus and Mrs. Bogey: that's the old lady in specs as made a speech at the symposium in Great Ormond street, and which missus has took on, as a companion. She sees more ghostes every minnit than there's hairs in your head. And they've got Professor Hummums with 'em, the great Everlasting Star of the Nineteenth Century, which he has breakfasted and dined and tea'd and supped here ever since yesterday. They've been makin' that noise all day, and I think missis is in a state of comet. And—Oh! my goodness gracious!"

This last exclamation of Pincott was provoked by a fresh outburst of the noise overhead. I burst through the doorway and tore up-stairs, and as I rushed upwards voices of temptation cried out to me, "Benedict Cruiser, send for Doctor Sutherland. Benedict Cruiser, send for Doctor Conolly, send for Doctor Forbes Winslow; but oh! don't send for Doctor Elliotson. Benedict Cruiser, your Flora is mad."

I entered that matrimonial apartment—my own drawing-room, though I had never seen it in its furnished state before—which should have been a "bower of bliss," but which was converted into a "cave of despair." You never saw such a sight in your life. The furniture was thrown pell-mell about the room. Flower vases were broken, girandoles smashed, books torn, the carpet stained with ink, mundane articles of decora-

tive upholstery mingled with Puseyite paraphernalia; for my incomprehensible wife, in her newly-fledged rage against Fathers Pond and Fiddell, had apparently already commenced divesting the St. Aloysius House of its ecclesiastical character. As I entered the room, the alarmed Pincott following me, I stumbled over an arm-chair and fell flat on the carpet. But as I lay sprawling, I could see my wife in a high state of spiritual excitement, standing up in the midst of the apartment, and declaiming some incoherent tirade; while extended on a *bergere* behind her was her new "companion," the spectacled Mrs. Bogey, seemingly much bemused in spiritualism, and uttering "circumfobberated," to use an expression of the orator Sheridan, with ghost-seeing, for she could do nothing but gasp and extend her fat hands. But, strangest sight of all, I perceived, as, rubbing my bruised shin, I slowly arose from the carpet, a little white-faced man, with long hair, blue spectacles, a turn-down collar, a long-tailed coat, a wide mouth and cloth boots, who was spinning round and round on a music stool, screwed up to its fullest height, behind the door, and who, either of himself or with the assistance of the powers of darkness, was making a continuous buzzing noise, much resembling that which might be produced by half a dozen wasps confined under a tumbler.

"The spirits! the spirits!" cried out my wife. "I see them! I hear them! The mystic numbers have been proclaimed—eight, seven, four, nine, twelve, ought, eight, seven!"

"Twelve, ought, eight, seven. B-r-r-r-r-r-r, wh-r-r-r-r-r," shrieked and buzzed the man on the music stool.

"Wellatatesevn!" gasped Mrs. Bogey.

"I hear them! I see them!" went on the insane Mrs. Cruiser. "The three-legged work table was faithful!—the footstool was false!—the 'what not' did not deceive me! Solomon, Shakespeare, Greenacre, appear!"

Curiously, there was a dead silence in the uproar. Mrs. Bogey appeared to be in a swoon. Mrs. Cruiser was silent and immobile. The man on the music stool ceased spinning. Then three loud and distinct raps were heard coming from whence, and performed by whom, goodness and Professor Hummums only know.

"It isn't Greenacre," murmured the man on the music stool. "It's Mary Queen of Scots; I know her rap."

"Ask her to sing a song."

Then there were several more raps.

"She says she doesn't know any but 'Old Nick among the Tailors,' and that isn't proper. Stop, stop," he cried, dismounting from the music stool as a succession of loud and apparently angry raps were heard. "Shinam! Shinam! I hear him rap. It's his late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent."

"What does his august spirit say?" asked Mrs. Bogey, speaking distinctly for the first and last time.

Three more raps.

"He says 'Pork, by Jove,'" returned the professor, with somewhat of a puzzled expression of countenance. "What can his late royal highness mean by that?"

I could stand it no longer. I never was a fighting man; in fact, at school I have not unfrequently heard applied to myself the ungenteel and uncomplimentary epithet of "cowardy, cowardly custard," coupled with an unhandsome insinuation that I had obtained my father's mustard by dishonest means. But at that moment, I could have felled Hercules or Ben Caunt, and strangled the Nemean lion and Jem Burns's bulldog into the bargain. I arose terrible in my great wrath—I grasped the music stool, late the tripod or vaticinal throne of Professor Hummums, the man in the blue spectacles, and with one blow I felled him with it to our mother earth. He fell with his nose in the carpet, and, with a shrill howl, bit the dust.

"There! I'll do it again," I cried, bestriding his prostrate form. "I'd do it again, if there were a dozen of 'em. Mrs. Cruiser, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

My wife seemed at first meditating a return to her old tactics, either of charging me in the dragoon fashion, or of swooning. But there was something about me that evidently alarmed her. My blood was up, and simply casting a glance of disdain at me,



she swept out of the room, and left Benedict Cruiser master of the field.

Master, did I say—master of the field? Oh, fool, fool! miserable fool!

The professor picked himself up very awkwardly, and looked at me with an abashed yet irate expression.

"This is rather personal behavior, sir," he observed, "to a professor of spiritualism. You shall hear from me, sir."

"You shall hear from my boot," I replied, shaking that pedal appendage at him, "if you don't leave this house this moment. Get along with you, you vagabond impostor."

"I yield to brute force and the irresistible Volitions," continued the professor, picking up a fluffy wide-awake hat. "I yield to unreasonable Materialism and sceptical Ferocity; but you shall hear from me, nevertheless. You have wounded my feelings, insulted my vocation, injured my cerebellum, ruined my sense of smell, and broken my spectacles. I'll summons you in the county court for this, sir. Mrs. Bogey, Shinam! Sir, I wish you a very good evening. You're nothing but a Meemasheenaponam, sir."

I did not in the least understand this (doubtless spiritual) epithet, but from the professor's manner, I imagined it to be something abusive. I made a rush at him with an outstretched right boot, and very nearly succeeded in kicking him. I should like to be able to say that I had kicked at least one man in my life. But the professor was too nimble for me. He skipped out of the room vengefully, fled over the landing wrathfully, descended the stairs with indignant celerity, and from the door-mat in the hall below addressed me with sarcastic ire.

"You call yourself a gentleman—do you?" he cried, not out, but up to me. "In the name of the Eternal Verities, I denounce and repudiate you, miserable Sciolist! In the name of Diodorus Siculus, Albertus Magnus, Constantine Porphyrogenitus, and the Poughkeepsie Seer, I devote you to Dis and Erebus—to the howlings of darkness, and to the wailings of unutterable despair. You shall swallow hot burning coals, and they shall disagree with you. Your liver shall resolve itself into curds and whey; and the hair of your flesh shall frizzle up like fried potatoes. You shall be accursed to all men, and to all women. I spit upon your shadow, and despise your memory, and—and—I'm blown if I don't smash your barometer!"

I heard a sudden concussion, as of glass splintering, then the hall-door banged, and as I yelled "Police!" Professor Hummums was gone.

"Now, ma'am," I said, touching the yet gasping Mrs. Bogey on the shoulder, "it's very late, and I should be happy to bid you good night."

"Engaged at a salary, sir," panted that lady, from the *berçère*; "and with the guarantee of a quarter's notice from your suffering wife, I might well refuse to comply with your inhuman behest. But like the inspired individual just departed, I yield to superior numbers, and bow before the barbarian power. To prevent murder, sir, I quit this doomed mansion, informing you that you shall hear from my solicitors in the morning, and, with your permission, shaking the dust off my feet, I bid you farewell."

With this neat speech Mrs. Bogey quitted the drawing-room, and Benedict Cruiser was once more master of the field.

Thrice-distilled fool!

I went upstairs triumphant, but in far less time than it takes me to write these words, I was cowed, penitent, humiliated, and thoroughly subdued. I found my wife all in white, pale, haggard, her great beauteous eyes staring out wildly, and looking far more like a ghost, I imagine, than any of the apparitions Mrs. Bogey had ever professed to behold. Ah! you may sneer at me, married men, who have fought the fight and won it. It is all very well to be brave in a drawing-room, and knock spirit rappers down; but only wait till you get into your own room, and are alone with your wife. Yes, I was a coward, a poltroon, a soulless idiot, I will admit it all; but there was Flora in white, haggard, outraged, humiliated. She told me so. She began to cry, and I begged her pardon.

"Flora," said I, the next morning as we were seated quite lovingly at breakfast: we had made it all up; she had admitted that her desire to become acquainted with the spirit rappers

was only a passing caprice, and that she did not care if Professor Hummums and Mrs. Bogey never entered the house again—"Flora," I said, chipping an egg, "do you know a Mr. Carr Eversleigh?"

My wife looked up, evidently in some surprise, from her chocolate cup, but did not seem embarrassed in her reply.

"Do I know Captain Carr Eversleigh? Certainly I do, Benedict," (she had never called me Benedict before); "why, I was engaged to be married to Captain Eversleigh ever so many years ago."

"And why didn't you marry him, then?" I cried out in a pet.

"Because we didn't agree," my wife answered with charming *naïveté*. (It is astonishing how communicative some women can be—when they are married). "We used to fight, and that would never do before marriage. So we kissed, shook hands, and parted, as the song says; and Eversleigh went to sea again. I mean that he exchanged from the Prancers into the Plungers, and went to India. Such a horrid name the place had that he was stationed at. Hookaby something; but I am sure I quite forget."

"Never mind the place, Flora," I interposed. "But has it never occurred to you to ask how I became acquainted with Mr. Carr Eversleigh?"

"I suppose you met him at one of your clubs. You're sure to find him with that atrocious little Charley Limmers—that is, when he's in England. I suppose he's home on sick leave."

"I don't know what he's home for," I rejoined, "though he had just come from abroad. But he is no longer in the army. He told me so."

"Then I'll stake my life," cried out my wife, jumping up and striking her hand on the table, "that he's just come from Baden."

"Baden? Why Baden?"

"Because he's always there when he can get even a week's leave of absence. He'll live there entirely now, I suppose."

"But why Baden, my dear? Is the captain, is Mr. Eversleigh, fond of roulette?"

"I don't know. He's fond of everything wicked. But, mark my words, he's either just come from or else is going to Baden. Did you ask him to come and see us?"

"He asked himself," I replied. "He said he would come to dinner, and specially told me to inform you of his intention. I can understand why, now."

I said this rather pointedly, for though it was impossible for me to feel in the slightest degree jealous of my adored wife, who had, after all, shown a preference for me in accepting my hand, I thought it not unbecoming in a husband to evince something like severe solicitude in a matter where a former admirer of his spouse was concerned. My wife raised her great beautiful eyes to mine, and looked at me with a lazy yet searching calmness that made me feel rather abashed, and threw me slightly off my moral balance.

"You needn't be jealous," she said, slowly, pulling a bit of crumpet to pieces. "There's no love lost between Carr Eversleigh and myself. I was but one of five thousand he tried and left, and now he's got Baden for his deserts."

"Tried and left, tried and left, madam," I interrupted, trying to look dignified. "May I ask the meaning of that expression? I hope that Mr. or Captain Eversleigh never so far forgot himself as to trifle with the affections of a young lady."

"I mean tried and left," my wife reiterated, with a grave nonchalance. "He has trifled with the affections of more girls than you ever danced quadrilles with, Benedict Cruiser. He never trifled with mine, for he found out that I was as great a —" She checked herself, and threw herself back in her chair, softly murmuring to herself, with something of regret in her accent, "Poor old Carr! poor old Carr! And it has come to Baden after all."

I did not choose to tell my wife that it was in a railway carriage, and not at one of my clubs, that I had formed the acquaintance of our mutual friend; besides, I felt that the conversation was getting slightly embarrassing, and I accordingly rose and left the breakfast-table.

I don't know how it was, but during the whole of the next

week, throughout whose course Flora behaved with a kindness and amiability that were quite surprising, never once mentioning the detested names of Professor Hummums or Mrs. Bagey, and seeming to have blotted the Reverend Fathers Pond and Fiddell from her remembrance, except, indeed, on one occasion, when reading in the *Times* a lengthy correspondence about Father Fiddell (who was become quite notorious by this time) asking improper questions of a converted Irish washerwoman, aged sixty-three, which ended in his being suspended by the bishop of the diocese, with an agreeable prospect of deprivation, she remarked that it served him right. I don't know, I repeat, the reason, but I felt an uneasiness relative to the promised and daily impending visit of Mr. Carr Eversleigh. I think my wife also experienced some nervousness on the subject, for she asked me more than once whether I had not met him, and whether I did not think it strange that he did not come. At length, one morning, there arrived a letter, addressed in a firm, bold hand, to Mrs. Cruiser, and bearing the Baden postmark. I know that there are some husbands who insist on opening their wives' letters, and some wives who are equally persistent in opening those of their husbands. In Mrs. Cruiser's case, the opening was all on one side. She read my letters, but I did not read hers. What was mine was hers, but what was hers was her own. On this occasion, however, and for a wonder, after deliberately perusing the letter, my Flora handed it to me. I transcribe its contents:

"Badischer Hof, Baden, July 1.

"MY DEAR FLORA CRUISER—Your husband has doubtless informed you of our accidental fraternisation in the Brighton train. He is not so bad a fellow, but you should not let him wear stripes down his trousers—it looks like a bagman; and he really must give up smoking cigars in first-class carriages, unless he can procure cabanas. I intended to have dropped in on you at your mansion with the unpronounceable name; but I was called away suddenly to Baden, where I shall be, for my sins, for the next month. Heigho! (which everybody writes and nobody says.) Give my compliments to Cruiser, and tell him to be a good boy and mind his book. If you will, take off the bearing-rein and run him without blinkers; but beware how you remove the kicking-strap. I expect to see you in about a month or five weeks.

Yours ever,

"CARR EVERSLIGH."

I scarcely knew whether to feel glad or sorry, pleased or offended, by the perusal of this missive. The easy and almost contemptuous manner in which he spoke of me was anything but flattering to my vanity, and "Dear Flora Cruiser," and "yours ever," decidedly stuck in my throat. And yet I experienced a sensation of relief when I knew that the man in the checked suit was not coming—at least yet awhile. Returning, however, to my wife, I found no difficulty in discovering of what nature her feelings were in the matter. She was in a towering rage. I could always tell that by one little crimson spot that showed itself on those occasions on her left cheek. As usual, I was the victim of her fury.

"Baden. Buleu again," she cried out; "always Baden. I hope she'll tear his eyes out there. And you, you mean-spirited fool," she continued, fiercely, "why couldn't you find him in one of your men's haunts and bring him here before he set out on this fresh wild-geese chase?"

"I didn't know where to find him," I answered sulkily. "He doesn't belong to the Megakakon, but to a great conceited set of dandies in Pall Mall, who black-balled me three months ago. I wasn't going there to be snubbed by the porter, and sneered at by the empty-headed fops who smoke cigars on the steps."

"Black-balled you! I'm glad of it. It served you right, though it's wretched to have a husband whose public degradation humiliates and disgraces one every day. Ugh, you brute (I made here an effort to expostulate), don't talk to me. I wish I'd never married you."

"I daresay you do, madam," I cried in a rage. "Wouldn't it have been much better to have married Mr. Eversleigh—Captain Eversleigh? I beg his pardon (these little provincialisms would occur to me sometimes). You seem mighty fond of him as it is: far fonder than a lawfully married woman

should be of a ruffianly gamester, for I'm sure he's nothing better."

"A gamester!" my wife contented herself with repeating, but with an accent of subdued wrath.

"What does he go to Buleu for but to gamble?"

"Miserable, low-born, low-bred, debased and degraded wretch! Go on, go on, add jealousy and calumny to your other crimes. If Carr were here he would horsewhip you—yes, horsewhip your wretched carcass till you roared for mercy. Why didn't I marry Carr Eversleigh? If I had married him, I would have made him more miserable than you have made me—I would! I would!" she continued, talking with frenzied rapidity, and more, it seemed, to herself than to me. "I would, I would have gnawed his liver like a vulture; I would have made his life a torment; I would have repaid him tenfold for all the misery and wretchedness he has caused. But he was a man; he was a gentleman; he has yet, with the mark of the fiend upon him, noble and heroic qualities. And you"—she as apostrophising me now—"you dare to abuse him, to vilify him, ignorant, malevolent, contemptible pigmy that you are."

Few men like to have their noses subjected to criticism; but none of small stature will allow an allusion to the brevity thereof. "Pigmy" was more, with all my resignation, than I could bear.

"Pigmy! pigmy! madam," I yelled rather than remarked. "Don't call names. How dare you call me names? How would you like to be called names yourself. People used to call you names, and very ugly names too, before you were married."

"And pray, sir," said Flora, coming round from her side of the table to mine, and putting her face close to mine—she was standing up, I sitting down—"what names did they call me?"

"Your father said you were a Tartar, ma'am."

"Whether he did or not, you are a lying coward to say so," was my wife's polite rejoinder. "What else?"

"And at a ball, madam—at a public ball—do you know by what name you were recognised?"

"No!" she answered, with a sharp calmness.

"By that of the 'Mourning-coach horse!'" I said, with a bitter irony.

My wife uttered a piercing scream.

"Carr gave it me!" she shrieked. "Carr fastened the abominable epithet upon me! Monster! I'll have your blood!"

But it wasn't Mr. Eversleigh's blood that my wife intended to have: it was mine. Before I could recover from my surprise, she—oh! shame and thrice-embittered humiliation! but I must be truthful to the end—*she boxed my ears!* Yes—boxed my ears! Bang—whack—whack—bang! right-handers and left-handers—uppers and downers! I never knew that a woman could be so strong in the wrist before; but I now could understand Mother Brownrigge and Madame Pleyel, the pianist. I was so taken off my guard that, during the first agony of the onslaught, I didn't know what course to pursue. I couldn't retaliate, and box my wife's ears—no! that would have been dastardly; for the man who lays a hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness—so I rushed to the fireplace, and took up the poker.

I think that Mrs. Cruiser must have studied single-stick in her youth, for in one moment she had closed with me, wrested the poker from my hand, sent it spinning to the furthestmost corner of the room, and nearly dislocated my wrist into the bargain. Then she treated me to a slight specimen of Cornish wrestling, and in a fierce grapple, bore me to the door, and trundled me, Benedict Cruiser, down a flight of stairs like a hoop.

Of course there was nothing wanted after this but for Pincott to open the front door and scream out "Police!" and that I was murdering her mistress. It didn't matter to me; my resolution was taken. I went upstairs again to my own dressing-room (my wife had locked herself in her bed-room), crammed some things into a travelling-bag, and left the house determined never to enter it again.

## PART V.

OF THE DESPERATE RESOLUTION TAKEN BY MR. CRUIZER TO MAINTAIN BACHELOR CHAMBERS, AND "CARRY ON" IN A DREADFUL MANNER.

I wrote my wife a letter that evening from the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden, where I had temporarily put up, and formally expressed my intention of remaining apart from her unless she apologised, and promised amendment for the future. The only notice she condescended to take of my letter was to return it to me neatly torn into longitudinal slips, and sewn together at one end. Then I consulted my friends. I could not get a divorce. I must remain in single cursedness for life. At first I thought of setting off for Baden, and murdering Carr Everleigh, who, I had an insane notion, was at the bottom of it all; but then I thought of Calcraft, and the new drop, and was deterred. Some of my friends counselled one thing, and some another. My partners at the soap-boiling works strongly advised me to allow my wife two hundred a year, and invest the rest of my capital in their saponaceous undertaking; but I derived very little comfort from that bit of advice. I wrote to Colonel Moalsey, at Brighton, who must have been sinking into senility by this time, for he only wrote back word that he was sorry to hear it, my boy, and that he would be glad to see me to tiffin. I wrote to Mrs. Moalsey, who, in a letter of eight pages, having for the greater part reference to that uncomfortable woman's rheumatism, threw out the novel and pleasing moral apophthegm that "the worm would turn when trodden upon." She advised me to "emigrate and hide my wretched head somewhere." I wrote, alas! to Hetty, but under cover to one of her sisters, but she never answered me. At last I left the matter in the hands of my lawyers—my wife still steadily refusing to answer my letters, even one entreating forgiveness, if she considered that any fault lay on my side—and they immediately proceeded to build up a neat little structure of foolscap paper and parchment, decorated with red and green tape, and crowned with a cupola of costs. The end of it was, that I secured a handsome annuity to my wife, with the furniture, &c., of the St. Aloysius House, and was free to go up the Rhine or down the Danube, or into the crater of Mount Vesuvius, or go hang myself—anything, in fact, save marry again.

I took bachelor apartments at the Pompeian Club Chambers, in Waterloo Place, and betook myself to dissipation in order to dissipate—I don't mean a joke—my grief. I was determined to work the mine of my youth to the last vein—till there was nothing but spelter left. I had my rooms furnished with sporting prints and portraits of the "darlings of the ballet." I bought the engraving of "Sherry, Sir," and the chromo-lithograph of *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. I gave champagne breakfasts and claret-cup suppers. I went to sporting public-houses, and saw rats killed and men's noses flattened. I was to be found every night, late, at Evans's. I backed a butcher's pony for a trotting match. I went twice a week to the Argyle, and after that to eat lobsters in the Haymarket. I had serious thoughts of keeping a bulldog, and more serious ones of cutting my throat.

It was about this time—the beginning of August—the "season" was a late one, and I had led a "gay" bachelor life for about a month—that it occurred to the Right Honorable Lord Viscount Tippetwitchet, assisted by a committee of ladies of the highest rank and fashion, to organise that celebrated *fête champêtre*, at the Crim Tartary Gardens, Limehouse Reach, which occurrence produced such a commotion among the public, and was provocative of so many strictures from the press. The *fête*, while on the most magnificent and *recherché* scale, was to be of the most exclusive description. The ordinary frequenters of the Crim Tartary Gardens, who were in truth, for the most part, composed of jolly sailors from the vessels in the Pool and the Docks, were to be resolutely excluded; and the audience, for one evening at least, were to consist of the cream of the aristocracy. The weather was just then magnificent, and the scene of fairy enchantment and bewildering brilliance that the gardens would present on the eventful night would, it was expected, surpass the most sanguine expectations. Tickets went at a tremendously high figure; in fact, they were only to be procured at the fashionable libraries, and on the production of a

voucher signed by one of the lady patronesses of the *fête*. Very few men of the Megakakon succeeded in obtaining tickets. I met Charley Limmers the day before the *fête*. He told me that even he had failed in securing one by purchase, though he had an aunt who was a countess; and that only at the last moment, by great good luck, he had been presented gratuitously with one by Mr. Penguin, the urbane purveyor of fashionable intelligence to the most fashionable newspaper in London, whom he had met at a public dinner, and who seemed to have tickets for everywhere or everything. As I was mad myself to go to the *fête*, I entreated him to use his influence with Penguin to get an additional ticket, and, like a good-natured fellow as he was, he said there was no time like the present; so we jumped into a hansom and drove down to the fashionable newspaper office, at whose door, by good fortune, we found Penguin languidly alighting from his brougham. Unfortunately, the fashionable purveyor had no more tickets at his disposal; most courteously, however, he gave us a card for Wolff, of the *Morning Bludgeon*, who occupied chambers hard by, and who might, Mr. Penguin said, have a ticket to spare.

We found Wolff up three pairs of stairs, in a hideously dilapidated set of chambers, in a place called Lyon's Inn. Wolff was a gaunt man with a red beard, and joints that creaked when he moved. He was smoking a short pipe, and scribbling in a frenzied manner on some scraps of paper; as soon as he had finished one he threw it on the floor. I noticed as a curious particularity about Wolff, that though it was not quite mid-day, he was attired in full evening costume, with a portentous white neckcloth. He might have been going to a wedding, or a funeral perhaps; but then, surely, he would have shifted the bow of his cravat from under his left ear, where it was stationary, shaved himself, and brushed some of the mud off his clothes. Perhaps he hadn't been to bed all night. There was a mass of papers on the table, a pewter pot, an opera-glass, a crumpled pair of white kid gloves, a quantity of loose tobacco, a dinner ticket for the London Tavern, a photograph of himself, and the claw of a lobster. Wolff must have been a very odd character. His dearest wish, directly we had introduced ourselves to him, seemed to be to get rid of us. He gave us, however, the glad information that he had a ticket at our service. He was going to see a Malay dissected at St. Lazarus's Hospital, he said, and to a tripe supper afterwards, and Flail, of the *Weekly Life Preserver*, had promised to write his notice of the aristocratic *fête* in the *Bludgeon* for him. Wolff gave me the ticket, and then betook himself again to scribbling on the scraps of paper, and didn't answer when he was spoken to, so, with many thanks, we left him.

No expense had been spared in the decoration of the Crim Tartary Gardens on this momentous occasion. Of course, a hundred and fifty additional lamps had been provided, which, of many colored glass, abundantly replenished with oil, and provided with extensive wicks, were expected to produce a great sensation. The fireworks were to be of the most gorgeous description. Supper was laid, in the Ferozeshah Pavilion, for two thousand five hundred, at half-a-guinea a head. There was to be dancing on the Koh-i-noor platform and in the arena of the Nawabgunge Pagoda.

As the British aristocracy were supposed to have it all to themselves for the evening, and none of the inferior classes were under any pretence, to be admitted, some of the promised amusements were of a nature which, though highly festive, the aristocracy would not have cared to be seen indulging in before the common people. Bowls, skittles and American ten-pins; hunt-the-slipper, fly-the-garter, leap-frog, tipcat, bumble-puppy, Tom Dodd, coddums, hop-scotch, blind hookey, name of my child, prisoners' bars, quoits, nurr and spell, tossing the caber, and throwing the hammer, were all advertised in the richly-ornamented, but privately circulated, programme to take place. More than this, the gentlemen of the Life Guards Pink were to jump in sacks; eight eldest sons of peers were to contend for the possession of a pig with a soapy tail; twelve baronets offered themselves as candidates to climb a greasy pole, at whose summit was a leg of mutton; a noble marchioness and a right honorable countess were to engage in a footrace, the victress to receive a richly-laced petticoat; and, to crown all these



wonders, a lady well known in the most distinguished and fashionable circles was to dance the famous claymore or sword dance in full Highland costume.

You—all the world—know how the great aristocratic *fête* at the Crim Tartary Gardens, Limehouse Reach, ended. It was a pouring wet night. It rained buckets, cataracts, cats and dogs. The ladies pattered about in the brief interval of pouring from pavilion to pagoda, their skirts held up, drenched and shivering; the noble lords and gallant captains, in great coats and mackintoshes, holding umbrellas over them. The majority of the amusements turned out dead failures. Nobody volunteered to ascend the greasy pole. It was no use jumping in dripping wet sacks. The pig with the soapy tail did not show at all. The noble marchioness did indeed start for the footrace with the right honorable countess, but the latter was tipped up on the wet gravel before she had proceeded half-a-dozen yards. She came to high words, and very nearly high blows, with the marchioness, and nobody had the laced petticoat. As for the claymore dance—

The claymore dance, sir, took place. Yes, sir and madam, that choregraphic feat was attempted and performed beneath a grove of umbrellas held by admiring amateurs. The distinguished and fashionable lady who went through its nimble evolutions would, I am persuaded, had she made up her mind so to do, have climbed up the greasy pole, captured the soapy pig, won the laced petticoat, knocked down the ten-pins at a blow, jumped in the sacks, swallowed a red-hot poker, smoked a meerschau pipe, and drunk half-a-dozen of bottled stout, all in defence of society and her husband. That distinguished and fashionable lady was Mrs. Cruiser!

I saw her, I saw her at the window of the Ferozeshah pavilion, preparing to commence her atrocious *pas-seul*, the claymores crossed on a narrow platform beneath her. I saw her, in a preposterous Highland costume and scandalously abbreviated drapery, enter into the fury of that abominable jig. Concealed behind a crowd of umbrellas and wet-through aristocrats, I watched her. I had never seen her since the morning she boxed my ears; and now to meet her here! In such a place, in such a dress! I could bear it no longer; my feelings overcame me, and I was about to rush forward to put a stop to the unseemly exhibition, when a hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned round.

It was Carr Eversleigh!

"Come away, and have a cigar in the Kamschatkan Kiosque," he said, quietly. "I want to talk to you."

#### PART THE SIXTH, AND LAST.

MR. EVERBLEIGH led me away almost stupefied to the Kamschatkan Kiosque, which was a little wooden outhouse, in a thicket, tawdrily painted within, and lighted by a few spluttering parti-colored oil-lamps. The Kamschatkan Kiosque leaked wofully on this occasion, and the rain was streaming down the sides and pattering in a most melancholy manner on the little circular den. It seemed altogether to be a capital place in which to commit suicide.

"There," said Eversleigh, coolly looking the door—I wonder how on earth he procured a key to it—"no one will interrupt us here. You don't mind a little moisture, do you? Subject to colds in the head are you? Well, put your hat on."

"Let me out, Mr. Eversleigh," I cried impetuously. "Let me go to that woman, that wretched woman who is disgracing herself and me in a public garden. Let me endeavor to persuade her—"

"You can't persuade her, my good Cruiser. She is past persuasion. Besides, the wretched woman, as you call her, has completed her capers, and is safe in her brougham, and on her way home by this time. You needn't be alarmed about her. Clarissa has found no Lovelace. Lady Teazle fears nothing when the screen is knocked down. She has old Mrs. Bogey with her, and besides, I think they will give the Dowager Lady Verjuice and her daughter a cast home. It will save that stingy old Verjuice the expense of a cab. She's highly respected, is Mrs. Flora Cruiser, and compassionated into the bargain, as the victim of a cruel and unfeeling husband. Oh! she's deep enough! she's deep enough! Can I offer you anything?"

"You can offer me," I answered, bitterly, "a revolver, a razor, a rope, or a bottle of Prussic acid; but you needn't offer to insult me in my misery, Mr. Eversleigh."

"I insult you! I don't want to insult you. I should merely wish to make you a little more philosophical. Remember what the old women's proverb says: When things come to the worst, they are sure to mend. And the old women are very often much wiser than the men, young or old. You don't think that things—your own matrimonial concerns, more especially—can wear a much worse aspect than they do now. Ergo: there is a reasonable prospect of their mending."

"In what manner, I should like to know?"

"I am not conjuror enough to predict how, exactly; but Mrs. Cruiser can't go on much longer as she is now proceeding. Like Francis I., after the battle of Pavia, she has lost everything *hormis l'honneur*; and her dearest friends, when they find that she has only that left, won't be quite so fond of her for her reputation's sake. A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, the wise man saith, but it is difficult to find any one else who thinks her good name worth eightpence."

"I don't understand you," I resumed, with a dogged sullenness. "What has Mrs. Cruiser lost, and how? I behaved liberally to her. I left her a handsome income, a house and furniture."

"Did you leave her the bank of England?" Carr Eversleigh retorted, "or the Ballarat diggings, or the mines of Golconda, where mines exist no more, I believe—or the copyright of the *Times* newspaper, or Baron Rothschild's running account? I tell you that woman is a very Cleopatra for extravagance. Short as is the time you have left her, she has mortgaged her allowance; she is over head and ears in debt, and I should not wonder if she had the brokers in the St. Aloysius House to-morrow."

"How do you know—what right have you to know?" I broke forth. "What business have you, sir, to be prying into my private affairs, and to be acquainted with the pecuniary circumstances of my wife?"

"Don't be impertinent or ungrateful," returned Carr Eversleigh, very quietly. "My kicking days are over; and besides, I take an interest in your welfare, and should like to see you re-united to Mrs. Cruiser, to live happy ever afterwards. I know what I know, and make the best use of my information. I wish I knew the winner of the St. Leger; but I don't. Human precognition has its limits. But I'll tell you what I do know. Your wife is going, financially, to rack and ruin."

"Go on," I groaned. "When did you see her?"

"I have not set eyes on her since your separation, though I found one day a note at my club commanding, rather than asking, me to come and see her. She wanted to ask me my advice, she said. I'd have advised her with a vengeance. But Mrs. Pincott, her confidential servant, was good enough to take a little supper with me last night, and brought me an interesting and accurate, if not satisfying, budget of news. You don't mind me playing the spy a little? It is all in your interest, and for your benefit."

I did mind it most consumedly, and should devoutly have liked to strangle him as he sat there, composedly puffing at his cigar. I had gnawed the weed he had given me to shreds; but so wanted to hear the whole of the ghastly, miserable tale, that I suffered him to proceed.

"When I tell you," he went on, "that Mrs. Cruiser is building a Swiss *chalet* down at Putney; that she has bought and sold, at a loss, no less than nine horses during the past week; that she has taken to betting, to buying shares in bubble companies, to dabbling in the funds for the account; that she is in treaty with Macguilp, the picture-dealer of Bond street, for his undoubted Murillo—which is no more a Murillo than I am the Pope of Rome, but is most probably a Muggius, you will be able to understand how she is making ducks and drakes of her money. If she were a *femme sole*, instead of, fortunately for herself, a married lady, I believe that in another fortnight she would be in Whitecross street. The old colonel, her father, has not a penny wherewith to help her; and as for Mrs. Moalsey, I verily believe that it would afford her exquisite pleasure to see her daughter apply for relief to the Insolvent Debtors' Court,





MRS. CRUISER TAMED.

and hear that she had been remanded to the full extent of the discretionary clause."

"I will go to her—I will fly to her," I exclaimed, starting up. "I will entreat her on my knees to relinquish this fatal career of improvidence and extravagance. I have plenty of money yet; though, in the course of one short year, she has dipped into my fortune to a far greater extent than I should be willing to admit. Mr. Eversleigh, this must not be suffered to endure for a moment longer. Mrs. Cruiser—I—must not be so disgraced. I must pay my wife's debts."

"If you do," replied Mr. Eversleigh, "unless, indeed, she shows unmistakable signs of repentance, and makes immediate reparation for the injury she has done you, and the pain she has caused you, all I can say, Benedict Cruiser, is, that you are a bigger fool than I take you for. And I have never told you, as yet, that I considered you to be one of the seven wise men of Greece."

"But what am I to do? what am I to do?" I asked myself and him, despairingly, drumming with my fingers on the table.

"Do? Why, by Jove," Eversleigh exclaimed, "it's past one o'clock. Let us leave this enchanting scene. They'll be locking the gates else. You had better come home with me, and we'll continue the conversation. Perhaps I shall be enabled, after all, to tell you what course you had better adopt. Come along, Cruiser, unless you want to have it written on your tombstone that you died of damp feet."

He unlocked the door of the Kamschatkan Kiosque, and we went forth into the slushy garden. The expiring lamps cast a fitful and melancholy radiance on here and there a patch of gravel, and here and there the trunk of a tree, leaving huge intervals of negation and gloom. Only a passing policeman glared on us for a moment, with his bull's-eye, as though to satisfy himself that we were not improper characters, as though the most reckless of ticket-of-leave men would expose himself to the risk of catching his death of cold by being out on such a night. Only a faint gleam of light revealed to us a waiter lying *perdu* in the bushes, and consuming the dregs—"ullages" I believe they are called, of champagne bottles; while a helmeted fireman, mysterious and melancholy in his helmet, as a statue of the *Penseroso*, trailed his hose round the Koh-i-noor platform and the Nawabgunge pagoda, as if anything short of a gunpowder magazine (and even that would have gone off with a

damp fizz) would have taken fire on such a hopelessly wet night.

There was a solitary brougham standing at the gate. It was Eversleigh's. We entered it, and left the Royal Crim Tartary Gardens, Limehouse Reach. Henceforward be that *fête champêtre* a standing monument, a dripping, if not a shining, example of the vanity of human wishes and of the fallacies of hope. Be it sacred to the memory of Macintosh, the waterproofer, of Sangster, the umbrella-maker, and of the innumerable and devoted cats and dogs which were that night hurled down, by an enraged St. Swithin, upon the heads of the British aristocracy.

Slowly and sadly we made a wearisome journey into London, arriving at the West End in company with several market carts. I remember that we passed through the Haymarket, which, though it was now nearly three o'clock, and it was still raining heavily, was yet lighted up in its usual style of garish brilliance. Oysters, and lobsters, and cool salads, glistened in the windows of the shellfish shops; cigars were yet vended behind crimson curtains, and divans and supper-rooms put forth their meretricious attractions. But the wicked street was nearly deserted. The cab rank looked black and dismal as an assemblage of hearses and mourning-coaches; a policeman stood at the Coventry street end, his oilskin cape shining like a lamp itself with wet, and here and there some drenched umbrella, some draggling skirt, proclaimed a wanderer, who, wet night as it was, perhaps was too wretched even to go home—if home that wanderer had.

"This is a gay sight, isn't it?" remarked Carr Eversleigh, pulling down the glass, and thrusting his head out. "This is life, and no mistake. Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm, isn't it? This is the place to spend thirty thousand a year in, isn't it, Cruiser? Ugh! drive on, Maxwell, the place gives me the horrors."

Mr. or Captain Carr Eversleigh, lived—upon my word I don't know to this day the name of the street, or even the definite whereabouts in which the residence of my quondam friend was situate. I only know that it was in a long, narrow street, close to the river, for I could see the lamps of a bridge gleaming at the end of the thoroughfare (where there was a frowning water-gate) columned and architraved, the only relic of the spacious mansion of some old nobleman; but whether it was at Whitehall, or at Whitefriars, I cannot tell. The brougham stopped.



Eversleigh had been smoking ever since we left the Crim Tartary Gardens, and the fumes had given me a vertigo. We alighted; my companion opened the door of a tall, black, lugubrious house, that looked as though it had been shut up and deserted for years, closed it after him, put up a chain, barred and bolted the door with great care, turned on a jet of gas in the hall, whose sudden brilliance almost blinded me, lighted a lamp thereat, and bade me follow him up-stairs.

I don't think I ever saw such a dusty house in my life. The bannisters were thick in dust, the carpeting on the stairs throw out little clouds of dust as our feet pressed them in ascending, the walls were dusty, Eversleigh's lamp gleamed mistily through a haze of dust. The mats on the landing were deserts of dust, as though simooms on a small scale had been stationary there for ages; and before we had reached the first floor there was dust on my clothes, and dust on my hands, dust in my eyes, dust in my nostrils, and dust, burning and choking, in my throat.

Eversleigh unlocked a heavily-panelled door, and we entered a large apartment. It formed, indeed, one of a suite of rooms on the same floor; the entrances from one chamber into the other being partially shrouded by heavy draperies. He now lighted a larger lamp which hung from the ceiling—a species of brass chandelier—and bade me look around me.

There were tall, heavy-looking windows, shuttered, bolted and barred up; there was a thick, soft carpet, of Oriental pattern. What the original hue of the walls had or had not been no man could tell, for from the cornice of the ceiling to the skirting-board of the floor they were concealed by pictures, by engravings, by miniatures and ivory bas-reliefs, by carved oaken cabinets and book-shelves, by tall old chairs and buffets, by Indian screens, by mirrors in ebony frames, by trophies of arms, and shirts of mail, and rich dresses (nearly all of Eastern design and workmanship), by shields and Chinese mats, by fragments of tapestry and lion and tiger skins. The tables, the chairs, the sideboards, the floor even, were all strewn with swords, pistols, daggers, pipes and hookahs, and especially books, of which there was a profusion, and among which, nervously turning over the leaves of a few—for Eversleigh had cast himself on the cushions of an ottoman, and, but for the ever-burning cigar between his lips, seemed fast asleep—I found a treatise on horsemanship, by Carr Eversleigh, Esq., Lieutenant, Thirteenth Francers; an essay on dog breaking, by Carr Eversleigh, Captain, Fourteenth Plungers; a discourse on hunting and hawking, by the same author; and a magnificent edition of Buffon, of which the section relating to mammalia was profusely annotated in a small, but bold and nervous, handwriting. Last, over the door, there was an engraving of Van Amburgh, the beast tamer, sitting triumphant in his den among his savage scholars. I must add, that every individual article in the apartment was covered with dust, and that a subtle, powerful, bitter, vapid odor, that was almost a taste, pervaded the atmosphere, as of some strange perfume, in which opium seemed to struggle with musk, patchouli and ecclesiastical incense.

"Come up stairs," said Carr Eversleigh, suddenly. "This place is too large."

Why it was too large, and for what purpose he intended it, he did not condescend to explain; but he led the way, and I followed him. We ascended another flight of stairs, dustier than ever. He unlocked another door, and ushered me into an apartment that for size, decoration and dust, seemed the very counterpart of the one below. But, traversing this, he lifted the drapery of a doorway, and I followed him into a small, rectangular apartment, wholly hung—so that it looked like a square tent—with some thick drapery that appeared to be silk, and was striped in dark blue and brown rays. A divan, or rather a series of cushions, piled on one another, ran round three sides of the room. There was the same thick-piled carpet on the floor; but, for a wonder, nothing seemed dusty; all, on the contrary, was very trim, and natty and shining. The strange room was already lighted by a brass lamp—lighted by whom, Mr. Carr Eversleigh might know, but I do not.

"Sit down on the divan," my strange acquaintance said, "and make yourself comfortable. I'll go bring you a pipe and

a cup of coffee to steady you. Those cigars of mine are too strong, and have given you the headache."

Whatever the cigars had given me, it is certain that the companionship of this man, his house, his furniture, the mysterious perfume, his talk and his strange ways, had bewildered and fascinated me. Who was he? what was he? Why should he take so much interest in me? What did he want to do with me? Was he a professor of mesmerism—another Professor Hummums—a magician, a swindler or a madman? He had left the room on the errand whose object he had announced, and I sat on the divan, rubbing my eyes, gaping, wondering if I were asleep or awake, and looking, I daresay—only there was no one visible to watch me—very like an idiot. I cast my eyes around, but there was nothing to relieve the monotony of the blue and brown striped drapery but a little black profile—a *silhouette*, as it is called—of a lady, whose long ringlets were shaded with gold. This profile, glazed and encircled with a mean little frame of black and gold, hung directly opposite to me, between two folds of the drapery. I rose to examine it more closely, my heart palpitating violently as I crossed the room; but I sat down again with a sigh of relief when I found that it was not the portrait of Flora Cruser. But its closer scrutiny made me perceive a little item which had hitherto escaped my observation. On the card-board to which the *silhouette* was pasted there was written, in a brown, faded ink, and in a straggling female hand, "*Haud Obliviscendum* Bulen, June 30th, 1843." What could have been the thing, or the person, never to be forgotten, that occurred or existed at Bulen in 1843?

Eversleigh speedily returned with two Turkish chibouques with richly ornamented stems, under one arm, and bearing besides a brazier full of live charcoal. He left the room again, and returning, brought a small brass tray, a handsome silver coffee-pot, and two small cups, of eggshell porcelain, surrounded with silver filigree. He filled a cup, handed it to me, loaded the pipe-bowls with some tobacco of a pale straw color, from a pouch of embroidered leather, then particularly enjoining me to be careful in inhaling the smoke into my lungs, in default of which I should lose all the fragrant aroma of the tobacco, jocosely bade me blow a cloud, and forget all my woes.

The coffee was very bitter, though very aromatic—almost nauseously so, and I was constrained to inform my strange host of the fact. He laughed; said it was genuine Mocha; expressed an opinion that I had graduated on chickory and roasted horse-chestnuts, but admitted that the beverage might stand a little qualifying.

"For which purpose I will give you something of the right sort," he remarked. "Here, Cruser, my boy, I know you are a *bon vivant*; what do you think of that as a liqueur?"

While speaking he had risen, drawn aside the drapery, opened a small cupboard, and produced from that a long-necked flask of greenish glass, arabesqued with gold. He poured some of the contents, which ran slow and as it were thickly, into a shallow glass, with a twisted stem, and a base of ruby and gold, then handed it to me.

"Taste it first, then pour it into your coffee," he said. "Isn't that something like a flavor, old fellow?"

It was so much like a flavor that it reminded me indefinitely, but still with mysterious potency, of the strange perfume in the room on the first floor. It was so much like a flavor that it made me feel, after sipping it in its crude state, but especially after mixing it with my coffee, first drowsy, then giddy, then sick, then blithe and elastic, and, at last, inconceivably happy. I was lifted as by fairy hands to the topmost pinnacle of human felicity. All my sorrows seemed dissipated in a moment. I could have laughed, I could have danced, I could have sung, I could have clapped my hands together, I could have embraced Carr Eversleigh. I am not indeed certain that in this sudden exhilaration I did not do one or more of all these things; but I know that I became exceedingly loquacious, and talked in the most familiar manner on a variety of topics, of which, five minutes before, I had not the slightest notion that I understood anything at all.

Carr—I know I called him Carr—seemed on his part ten times more communicative than I had ever known him before. He



told me stories, now droll, now romantic, now sarcastic, now sentimental, of his adventures in far-off lands, with men, women and wild beasts. He had stories as strange and interesting: to tell of the continent of Europe, of England and of London. He must have seen a great deal of the world. Yes, he had seen a great deal, a very great deal of the world. Was he married? No, he was not married. Was he rich? Yes, he was quite rich enough, as the world went. I wonder whose that strange voice could have been—it wasn't Carr's, it wasn't mine; and I am certain that there was no third person present—that kept up a running commentary during our smoking and coffee drinking, about "seven" being a "main," and a "nick" "eleven." And whatever could have produced that rattling noise in my ears, as though somebody was knocking bones about, and that dancing of round black spots before my eyes?

"What a happy fellow you must be, Carr," I said, holding out my glass for another instalment of the ethereal liqueur.

"Oh yes, I'm very happy, very happy indeed," replied the gallant fellow.

"But you're in love, Carr; I know you are. Ah, you rogue, I've found you out. Baden, lady in long ringlets, *haud obliviscendum*. Latin grammar, eh? Well, I hope you'll live to win and wear her, and that she'll make you happier than Flora Moalsey made me."

Elevated as I was, I could see something very like the shadow of a passing thunder cloud on Mr. Carr Eversleigh's face, and something even more like a flash of lightning in that curious eye of his, as in not very distinct accents I pronounced these words. But he was not at all offended. Oh, no! he was far too good-natured a fellow for that, and he answered, very slowly, and with quite a pleasant calmness:

"And so you've found out all about Baden and the lady in the long ringlets, have you? All miserable——" He stopped himself, having evidently pitched upon a wrong word. "Would you like to see the original of one of those long ringlets in the portrait, Cruiser, my boy?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," I replied.

He opened his coat and waistcoat and showed me, tied round his waist, a narrow shining black belt. High fellows, like Captain Carr Eversleigh, often go without braces. It's fashionable.

"Now untie that, and take it in your hand," he said.

I stooped, kneeling, to do his bidding, but there was a knot so tightly tied on his left side, that I had to undo it with my teeth. A strange fibrous taste came into my mouth as I did so. Then I took the belt in my hand. It was a long, slender tress of blue-black hair, soft, supple and shining. It seemed as I looked at it to have strange reflections—orange and crimson and purple, but the most astonishing of its properties seemed to be the electric current permeating through it. It quivered in my fingers, and seemed to throw a shuddering thrill through the very marrow of my bones.

"Yes, I am happy now, Benedict Cruiser," said Eversleigh, who was sitting opposite with his hand on his heart, and breathing in quick short gasps, as though impeded inspiration were restored. "I am quite happy now. I can breathe."

The words were not well out of his mouth before I felt the blue-black tress move as of its own volition in my hands, and wind itself about my left arm. I tried to shake the accursed thing from me, and cast it away, but in vain. It wound and wound, and crept and kept always upwards, till I saw what would have been the head of that which to my fevered imagination was assuming the similitude of a hideous serpent, reach from my arm to my breast, and slowly coil itself round my heart. I felt unutterable pain, my blood ran icy cold, water broke from my pores; only my head was on fire, my hot tongue smouldered in my mouth, and lightning flashes eddied before my eyes. I tried to scream out; but my throat and lungs refused their office. I could only gurgle out a faint entreaty to mine enemy, who still sat opposite, his hand on his heart, to release me.

"Let me breathe!" was all Carr Eversleigh said.

The blue-black tress, the fiend by which I was possessed, was

creeping—I could feel it, I could see it—towards my throat, upwards and upwards towards my throat, but still encircling my heart in its sinuous folds. I tried with agonised hands to tear it away, but without success. I was choking, I was suffocating. With the rattle of death in my throat, I cried out to the demon opposite, his hand always on his heart, to set me free.

"Let me breathe!" was all Carr Eversleigh said.

With a supreme effort, I rose on my feet, extended my arms, and fell forward. Then there was a deep calmness and nothingness; then I felt something like a rush of cool air upon my face; then I was reclining on a mass of cushions by an open window, and Carr Eversleigh was by my side, calmly examining me, and tying a black shining belt around his waist.

"How happy we all are in this world, to be sure!" he remarked. "I think you may write '*haud obliviscendum*,' or 'dinna forget,' or some such pretty sentiment, in your common-place book. I think that tobacco must have disagreed with you."

Then I swooned again.

When I came to myself, it was broad daylight, and I was in bed, but not in my own chambers. I shuddered when I thought I might yet be in the horrible house with that demon and that dust. There was a bell close to my hand, and I rang it.

A man with a red head, and small whiskers on his cheek bones, answered the summons.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"Grummidge's Hotel, Holborn," the red-headed man replied sentimentally.

"What o'clock is it?"

"Quarter to one," was the rubicund individual's reply.

"How did I come here?"

"Cab," was the curt response.

"Of course," I retorted impatiently; "but how—when—with whom—why?"

"How? Cab nine ought three," the red-headed man answered, replying to my questions *seriatim*. "When? Five in the mornin'. Who? With a placeman, which you promised him arf a sufferin' to see you home; but as you forgot to tell him where you lived, he brought you 'ere, the beds being better haired than at the station-house. Why? 'Cos you wos so precious tight. You wanted to fight me, and 'ave arf a dozen of champagne for the placeman and the cabman. Then you went to bed in your weskit, and tried to swallow your braces. You said they 'ad bin a stranglin' of yer. Will you 'ave your boots and 'ot water, and if you takes my advice, which I can see you're a gentleman, you wont 'ave no selzer nor soda water, but just swaller a spoonful of Woostershire sarce, and then you'll be ready for a basing of oxtail, with a glass of Madeiry in it. It's better to screw up hot coppers than to wash 'em out."

With the delivery of which sage maxim the red-headed man, who was indeed the boots of the establishment, quitted the bed-chamber, and shortly afterwards returned with my clothes brushed, hot water and shaving tackle.

I reached home—my chambers, I mean—an hour afterwards, and lay groaning throughout the afternoon. I had another cause for discomfiture. I had imprudently placed a very large sum—more than I care to mention—in bank notes in my pocket-book the night before. I had sold the sum out of the funds during the day, and had been just five minutes too late to pay it into my banker's. It was gone. The policeman, the cabman and the boots all asseverated in the strongest terms that they knew nothing about my money; indeed, the first and last agreed to a fraction as to the exact sum in gold, silver and copper which had been taken from my pockets when undressed. There was no help for it. I made a statement of my loss at the police-office, and resigned myself to my fate.

About five o'clock on that miserable afternoon, Carr Eversleigh, Esq., did me the honor to call on me. He looked the same as usual, and did not in the slightest degree allude to the extraordinary scene of the previous night. Least of all did he mention that horrible——But I will not recall the appalling image.

After some conversation on trivial topics, he sat down by

my side on the sofa, and said, with a grave seriousness that alarmed me :

"Cruiser, have you the slightest idea of the sum of money you lost last night?"

I jumped up. "I know I must have lost it. I had £750 in bank notes in my pocket-book," I cried.

Eversleigh shook his head sadly. "I know that you had that amount; but you must remember that you lost it before you had been an hour in the place. You won largely at first; but I give you my word and honor that, in all my experience, I never saw such desperate play."

"Play!" I shrieked out. "What do you mean by play? Who played? Where did I play? Didn't we go to your own house? didn't we have coffee and pipes and some deadly *liqueur* or other, that has driven me raving mad? didn't you—"

"I am sorry to interrupt you, my good fellow," broke in Eversleigh, "but you do not seem to have recovered, as yet, from the effects of the *liqueur* (if *liqueur* it were—I am quite ignorant of its existence) you speak of. I should rather say that you must be alluding to the inordinate quantities of champagne you drank. As to your going to any house of mine, I can assure you, though I should be delighted to show you hospitality, that I have not had a place of my own, except my clubs, in London for the last ten years, and that, since my return from Baden, I have been staying at the Gloucester Coffee-house, in Piccadilly."

I stared at him with frenzied amazement, and murmured some inarticulate nonsense about its being all a hideous dream.

"I will tell you, if you like," Eversleigh pursued in the same calm, cool, equable tone, "what you did do. I met you at that place in Limehouse, in a state of semi-frenzy at seeing your wife, attired as she was, and doing what she did. To quiet you I gave you a cigar, which we smoked in a summer-house, where you rhapsodised and declaimed in the most outrageous manner. There was no doing anything with you, and to humor you I let you have your will. From the gardens we went to the Haymarket, where we supped, and then you insisted on going to the Cocked Hat Club, in Albemarle street, which is no club at all, as you very well know, but one of the few remaining London gambling-houses, and the most notorious of that wretched remnant."

"Mercy, mercy!" I moaned out; "I must have been mad. I am the dupe of a horrible delusion."

"Hear me out," Eversleigh went on. "It is best for you to know the worst at once. You had more supper and more champagne, and played chicken-hazard more like a maniac than a rational being. I tried to get you away to the roulette, where every man, drunk or sober, has a chance; but you defied me; you stuck to the bones, to be fleeced by the most arrant black-legs and sharpers that poison the town with their noisome presence. It is not the £500 you lost to me. I would scorn to exact payment for an I O U given under such circumstances, though the debt is strictly one of honor. Do you know how much you subsequently lost? Do you know that you gave promissory notes for upwards of £2,800?"

"It is false, it is false!" I screamed.

"If you were a responsible being, instead of a chattering idiot, at this moment, Cruiser," Eversleigh continued, "I would call you to immediate account for those insolent words. But I will be forbearing towards you to the last. You gave obligations to the amount I have stated, to Sir Ketchington Hempseed, to Colonel Raff, to the Hon. Captain Rougepair, to Jack Lester, to—"

"Stop! stop!" I cried, "I'll pay, I'll pay. Let them send in their notes. I may as well hang myself a week as a year hence. But what am I to do, Carr Eversleigh? Dear Carr Eversleigh, tell me what I am to do?"

"Do!" replied the Tempter as he bent over me, his glittering eyes darting fire into my skull. "Do! doesn't luck change! Don't bones vary? Are cards not favorable to the veriest fool sometimes? Do! why strive to get it back, to be sure. I don't want your five hundred pounds, man. I'll stick by you. There, ring the bell for some soda water and curaçoa—it will do you good."

Exactly three months from the date of this conversation, I sat in the second floor back of a miserable lodging-house, in Spur street, Leicester square, a ruined man. Messrs. Hempseed, Raff, Rougepair and Lester's promissory notes and I.O.U.'s had all been paid. That was nothing. I had insisted on paying Eversleigh his five hundred pounds. That was nothing either. You see, I was to get my losses back. In striving to get them, I went, as many a better man has done, simply to the dogs. I played and played; won occasionally; lost and lost, and lost again more frequently; and sank deeper and deeper in the mire every day. Carr Eversleigh was very kind to me. He implored me, almost on his knees, almost with tears in his eyes, to abandon those dens of rookery and robbery, the Cocked Hat, the Deuce Ace, the Eo, and the Pharo Clubs. But I would not listen to him. I was possessed by the Demon Play. I thirsted for gold. I was mad for money, and my heart was hardened, my senses blunted, my conscience deadened, like those of the most inveterate gamster.

It was Mrs. Saint Skewball, of North Bank, Regent's Park, who had the honor of finishing me up, of completing my exodus to the dogs. I was introduced to that lady by my friend, Sir Ketchington Hempseed, Baronet. Carr Eversleigh was on visiting terms at that gilt and splendid villa; but I must say that he warned me continually against Mrs. Saint Skewball, and told me that she was a most dangerous woman, and that he had not the slightest faith in the existence of Mr. Saint Skewball, who, it was given out, had been for the last five years in foreign parts, inspecting diamond mines for his Majesty the Emperor of the Brazils. Mrs. Saint Skewball gave most *recherché* dinner parties, and had unlimited loo afterwards. I went in for unlimited loo. Mrs. Saint Skewball was embarrassed. I presented her with a cheque for nine hundred and seven pounds, fourteen shillings and sixpence three farthings, to save her gilt and splendid furniture from distraint, and her resplendently jewelled person from arrest. About a week afterwards it occurred to me—though I declare that I was no more in love with the creature than with Pincott, my wife's maid—to fall down on my knees before Mrs. Saint Skewball, and say that I adored her. She laughed, rang the bell, and ordered the footman to show me down stairs. Next week there was a sale at Mrs. Saint Skewball's gilt and splendid villa, and that lady, with her maid, her lapdog, and her pretty little daughter, aged five, departed on a continental tour. It was about this time that Carr Eversleigh, Esquire, called upon me, much commiserating my condition, and saying that he was called away suddenly to Baden. The last information I could gather about my wife, was that the St. Aloysius House was shut up, the servants on board wages, and that Mrs. Cruiser had gone to visit her relatives in Scotland. I had sold out of the soap-boiling concern long since, to the deep disgust of, and after a violent quarrel with, my partners. Then I was left alone with the dogs, to which quadrupeds I had voluntarily gone. I did not like their companionship much. Here, then, was the end of it. Money spent, over head and ears in debt, executions out, credit blasted, folly sneered at, friends standing aloof, health shattered. The dogs, I thought, have got a remarkably nice bargain of it.

I sat in my second floor lodging pondering—the thought was quite familiar to me now—about the best means of committing suicide. My table was covered with lawyer's bills of costs, writs, summonses, all the rags and tatters of an insolvent estate. I thought, as I glanced over the legal documents, that I wrote a very good hand, and that I might, perchance, earn a crust by copying writings for lawyers. There were a very few pounds now between me and starvation. But my pride revolted at the thought of the once wealthy and fashionable Benedict Cruiser copying bankrupts' accounts and the schedules of insolvent cheesemongers. Should I emigrate? I had not enough money. No; it would be much better to—

A knock—not a creditor's knock, not a bailiff's knock, not an incensed landlady's knock, but a timid, supplicating little verberation—came at the door. In a harsh grating tone I cried "Come in."

It was my wife.

She was very plainly dressed—very plainly, indeed. She stood,

as it were, timidly on the threshold, and then in a low voice, faltered, "May I come in?"

"Pray enter, madam," I cried, making her a sarcastic bow. "This is not my own house, madam, out of which I could be turned like a dog. This is only a lodging-house, madam, and the landlady will be here presently for the rent."

She came into the middle of the room, and stood up there, silent and trembling.

"What are you come for," I cried passionately, "cruel and resentful woman? Are you come to feast your eyes upon the spectacle of the man who loved you with a blind doting fondness, made desperate by your unkindness, driven to folly, ruined, maddened and despairing now?"

"No!" she answered, slowly.

"Are you come," I continued, "to reproach me with my excesses, to heap fresh coals of fire on my head, to taunt me with having been a gamester and a profligate? You made me so; yes, I have gambled, yes, I have squandered my substance in degrading dissipation. You were the cause. I gave you all. I asked but one thing from you—a happy home, and you denied it me. You gave me instead a fiery furnace. I declare to you, Flora Moalsey—for by my name I will never call you more—that I loved every hair of your head, and every pore of your skin."

"I know it," she answered, still slowly.

"Why are you here, then? why seek to augment my wretchedness? Why come to mock me in my despair?"

"I came," she answered, shivering in her emotion—it was a passionate, a tearful, but not an angry one—"I came—I come—to beg—to entreat you, as you yourself hope for forgiveness in heaven, to forgive me, your wretched and repentant wife. I ask it in humbleness and tears, and with not one word of recrimination or complaint against you. I ask it, knowing that I am the cause of all the misfortunes that have overtaken you. I ask it here, Benedict, on my knees."

She burst out with a great cry as she sobbed out this, and fell down at my feet. She kneeling to me! I would have raised her up, but she would not, and kept fast hold of my hand, sobbing upon it as though her heart would break.

"Not yet, dear love—not yet, my true and good husband," she cried; "not till I have told you how I have prayed, night and day, that my wicked heart might be no longer hardened—that all my evil passions, and temper and obstinacy, might be driven out of me. And my prayer has been heard, dear Benedict—I know it has. This is no caprice—no transient fit of contrition. Henceforth I will be your loving and obedient wife. And I am sorry, Benedict, I am sorry to my heart and soul. And I always loved you, but that my wicked pride forbade me to tell you so. And I ask for pardon, for forgiveness, on my knees—my bended knees. And there is more joy in—"

She could say no more. Could I say anything? She rushed into my arms, and we were once more bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh.

"But, my darling," I said, a few minutes afterwards, when I had calmed her a little, and was kissing away her tears, and smoothing her poor hair, "do you know that you have come home to a beggar—a worse than a beggar, my Flora; a wicked spendthrift, who is miserably embarrassed and involved?"

"Not quite so much as you may imagine," a cool, calm voice behind us exclaimed. I turned round, and saw Carr Eversleigh smoking his eternal cigar. When she saw him, Flora turned away, and hid her face on my shoulder.

"Mr. Carr Eversleigh," I began, with as much equanimity as I could assume, for I felt myself boiling over with indignation at the very sight of the man. "Without going so far as to brand you with the epithets of blackleg and cheat—"

"Stop, stop!" cried out Flora, earnestly. "Dear husband, forbear; you are in error, believe me!"

"Let him go on," said Eversleigh, in his quiet voice.

"I believe," I continued, haughtily, "that it is to my acquaintance with you that I have to ascribe my being here today a beggar. Search your own heart, seared and callous man,

and ask yourself if you have not had the deepest, most ruthless hand in my ruin."

"Fiddle-de-dee," answered Eversleigh; "you are no more ruined than I am!"

"What?" I cried, staring at him.

"What?" repeated my wife, in wild astonishment.

"Or I might qualify it by saying, than Baring Brothers; for there might certainly exist some reasonable doubts as to my at least moral ruin. In this pocketbook," he continued, handing to me the identical *portefeuille* which I had lost on that never-to-be-forgotten night of dust and disaster, "you will find, not only your seven hundred and fifty pounds—not only the amounts you paid to Messrs. Hempsed, Raff & Co. (my worthy employes)—not only the nine hundred and odd pounds you lent to Mrs. Saint Skewball—who acted her part very well, the jade! or I would have known the reason why—but also a good many hundred pounds which you imagined were gone to the dogs. Never mind how they came into my possession. Your wife's debts were principally of my own imagining, though the good lady would really have been inclined to go rather fast, if I had not adopted measures to stop her. Your three months' fling has, in reality, not cost you five hundred pounds; and I think that is remarkably cheap, considering the experience you have bought. And, finally, I may inform you, that you did a very wise thing—it was by my advice that you did it, ungrateful man!—to sell out of the soap-boiling concern; for the hopeful firm of which you were late a partner are in the *Gazette* this morning."

"Carr Eversleigh! Carr Eversleigh!" I exclaimed, feeling very much inclined to weep, "how can I ever sufficiently thank you for—"

"Come here," he said, gravely.

He drew me into the window embrasure, and taking my hand in his, placed it in the bosom of his vest. I started back with a suppressed cry, for my hand came in contact with the well-remembered knot of the blue-black tress tied round his waist, and I felt once more the electric thrill to the marrow of my bones.

"It was all true," he said, sadly, "you came to the dusty house and let me breathe awhile. You silly man," he continued, pushing me towards my dearest Flora, "it was necessary for you to lose your money. It was the only practicable means I could devise, and I intended you to tame Mrs. Cruiser. Now I have enabled you to do it, and I trust effectually. There's nothing like a man's misfortune for softening a woman's heart. Commit that maxim well to memory. Now, be good boys and girls, and don't quarrel any more."

He moved towards the door.

"Dear Eversleigh," I exclaimed.

"Dear Carr," cried my wife, but I was not jealous.

"You will never leave us thus."

"I'm very sorry," returned he who once wore the checked suit in the Brighton train, "but I must. I've bought an 'A B C Railway Guide,' and the last train from London Bridge starts in half an hour. Could you oblige me with a light for a cigar? Good-bye; God bless you. I'm going to Baden."





Here ends the manuscript of Mr. Cruiser. From inquiries I have made, and, indeed, from some personal acquaintance I am fortunate enough to possess both with that gentleman and his wife, I believe that Mrs. Cruiser's cure was a permanent one, and that a more united, happy couple than the Cruisers do not exist in the parish of Kensington. They live at the Lower Gore now, have a promising young family, and move in the best circles. It may be questioned, however, if there be not some slight spice of egotism in Mr. Cruiser relating the narrative of "How I"—how he himself—"tamed Mrs. Cruiser;" the success of the lite-Rarey process in question having seemingly owed much to the agency of Mr. Carr Eversleigh. I met that gentleman at Hombourg in the year 1856, where he had an astonishing run of luck on the red. He died early in the ensuing spring, at Aix-la-Chapelle—it was reported of disease of the heart. He left a considerable amount behind him, which he bequeathed to a lady who kept a boarding-house in the Lindstrasse at Baden.

## THE TWO BROTHERS—A TALE OF THE WEST.

BY MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

"I AM going to have a quiet morning for study, I hope," said the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, as he seated himself, immediately after breakfast on Saturday, to prepare his sermon for the next day. Pen, ink and paper lay before him; his books were scattered around him in that orderly confusion so dear to a student; and the minister leaned long upon his elbow, in silent yet eloquent thought.

Mr. Cartwright had recently removed from a southern to a western state; and so great was the moral destitution around him—so much work was to be done, and so few were the laborers to do it—that he seemed really and unavoidably in the most imminent danger of working himself into a premature grave. The sickly season had just passed by, and the extra demands upon his time and strength, incident to such a period, had well nigh caused him to be laid aside, as a useless thing. To an ardent, active heart and mind, this is the severest of all trials; and an experience of the difference between active obedience and passive submission to the will of God has often sent a pang of agony to the heart of the suffering Christian. Mr. Cartwright, as a consequence of his late extraordinary exertions, had now scarcely strength for the performance of his ordinary duties, and he had therefore consulted a physician, and requested him to prescribe a tonic for the restoration of his prostrate system.

"I cannot afford to be laid aside, my dear sir," said he to the physician. "You see what is to be done for this rapidly increasing population. You know the plans I have in progress, how necessary they are, and how favorably they have been received. If they fall to the ground now, it will be far worse than if they had never been commenced. So, doctor, you must give me all the help you can, and that speedily."

"The case is a very simple one," replied the physician. "You have been working too hard, and trying to live too fast; and the laws of our nature cannot be disregarded with impunity. I not long ago knew a splendid young lady who used to sit for hours, during the coldest winter weather, with her delicate feet upon a damp ground floor, teaching a school of little Indian children; the consequence was, she went into a galloping consumption, and when I was sent for to prescribe for her, it was too late to do anything more than smooth her passage to the tomb. I know, moreover, that several of the children, notwithstanding their Indian constitutions, contracted the seeds of disease in that very school. The young lady was lauded to the skies for her self-denying labors; but I thought within myself that she had been transgressing one of the plainest commandments in the decalogue, and the words, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' ought to have been written in legible characters over her grave. Now, my dear sir, you must take that text, and preach yourself a sermon from it, and then you must take a little holiday. Go away for a time, that will be the best thing for you. People must pay the penalty of overtaking nature."

"How can I go, doctor?" replied the clergyman. "Who would preach to my people? Who would visit the sick? Who would bury the dead? Who would attend to all those benevolent operations which, even now, I find it so difficult to keep alive? O no, doctor, I cannot forsake my post."

"S'pose de Laud take you dough, massa?" said an old negro woman, who was dusting books in one corner of the study. "S'pose He sen' for you for go to Hebben, you guine tell um you can't go?"

"O no, mom Coombah," replied the minister, with a smile; "when He calls me I shall rejoice to enter into my rest, believing that He will take care of his own work; and perhaps I am wrong now in feeling so unwilling to be laid aside. I may be placing too high an estimate upon my feeble labors; but still, doctor, I must try to work a little longer. If my strength fails still more, I will begin to think that God intends to lay me aside; and He will give me grace, I hope, most cheerfully to submit."

"Well, my dear sir," said the physician, "the next thing I would recommend is the use of good old wine. Take a glass whenever you feel exhausted; I am sure it will do you good."

"But den de tem'rens s'iety, massa; how you guine satisfy you' conscien' 'bout dat?" sang out old Coombah from the corner.

"O," answered the doctor, "if I, as a physician, recommend wine, nobody can say a word against it. It wouldn't be against the rules of your society then for your master to drink it, Coombah."

"Maybe not," said Coombah; "but I tink de wine guine help for mek massa do more an he got strength for do. So he will be de same ting in de end, an' maybe wusser."

"You mind your books, old mommer," said the doctor, laughing, "and your massa and I will look out for ourselves. You had better try the wine, Mr. Cartwright; I think you will find it serviceable. I wish you good morning, Mr. Cartwright. Good-bye, mom Coombah."

This conversation had occurred about a fortnight before the period at which our story opened. Mr. Cartwright *had* tried the wine, and it *had* given him an artificial strength sufficient for the performance of his duties. But he had seasons of dreadful prostration, and these were daily growing more and more alarming. He discovered also that the quantity of wine with which he had commenced, and which had pleasantly stimulated his exhausted powers, now produced scarcely any effect. At first he had taken it between the services on the Sabbath, and once a day during the week; but now he was obliged to take a glass before he could preach his first sermon; and when he came home he was so much exhausted, that it was necessary to take another. By church time in the afternoon he was prostrate again, and another glass was absolutely requisite to give him strength for preaching.

So, likewise, it happened during the week. He took a glass before he sallied forth to make his morning calls among the afflicted, and, when he returned home to dinner, he could not taste a morsel till he had taken another. Almost every evening was occupied in attending some public meeting, and of course he found it necessary always to prepare his debilitated system for the effort. Once or twice, a startling perception of the alacrity with which he hastened to the closet, would make him pause and consider; but it was only wine, good old wine, which he was taking as a medicine, at the positive command of his physician; moreover, he concluded that, if nature sometimes points out a needed remedy by her cravings, she certainly did so in his case, in language not to be misunderstood. Old Coombah, who, it would seem, had had some experience in these matters, cast on her beloved master many a look of sorrow, when she saw him so often raising the dangerous glass to his lips; but she said nothing.

Mr. Cartwright, as I have said before, had now seated himself in his study chair, with his books and papers around him, and had expressed the hope that he would experience no interruption. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, however, before a knock at the door announced a visitor. Old Coombah having retired to the kitchen, Mr. Cartwright, after in vain requesting the visitor to

come in, arose himself and opened the door. It was a neighbor who had called—a young man who lived at the distance of a mile or two; and right glad was Mr. Cartwright to see him, notwithstanding the wish he had expressed not an hour before. For there was to be held that very evening, a temperance meeting, and Mr. Cartwright had been considering how he could secure the attendance of this very Mr. Harris and his brother—and now here was one of them on the spot.

Report said that both the young men were quite too fond of a social glass. Noble young fellows they were, frank, warm hearted and generous to a fault—the very sort of men most liable to fall into habits of intemperance, so pre-eminently a social vice.

By this time, old Coombah had made her appearance, and she was directed by her master to take Mr. Harris's horse. "I fraid um, Mass Harris," she said, as she took hold of the bridle at arm's length, "I no is custom to hoss. Look how he dah back he yez!" (his ears.)

"Never mind, aunty," said young Harris; "I'll hitch him myself; you go and attend to your housekeeping."

"Nice young man, dat is," muttered Coombah to herself, as she walked slowly off; "pity he does drinks too much. Maybe he no him fault nurrer, ahter de doctor does larn people for drink." The minister stepped down from the door and walked with his guest to a tree at some little distance, where they fastened the horse; and then the two, arm-in-arm, returned leisurely to the house.

When they had entered and seated themselves, the minister mused awhile, wondering how he should introduce the subject on which he wished to converse with Mr. Harris. But he was saved the trouble of commencing it himself: for, after fidgetting a little in his chair, clearing his throat sundry times, and tapping his boots with his riding-whip, Mr. Harris thus began: "I have come this morning on a delicate mission, Mr. Cartwright, and I might as well come to the point at once. You know my brother, I suppose, sir."

"I have the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with him," replied Mr. Cartwright, bowing politely.

"Well, sir," continued Mr. Harris, "he's as fine a fellow as ever lived, George is; but, my dear sir, I begin to think he loves—that is, he takes—he—he—in short, I am afraid he drinks too much;" and here he leaned forward, looked earnestly into Mr. Cartwright's eyes, and lowered his voice almost to a whisper.

"I am sorry to hear it," replied the minister, returning his visitor's searching gaze; "very sorry for it, indeed."

"And the worst of it is," continued the other, with a sigh, "he's not aware of it, evidently."

"Yes, that is a bad symptom," replied Mr. Cartwright, scarcely knowing what to say, and wondering what would come next.

"Now what do you think of my persuading him to go to the temperance meeting to-night?" inquired Mr. Harris. "I'd be willing to sign the pledge for the sake of getting him to sign. Wouldn't that be a good plan?"

"Capital!" exclaimed Mr. Cartwright, scarcely able to restrain a smile; for he well knew that the elder Mr. Harris, who was now with him, was generally thought to be in quite as much danger as his brother. Besides, it required very little penetration to discover that the young man was, even then, quite too much excited.

"You see, sir," continued Mr. Harris, "the poor fellow had the fever and ague last summer, and whenever the chill was coming on, he used to drink hot gin toddy or something of that sort, to warm him; and he went on drinking till now. I'm very much afraid he has the habit fixed on him."

"Ah, I understand," said the minister, in a confidential tone. "I'd say your joining the society would have great influence with him."

"I'm sure of it," replied Mr. Harris, nodding his head, and looking thoughtfully down. "You'll be there, Mr. Cartwright, won't you? Of course you will. But now, you musn't breathe a word of what I've told you. You're a bachelor, Mr. Cartwright, and bachelors can keep secrets, I know. If you had been a married man, Mr. Cartwright, I wouldn't have told you

a word about my poor brother, not I." And, with a low bow to the minister, Mr. Harris left the house.

After reflecting awhile on what he had heard, and wondering if the young man, who had just left him, could be so blind as not to perceive his own danger, Mr. Cartwright once more seated himself at his table, and wrote his text. These were the words which he had chosen:

"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

It was an excellent comment on the scene which had just transpired, and Mr. Cartwright commenced writing with more than ordinary rapidity; but in a few moments there was another loud rap at the door. Mr. Cartwright threw down his pen in despair, and gave vent to an expression of impatience, for his nervous system was more easily irritated than it used to be. On opening the door, he saw there, much to his surprise, Mr. George Harris.

"What kin be de matter wid dem two brudder?" said old Coombah to herself, for she likewise had been brought to the door by the loud rap of Mr. Harris.

Mr. Cartwright shook the young man cordially by the hand, and they entered the house together.

"My dear sir," began Mr. George Harris, "I am sorry to interrupt your studies, but I want a little of your advice in a delicate matter. You are acquainted with my brother, I believe?"

Mr. Cartwright bowed in affirmation, not willing to trust himself to speak.

"Well, sir," continued Mr. George Harris, drawing his chair as close as possible to Mr. Cartwright, and speaking in an undertone, "I wish to consult you about him."

Then he looked cautiously around the room, as if to ascertain that there were no eavesdroppers about the premises, and finding the door ajar, he rose and locked it.

"I fear," he continued, "that my brother has contracted a habit which, indeed, sir, I am almost ashamed to name; but as you are a clergyman, I will tell it to you. My poor brother, sir, I am afraid—indeed, I am sure—takes——" and here he nodded his head, shrugged his shoulders, looked very mysterious, and finally laid his elbows on the table and looked the minister steadily in the face, saying, "You understand me, sir?"

"Why," said Mr. Cartwright, a little confused, "you have not fully explained yourself, sir. What dreadful habit has your brother contracted?"

"The habit of drinking, sir," said Mr. George Harris in the faintest whisper. "I have been suspecting it for some time, but now I know it. It is a thousand pities, sir, that such a fine fellow should throw himself away; but, in fact, sir, we must try to save him; we must leave no stone unturned. Don't you think so, sir?"

"By all means," replied Mr. Cartwright, "every effort must be made to save him."

"What would you advise me to do, sir, for my poor brother?" inquired Mr. George Harris.

"Why, perhaps you could persuade him to sign the pledge of total abstinence by doing so yourself," replied the minister.

"I have been thinking of that," said Mr. George Harris. "I thought of getting him to go with me to the meeting to-night, and then (for his sake, you know) I'll sign the pledge. I rather think he'd sign it if I did?"

"I am inclined to think he would," said the minister, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to weep; the occurrence was certainly both painful and ludicrous. Mr. George Harris was, even then, as his brother had been half an hour before, considerably intoxicated.

"You have my good wishes and my prayers," said the minister, as his guest rose to depart; "I shall be at the meeting to-night, Providence permitting, and will render you all the aid in my power."

"Of course you will not mention the circumstance to any one?" said the young man.

"Of course not," replied the minister.

When Mr. George Harris was fairly out of the room, Mr.

Cartwright indulged himself in a hearty fit of laughter. He really could not help it, and it was the quickest mode of giving vent to his excited feelings. That over, he felt calm again, and after a silent prayer to Heaven in behalf of the two brothers, in such peculiar circumstances, he took his pen and once more attempted to write.

There was the text which he had chosen, staring him in the face. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him. He clapped his hand upon his forehead, remained in that attitude for a moment, and then rising, went to the back door, and called loudly for Coombah. She made her appearance in a moment.

"Mommer," said Mr. Cartwright, "I have a question to ask you; will you give me a real true-and-true answer?"

"Yes, massa," replied the old woman, "I will answer you for true; dat is, ef I kin."

"Well, mommer, do you think I drink too much wine?" inquired the minister.

"Eh! eh! massa! What mek you ax ole Coombah sich a ting?" said Coombah, scratching her head, and trying to evade the subject.

"Because mommer," said Mr. Cartwright, "I have had evidence to-day that people can be in the habit of drinking too much, and yet not be at all aware of it. Come now, mommer, you promised to answer my question."

"Well den, my dear massa," said Coombah, "sence you will mek me tell you, I tink you does tek' mo' dan do you any good; an' I is 'fraid for you, my massa."

"Thank you, mommer, for telling me just what you think," said Mr. Cartwright. "So you are afraid for me, are you?"

"Yes, my massa, I 'fraid for true," said Coombah. "Any body does be in danger, my massa, when he git so dat he can't do widout he dram. You feels dreadful bad tell you git 'um in de mornin', an' you wants 'um de las' ting at night, an' you wants mo' an' mo' ebery day, my massa."

"That is all very true, my good mommer," said Mr. Cartwright, "and I feel obliged to you for giving me the warning. I will leave it off at once, and commit the care of my health to my Heavenly Father. If I only required it to carry me through any sudden emergency, the case would be somewhat different; but it will never do to depend upon an artificial stimulus to carry me through my daily duties. It is a dangerous experiment, and only aggravates the original difficulty; for in proportion as my nerves are wound up by artificial means, they run below par when the excitement has subsided; yes, and in an increased ratio every time. I feel it to be so."

All this time, old Coombah had stood gazing wistfully at her master, though the whole soliloquy had been totally unintelligible to her, with the exception, perhaps, of a very few words. From those she gathered that he had made up his mind to drink no more wine, and as she turned to leave the room she muttered to herself, "Tenk God for dat; I is see too much mischief wid dat same wine."

That night, sure enough, both the brothers were at the meeting. They had said nothing to each other about the pledge, but had merely agreed to attend the meeting together. When an invitation was extended to those who had not signed the pledge to come forward and do so, the brothers simultaneously looked at each other. "Suppose we go and sign," said each one to the other, both speaking at the same instant. "Agreed!" said they both, and, with a slight laugh, together they advanced to the desk, and together they signed their names, each supposing that he was performing the action for the other's good. Their only sister was there, weeping tears of joy.

The next day they all met in the minister's study, with heads clear, but bodies somewhat prostrated from the want of the dangerous tonic to which they had been accustomed. And they all acknowledged that they had been sleeping in fancied security on the brink of a dangerous precipice, and solemnly resolved to do all in their power to save others whom they saw in the same dangerous circumstances. The minister then invoked aid from on high, while old Coombah knelt in one corner of the study, sobbing as if her heart would break; but her tears were by no means tears of sorrow.

## DR. DAVIES AND GEORGE III.

There is a little anecdote at the tips of our fingers, which will serve to illustrate the difference between sermon-reading and pulpit-speaking. We find it in a rare old book, and as it is well told, the reader shall have it in the language of the unknown writer. The person alluded to is President Davies:

"This great divine, originally a poor boy of Hanover, Virginia, but for his extraordinary talents and piety early advanced to the professorship of Princeton College, crossed the Atlantic to solicit means of completing that noble institution. His fame as a man of God had arrived there long before him. He was, of course, speedily invited up to the pulpit. From a soul at once blazing with Gospel light and burning with divine love, his style of speaking was so strikingly superior to that of the cold sermon-readers of the British metropolis, that the town was presently running after him. There was no getting into the churches where he was to preach. The coaches of the nobility stood in glittering ranks round the long-neglected walls of Zion; and even George the Third, with his royal consort, borne away by the holy epidemic, became humble hearers of the American orator. Blessed with a clear, glassy voice, sweet as the notes of the harmonicon, and loud as the battle-kindling trumpet, he poured forth the pious ardor of his soul with such force, that the honest old monarch could not repress his emotions; but starting from his seat with rolling eyes and agitated manner, at every burning period he would exclaim, loud enough to be heard half way over the church, 'Fine! fine! fine! Charlotte! why Charlotte, this beats our archbishop!' The people all stared at the king. The man of God made a full stop, and fixing his eyes upon him as a tender parent would upon a giddy child, cried aloud, 'When the lion roars, the beasts of the forests tremble; and when the Almighty speaks, let the kings of the earth keep silence.' The monarch shrunk back into his seat, and behaved during the rest of the discourse with the most respectful attention. The next day he sent for Dr. Davies, and, after complimenting him highly as an 'honest preacher,' ordered him a check of a hundred guineas for his college."

AN OLD SAYING DISTURBED.—*Sub Rosa.* Lat.—"Under the rose." "I will, sub rosa, afford you my best assistance:" that is, I will, privately, secretly, confidentially: literally, under the rose. N.B. Much controversy has arisen about the expression "under the rose," and two different origins have been assigned to it. Some assert that it ought to be spelt "under the rows," inasmuch as in former days almost all towns were built with the second story projecting over the lower one, a sort of piazza or row, as they termed it, and which may still be seen at Chester, and some other old English towns; so that, whilst the papas and mammas were sitting at the windows gravely enjoying the air, their sons and daughters were making love where they could not see them, "under the rows." The other solution is much more elegant. Cupid, it is said, gave a rose to Harpocrates, the god of silence; and from this legend originated the practice, that prevailed amongst northern nations, of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the upper end of the table, when it was intended that the conversation was to be kept secret; and this it was, according to others, which gave rise to the phrase, "under the rose."

TRIFLES.—Think how one trifling act, even the wavering of a thought, will give a bias to the mind and lay the foundation of a habit which nothing afterwards can alter. Think how in the course either of virtue or vice, all may be safe or unsafe up to a certain point; when again one act consolidates the habit for ever. Before, there might be escape; now there is none. Before, heaven might have been lost; now it is gained for ever. Think how our moral affections rest mainly on what men call trifles—how trifles please, trifles disgust, trifles irritate, trifles excite admiration, trifles provoke emulations, trifles rouse jealousy, trifles consolidate love, trifles are the proof of virtue, trifles indicate the habits: and in all these cases, simply because they are trifles.



## THE HAUNTED SPRING.

BY FREDERICK ENOCH.

The greenwood's shade and bower,  
The streamlet's spangled flow,  
That gems with silver shower  
The gold king-cups below;  
There they say the fairy dances  
In many a moonlit ring  
Are tript, till morning glan  
Around the Haunted Spring.

I've lingered oft and listened,  
The fairy harps to hear;  
But kind eyes on me glistened,  
With human love and fear;  
And a spell, the fairy dances  
To the heart can never bring,  
I've known in love-lit glances,  
Beside the Haunted Spring.

Still oftentimes I linger  
In the greenwood's twilight shade;  
But by no fairy finger  
The magic harps are played;  
But Memory's spell unbroken,  
Like a happy song, will bring  
Each word in love once spoken  
Beside the Haunted Spring.

## JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

A POWERFUL interest always attaches to what is but partially known, and this common feeling of the human mind has been remarkably developed in the subject of our present article. Not even the Grand Khan of Tartary, about whom Marco Polo wrote so provokingly, has exercised so largely the patience of an inquisitive public as the extraordinary people whose approach has been for so many years monopolized by a single European nation, the Dutch; and without arrogating to our own nation any undue praise, we may honestly claim for America the distinction of being the first to open the hitherto sealed volume of Japan. This secluded state, called by the Japanese Nippon, and by the Chinese Yang-hon, is an insular empire off the coast of the Asiatic Continent, about which,

until recently, we knew nothing absolutely. At one time, indeed, the Portuguese were admitted into this exclusive empire; but their conduct occasioned their own expulsion, and brought about a jealous antipathy to strangers on the part of the Japanese authorities. They suspected everybody, and shut out the world. The Dutch, indeed, were allowed to hold a limited commerce with the people, and yearly visited the port of Nagasaki, but the most successful results never carried the foreigner beyond the frontier of the empire. The interior of the country, the extent and wealth of its cities, were only known by hearsay, and Japan proper was a *terra incognita* to the rest of the world. China was regarded as isolated and exclusive, but China was familiar to us all when compared to our acquaintance with Japan. An impenetrable mystery shrouded the island state.

The recent war with the Chinese, however, has produced an unexpected result. The report of it spread with rapidity, and was heard within the sacred walls of Jeddo. That report produced a panic—a panic of which our own and the Russian plenipotentiary were the first to reap the harvest.

Not ourselves only, but the British and Russians have been admitted to Jeddo. European eyes have beheld what they have never seen before—its interminable streets, its comfortable houses, its spacious bazaars, its white temples, its high thatched cottages, its green batteries, its gigantic palace, its pleasant tea-houses, its square-rigged junks—all have been suddenly disclosed. We have made the acquaintance of Jeddo in a day, and have been favorably received by its people.

The empire of Japan comprises five large, and a great number of small islands. The three principal islands have a very uneven surface, the plains covering no great space, and the hilly country being extensive and rocky. Nippon is the largest of these islands, and has Jeddo for its capital. The empire has two emperors—one temporal, the other spiritual.

The spiritual emperor resides at Miaco, and is the descendant of the old race, who were dethroned by the ancestors of the temporal emperor (1583). He has the entire superintendence of religion and education, but no further connection with government. He passes his life in seclusion, surrounded by numerous officials, who treat him with divine honors. He never eats twice off the same plate, as the vessels used in his repast are immediately destroyed, lest they should fall into unhallowed



FUSI-YAMA, NEAR JEDDO.



hands. He never wears the same clothes twice, as the robe he lays aside at night is destroyed immediately, and a new one placed ready for him in the morning. The descent of the spiritual emperor, it is said, can be traced for two thousand five hundred years.

The temporal emperor of Japan, having his chief residence at Jeddo, exercises control over every department of government, except those of religion and education. The office of emperor is theoretically elective, but is practically a family heirloom. The chief nobles engage in a sort of election; the certain result is that the son succeeds his father. The nobles owe feudal duty to the reigning emperor, who obliges them to reside for six months in the year at Jeddo, with their families; during the other six months, he allows them to visit their estates, but retains their families as hostages at Jeddo. This practice is intended to prevent the nobles obtaining too much influence over the people—a very wise precaution, when we learn that some of these peers arrive at the capital during the season with ten or fifteen thousand retainers.

The Chinese and the Japanese have sometimes been supposed to be almost identical in their manners, but nothing can be further from the truth. The Chinese are stereotyped in all their principles and practices; the Japanese, on the contrary, are a progressive people. Their mental machinery is in motion, not at a dead standstill, like that of the Celestials. Many valuable lessons may be learned from the Japanese, even by the vaunted civilization of the West. The finest cities of our own country are in many particulars inferior to Jeddo. The people of that city carry out complete sanitary arrangements, and their homes are consequently healthful and agreeable. Everybody is clean, so that the eye is not offended at every turn by rags, and wretchedness, and filth. Baths and washhouses are regular institutions: there are no beggars, no cripples, no poverty, no squalor, no fighting, no drunkenness to be seen. Everywhere are the indications of thrift and industry. We are brought suddenly face to face with an advanced and advancing people—a people who know how to build comfortable and commodious houses, and to furnish them with taste and elegance; a people who know how to plan a city that shall contain an immense population, and which shall be greater in its extent than London, and yet be carefully and symmetrically arranged; and a people, moreover, which—not satisfied with the civilization which they have attained already—are anxious to avail themselves of every improvement that may be suggested. They turn out of their yards at Nagasaki locomotive engines; they understand the principle of the electric telegraph; they manufacture thermometers and barometers, theodolites, microscopes, &c. &c. It is astonishing how rapidly they pick up information, how thoroughly they appreciate all they learn, and how practical they are in turning everything to account.

The opportunities which the foreign visitors enjoyed of observing the habits and manners of the people seemed to convince them of their intelligence and industry. Japan is a fine country, and the Japanese a fine people, whose exclusiveness has not arisen from an assumption of superiority over the rest of mankind, but from a conviction that the wellbeing and happiness of the community would not be increased by the introduction of foreign tastes. Most striking of all is the fact that the Japanese are decidedly a progressive people. Great results may therefore be reasonably expected to flow from the opening of their populous and industrious nation.

Much of our knowledge of Japan and its people is due to the intelligence and activity of Townsend Harris, our consul-general there, to whom indeed Lord Elgin, the British minister, was indebted for much of his success on landing. Mr. Harris is, perhaps, the only American who can speak a sentence in Japanese, and his observations are of course the more valuable that they are derived from actual contact with the people.

#### INTERVIEW WITH THE TY-COON.

Mr. Harris thus relates his first interview with that mysterious personage, the Ty-Coon, or temporal ruler, who has hitherto been erroneously termed the Zio-Goon:

"Eight days after my arrival I had a public audience of the Ty-Coon, when I made an address to his majesty, received his

reply and delivered the letter. The ceremony, so far as I was concerned, was precisely that of any European court—three bows as I entered and the same on leaving. I stood during the whole audience, and wore new unsoiled shoes. In the chamber, only the six members of the council of state and three titular brothers of the Ty-Coon were present; they were prostrate on their faces. In an adjoining room some three hundred to four hundred of the princes and high officers of state were present. The 'camissimo,' or dress of ceremony, is different from other occasions, but, except the breeches, there is nothing worthy of particular note. The breeches are quite a yard longer than the leg, and when the wearer walks they trail out behind, which gives him the appearance of walking on his knees. They wear a black laced cap, which cannot be described in words, but is something like the caps worn by the Sintoo priests, which you saw when in Japan. The Ty-Coon wore a black laced cap of an inverted bell shape. He was clad in robes of yellow silk. Not a single pearl, diamond or jewel, or any gold or silver (except the small gold ornament of the sword) were visible. All was as plain as possible, and from its simplicity was most striking. None of the golden roofs, the fretted ceilings and gilded columns, which old writers describe as being seen by them, were seen by me. The interior woodwork of the palace was unpainted."

The peculiar reserve of the Japanese is amusingly exemplified in the consul's account of the mistake hitherto made in their emperor's title. He adds:

"For more than a year after my arrival I used the name or title of Zio-Goon to designate the ruler of Japan; so also, when speaking of the residence of their 'spiritual emperor,' as they call him, I named it Miako. It shows the perfect system of concealment of this people, that during all this time they never informed me that both the terms were erroneous, and it was not until a short time before I started for Jeddo that they informed me that the title of their political ruler was Ty-coon-ie—'great ruler'—and not Zio-goon, which means 'generalissimo'; so also, Miako means 'the court,' the true name of the place being Kiota."

#### JEDDO.

Jeddo, the capital, is thus described by Mr. Harris:

"I cannot give you more than a very imperfect account of this truly large city. The castle is the chief feature, and consists of four irregular circles, all surrounded with moats or ditches; the three inner circles have stone walls, being a bank of earth faced with stone, and varying in height from twelve to thirty feet, according to the nature of the ground on which they are built. The gateways through the walls open into a quadrangle of some fifty to sixty feet, the gate of egress being placed at right angles with this entrance gate. As a means of defence, it is unworthy the name, except against assailants with bows and arrows. The moats are fordable, and are eighty to one hundred and fifty feet wide, spanned with wooden bridges. The inner circle is occupied exclusively by the Ty-Coon and his sons; the second by the council of state and princes; the third and fourth are occupied by the Dimios, titular princes, and high officers of the government. I could not get any satisfactory information as to the population, number of buildings, or extent of either the castle or city. They pretended the most profound ignorance on all those points, and unblushingly declared that a census was never taken in Japan. They gave me a plan of Jeddo, but as it is drawn without reference to a scale, it is impossible to form any satisfactory opinions from it. If I can place any reliance on their statements, the city is about fifty miles in circumference; the outer circle of the castle varies from seven miles to five miles in diameter—all English measure.

"From the best information I can get, I place the population at two millions, and I think this to be rather within the actual amount. The houses are all built of wood and covered with tiles; none are more than two stories. The streets through which I passed were from fifty to eighty feet wide, but I am told they are much narrower in the parts outside the castle. I have not seen a single company of soldiers all the time I have been here; they appear to have studiously concealed them from me. The police are numerous and sufficient. Jeddo,

like other cities of Japan, is divided into "streets"—that is, a distance of 360 feet, where a strong barrier is erected across the street, with gates, which are closed at an early hour in the evening. Each of these divisions has an "Ottono," or captain, and is responsible for its own tranquillity. In many places the barricades are double, being placed some thirty feet apart, and form a little impregnable stockade against any force without artillery. I am told that Jeddo contains between 8,000 and 9,000 of these streets. From this an approximation to the population might be formed; but owing to the very great difference of the interior size of the squares, the estimate would at least be very imperfect."

#### HAkodadi.

This city was the second of the two ports opened to the commerce of the United States in 1854, and possesses one of the finest harbors in Japan. The city is built at the base of a steep and irregular hill, the characteristics of the place being identical with those of other Japanese cities. The mountain towering above the city is covered with pleasant verdure during the greater portion of the year. A considerable trade is already carried on at Hakodadi, though its officials were among the most obstinate, at first, in refusing admission to foreigners.

#### THE APPROACH TO JEDDO.

A recent writer has thus graphically described the entrance to the bay of Jeddo:

"As you leave the islands on your right, you approach the strait which leads into the bay of Jeddo, having on the right the province of Arva, with a bold coast and a broken, mountainous country in the rear, and Cape Sagama on the left—a headland, striking out into the water, and contracting the width of it to eight or ten miles. The coast on the right is perfectly apparent as you sail into the bay, hills rising upon hills, and mountains beyond mountains; but unlike those of many other countries, instead of being naked and cheerless, are covered to the highest peak and roughest crag with a mass of infinite foliage and vegetation. Neither hills nor mountains are very high, with one or two exceptions, but they are innumerable, compact and in form peculiar, being of volcanic origin and sharp-pointed, and so contiguous that they look like the haystacks scattered over the fields of a New England farmer in the haying season. Villages and towns dot the coast, and are thick along the ravines which open in all directions between the hills. Farther and farther the land opens to the eye, till at last you lose sight of it on the right of the bay, your course lying close along the western coast. As you approach Cape Sagama on the left, a picturesque sight meets the eye—a crowd of junks, great numbers at anchor, with their square sails spread out to dry, making a large cloud which you can hardly distinguish from others floating around, with hardly a tinge of blue in them, while further on opens this most lovely, quiet and large sheet of water, which hardly a breath ruffles, and over which, in all directions, junks are making their slow progress, their low set sails seeming to touch the water below, and unite with the clouds in the horizon beyond, while untold fishing-boats spread their tiny mat-sails to the breeze, which could hardly ruffle a lock of hair, and add to the variety as well as animation of the scene.

"The Strait of Sagama shutting out the motion and the surges of the ocean, and the hills and the mountains excluding the violence of the wind, the whole surface of the bay presents the aspect of an immense sheet of glass, over which those unwieldy junks seem to slip instead of sail in it. Hardly can they be seen to move, so feeble is the air that drives them, or rather seems to sport around them, and I could wish for no easier task than to keep pace with them on foot day after day.

"Protected by Cape Sagama, which runs out before it, lies the town of Uruga, which looks large and flourishing, lines of junks being drawn up before it, whose sailless masts run up like a forest of branchless and leafless trees. I observed a tall obelisk rising in the centre of this populous town, quite above the horizon and all other objects, but whose design of course could not be known.

"Uruga is not only favorable for trade by its location at the entrance from the outer bay into the inner, but here the custom-

house is located, instead of at Jeddo or any of the large towns near it, and all vessels consequently are obliged to stop here for a time, whether they are inner or outward bound. Hence the great number of junks which were at anchor outside of the harbor, with their sails drying in the sun, or else drawn up in front of the town. I counted nearly a hundred of the former, without attempting or being able to count the latter. The town is said to contain twenty thousand inhabitants; a part of it only could be seen, the rest being shut in by the narrowness of its harbor. Fortifications are to be seen, with numerous pieces of cannon, whose size, however, cannot be determined, as all are kept under cover of little sheds. It would be easy, with modern engineering and military science, to erect fortifications in this strait which should make entrance into the inner bay impossible, and Jeddo as safe as St. Petersburg or Gibraltar.

"Commodore Perry, when he approached here with his fleet in 1854, encountered a great show of resistance, all the guns on the coast being manned, and a vast number of junks crowding about him, and some officials attempting to board him, and, when repelled, throwing written orders into his ship, in French and Dutch, commanding him to proceed no further, and instantly return. The brave commodore, however, paid no deference to either the orders or the officials, being prepared for action, and resolved to approach Jeddo as near as possible, and make a treaty at any hazard if one could be made. He had two steamers in his fleet, besides five other ships, and one of the steamers was the very one in which I write this letter. No wonder the Japanese were frightened, for they had never seen a steamer before; and now, with their own heads and wits, they have built a little one for themselves, not a dozen feet long, and all of copper, on which they make little excursions on a little lake among the mountains near Nagasaki, the first port at which we touched. Is not this the country, as well as this the age of progress! Besides this, the Japanese have received a steamer as a present from the King of Holland, which brought the imperial commissioners to our ship from Jeddo, and is entirely manned by Japanese. The government has also contracted with the King of Holland for the construction of two more, and I have repeatedly seen a very fine, if small one in its way, as a present from the Queen of England to the Emperor of Japan, which will soon be presented in great form. Only a few years have passed away, and such changes have come over this mysterious people and their country. They expressed no wonder now, and they made no opposition. So onward we advanced over this 'sea of glass,' which a breath of air did not ruffle, which European and American keels had hardly disturbed, and Christian eyes seldom seen.

"But the coast has its wonders, and rivets your attention. Here the coast, unlike that of the southern part of Japan, instead of being lined with high hills and cliffs of perpendicular sides, with sharp and bold mountains in the rear, and running back as far as the eye can reach, sinks down to a gentle elevation, and sometimes to a plain, while in the distance Fusi-Yama only is seen raising its venerable and majestic head in the loneliness of regal dignity. Far back all the country seems to be nearly level, and if not a perfect plain, marked only by small hills and gentle undulations, but all covered by thickets or scattered trees and tall grass, rice fields, and a load of vegetation. Then single houses make an almost unbroken line, while everywhere, at short intervals, villages are seen, sometimes standing out in the sunlight, and sometimes so embowered and overshadowed by trees of the most luxuriant foliage, and only peeping out here and there under the thick and long branches.

"Among these large towns are Yakazama, close to us on the left, and Kanawaga, off which we at last anchored, some three or four miles from the shore, the water being too shallow to allow a ship of the draft of the Powhatan to approach nearer. All communication with the town must be by boats, which was briskly kept up, till, the business of the commodore and Mr. Harris, U. S. consul-general, being accomplished, we weighed anchor again. Kanawaga, the town in which Commodore Perry negotiated his treaty with Japan, not being allowed to enter the imperial city, Jeddo, which is only fifteen miles dis-



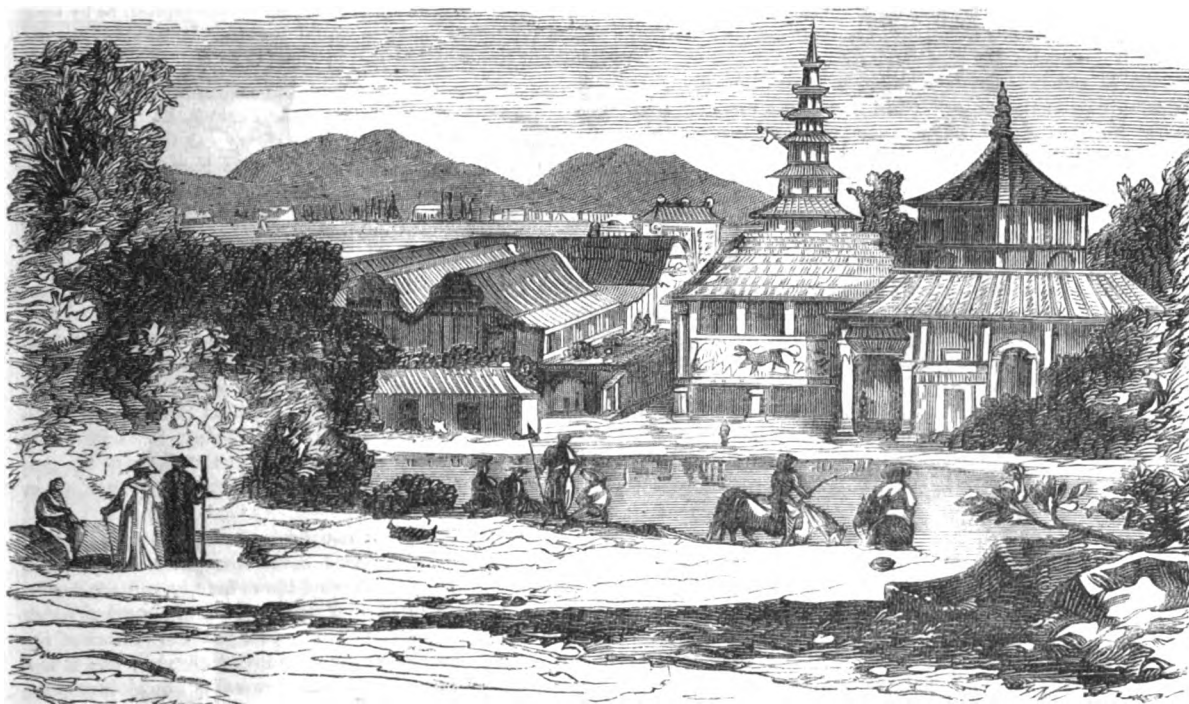


NATIVES OF JAPAN.

tant, and on the right hand from Kanawaga as you face the north—Kanawaga stretches along the shore for half a dozen miles and more, in straight streets, running one behind another, and contains a population of thirty thousand souls. Yakagama is hardly less, and both look finely from the bay. When we had cast anchor, taking my glass I ascended the hurricane



ROAD LEADING TO JEDDO.



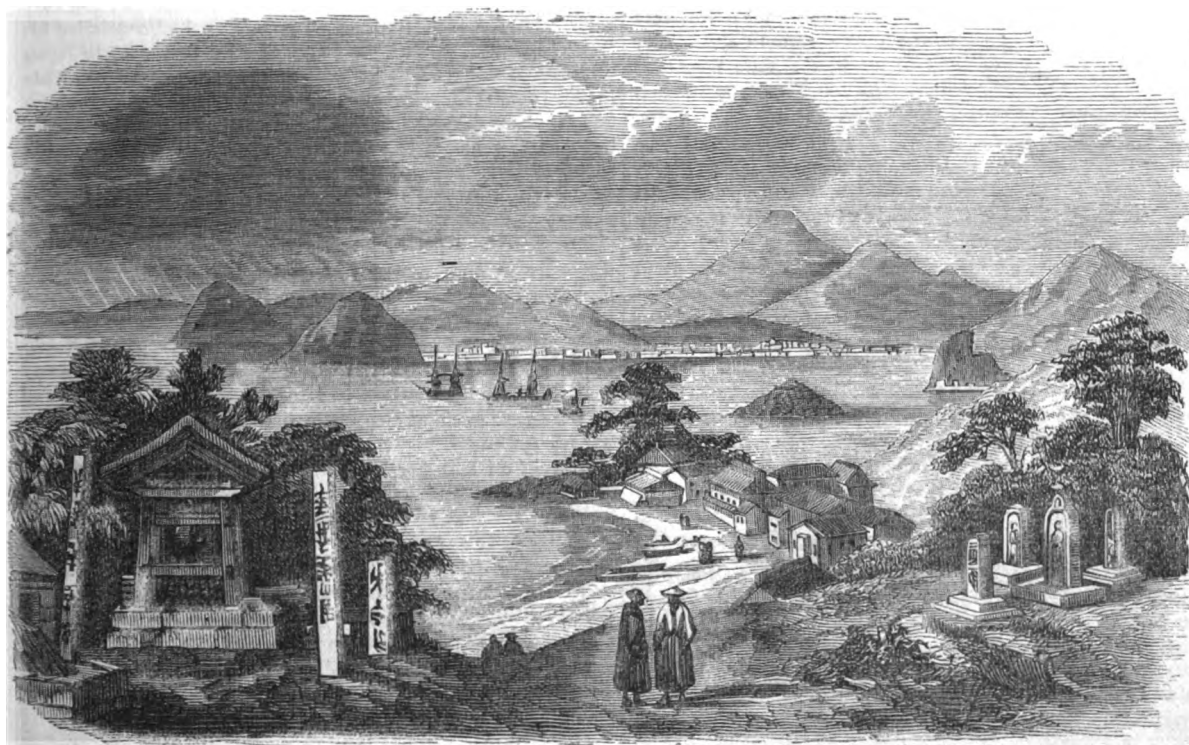
JUKIN PAGODA, NEAR JEDDO.

deck, and looked, far as my aided vision could reach, over the beautiful sheet of water and the coasts which bound it, and the country which lies back of it.

"But yonder! there Fusi-Yama rises, the Incomparable Mountain, as the words mean, an immense dome rising in solitary grandeur, having an immense base, and capping its head in the clouds, fifteen thousand feet high! in the deep ravines I see immense beds of snow and ice, which never disappear. Then at times the clouds roll away, revealing the uppermost

inch, and showing a truncated cone which the sword of more than a giant had cut smoothly off. Here is the old crater, which for untold ages had belched out smoke, fire and lava, and 'tired out' one hundred and seventy years ago, since which it has neither worried itself or others, becoming quite a decent and respectable mountain. A grander and more sublime one hardly exists. It requires, as the Japanese say, three days for the ascent.

"The sparkling waters of this serene bay, the green shores,



SIMODA, JAPAN.

and the cottages, the villages and the towns, which crowd upon and line them, the fields, forests, the mass of verdure covering all and adorning all; the hundreds of sails spread over the bay and close around you; the great and hitherto tabooed imperial Jeddo, whose streets, seventeen miles long, or at least one of them, run down to the water's edge, and whose monarch lives in almost the seclusion and solitude of a god, and is revered almost as such; while grand Fusi-Yama rises its head fifteen thousand feet above this green carpet and this quiet inland sea; nothing can equal the scene in beauty, sublimity and variety."

#### THE BRITISH IN JAPAN.

The proceedings of the British negotiations under Lord Elgin, which resulted in a successful treaty, are of great interest:

On the 3d of August her Majesty's ships *Furious*, *Retribution*, *Ice* (gunboat), and steam yacht *Emperor*, destined as a present for his Majesty the Ty-Coon, entered the port of Nagasaki, and steaming past the point at which a line of junks have heretofore been moored to bar the ingress of foreign ships, cast anchor immediately off the city and Dutch factory of Decima. On the following day the *Calcutta*, having on board the admiral, accompanied by the *Inflexible*, joined the squadron.

Nothing can exceed in picturesque beauty the bay of Nagasaki and the situation of the city at its extremity; swelling hills covered with the most luxuriant verdure rise from the water's edge. The steep thatched roofs of snug cottages peep from out the dense foliage amid which they are nestled; white temples perched upon overhanging points contrast brilliantly with their dark green setting. In some places precipitous walls of rock are mirrored in the azure blue of the water at their base; in others, drooping branches kiss its calm surface. Green batteries guard projecting points, and rock-cut steps ascend the steep hill sides, clothed with heavy forests, or terraced with rice fields. Boats of quaint construction, with sharp pointed prows and broad sterns, above which flutter two black and white flags—the imperial colors—glide across the harbor, propelled by stalwart naked figures, who scull to the tune of a measured chant. The fore part of the boat is covered by a roof, and contains a posse of two-sworded officials, who incontinently board each ship as it anchors, speak very fair Dutch, are extremely inquisitive, but very gentlemanlike and good-natured, and who, after official curiosity has been satisfied, proceed to make their reports, and return, in all probability, to circumnavigate the ship as a guard boat during the rest of its stay in the harbor. A Dutch merchant ship and a Japanese man-of-war screw steamer were the only vessels in the harbor when we arrived and anchored about half a mile from the shore.

The city of Nagasaki covers a plain at the end of the harbor, but it has outgrown its area, and the houses cluster up the spurs of the hills that sink into it; and the streets are in places so steep as to render steps necessary. Formerly foreigners were not allowed to enter the town, and the Dutch were only permitted to leave their prison of Decima under a strong escort of officials, and when permission had been formally asked and obtained. Now the barriers have been so far broken down that we explored at pleasure the shops and streets of the town—not, as in China, an offensive and disgusting operation, but a charming and agreeable amusement. The streets are broad, clean, and free from foul odors; the people civil and courteous; and if the shops in the town do not afford many interesting objects of speculation, the bazaars, which are stocked with lacquer, china, &c., for the express benefit of foreigners, are so tempting, that few can leave them without experiencing a considerable drain upon their resources. Fortunately, this was a temptation to which we were not exposed for any great length of time.

Immediately on the admiral's arrival it became necessary to decide upon the steps which should be taken for the presentation of the yacht. The distance of Nagasaki from the capital of the empire, and the comparative insignificance of the principal authority, rendered it very undesirable that so important an act should be performed there. As Mr. Ward, the commander of the yacht, had been instructed to deliver it over, if possible, at Jeddo, it was therefore determined that he should proceed at once to that place. Lord Elgin determined, by accompanying

the yacht, to avail himself of the opportunity which would thus be presented of gaining access to the capital, as by these means additional facilities would doubtless be afforded for carrying out the object he had in view.

No sooner was it decided that the presentation of the yacht should take place at Jeddo, than the *Furious*, *Retribution*, *Ice*, and *Emperor* started for Simoda. Heavy gales obliged all four ships to run in for shelter at the bay of Nagasaki, and it was not until the morning of the 10th that they sighted the lofty volcanic mountain of Fusi-Yama. Towering, like Etna, to a perfect cone, eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, it was first visible at a distance of upwards of one hundred miles, its beautiful outline defined sharp and clear, with the first gray tints of morning. This celebrated mountain, so dear to the Japanese, has been created by him into a household god. Fusi-Yama is painted at the bottom of the delicate china cup from which he sips his tea; it is represented on the lacquer bowl from which he eats his rice. He fans himself with Fusi-Yama—he hands things to you on Fusi-Yama; it is on the back of his looking-glass, it is embroidered on the skirts of his garments, and is the background of every Japanese work of art or imagination.

Simoda is a lovely but dangerous harbor. Its apparently sheltered nooks and secluded coves woo you into their embraces, and when the south wind blows fiercely you are dashed to atoms upon their ribs of iron. The earthquake which wrecked the Russian frigate *Diana* changed the surface of the bottom, and there is now no good holding ground; but it is a fairy land to look upon, and in calm weather the picture of repose and security. Here, too, there is a Goyoshi, or bazaar, and a better display of lacquer and china than at Nagasaki; but it is a town of no local importance, containing some three or four thousand inhabitants; and when under the new treaty the port is shut up will sink into its normal condition of a fishing village.

At the head of the bay the American flag flaunts proudly; for two years it has waved in solitary magnificence over the exiles who during that period have represented American interests in this remote corner of the globe. Cut off from all communion from their fellow men, and sacrificing in the interests of civilization and commerce the blessings of all social intercourse, their efforts have at last been crowned with success, and the ambassador heard from Mr. Harris that he had only returned a few days from Jeddo, where he had concluded his treaty, and where Count Putiatine, who had proceeded to Japan direct from the Gulf of Pecheli, was at that moment negotiating. The Dutch resident at Nagasaki, Mr. Donker Curtius, had also been for some time engaged in negotiating at Jeddo, but had left before the intelligence had arrived there of the treaty of Tien-tsin, and had consequently failed altogether in signing any treaty at all. He was at that time on his return journey overland to Nagasaki. Had any doubts existed as to the propriety of proceeding without delay to negotiate at Jeddo, they were at once solved by this intelligence, for it became incumbent on the ambassador to lose no time in securing for Great Britain those advantages and privileges which other nations either had acquired or were acquiring, and in placing her, without delay, in the position of the other European powers at that time represented in Japan. As, unfortunately, all the efforts made at Nagasaki to procure a Dutch interpreter had proved unavailing, an insuperable difficulty seemed to present itself on learning that the only language in which the Japanese could communicate was Dutch. This obstacle was, however, removed by the friendly act of Mr. Harris, who, with great liberality and courtesy, placed his own interpreter, Mr. Huesken, at Lord Elgin's disposal. During the fortnight's stay of the squadron at Jeddo, the services of this gentleman were in constant request, and his readiness to oblige rendered him universally popular, while in his official capacity his knowledge of the people and familiarity with their habits, acquired during a residence among them of two years, must have rendered him invaluable.

Simoda is about eighty miles from the city of Jeddo, situate at the extreme point of the promontory which forms one side



of the capacious bay, or rather gulf, at the head of which the capital is placed. Up this bay the squadron proceeded, with a fair wind, on the morning of the 12th, and passing through the Straits of Uruaga, the left shore of which is feathered with rich verdure and indented with little bays, reached a point opposite the port of Kanawaga, beyond which no foreign ships had ever ventured, and where the Russian squadron could then be discerned at anchor. Captain Osborne, however, professing his readiness to explore the unknown waters at the head of the bay, and to approach as near the city as possible, Lord Elgin seemed determined not to lose an opportunity of establishing a precedent likely to be so important in our future intercourse with Japan, and to the astonishment of both Russians and Japanese, the British ships deliberately passed the sacred limit without communicating with the shore, and a few minutes after were cautiously feeling their way round a long spit of land which runs far out into the bay, and offers some danger to the navigator.

An instinct for deep water must have guided the ships along the channel, which was afterwards found to be sufficiently narrow and tortuous, but at last all our doubts as to the feasibility of the enterprise were removed by the appearance of several large square-rigged Japanese vessels at anchor, the draught of water of which was a guarantee for our own. Behind these rose gradually out of the waters of the bay a line of insulated forts, which marked the defences of Jeddo, while an extensive suburb, running along the western shore, formed a continuous street as far as the eye could reach. The ships ultimately anchored in three fathoms of water, about a mile and a half from this suburb, and the same distance from the fine island forts above mentioned, which are situated on a sand-bank, the intervening channels being always covered with water. About a mile beyond these forts, and parallel to them, lay the main body of the city, the wooded height, on which is situated the castle of the Ty-Coon, forming a conspicuous object.

The arrival of the British squadron in waters which the Japanese had sedulously represented as being too shallow to admit of the approach of large ships, filled them with dismay and astonishment; boats followed each other with officials of ascending degrees of rank to beg them to return to Kanawaga; and finally urgent representations were made to the ambassador on the subject. The pleas generally put forward were amusing and characteristic: first, it was said the anchorage was dangerous, but the presence of their own squadron was referred to as an evidence to the contrary; then, that it would be impossible to procure and send off supplies, but it was protested that if necessary we could do without these. The merits and comforts of Kanawaga were expatiated on in vain; the paramount duty was the delivery of the yacht at Jeddo, and to deliver the yacht there it was necessary to remain at the present anchorage. No sooner was this settled than the Japanese, in their usual way, became perfectly reconciled to the arrangement, sent off supplies with great willingness, and began to prepare a residence on shore for Lord Elgin and his staff. It appeared that Count Putiatine had been delayed for ten days negotiating on this subject at Kanawaga, and only succeeded in taking up his residence at Jeddo on the same day that we cast anchor before the town. He had made the journey overland from Kanawaga, a distance of eighteen miles.

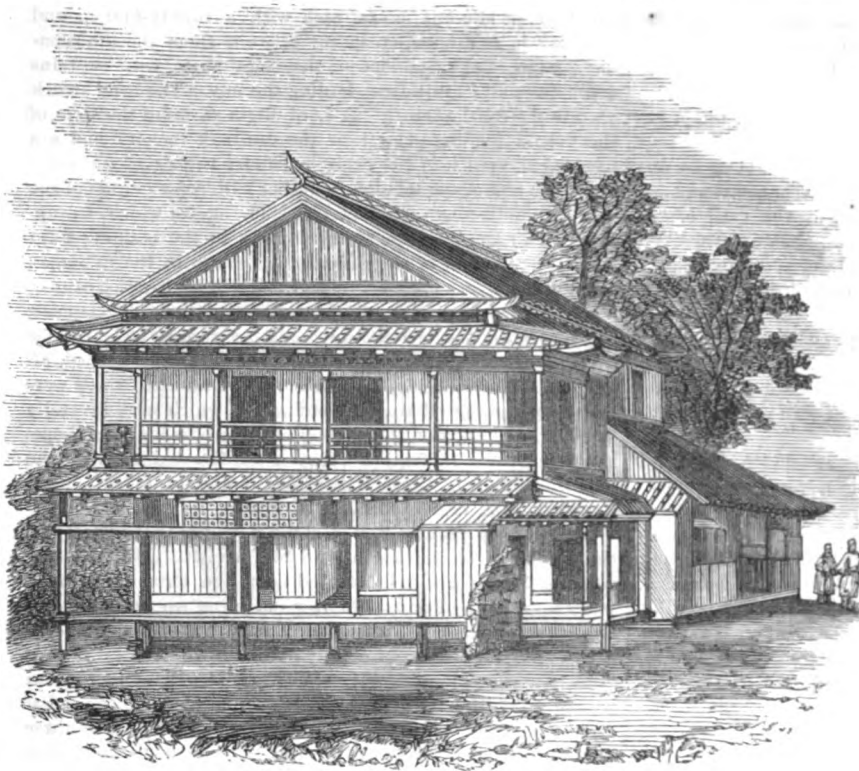
The landing of a British ambassador in state at the capital of the empire of Japan was only in keeping with the act of unparalleled audacity which had already been committed in anchoring British ships within the sacred limits of its harbor. Japanese officials were sent off to superintend the operation, but they little expected to make the return voyage in one of her majesty's gunboats, with thirteen ships' boats in tow, amid the thunder of salutes, the inspiring strains of a naval band, and the flutter of hundreds of flags with which the ships were dressed. Close under the green batteries, threading its way amid hosts of huge-masted, broad-sterned junks, the little *Lee*, surrounded by her gay flotilla, steamed steadily, and not until the water had shoaled to seven feet, and the Japanese had ceased to remonstrate, or even to wonder, from sheer despair, did she drop anchor, and the procession of boats was formed,

the four paddle-box boats, each with a twenty-four pound howitzer in her bows, enclosing between them the ambassador's barge, the remainder of the ships' boats, with captains and officers all in full dress, leading the way. The band struck up "God Save the Queen" as Lord Elgin ascended the steps of the official landing-place near the centre of the city, and was received and put into his chair by sundry two-sworded personages; the rest of the mission, together with some officers of the squadron, following on horseback. The crowd which, for upwards of a mile, lined the streets leading to the building fixed on as the residence of the embassy was dense in the extreme; the procession was preceded by policemen in harlequin costume, jingling huge iron rods of office, hung with heavy clanging rings, to warn the crowd away. Ropes were stretched across the cross streets, down which masses of the people rushed, attracted by the novel sight, while every few hundred yards were gates partitioning off the different wards, which were severally closed immediately on the passing of the procession, thus hopelessly barring the further progress of the old crowd, who strained anxiously through the bars and envied the persons composing the rapidly forming nucleus.

During Lord Elgin's stay of eight days on shore nearly all the officers of the squadron paid him a visit. His residence was a portion of a temple situated upon the outskirts of what was known as the Princes' Quarter—in other words, it was the Harlem of Jeddo. In front of it was a street which continued for ten miles, as closely packed with houses, and as densely crowded with people as it is from the Battery to Union Square. At the back of it stretched a wide and somewhat dreary aristocratic quarter, containing the residences of three hundred and sixty hereditary princes, each a petty sovereign in his own right, many of them with half a dozen town houses, and some of them able to accommodate in these same mansions ten thousand retainers. Passing through the spacious and silent (except where a party of English were traversing them) streets, we arrive at the outer moat of the castle; crossing it, we are still in the Princes' Quarter, but are astounded as we reach its further limit at the scene which now bursts upon us—a magnificent moat, seventy or eighty yards broad, faced with a smooth green escarpment as many feet in height, above which runs a massive wall composed of stones Cyclopic in their dimensions. This is crowned, in its turn, by a lofty palisade. Towering above all, the spreading arms of giant cedars proudly display themselves, and denote that within the imperial precincts the picturesque is not forgotten. From the highest point of the fortifications in rear of the castle a panoramic view is obtained of the vast city with its two million and a half inhabitants, and an area equal to, if not greater than, that of London. The castle alone is computed to be capable of containing forty thousand souls.

But the party on shore did not confine itself to exploring the city alone; excursions of ten miles into the country were made in two different directions, and but one opinion prevailed with respect to the extraordinary evidences of civilization which met the eye in every direction. Every cottage, temple and tea-house was surrounded by gardens laid out with exquisite taste, and the most elaborate neatness was skilfully blended with grandeur of design. The natural features of the country were admirably taken advantage of, and a long ride was certain to be rewarded by a romantic scene, where a tea-house was picturesquely perched over a waterfall, or a temple reared its carved gables amid rows of ancient cedars. The tea-house is a national characteristic of Japan. The traveller, wearied with the noonday heat, need never be at a loss to find rest and refreshment; stretched upon the softest and cleanest of matting, imbibing the most delicately flavored tea, inhaling through a short pipe the fragrant tobacco of Japan, he resigns himself to the ministrations of a bevy of fair damsels, who glide rapidly and noiselessly about, the most zealous and skilful of attendants.

In their personal cleanliness the Japanese present a marked contrast to the Chinese; no deformed objects meet the eye in the crowded streets; cutaneous diseases seem almost unknown. In Nagasaki, towards evening, a large number of the male and female population might be seen innocently "tubbing" at the



A JAPANESE HOUSE.

corners of the streets. In Jeddo they frequent large bathing establishments, the door of which is open to the passer-by, and and presents a curious spectacle, more especially if the inmates of both sexes ingenuously rush to it to gaze at him as he rides blushing past. But it would not be possible to condense within the limits of a letter the experiences and observations of a residence in the capital of an empire about which the information at home is so very scanty, which presents probably a greater variety of interesting and curious matter to the stranger than any other part of the world. Suffice it to be recorded as our general impression that, in its climate, its fertility and its picturesque beauty, Japan is not equalled by any country on the face of the globe; while, as if to harmonize with its surpassing natural endowments, it is peopled by a race whose qualities are of the most amiable and winning description, and whose material prosperity has been so equalized as to insure happiness and contentment to all classes. It is seldom that the

Japanese quarrel, and beggars have yet to be introduced, with other luxuries of western civilization.

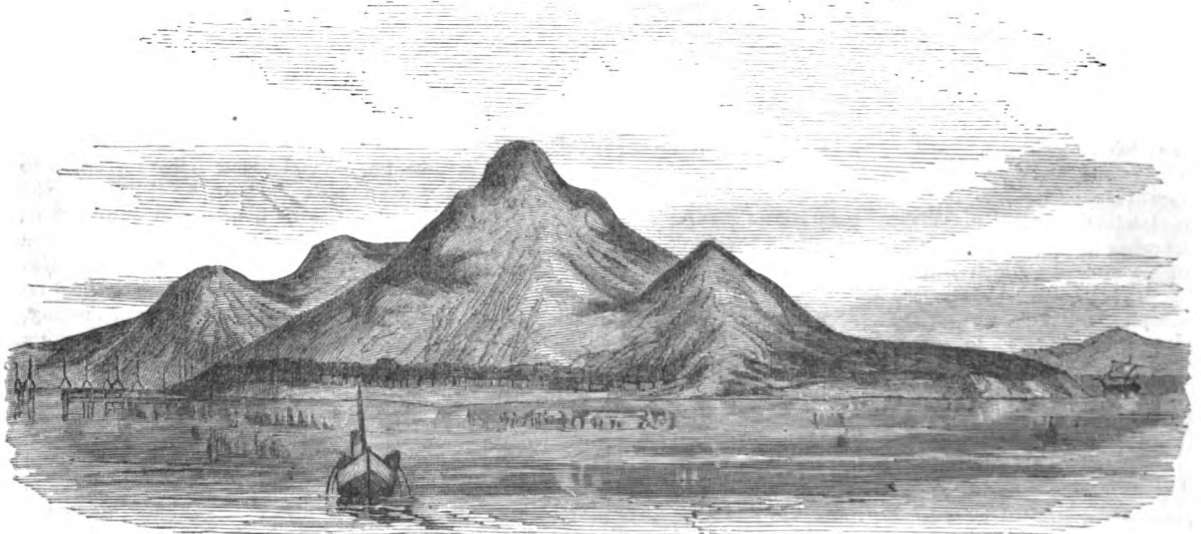
It is not to be wondered at that a people rendered independent by the resources of their country, and the frugality and absence of luxury, should not have experienced any great desire to establish an intercourse with other nations, which, in all probability, would carry in its train greater evils than could be compensated for by its incidental advantages. Their exclusiveness has arisen, not, as in China, from an assumption of superiority over the rest of the world, but from a conviction that the well-being and happiness of the community would not be increased by the introduction of foreign tastes and luxuries; and that very propensity to imitate and adopt the appliances of civilization, so foreign to the Chinaman, is so strongly developed in Japan that their rulers foresee that the changes now being effected will, in all probability, some day or other revolutionize the country—an apprehension which need cause the emperor but little alarm; no

one can doubt, who has visited the two countries, that the Chinaman will still be navigating the canals of his country in the crazy old junks of his ancestors when the Japanese is skimming along his rivers in high pressure steamers, or flying across the country behind a locomotive. We have yet to discover what the exports of Japan may be beyond camphor, wax and copper; but, from a consideration of the natural tendencies and "go ahead" disposition of the people, there can be little doubt that a market will at some future day exist in these islands for the produce and manufactures of other countries.

#### VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS OF JAPAN.

Little is known of the horticultural productions of these islands. Consul Harris says:

"The statements of *The World in Miniature*, concerning the Japanese radish, are much exaggerated. It is true that radishes are grown in every part of Japan, but nowhere are they a prin-



HAKODADI.





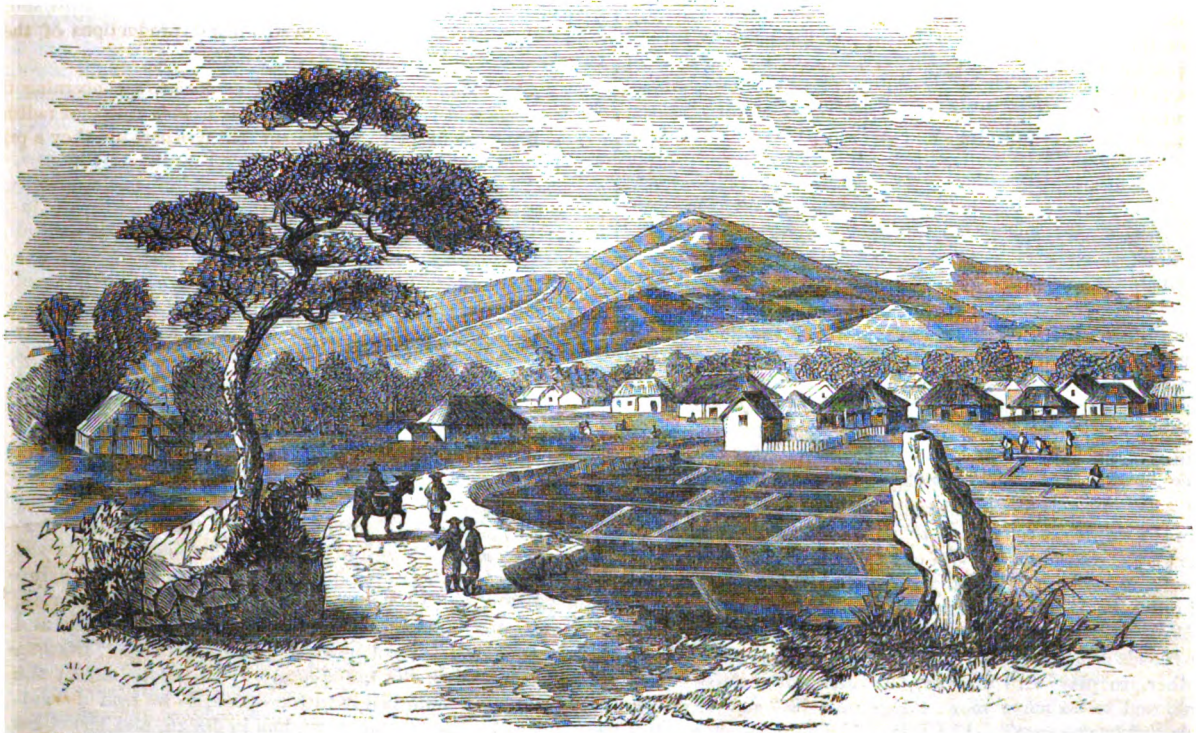
VIEW NEAR JEDDO.

cial article of food; they are merely an adjunct to the rice, wheat and barley, which are the great staple of the country.

"I ordered the best specimens of the long radish to be brought to me when I first visited Jeddo; the longest were less than thirty inches in length, and about one inch in diameter. This radish, when dried, loses more than three-fourths of its bulk, and looks very like a whip-thong. With the long radish, specimens of another kind were brought to me. These were shaped like our parsnip. The largest measured sixteen inches long, fifteen inches in circumference, and weighed four pounds five ounces avoirdupois.

"All of the radishes of Japan, when used as a salad, are inferior to the garden radish of the West, being tough, and not of an agreeable flavor. When boiled they are quite insipid, having nothing of the flavor of the white turnip or ruta bage.

"I shall embrace the first opportunity of sending you seeds of both the foregoing varieties, but have great doubts about these reaching you in good condition, as I cannot get the metal cases in which to seal them hermetically, nor can Wardian cases be procured here, as there is not a pane of glass in the whole empire.



VILLAGE IN THE ENVIRONS OF JEDDO.



"Very little attention is paid to the cultivation of fruits in this country; the cherry and plum tree produce magnificent blossoms, but they bear very little fruit, and that little is worthless. Peaches are far inferior to those of China, being quite bitter, and the same remark will apply to the apricot.

"I have seen only one variety of pears; they are in all shapes and colors, and are quite like a russet apple, but they are unfit to eat raw, and when cooked are quite insipid. The best grapes of Japan resemble the Catawba in appearance, but are inferior to that variety.

"The only fruit that I have seen in Japan that particularly merits notice is the *kali*, a variety of *Diospyros*, and belonging to the order of *Ebenaceæ*; it is really worthy of being introduced into the United States. Quite a number of sorts have been brought to me; one has a skin as thin as tissue paper, and the pulp resembles the Egyptian fig in flavor. Another variety has a thick rind, and a firmer pulp than the sort first mentioned, while the taste strongly reminds me of the flavor of the delicious mango of Siam and Bombay. The tree is very ornamental and of rapid growth. It would, no doubt, succeed in any part of the United States south of thirty-seven degrees latitude. Unlike the persimmon of the United States, there is very little astringency in the skin of the fruit, and frost, which matures the persimmon, greatly injures the *kali*. This fruit varies in size, but is always larger than its American relative, and some are seven inches in diameter. The fruit is in season nearly three months. The Japanese dry this fruit, which enables them to keep it for some four months. When dried, it resembles the dried Smyrna fig in taste."

#### AMUSEMENTS OF THE JAPANESE COURT.

A writer in an English magazine, who is evidently a British officer, gives the following graphic sketch of what he saw. It will be interesting to an American:

"They came with forty boats, or galleys, with from ten to fifteen oars aside; but on approaching the vessel all fell back, except the two which carried the princes, who came on board unattended, except by a single person each. They were bare-headed and bare-legged, wearing shoes, but no stockings; the forepart of their heads shaven to the crown, and their hair behind, which was very long, gathered up into a knot. They were clad in shirts and breeches, over which was a silk gown girt to them, with two swords of the country at their side, one half a yard in length, the other half as long. Their manner of salutation was to put off their shoes, and then stooping, with their right hand between their legs, and both against their knees, to approach with small sidling steps, slightly moving their hands at the same time, and crying 'Augh! augh!'

"At first the ladies seemed a little bashful, but the king 'willing them to be frolic,' and all other company being excluded but myself and the interpreter, they sang several songs, playing on an instrument much like a theerbo, but with four strings only, which they fingered very nimbly with the left hand, holding in the other a piece of ivory, with which they touched the strings, playing and singing by book, the tunes being noted on lines and spaces, much the same as European music. Not long after, desirous to be 'frolic,' the king brought on board a company of female actors not much better than slaves, being under the control of a master, who carried them from place to place, and who exhibited comedies of war, love, and suchlike, with several shifts of apparel for the better grace of the matter acted.

"Soon after we came in and had, with the usual obeisances, seated ourselves in the places assigned us, Bingo-Sama welcomed us in the emperor's name, and then desired us to sit upright, to take off our cloaks, to tell him our names and age, to stand up, to walk, to sing songs, to compliment one another, to be angry, to invite one another to dinner, to converse one with another, to discourse in a familiar way like father and son, to show how two friends or man and wife compliment, to take leave of one another, to play with children, to carry them about in our arms, and to do many more things of a like nature. They made us kiss one another like man and wife, which the ladies, by their laughter, showed themselves to be particularly well

pleased with. It was already four in the afternoon when we left the hall of audience, after having been exercised in this manner for two hours and a half.

"On the 1st of January, according to custom, most of the Japanese who had anything to do at the Dutch factory came to wish us a happy new year. Dressed in their holiday clothes, they paid their respects to the director, who invited them to dine with him. The victuals were chiefly dressed after the European fashion, and, consequently, but few of the dishes were tasted by the Japanese; of the soup they all partook, but of the other dishes, such as roasted pigs, hams, salad, tarts, cakes, and other pastries, they eat little or nothing, but put on a plate a little of every dish, and as soon as it was full, sent it home, labelled with the owner's name; and this was repeated several times. Salt beef and the like, which the Japanese do not eat, were set by and used as medicine. The same may be said of the salt butter, of which I was frequently desired to cut a slice for some of the company. It is made into pills, and taken daily in consumption and other disorders. After dinner warm saki was handed round, which was drunk out of lacquered wooden cups. On this festive occasion the director invited from the town several handsome girls, partly for the purpose of serving out the saki, and partly to dance and bear the girls company already on the island. After dinner these girls treated the Japanese to several of their own country messes, placed on small square tables, which were decorated with artificial fir-trees, the leaves of which were made of green silk, and in several places sprinkled over with white cotton, in imitation of the winter's snow. The girls never presented the saki standing, but, after their own fashion, sitting. In the evening they danced, and about five o'clock the company took leave."

#### THE FUTURE OF JAPAN.

The rapid development of the noble resources of the insular empire is now placed beyond a peradventure. American and European energy having already been infused into the islands, a demand for trade having grown up, the great inventions of the nineteenth century having been naturalized, a splendid vista lies before the intelligent and active, though reserved and exclusive islanders. Within very few years we shall see regular lines of steamers connecting Jeldo and Naras ki with San Francisco and Hong Kong; we shall see the mineral treasures and the manufactures of the islands exchanged for our articles of export; the American flag will cease to be a novelty, the English language to be heard without amazement—in a word, the happy energy of our countrymen will have thrown open Japan to ourselves and to the world.

THE EXISTING SPECIES OF HOUSE-FLY COEVAL WITH MAN.—The history of the fly leads our thoughts back into the obscure past, even to the earliest period of creation; and here again it testifies to the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. That the insect and its congeners were formed long before man, is evident from the circumstance that traces of its fragile remains have been discovered far down in the geological formations. Then, as now, each mechanical portion of its structure was suited to the element upon which it operated, or that entered the body of which it was to become a constituent part. Then, too, its wings propelled it rapidly through the limpid atmosphere, and its spiracles sifted the self-same atmosphere before admitting it into the circulating tubes. The insects that formerly existed were chiefly such as were suited to a life in the vast woods and forests, and their larvae were developed in the earth itself; but when man received possession of the earth, then the Creator altered the nature even of the human fly, and brought into existence new races, adapted in their structure and habits to the changed surface, or produced in greater abundance the requisite forms, that had before been but sparingly distributed. These revelled among sweet-scented flowers and herbs, and their young were reared upon decaying vegetation. Even in the past history of the insignificant fly, therefore, and in the links that have connected it with creation, do we read of steadfast unity of purpose, eternal wisdom in design, and boundless power in execution.

## LINES.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

I stood upon the Hudson's rising bank,  
 When in the heavens the midnight moon rode high;  
 And every stream that roll'd from rocky bed  
 Adown the bank, gleamed like silver strings,  
 Fixed by the frost king's spell. And every tree  
 Gaunt and unleaved, and robed in chilling white,  
 Like stalwart men withered and gray by age,  
 stood grimly desolate. A wailing breeze,  
 In melancholy cadence through the trees,  
 Sighed a sad requiem over Nature's dead  
 Or dying things. No sound broke on the night,  
 Only at intervals the watch-dog's bark.  
 Beneath my feet the sullen river roll'd,  
 Upon its breast a solitary barque,  
 Whose whitened sail, just touched by the moon's ray,  
 Flitted away like some dim spectral thing  
 Before the coming dawn. On either hand,  
 Far as the sight could reach, the river stretched;  
 Now broad in light, anon in sombre shade,  
 Where the pale moonbeam, sleeping in the mist,  
 Threw all around a strange mysterious glare.  
 Alone I stood. No sign of living thing,  
 Saving my lengthened shadow on the ground,  
 Disturbed the sense of solitude that moved  
 And won my heart to meditate on God.

## THE TEMPLE LANE TRAGEDY.

## PART II.

MR. ROYSTON occasionally entertained at his chambers select little batches of his friends, and very festal evenings resulted. There is an advantage which the parties of bachelors enjoy over other *réunions*: no guests are invited solely upon the conventional suggestions of social policy. The A's are never asked simply because they live next door to the B's (whom every one dislikes), because they are *so liés* with the C's, who are desirable people, and who will, when old D dies, which can't be long hence, come in for no end of money. It is a limited and choice band that gains admission behind the scenes of a bachelor's life, pierces the *arcana* of his single blessedness, mounts *au troisième* to view one of fashion's whilom ornaments in direct *déshabille*, puffing a pipe of most democratic tobacco, cooking a chop over his own fire, or swallowing beer from the pewter with the force of the most inveterate of bargemen. There are phases in the recognition a man receives from his fellows in the world, and the bachelor who in an invitation to his chambers uncurtains his life to you has given the fullest acknowledgment possible of the regard in which he holds you. Short of so grand a liberality are little dinners at the Brunswick, the Star and Garter, or superfine entertainments on the second floor of M. Kühn's, in Hanover street. Delicious *symposia* doubtless, but slightly unreal—with something of the leaven of social falsity about them. There is no fear of the tangibility of a short pipe and a pewter pot fading away like Cinderella's ball-room magnificence; but it is only to Brobdignag incomes, too bulky to be sceptical, that Madame Clicquot's effervescent nectar can assume the positivism of every-day fact, or be other than a dream-like and brief-spanned delight of intermittent existence. There can be no crinoline of sham round life in a garret. You are at once at the very bones of real being, and so it is perhaps quite as well to permit only friends to inspect the anatomy.

Perhaps Mr. Royston was of this way of thinking. At any rate, the men he assembled in his rooms were eminently his intimates. And further, as he was as bright, gay and good-tempered a fellow as one needed to know, none but those more or less possessed of such attributes were to be found at his parties. A charming *bonhomme* prevailed in consequence. There were none of those stony ignoring looks which so distinguish the glances of strangers thrown together in politer *salons*. Jack had a reputation for shrewd perception; and his guests were quite aware that whoever they might meet in his rooms were there by a title good as their own, and of right qualified to rank one of their set. Turn to what part of the room you might, you were at full liberty to strike into any knot of conversa-

tionalists, or throw your mite of jest or observation into the common cauldron; no one would resent your interference or, by way of acknowledgment, seek, by hard staring, to melt you into your boots.

Mr. Royston's profession I have already alluded to; his means of livelihood had a multifarious, if not an uncertain character. The same difficulty in the nomination of their occupations attached to his friends. The world is hardly yet prepared to recognise journalism as a profession, or, indeed, as a method of supporting life. It has been so long in the habit of esteeming as a penny-a-liner, or one remove from a street cadger, any one who may write in a newspaper, that journalists have scarcely yet had the courage to give over qualifying for larristers, by way of assuming a recognised profession. There were many followers of the indistinct vocation of letters to be found at the gatherings in Rowden buildings. There were many students of the "fine" and other arts. There were others to whom, admitting even the occupations of letters and journalism, it was yet rather difficult to assign any particular walk of industry. Intellectual *condottieri*, ready to go in for any and everything. Clever, with no prescribed position, always hard up, and yet somehow always spending money. Mental gamblers, who venture their wits against other people's wealth, and squander alike whether they win or lose. Human shooting-stars, who spring from nothing, and fall back into obscurity, and yet sometimes shine their brief flash brilliantly enough. Bearded men, somewhat unkempt, with bright eyes glittering out of rather hollowed caverns, with ringing laughs and vigorous action, while they rolled out their talk in strong and striking language. They were not particular in their subjects—would have shocked Tooting very likely; were not reverent of many things; were caustic and satirical; and would, probably, rather some one should suffer by a jest than that it should be withheld altogether. But they were good fellows, too, and had sound hearts, as hearts go, though they did beat behind rather tarnished shirt-fronts; and thought sometimes right and manly thoughts, though their clothes might savor somewhat of tobacco. What would have astonished a stranger more, perhaps, than anything else, had he broken in upon one of the *réunions* in Rowden buildings, was the universality of the men present, and that chamois activity of mind by which they could leap from one subject to another, and yet appear to have knowledge of and interest in all.

Some four months after the occurrence of the events narrated in Part I., Jack Royston had a *soirée* at his rooms in Rowden buildings. The visitor, as he mounted the stairs, soon arrived at the conviction that something unwonted was going on at the top, for a din of many voices penetrated the outer door of Jack's chamber, and descended even to the first-floor landing. Arrived at the door, it became necessary to knock pretty loudly with your stick or umbrella against the oak, when would appear Mrs. Grady, her face ruddy from additional labor and excitement, or perhaps from stronger causes; or Jack Royston, with his cheery, sunny face, his genial "By Jove," his jolly laugh, and his hearty grasp of the hand; and in another minute your hat was stowed away, Heaven only knows where, and you were launched into an apartment filled by the smoke of a dozen pipes, through which the smokers could only be filmy traced.

"We're doing honor to little Tom Eddis," cries Jack; "he's just come home from Constantinople. You can't see him just now for the smoke of his hookah; when that's cleared away, you'll see as much of him as his fez will let you."

"How are you, Tom?"

"How are you, old fellow?"

"He's grown, hasn't he?" cries Jack, "since he's been away."

"Yes, his beard," shouts some one.

"Don't talk to the friend of the sultan in that way," says another; "you'll endanger our Oriental relations."

"Ah! how's your Oriental relation—eh, Tom?"

"Pour on," sings out little Tom Eddis, majestically stroking his long beard, and a row of white teeth breaking out in his sun-browned face; "pour on, particularly the beer."

"When's Tom's book coming out?"

"What book?"

"His 'Tour in Turkey.'"

"That's not the name of it, it's to be called 'Eighteen-penn'orth of Turkey.'"

"Roast or boiled?" asks some one.

"Devilled," says another.

"For shame!" cries Jack.

The object of these attacks, a bright-looking little fellow, with a treble voice and a sharp, short, merry laugh, seemed as much amused as the rest at the comments and criticisms with which he was bombarded.

"He's a character," as Jack describes him, *sotto voce*, to a friend. "His foible is a defiance of all social discipline—a passion for vagrancy. He's got money, or had it once, at any rate, and might have got on in anything, but he wouldn't. He elects to be under a cloud, prefers night to day, shuns the reputable, and dotes on the vague. He lives in impenetrable lodgings, and never is there, but only to be heard of. He's the waif of accident, and starts off at a tangent for any quarter of the globe his fancy suggests. Absent, he corresponds with no one, but gives orders he's to be advertised for if he's wanted, and he'll turn up, if it's only to get the reward himself. He's rather fond of administering strong stories of his adventures; and it's a part of his humor to ascribe to political motives the abruptness of his journeys, and the secrecy of his returns. He deals in the marvellous, in fact, but always has himself implicit belief in what he narrates. Some one has described him as a 'conscientious liar.'"

"You've been to Cairo, haven't you, Tom?"

"Just come back—about that infernal canal! Precious work! I saw a certain noble lord—yon know who—yesterday. He's satisfied—grateful, in fact—so I think it's all right."

"I thought yours was a commercial mission?"

"Oh, the other thing! The purchase of one of the Pyramids. Well, I had only to sound, you know, not to conclude. I think it's to be done."

"What's that about the Pyramid?" asks Jack.

"The Sphinx, he means," says some one. "Tom's turned Mussulman, and asked her hand in marriage. The only difficulty is about the settlements."

"No," explains Tom; "it's an English company formed to buy up one of the Pyramids for exhibition here. It's proposed to stick it up in Lincoln's Inn Fields. They've measured, and find it will just fit in. They've already obtained permission of the Benchers. They'll board it in, and exhibit it at a shilling a-head."

"Not a bad idea," says Jack.

"No," continues the traveller; "only the emperor remonstrates against it as a bit-by-bit annexation of Egypt."

"Is it true, Tom, you've brought over a tame crocodile?"

"No; it's a joke. There was some talk of my engaging a troop of performing alligators starring it at Alexandria for the Drury Lane pantomime. But the negotiation went off."

"Were they clever?"

"Oh, very! They could do *la perche*, the double *trapèze*, and nearly all Firkell's tricks with cards."

In another part of the room:

"Is that your play at the Haymarket, Nacker?"

"No."

"I thought it was—it's so bad."

"Rook is authorised to be critical on the drama. He once wrote a farce."

"From the French."

"And a tragedy."

"And nobody was ever able to find out which was which."

"I beg your pardon," says Rook; "it was not a tragedy, it was a burlesque—"

"Same thing."

"And it had a run."

"On Miss Spanker's legs."

"They'd need to have been strong ones. It was hideously heavy."

"Now then, who's for oysters?"

"I'll finish my smoke on the parapet;" and Tom Eddis mounted to the window, and got out.

"There's a good view here," says Rook. "The River Thames, Bedlam, the Shot Tower, the roof of the Vic., and Waterloo Bridge. A man living here might write statistics of suicide, take the traffic over the bridge—into the river."

"There's a better view from my window," remarks Tom, critically.

"Where is your window?"

"Why, he lives in the Albany."

"No; Plumstead Common."

"Paradise Row, Whitechapel."

"Eaton Square."

"No. 99 New Cut."

"Short's Rents, Somers Town."

"Dark Arches, Adelphi."

Tom laughed.

"I am living at the end of Essex street, Strand. My room on the top floor looks on to the Temple, and up and down the river—a very fine view. My pipe's out; let's go in and try the oysters."

There was great shell-fish eating for some minutes. Tom was standing near the mantel-piece, making large crescent-shaped mutilations of a slice of bread and butter.

"I am curious, I am," says Tom, taking up a miniature-case.

"Whose photograph's this?"

Jack reddened.

"Oh, no one's," he answered.

"Then she's a pretty woman."

"Why, it's one of the Brownsmith girls!" cries Rook, looking over Tom's shoulder.

"Hush! Don't be a fool! By Jove!" and Jack pocketed the miniature.

"I've put my foot in it," says Tom. "That comes of asking questions. Halloo! what's this cross in the almanac against the 13th of May?"

"That's the date of the tragedy."

"The what?"

"The Temple lane tragedy."

Rook gave him a short narrative of that event.

"Well, that's strange: I missed it in the newspapers. The 13th of May—why, that's the very day I left for Turkey. And, now I think of it, I remember looking out of my window in Essex street, about dusk the night before, and seeing—"

Tom stopped. There was a face ghastly pale, looking towards him with a frightened, supplicating look.

"No; I'm wrong," he went on, in an altered voice. "I'll try six more oysters—only six. Thank you; not one more, or I shall have eaten too many. Nearly putting my foot into it again, I'm thinking," he muttered to himself. "Rook, who's the old man with the white hair at the sides?"

"And bald at the top! Old Tressell, from the second floor, next door."

"Thank you. I'll take the beer after you." Then, to himself—"Tressell. Ah! I know the name; he's written some books. I've heard they're good. What did he mean by looking at me like that? Second floor?—next door?—13th of May? That's funny. Fine old fellow! Aristocratic too. Bright blue eyes and heavy gray eyebrows. Small fine features and delicate hands. There's something strange here."

The party had lasted some hours, and at length began to break up. Tom was taking his leave, when a glance from Tressell detained him.

"I have to thank you very much," said Tressell to Tom Eddis, when the rest had departed, "for having desisted in your narrative."

"It seemed to me," remarked Tom, "that it would be more agreeable to you that I should stop: I did so."

"I owe you much gratitude," said Tressell, hurriedly; "but—but there are only us three here now: will you continue what you were about to relate?"

"Certainly," answered Tom, looking rather troubled, but filling his pipe in a composed and deliberate manner.



"Forgive me, Royston," and Tressell turned to Jack, "for seeming to intrude on you in this manner; I am aware it is quite time we should take our leave."

"Not a bit of it," answered Jack; "only put more grog in your glasses, and I'll shut the window, for the morning wind blows rather sharply."

Tom had now relighted his pipe, and was smoking calmly, with regular intervals between each puff, for he was something bewildered at the strange manner of Tressell.

"I have very little to tell," he began; "I was merely going to state that, on the eve of the 18th of May, the date against which the cross is made in the almanac, and also the date on which I started on my mission to Egypt and Turkey"—he paused, as though to allow his audience time to be impressed with the importance of his journey—"I was looking out of my garret window, at the end of Essex street. If it were light, you could see the window from here. It is a lofty situation, and commands a fine view. You can see the Crystal Palace easily. I used to sit there and smoke in the evening. I am curious, I am; it's part of my character; a weak part, perhaps, but that I can't help. I was in the habit of foxing off the neighborhood; that means"—to Tressell, who looked up at the word—"taking stock of, watching, reconnoitring, through a powerful glass which I possess, and which I have had for some time; it was particularly useful to me during the campaign I served in Hungary, under Georgei;" Jack started; it was the first time he had heard of Tom's connection with the Hungarian struggle; "indeed," Tom went on, puffing with an air of consummate magnificence, "the glass was given me by that general. I was looking towards the Temple—why, I know not—probably I was taking a sort of mental farewell of Jack and his rooms. Not that he knew I was living so near, though. It was half-past seven: it's astonishing the lots of clocks you can hear from my window. It was rather dusk, still one could see pretty plainly, and I was looking through a glass. I saw a man at the second floor window of a house in this row. It was not this house, but next door."

"It was the window of my room," said Tressell, feebly; "go on."

"He opened the window hurriedly, and looked out. There was a strange anxiety of manner about him that made me watch him. He looked over his shoulder, then down, then up, and ended in stepping on to the window-sill. I confess I was puzzled to know what his game was."

Tressell wiped his forehead. Jack stared. Tom quietly took in the proceedings of both with a glance, and continued:

"Close to this window there is a pipe for carrying off the rain water. We'll step out into the gutter afterwards, and I shall be able to point it out to you better. You can reach it, stretching out from the window below. The man stood on the window-sill, and holding on with his left hand to the cords of an outside Venetian blind attached to the window, with the other he struck out to grasp the top of the pipe. He missed his grasp; his hand struck against the pipe, but not high enough to clutch the mouth of it. He overbalanced, and would have fallen, but for his hold on to the ropes of the blind. He yet retained one foot on the window-sill, however, and so, with what little help he could get by leaning against the pipe, he contrived to ease a little his strain on the cords, and to keep himself up. I watched him with interest. I thought it was all over with him."

Tom took a drink.

"I kept my eye on him. He appeared to be endeavoring, still keeping his elbow pressed against the pipe—it must have been a fearful strain—endeavoring to get something out of his breast pocket. I saw what it was at last. It was a large knife. He bent down his head, and opened the blade with his teeth. I confess that I admired the pluck of the fellow. This takes some time to tell—it did not occupy nearly so long in action. Well, he opened the knife, and pushing against it with his hand and body—not leaving go the cord on one side, you understand, nor removing his elbow from the pipe on the other—he contrived to thrust the knife in between two bricks. By this means he drew himself up, until he was able to rest one knee—the right—on the projecting haft of the knife, when,

reaching up cautiously, he was at length in a position to clutch the mouth of the pipe. This time he succeeded, and still drawing himself up—it was not a nice task, and I felt rather sick at seeing him do it—he gained the top of the pipe, and to this parapet, leaving the knife sticking in the wall."

"Well," said Jack, nervously. "well, he got up; was that all you saw?"

"No," replied Tom, puffing a cloud of smoke, as though to envelope himself in an oracular mist; "no, it wasn't. He got on to the parapet, and found himself just opposite the window of the chambers next to these, which were at that time to let."

"Yes," said Jack, "Smithers didn't come in until mid-summer."

"Well, he tried the window of the empty room, but couldn't open it. Catlike in his movements, he came on stealthily to the next window—the window of the very room we're sitting in!"

"By Jove!" cried Jack, faintly.

"That window was also fastened, however."

"I know. I closed it before I went out."

"Yes. But it was more in use than the window of the empty room. He pressed against it, shook it, pushed one side of the frame up, the other down—it opened, and he got in—here."

Tressell stood up, pressing his hands against his head.

"By Jove! And he fastened the window after him?"

"Yes. He came back after a minute, and looked out."

"You saw his face, then—well?"

"I did."

"What was he like?"

"As well as I could see, it was rather dusk—he was young, spare, beneath the middle stature, though taller than I, I dare say. He wore a beard, rather light in color. What bothered me was, that somehow the face seemed familiar to me. Somewhere I had seen the man before."

Tressell glanced earnestly at Tom.

"Where I had seen him I cannot think. His look, as he gazed down at the danger he had surmounted——"

Tressell hid his face, and leant against the mantelshelf.

"By Heaven!" cried Tom, warmly, "I shall never forget his face as he looked out. It was the most ghastly thing I ever saw in my life. It seemed perfectly livid with fear. I could fancy a cold faintness had come over him, that a cry of agony was bubbling from his lips, that a sickening sensation of horror had almost paralysed him. He closed the window——"

"And sank back," said Tressell, in a strange, hoarse voice, "sank, a corpse, in the very chair in which you are now sitting."

Tom Eddis started; but, recovering himself, puffed his pipe more violently, and through the mist thus created stared steadily at Tressell.

"It is time," said Tressell, in a low voice, "that I should give my share of explanation. You remember, Royston, my coming up here? I knew you slightly before, and am proud that we have been intimate and friends since. You remember my gathering the particulars of your finding the body here?"

"I remember, certainly."

"And our going afterwards to view the body?"

"Yes; perfectly."

"And that I failed to identify it?"

"You did so."

"Yes," cried Tressell, passionately, "I did not recognise it, because I would not! but—it was the body of my child!"

"Yours, Tressell!"

"Mine! My own child! My only son!"

There was a dead silence. At length, in a subdued manner, Tressell said,

"You will condemn me, perhaps, for acting as I did. It must seem to you heartless—cruel. But hear me first. I will be as brief as I can, with justice to you, to myself, to him who is gone. My name, as you know, is Tressell—Bryan Tressell. I come of a very old Cornish family. I am aware I am speaking to men who will not greatly sympathise with any sentimental pride of lineage; but from my earliest childhood, I was

impressed to be proud of my name; and I have been proud of it—too proud, perhaps. On my coming of age—my father died in my youth—the possession of large landed property in the extreme west of Cornwall devolved upon me. Some few years afterwards I married one whom I loved dearly, tenderly. But in the first year of our marriage my wife died, giving birth to twin children, a boy and girl. God only knows how terribly I suffered. However, I hugged my children to my heart, and loved them as I had loved her who died to give them to me. Pardon me if I am tedious. My children grew up. My little Laura, all that her mother had been; my son, Hugh——” His voice failed him, and he stopped.

“It is hard—strange,” he went on faintly, after a time, “to hear such a story from a father’s lips. But it must be told. As though the good and bad qualities that compromise the nature of a human being had been, in this case, divided between the twins, in Laura every virtue seemed to be centred, in Hugh was gathered every vice. Sullen and crafty as a boy, these errors grew upon him as he advanced in years. He appeared to be without any perception of right and wrong, had not the slightest regard for truth, and no appreciation of honor or principle. I sought in every way to awaken in him a sense of what was right, what was due to himself and to others in these respects. In vain. He was abroad with his tutor. To my astonishment, acceptances in my name for large amounts were presented to me for payment. A mere boy, he had lost money at the gambling-table, and relieved himself from the embarrassments so entailed upon him by these forgeries. I paid the bills. I went to him, remonstrated with him, urged upon him the crime he had committed. He seemed overwhelmed with grief and remorse, promised amendment, expressed extreme contrition. It was but a trick to be rid of me. Hardly had I arrived home when further acceptances appeared, given since my leaving him. They afterwards came in incessantly. But my fortune was ample. With an aching heart I met the claims upon me, still hoping—praying—that the worst had come, and that exposure and shame might yet be averted, and my name saved from dishonor. But I had yet more to undergo. By and by his course on the Continent was to be learnt by his crimes, as a wounded man is traced by his blood. At Genoa, he was horsewhipped by an Englishman for cheating at cards. At Naples, he was apprehended on a charge of conspiring, with a gang of others, for purposes of fraud. At Florence, he was arrested as a forger and coinor, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. In every foreign town had his name become known as a synonym of infamy. He had long before this thrown off all the control I ever possessed over him. If they contained no remittance, or but expostulations on his conduct, my letters were returned to me without comment. He had insulted and dismissed the gentleman appointed to travel with him. All my urgent entreaties that he should return home he had met with contempt, or answered by defiance. Once again had I gone myself to seek him, and endeavor, by my presence, to stimulate him to a sense of his duty, not only as a son, but as a man. I encountered him in the public gaming-room at Baden. My remonstrances were met by insults—more—at his hands—aye, from my own child—God, that I should live to tell it! I received blows! He struck me in the presence of a room crowded with spectators!” His voice trembled so, he was unable to continue for some minutes.

“You can judge to what a depth he had fallen, how completely I had abandoned all hope of his reformation, when I tell you that it was almost with pleasure I learnt of his incarceration at Florence. The prison walls would at least prevent the perpetration of new infamies. I even prayed, Heaven forgive me if there was impiety in the prayer! that he might not living quit that prison. Oh, do not think me harsh or unnatural! Mine is no heart of iron. I loved that boy, whose baby form I had pressed against my heart so often; over whose cradle I had so often hung, praying for strength to do a father’s duty by my children! I loved him. He might have lavished my fortune to the last farthing, insulted me, struck me, and I had loved him still. But he disgraced my name. Oh, Heaven! did I too proudly seek to keep it unsullied? and is this humiliation my punishment? It is severe, it is severe!”

Much agitated, he rose and walked hurriedly about the room. No one spoke. Gradually becoming more collected, he resumed his seat and continued:

“My fortune was ample; but it had received a severe shock. My unhappy son had had no conscience, no hesitation, in his fraud. He had poured on these false bills. It was only an occasional flow of good fortune, or some successful scheme of fraud, that interrupted the regularity of their appearance. To meet these engagements coming in at all times, and for all amounts, I had made large sacrifices, and had been at times considerably embarrassed to find the sums required. I had even been compelled to apply the money I had set apart for the benefit of my daughter Laura. Then was started a company for working a mine alleged to have been discovered in the neighborhood of my estates. I wish to tire you with no prolonged narrative. The scheme was opened to me, and appeared to promise very important results. Anxious to recover, if possible, the amounts I had been compelled to expend on my son’s behalf, and believing in the venture, I invested largely. Suffice it to say, the whole speculation was a bubble and a fraud. Enormous claims were made upon me. I met them all. No demand to the extent of the smallest coin but what I met in full. At what a sacrifice! I was compelled to resign everything. Estates that had been in my family for years, which were some of the most famous in the country as prolonged hereditary properties, passed from me, and were sold for the benefit of my creditors. They were all paid. No man is in a position to say he has suffered one farthing loss on my account. With much to be sorry for, with a heart aching almost to agony, I may yet be proud of this. I left Cornwall, dispossessed of every acre in it, and too late in life to hope, as Hastings did, commencing his career, to repurchase once more the old ancestral manse.

“My poor child Laura went for a short time to reside with some relations of her mother. I came to London, it always seems a Golconda to a poor and absent man—came to London, to seek a livelihood by my pen. I had ever been possessed of literary tastes. I worked hard for very small pay. Still I could live, and, hoping to secure some appointment, from connection with a member of the government, qualified for the bar. I did not then reside here, but in lodgings in a suburban district, where after a time my daughter joined me. It is wonderful with what a strong and enduring courage a woman’s gentle nature, the sacrifice once become inevitable, acquiesces in reverses of fortune even the most cruel. For Laura the change, no less than the main cause of it, was indeed terrible. She bore it nobly. If she sorrowed, it was only because she could see how acutely I felt the severity of our reverse. Her love and her tenderness for me seemed to redouble. For a time we were almost happy, when, one day, my son appeared before me. Attired in rags, and fearfully emaciated, he was scarcely recognizable. With a gang of other prisoners he had effected a most daring escape from confinement, and, partly by less honest means, had contrived to make his way through the Continent. How he had evaded the vigilance of the police and crossed the frontiers, I have never been able to understand. Probably, however, his course of life had introduced him to the brotherhood of the fraudulent, and everywhere he might meet men at whose hands, as followers of a like profession, he was entitled to claim assistance. With the Continental police, moreover, there is a dangerous understanding with the dishonest. He had made his way into Switzerland, and somehow gained employment for a while as a common laborer on a railroad constructing there. Then, purloining the passport of a brother workman, he had journeyed to the North of France, crossed in a fishingboat to Jersey, and thence worked his way over in a sailing vessel to Plymouth. From there he had begged his way to the old home in Cornwall, only to find it tenantless, and his injured family gone he could scarcely ascertain whither. But he had found us out at last.

“What is it you seek?” I asked.

“Food, first of all. I am starving.”

“His wants in this respect were attended to.”

“And now?”

“Money.”

"I have none. You have taken care of that."

"I don't want reproaches," he answered. "I want money. I must have it, too."

"I have none. You are spared one crime now. My name is no longer of any use—not even to myself."

"Overdrawn the account, have I?" he said, with a cruel laugh; "smashed the bank? Well, that's bad. It can't be helped now. Don't speak. We'd better not talk too much. You don't want me here, I know. Give me money. I'll go to America, and never come back."

"I made great efforts, and at last succeeded in raising a sum sufficient to meet his demands. He left England. One unhappy incident of my obtaining this money was that I was compelled to part with the companionship of my daughter. Our means had become so pinched, and my health too uncertain to enable me to rely upon accomplishing the same amount of labor as usual, that she, unknown to me, sought for, and secured, a situation as governess in a wealthy family in the North of England. She applied to me for my sanction to her leaving me to undertake this position. I did not dare to restrain so noble an example of her courage and devotion. But the parting was a cruel trial to both of us. I then gave up my lodgings and moved into the Temple, making my chambers down stairs, which I had before taken for professional purposes, my residence. Two years sped along in this way. I had worked very hard, and achieved some success. Laura gave the most flattering accounts of her welfare in the North, and seemed to experience every kindness from the family with whom she resided. At length came a letter from my son, bearing the Paris postmark. I trembled as I saw it. I knew by it that he had returned to Europe. A strange sensation of sickness came over me as I read it. It was not long. It gave a short narrative of his career since he had left England. He was now in Paris, utterly destitute. I remitted to him a small amount, and two days afterwards he presented himself before me. There was no attempt at any courtesy between us."

"You're not glad to see me," he said. "I didn't come here because I thought you would be. You know that, and know, too, what did bring me here."

"Hugh," I said, as calmly as I was able; "look around you. Does this look like a rich man's dwelling? Every farthing that comes in here is earned—earned hardly. I have no money to give you."

"I knew you'd say that," he answered, "and end by giving me some. I don't care how it's earned. How much are you going to let me have?"

"Why did you leave America?"

"It didn't agree with my health." He laughed in his old cruel manner. "And at Paris they hinted to me that I had better go. They told me I kept bad company; was the known companion of *suspects*; that if I didn't go of my own will where I liked out of France, I should be sent at their instance where perhaps I didn't like—to Cayenne. So I came back to London."

"Hugh," I said, "there must be an end to this. I have borne it too long already. To any feeling of reverence for me, or respect to my condition, I have ceased to appeal. Nothing will induce you to withhold your demands but one consideration—that they will be made in vain. I will give you nothing."

"Nothing—eh?" he replied. "Where's Laura?"

"I started: there seemed a strange menace in his mode of inquiry. 'Why do you wish to know?'"

"No matter. If it's all over between my father and me," he said with a sneer, "surely I may go to my sister. You won't tell me her address? No matter. I'll soon find her out. She'll be glad to see me, and give me money, perhaps, for coming to see her; at any rate, money not to come again. It's very strong, is family affection."

"With this strange burst he quitted me. Two days after I received a letter from Laura, full of the wanted evidences of her love and her hopefulness, and enclosing a small sum of money, poor child!—little more than ten pounds, the result of her savings during the past half year. The amount was remitted in post-office orders. I caused them to be cashed. It so

happened that the money was paid all in sovereigns. At this time Hugh called again. There was a more than ordinary appearance of recklessness in his look and manner."

"I am here again, as you see," he said. "I've not found Laura yet. But don't fear; I shall find her. Will you give me her address?"

"I will not."

"You declare war, then?" he cried—"defy me, do you? Take care. I'm not one to lie down gently and die without kicking, I can tell you. I'll not starve if there's bread to be had—money to be got. I'll steal—murder—if need be. I'll not die such a dog's death as starvation."

"There's a worse dog's death than that."

"He turned pale."

"Give me money," he said, "and let me go. Don't drive me to the worst. Don't drive me mad, or I shan't know whom I'm turning against. I've not tasted food since yesterday morning. Nothing but some brandy has passed my lips. Give me money."

"I have none to give you."

"None! with a heap there shining up the lie into your face!"

"He pointed at Laura's money, which was on the table before me, and made as though he would grasp at it. I covered it with my hands."

"Stand off!" I cried; "as you value your life, touch not a coin of this."

"Why not?"

"This money is not mine. It is a sacred trust in my hands, and I will part with my life sooner than with one farthing of it. Stand off."

"If it came to a struggle, old gentleman—"

"He seemed about to make a rush upon me. I took a pistol from the drawer of the table at which I was standing."

"Stand off!" I cried. "Diminish the distance between us by one step, and as there is a heaven above us I will shoot you dead!"

"He stared at me wildly and irresolutely. He was ghastly pale. I knew then—what I did not know before—that he was a coward."

"Listen," I said. "You have been careful to sever every tie between us. Do not complain; do not be surprised that I acquiesce in this severance. You have ceased to regard me as a father; I cease henceforth to regard you as a son. You have renounced me by your every action—disowned me: I now renounce you as a son—I disown you. You are no more a child of mine. Go! Do what you list. Die worthlessly, as you have lived, if you will. Show your face here again, and I will hand you over to the police as a common thief. Let me find you here, seeking wrongful possession of this money entrusted to my care, and I swear that with this right hand, and with this pistol, I will shoot you down remorselessly as I would a wild beast. Now go!"

"He did not speak, but rose and made for the door, the perspiration standing out in large drops on his forehead. He closed the door after him, and hurried off precipitately. This was on the 9th of May. I never saw him again alive. I am in the habit of being absent from my chambers regularly between the hours of six and eight to half-past in the evening, during which time I have dinner, and take a little exercise in the Strand or in the Gardens. Returning home on the 11th of May, I was struck with the idea that some one had been in my rooms during my absence. There was a disarrangement of the furniture; and a small sum of money I had carelessly left upon the table was gone. On the following day, the 12th, something—I forget what—probably the notion that there was rain impending, or one of those vague presentiments which affect us all inexplicably at times, induced me to return home half an hour earlier than my usual time. To my dismay, I found the room in confusion. A small desk, in which I had placed Laura's money, had been broken open, and the money taken away. I knew then the author of the theft. I discovered that my door had been opened by means of a skeleton key, which still remained in the lock. My impression was that the thief was secreted somewhere on the premises. I made a



search—a futile one. I went upstairs to the empty rooms over mine. There appeared no trace of recent entry. Yet I sat for hours at my room-door, waiting to see if he would descend. At length I retired to rest. My slumber during the night was broken: but I heard nothing of the noise occasioned by the discovery in your room. The next morning the story was rife throughout the Temple. I visited these rooms. I inspected the body at the dead-house, keeping a careful guard over myself. I said nothing; but I knew it was the body of my son. On my return home, I looked to the window, the only means by which he could have gained the floor above without passing up the stairs. I found a large knife sticking into the wall; on the handle, rudely cut, the letters H. B. T.—Hugh Bryan Tressell; and his mode of procedure—one of terrible danger—was apparent. You, sir," turning to Tom, "have supplied the particulars of his escape from the window."

"And his death?" asked Jack, breathlessly.

"He was disturbed in his operations of the theft by the sound of my returning steps on the stairs," replied Tressell, "and I knew I should keep my word if I found him. Fear will sometimes make cowards do deeds of rashness such as brave men shrink from. Only a madman, or one panic-stricken, would have attempted the feat he performed. It was too much for him. The fright killed him. In the Tressell family there has ever been an hereditary disposition to disease of the heart. His strength was undermined, too, by dissipation, and, perhaps, want of food." His voice trembled as he said this. "When he looked out of that window, and comprehended fully the hideous struggle with death in which he had been engaged, a terrible reaction came over him. He closed the window convulsively, and staggered to that chair, never to quit it alive. Heaven smote him down, the proceeds of his heartless robbery yet new upon him."

Tressell was white and trembling as he spoke. He shivered almost, as with cold.

"It is broad daylight," said he. "Pardon my having detained you so long. But I thought it only right—the more so as this gentleman was able to add to the chain of a mystery a link, which, beyond connecting me with the story, did little else towards its unravelling—I thought it only just that you should be put in possession of the facts in my knowledge attending the strange death in this room. The world believes my unhappy son, notoriously a profligate, to have ended his wretched career obscurely abroad. My daughter shares that belief. That the truth is otherwise, and what that truth is, is known only to us three men here, and to God. Let the shame and the scandal remain so concealed. Thank you for your interest and sympathy. God bless you both! Good-bye!" and he was gone.

There was silence for some minutes.

"Jack, I shall get out on the parapet. I must have another pipe after all this. I must have a smoke and a think."

"So be it. I shall turn in, I think. Not that I'm sleepy. Good-night!"

"Good night? and the light glaring in, in this way, and the morning air blowing about as exhilarating as the best champagne! Day and night! Give over such unmeaning divisions of time—I have done so long since—and say good-bye, if you mean leaving me."

"Good-bye, then."

"A moment, Jack. I wish I had a dual existence."

"A what!"

"A dual existence. I wish I was two selves. I should like to be another self looking out of my window in Essex street, and foxing off this self sitting here on your parapet smoking like Etna."

"Hum! Take another glass, and you'll have dual vision. That will be a step towards what you want. Good-bye!"

"Another moment, Jack. I've been thinking again. I tell you what. The real Temple tragedy will be when you cut these rooms and marry Bella Brownsmith!"

Was Jack blushing, or was it only the rosy rays of morning playing upon his face?

"Tom, you're a villain! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

**A HAUNTED HOUSE.**—There was a lone house, standing by itself, near a plantation, not far from Guildford. This house nobody would ever take, because it was haunted, and strange noises heard in it every night after dark. Several tenants tried it, but were frightened away by the noise. At last, one individual, more courageous than the rest, resolved to unravel the mystery. He accordingly armed himself *coup-à-pie*, and having put out the light, remained sentry in one of the rooms. Shortly, he heard on the stairs, pit, pat; a full stop, then pit, pat; a full stop again. He flung open the door—hurry skurry, bang; something went down stairs with a tremendous jump; and all over the bottom of the house the greatest confusion, as of thousands of demons rushing in all directions, was heard. This was enough for one night. The next our crafty sentry established himself on the first landing with a heap of straw and a box of lucifer matches; soon all was quiet. Up the stairs again came the pit pat, pit pat. When the noise was close to his ambush he scraped his match and set fire to the straw, which blazed up like a bonfire in an instant; and what did he see? only a rabbit, who stood on his hind-legs, as much astonished as was the sentry. The noise made was only the rabbit's fore and hind-legs hitting the boards as he hopped from one stair to the other. The rabbits had got into the house from the neighboring plantation, and had fairly frightened away, by their nocturnal wanderings, the rightful owners thereof. The courageous sentry held his tongue as to the cause of the ghost, got the house at a reduced rent, and several rabbit pies made out of the ghost's body into the bargain.

**THE RESIDENCE OF A TURKISH LADY.**—Mrs. Hornby, in describing the house of a Turkish lady, says: "These rooms were prettiest of all, and looking on to the garden. They were hung with pale blue silk, instead of flowered chints like the others; for the lady inhabitant had been a present from the sultan, and etiquette demands that her apartments be better furnished and adorned than all the rest. Her bed-room was charmingly fitted up; a deep alcove covered with rich Persian carpets, filled with luxurious cushions and embroidered coverlets, taking up one side of it. On the other side was a light green and gold bedstead, covered with gauze curtains. The toilet-table was extremely pretty, dressed with muslin and lace, after a fashion; a Persian looking-glass, shaped like a sunflower, in mother of pearl, ranging above it. The ceiling was painted with a trellis work of birds and flowers. Three steps led into the cool and shady garden. Opposite the alcove were doors; one led into a sitting-room, hung with the same blue silk, and furnished with richly cushioned divans; the other opened into a beautiful white marble bath, the air still heavy with steam and perfume.

**IMPORTANCE OF TRUTHFULNESS.**—In childhood, if ever, the bad passions must be weeded out just as they begin to appear. The weeds are easily removed from a garden before they have taken deep root. And here, first of all, let every tendency to prevarication and lying be checked. Truthfulness is the foundation of character. Let the manfulness, moral dignity and imperative duty of always speaking the truth, be inculcated. Let the meanness, the turpitude and guilt of lying and prevarication be equally inculcated. Every sentiment of honor, and the whole moral sense, should be arrayed against lying, under every form and degree. Speak the truth in all things, on all occasions, under the strongest temptations not to speak it; in the face of shame and suffering, speak it; speak it if ye die for it; for there is no gain or advantage to be put in the balance against speaking the truth. Thus ought we to teach our children, from the earliest dawn of moral apprehension. These three things once gained, viz., the habit of implicit obedience, the habit of prayer and undeviating truthfulness, and then the way is open for every gracious influence, and every form of holy nurture. You have now withdrawn your child from the circle of worldly snares and unholy powers, and brought him to the place where heavenly order reigns, where sacred altars are kindled, and where angels pay their visits.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.





## MONTAULIEU.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE ghastly glade of Montaulieu,  
That Heav'n has e'en deprived of dew,  
That never saw the sun;  
The boughs above, enlaced fast  
Like prison bars, their shadows cast  
Upon the herbage dun.

The toad, the newt, and fouler things  
That web-foot creep, or flap with wings,  
Gloze o'er the ooze and mud;  
There is a pool within the glade,  
That by its red clay base is made  
To look like one of blood.

A beggar's coat of ragged green  
Obscures its dank, unwholesome sheen;  
But hro' the stagnant rents  
Th' ensanguin'd pod the eye perceives,  
With skeletons of bye-gone leaves  
In matted filaments.

The raven knows the gloomy glade,  
And croaks in its corrupted shade;  
It is the adder's haunt;  
The stealthy blind-worm suimes the bank,  
And winds among the rushes rank  
In evolutions gaunt.

If Ceres, with ner bounteous hand  
Scatt'ring the seed along the land,  
Threw here a grain of corn,

Some rankling weed or creeping tare,  
Some fox-glove fell or hemlock bare,  
Would rise before the morn.

The crop would be accurs'd by Heaven,  
The bread would be the Demon's leaven,  
Fermented by his breath;  
From this abandon'd, rotting place  
The kindly seasons turn their face,  
And nature's birth is death.

Now mark yon tree half-stripp'd of bark,  
And eye that stain, brown, broad, and dark;  
Know well that scathed wreck.  
'Twas here the base De Montfort slew  
The gallant Sire of Montaulieu:  
He stabb'd him in the neck.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Lady Isabelle came down  
From out her bower to the town.  
Close veil'd was her visage;  
Nor seneschal nor maidens twain  
Had she; none followed in her train  
Save Isabeau the page.

She left the castle's lordly keep,  
And rode adown the rugged steep,  
A stately sight to see.  
Hers was a jennet black and sleek,  
And his a dappled pony meek,  
As suited his degree.

The burghers in the jagged street  
Came round about her palfrey's feet,  
And kiss'd her garment's hem.



They bow'd upon her jewell'd hand,  
And call'd her Lady of the Land :  
She never heeded them.

They pray'd their taxes might abate,  
She ey'd them with a glance of hate  
That pierc'd the muslin veil ;  
The murmur'd plaint was quick refused,  
She smiling scorn'd, as tho' amused,  
Each lamentable tale.

Right thro' the town of Montaulieu,  
Towards the south her course was due ;  
She pass'd the barriers by.  
The naked pollards on the plain  
Shudder'd and shook, as though in pain,  
And low'ring was the sky.

As to the page she turn'd to speak,  
In brief commands, a sudden shriek  
Broke from the tortur'd wind ;  
Released by th' agonised air,  
Down fell her rich and raven hair,  
Her veil stream'd out behind.

'Twas seen by Isabeau, the page,  
Who eyed it with a silent rage,  
Yet loved each silken tress.

"Did ever Eudes, or Charlemagne,"  
Thought he, "or Seigneur of Champagne,  
Wear such a regal dress?"

They rode and rode till trees were rare,  
And till a plain of verdure bare  
Loomed wearily in view ;  
Three roods away, but right a-head,  
A black oasis, there was spread  
The glade of Montaulieu.

Then slow and solemn trod each horse,  
As tho' it bore to earth a corse—  
The very hoofs seemed hushed.  
And, as they near'd the fatal glade,  
The lady's hands from bridle stray'd,  
To hide the tears that gush'd.

She cast herself from off her steed,  
And fiercely bade the page proceed ;  
She would be left alone.

Then she began to weep and wail,  
And madly tear her snowy veil,  
And cry in piteous tone :—

"How long, oh Heav'n ! how long to wait,  
How long till just, but tardy fate,  
Avenge my murder'd lord !  
Yon trees have had full time to grow,  
Since first these tears began to flow ;  
Since last was drawn that sword.

"The dastard slew him not in fight,  
With trusty lance or falchion bright,  
In tilt or tented field.  
He lur'd him to an ambush blind ;  
He foully stab'd him from behind ;  
He dar'd not bid him yield.

"He, who would wipe away this stain,  
A monarch's appanage should gain ;  
Hear this, who thirst for pelf.  
He, who will strike one traitor down,  
Shall have my castle and my town ;  
Nay, he shall have myself !

"I swear on this emblazon'd glove  
To be his lady and his love ;  
And come he soon or late,  
Be he the vilest varlet knave,  
I swear to be his serf and slave,  
His meek obedient mate.

"So I'll the price of blood repay,"  
She said, and cast the glove away.  
In bootless challenge ? no !

The page stoop'd down, pick'd up the glove,

"Thou art the Lady of my Love,"  
'Twas thus he murmur'd low.

He had approach'd, and unperceived  
Had listen'd to her while she grieved :  
She never heeded aim,

But eighteen summers tow'rd the grave,  
What was he but a smooth-fac'd slave  
Of each caprice and whim ?

She turned her head and saw him there,  
Glanc'd o'er his form with scornful air,  
(He trembling stood and mute,)  
She sneer'd and said with with'ring mien,  
"But twelve months since the scourge had been  
An answer to thy suit.

"Thou beardless lute-boy dare to love !"  
He winced, but wav'd aloft the glove  
With a triumphant cry :

"As thou didst swear I swear again,  
By Notre Dame of Mortmain  
De Montfort he shall die.

"He hath his camp before Toulouse ;  
By fair or foul, by fight or ruse,  
He falls beneath my hand.  
I love thee, Dame of Montaulieu,  
Tho' page, I am thy champion true,  
Thou Lady of the Land."

'Twas then the young and lusty rose  
Did with the lily come to blows,  
For mastery on her cheek.  
But soon the glad all-mighty away,  
Of God's red sunshine won the day ;  
She blushed and could not speak.

And now, the first for many years,  
The haughty woman's loving tears  
(Those others were of rage)  
Cours'd down her sorrow-channelled face,  
Cours'd down in rivulets of grace,  
She smil'd and kiss'd the page.

"Now, lady, I must haste away,  
Thou'lt give me twelve months and a day,  
For my avenging track.  
And then, when next the sky is red,  
Be sure De Montfort he is dead,  
And I am coming back."

They journey'd back towards the town,  
The clouds conspir'd, the rain fell down,  
And sluic'd the arid plain.  
No heed of storm—farewell to pride,  
The page and dame rode side by side,  
And they were one though twain.

The Lady Isabelle came down  
From out her bower to the town ;  
Bright smil'd her frank visage—  
A squire, and comely maidens twain,  
In rich attire were in her train,  
She was without a page.

She passed through jagged Montaulieu,  
The town, and not the glade you knew,  
And smiled on Christian and on Jew,  
And bade god-den to all,  
And joyously she rode a-head,  
For in the west the sky was red—  
God's ky that covers all.

The poppies waved among the corn,  
The birds rejoiced that they were born,  
The distant hills were blue.  
She halted in the arid plain,  
And jocundly bade halt her train,  
And sped t'wards Montaulieu.

She rode towards the ghastly glade,  
And as she rode a solemn shade  
Began the scene to fill.

Ride on, thou dame—ride straight a-head—  
Ride on, De Montfort he is dead—  
The Dead ride faster still.

Just where the stain was brown and dark  
Upon the tree bereft of bark,  
But not by storm or age ;  
Prone, prone upon the stagnant mud,  
And all around a pool of blood,  
Lay Isabeau the page.



He had his feet towards Toulouse,  
And there was blood upon his shoes  
And blood upon his vest;  
And by him close De Montfort lay—  
Both dead until the last long day  
Shall lay us all at rest.

A broken brand, a bloody hand,  
The fainting Lady of the Land;  
Two corpses stiff and stark;  
An errant horse that curious feeds  
On dank and grim unwholesome weeds.  
And now the glade is dark.

• • • • •  
The far-up keep is Montcastel;  
You know the grisly tower well,  
The cliff that soars above.  
'Tis there a maniac woman lies  
And cries for death, but never dies,  
And hugs a blazoned glove.

### THE MONEY-DIGGERS—A TALE OF EARLY CONNECTICUT.

BY A. N. C.

AWAY in the country, where the winds sweep down the verdant slopes of adjacent mountains, fresh from their mid-air laboratories, and the rich light of a whole hemisphere of bright stars gliding down through the clear atmosphere of night rests on all its valleys and waters, is situated the quaint old town of D—n. It was among the pioneer settlements of New England, and was projected with an amplitude of plan sufficient to accommodate an extensive business, the circumstances of the time encouraging the hope that it might one day become a leading place, if not a city. The old yellow stage coaches rumbled hourly through it on their way between the seaboard and the inland, carrying hosts of passengers; a large tavern and half a dozen stores went up in the very flash of the enterprise; real estate advanced to a high figure, and the ancient burghers rejoiced in the very sunshine of prosperity. But after a few years a change cerulean came over the spirit of the place; the stages disappeared; travel and trade took a new direction; the merry hostel became desolate of its jovial throngs, and if you would reach D—n to-day, it could be done in no public conveyance save a dilapidated old barouche, vibrating on rheumatic springs, and impelled at the velocity of about four miles per hour by a span of ossified old quadrupeds, guided by an adolescent Celt.

Near the centre of the town and on the bleakest knoll of its site stood, and yet stands, the pilgrim church, which was among the first of exclusively sacred edifices in the state. Just back, at respectful distance, was the "Sabbath house," an institution obsolete now, but which was then a cardinal necessity. In the stern and uncompromising tenets of our ancestors' faith it was held to be sacrilegious to indulge in any such vanity as a fire in church, not even in the bleakest of the bleak December days of those old-fashioned New England winters. Moreover, no Sunday lunch of those that came from far might come within its portals, so the Sabbath house was devised, to which the forefathers of the hamlet with their families repaired during the interval of divine service, to make comfortable dispose of their victuals and cider, yea cider! for in the puritanical spirit of that elder time, when it was an act punishable by fine or imprisonment to use tobacco, bake bread or shave the beard on Sunday, the use of that delectable fluid extract was not deemed unholy. The Sabbath house was a desirable place for the holding of singing schools, as no tyro in that melodious art was permitted to exercise his vocal energies in the church till he had attained somewhat of a harmonious proficiency in this institution. There was a small blunt steeple on the church, being chiefly ornamental, as the same ideas were entertained regarding the use of a bell as of the fires—all is vanity.

But after a season the spirit of innovation crept into the congregation—some of its members had wandered to some distant city, and had come back not quite orthodox on the

subject of personal congelation; and right soon a contention arose for the supremacy. Many and animated were the discussions on the issue of introducing a stove in the church. Deacon Styles, than whom was none more fervently virulent, was "convinced that it was a base device of Beelzebub to decoy the wavering from the ways of grace, and rather than their spirits should yearn for the vanities of fuel above, they should strive to avoid the fires below." But notwithstanding the ejaculatory storms of the elder portion of the community, two large stoves were introduced, a malformation of brick and mortar rose from the roof, the smoke whereof, on the first occasion of its use, reminded the worthy deacon of the fuliginous exhalations of the bottomless pit. It was of this old meeting-house and its first stoves, we think, that it is related that on the first Sabbath after their introduction two or three old ladies, not being able to withstand the increased temperature of the building, fainted away, and were resolutely carried out by the ever watchful deacon. This evidence was deemed conclusive against their further use, until it was found that no fires had been lighted in them that day. The deacon, however, became suddenly impressed in their favor, and on all occasions voted to retain them.

A year or two after another violent discussion arose concerning the propriety of putting a bell in the tenantless belfry, and raising a sounding-board over the pulpit. Again the proposed improvements were made; a bell was elevated to the steeple, and a white oak sounding-board, that would scarcely have reverberated the blows of a sledge upon it, was suspended over the sacred desk, though a subsequent event caused both, for a season, to go into disuse. A day or two after these last additions were made, a terrible storm came over the place; the lightnings leapt down and smote the neglected Sabbath house, and in a few hours a mass of smouldering ashes marked the spot. The concussion of the thunderbolt was so great that the bell actually struck three times loud enough to be heard all over the village, and the ill-secured sounding-board was loosened from its fastenings and precipitated into the sacred desk. A superstition that Heaven had frowned on their "vanities" caused the bell to remain silent for several years, though the gossip on its startling notes, as heard that night, was not. The oldest inhabitant of D—n will tell you that he well remembers that time, and will add that the mention of it in his juvenile years inclined him more to filial obedience than the rod. The sounding-board was used as a stile to the graveyard fence, till too much decayed for farther use.

The bell was put in use after a few years, and rang out its chimes right merrily, though during the severest showers of summer it was often known to resound the pealing thunder.

Where is the village of that olden time that hath not its tale of hidden treasures, secreted somewhere in its vicinity, by that pirate prince Kydd, or some other individual doing business in the same line? D—n was not exempt. A mile or two away swept the waves of the Atlantic. On the right, in the remotest horizon, were the line-like shores of — Island, just discernible. From the church you can look out on the vasty deep for many a league, and behold the "outward bound" on their way to distant shores, and those whose pilgrimage is done speeding in to their homes again. Nearer in sail the little shore craft, doing their errands between kindred ports. Just south of the village a point of land extended from the main line of the shore about half a mile into the water, forming on its inner curve a secure little anchorage from storm or observation to any craft that might venture therein, though seventy years ago it had never sheltered anything larger than a fisherman's shallop. On the outer extremity was an assemblage of huge black rocks, against which the waves dashed tumultuously, when the storm blew on the coast. This point and much of the land between it and the town was covered with trees of the ancient forest growth.

About seventy years ago, towards the close of an afternoon in June, the inhabitants of D—n saw a sail making in towards their shores, and after cruising along for a few miles, it dropped anchor off the Point, just south of the town. It was a suspicious-looking craft, and various were the surmises of her cha-

acter and the object of her visit. Shortly after dropping anchor, a boat was lowered; three dark-looking men were seen to enter it and pull quickly to land. The boat was run upon the inner beach, the men went ashore, and disappeared in the woods. After searching around for a while, they returned to the boat, made careful soundings along the entrance of the harbor, and pulled again for their vessel. Wide was the gossip through the village that night, and around the stoop of the tavern was gathered a group of individuals, discussing the probabilities of what was the pirate's errand; for pirate it was unanimously agreed the strange craft must be. Plunder could not be their object, as nothing on land or sea of sufficient temptation could come within their reach. A few curious persons, who had been down watching the vessel after nightfall, now came up and reported that she had, just after dark, entered the harbor, dropped her anchor again; that the villains had lowered their long boat, and were making great preparations to do something; that they had heard the report of a pistol or musket, and verily believed that the pirates intended to sack their town.

This news produced the wildest commotion, and it was determined to resist the meditated attack to the last. The old firelocks were snatched hastily from their hooks, and loaded half way to the muzzle; a few old swords were dragged from their scabbards, and brought forth for use. Not having anything that would better answer for a field-piece, they seized an old wooden pump, twined it round with long chains to keep it from "bustin'," made a vent with a gimlet, charged it with powder and gravel, and laid it on the field ready for use. Deacon Styles (for all this was in that good man's time and generation, and but a year or two after the misfortunes of the bell), gathered together the women and children of the village, conducted them to the church, barricaded the doors, and shutting himself within with them, vowed he would die in their defence. The hours wore away and nothing was heard of the bloody buccaneers, and no one but the valiant deacon had an opportunity of displaying his valor. He was armed with an old "queen's arm," which the tavern-keeper had first loaded and set against his bar, but which was subsequently taken out and loaded again; and then falling into the deacon's hands, he loaded it and took it into the church. His own old white-faced cow, taking advantage of the clamor of the time, had strolled out of the unshut gate, and after browsing awhile on the green, had crossed over to the thicket of elders just south of the deacon's stronghold, and immediately within range of his gun. The watchful eye of the good man soon discovered something white in the bushes, and thinking it could of course be nothing else than pirates, softly raised the window, leveled his "queen's arm," and fired! The report was terrible, and brought the excited villagers around the church in an instant. The deacon was prostrated by the recoil of his weapon, and remained insensible for twenty minutes. On coming to, he was informed that his cow had received three ounce balls directly between her eyes, and was at that time quite dead. A fisherman, who had been sent by the tavern-keeper to a neighboring seaport for a cask of gin, was belated on his way, and as he came around the Point just before midnight, saw the pirates lower a huge chest to their boat, and then pull away for the beach. He distinctly saw them carry the chest into the woods, and a little after beheld great lights, some of which were blue, gleaming through the forest. This tale, told in the village, confirmed the first supposition of concealing treasure, and as daylight approached no trace of the vessel was to be seen, it was universally and implicitly believed that their shore had been sought by some desperate pirate, who had hid a chest of gold somewhere on the Point, and left it in care of his Satanic Majesty, of course. A few of the villagers went down to the place, but no trace of footsteps or prow could be seen on the beach; nor did the closest scrutiny of the woods afford the slightest clue to the mysterious visit. Without a doubt a chest of gold was there; but the devil had kindly effaced all vestige of the buccaneers' operations.

The Point thereafter had the reputation of being, if not actually haunted, the occasional vigil place of his highness of the nether world, indeed the print of his bifid hoof was

more than once seen in the sand after severe storms. The fisherman in rounding the Point on a similar errand as his first saw the old gentleman himself sitting on the black rocks, leisurely smoking his pipe and looking out on the sea. Before morn a furious storm arose, and it was at once supposed that the devil had a hand in getting it up. Year after year wore away, the craft was seen no more, the fisherman was found to be somewhat bibulous in his ways and not always veracious in his speech, and it came at last to be believed that he saw neither devil on the rocks nor blue lights in the woods; though the tale of the heavy chest was still retained, and became an object that excited the avarice of many of the good folks of D—n. Much search was at times made on the Point for the treasure, but save a couple of blazed trees and a rock near by bearing some inscrutable marks, nothing could ever be found. About that time there came among the inhabitants of the town, which yearly received small accessions to its population from the exterior world, a man of wonderful powers—in fact a perfect oracle of wisdom. He could beat the old almanac in predicting the weather, could foretell calamities and was moreover gifted with certain powers of divination. With a forked hazel branch he could discover the hidden fountains of the earth and indicate the precise place where treasures were buried. His powers were soon brought into use. Various attempts had been made by sundry persons to discover the chest without success. The elder portion of the community frowned upon every attempt of the kind, and prophesied that if it could be attained the possession would bring nothing but disaster to the owner, and were sure that it was under the protection of Beelzebub, who would suffer no one but his lawful subjects, the pirates, to regain it. Deacon Styles was particularly severe on what he termed the "covetousness of the time." "It was," he said, "the besetting sin of the age, the walls of Zion were beset with Satan, and if they would triumph over the buffetings of the adversary, they must watch on their posts and not venture out into the very toils of the foe."

It being very generally known that the deacon's avarice was not always circumscribed by the lines of duty, the younger portion of the community passed some severe criticisms on the admonition, and his fatherly advice was unheeded.

One day just previous to the new of the moon, that particular phase of the luminary being thought the most propitious for certain sublunary operations, three men and the redoubtable wizard secretly went down to the Point, to discover the locality of the auriferous metal. That ascertained, they would come down in the night, unearth it and bear it secretly away. Provided with a stout hazel fork, the cloven young limbs of which he grasped firmly in his hands, and elevating the point to a proper position, the wizard began his circumvolutions.

Coming near the carved rock the rod became very much agitated, and suddenly turned down at a point that appeared to be in an exact line with a rude arrow marked on its top. The wizard a few moments after discovered a figure "8" just below the shaft of the arrow; and on measuring, it was found to be just eight feet from the outer corner of the rock to the place where his rod had turned down. Highly elated, they drove a stake into the earth to mark the spot, and went back to the village.

Just after dark, being amply provided with stont sacks and spades and a peck measure, the gold-diggers very secretly sallied out. Although apparently stout of heart, yet on entering the woods there were some secret misgivings among the party, who were not quite clear after all that they were not trespassing, with intent to damage, on Satanical purlieus. The surf on the rocks off the Point made an unusual noise, and each one secretly wondered if his brimstone majesty was not around there, smoking his diabolical pipe. On reaching the place where the stake had been driven, not a trace of it was visible; neither was the impression of its point to be found. Refreshing themselves with ancient Jamaica, they commenced digging as near as they could guess where it had been left. After throwing up a few spadefulls, they became instinctively aware of an unearthly presence in the woods, and so great was their fear, that each and every one of them was just ready to run, when

one of the party threw out an old-fashioned hatchet, much rusted, but an unmistakable evidence that the soil had been moved before.

Inspired by this, and thoroughly irrigated with Jamaica, they again began to dig. A spade thrust down deeper than the rest struck something hard, and it sounded hollow. Rapidly throwing out the remaining dirt, they discovered a massive chest, about three feet square and strongly bound with iron. Scarcely, however, had their feet rested on it when it disappeared, the lights of their lanterns went out, and a terrible rushing of winds and swaying of trees filled the whole Point with uproar. Fancying that the adversary and full half of Pandemonium was after them, the gold-diggers rushed pell-mell from the woods, and fled like deers for the village.

The next day it was noised around that an attempt had been made the night before to secure the pirate's gold; and by noon the whole town were in possession of the particulars. Several persons went down with the diggers to witness the spot, and there found their scattered tools and a few shovelfulls of earth removed, also an empty bottle. Deacon Styles pondered long upon the story, had several private talks with the men, and at last was fully persuaded that a vast amount of treasure was concealed there, though it seemed under the protection of the devil. But what had he to fear from the devil in case he should attempt to gain it. The men who had been frightened away were men of the world—men addicted to the cup—and might not one of his righteous precedents go forth to the task without fear of molestation. Supposing his majesty did appear, could he not vanquish him with the thunderbolts of scripture, and bid him retire afar. Moreover, had not that chest caused him to lose a valuable cow, and hadn't he some claim on its contents therefor; besides, he would appropriate large sums of the now useless treasure to benevolent purposes, and would not the world be benefited thereby? In his avarice the deacon longed to secure all the gold to himself; but although courageous in his way, he did not quite like to encounter Beelzebub alone. So he convened the men that had made the first trial, drew up a bond of stipulations, in which it was agreed that he should share equally with the rest, and was to receive a good round sum as bonus in case he repelled the adversary.

That matter being satisfactorily arranged, they all set out after nightfall for the Point. So eager were they on their golden errand, that a heavy shower in the west was unnoticed till it was quite near. As the first spadefull was moved, a clap of thunder pealed from the cloud, and made the air tremble with its reverberations. The hearts of the men quailed; they were ready to run; but not so the eager deacon. Right there was buried fortunes, and had he come down there in the very teeth of the devil to be frightened away by a bit of thunder! No; though the elements went mad, he would not return. They continued to dig till again the mysterious chest was uncovered.

Meanwhile the tempest had come on apace, terrific thunders crashed along the clouds, and the rapid lightnings laced the darkness with threads of lurid fire. Just as the deacon was about to split the cover from the chest with a crowbar, a peal of thunder more terrible than all burst from the cloud, and the bell on the old meeting-house tolled out its sepulchral three! The lightning gleamed out on the black waters of the sea, and there, distinctly, the terrified diggers saw the swift vessel of the pirate rushing over the surging waves directly towards them. On its deck they beheld the dark form of the adversary, increasing the gale with his dreadful wings. The winds leaped in on the forest and bowed the stout trees to the earth. The deacon forgot his psaltery and scripture, threw down his crowbar and fled after his already flying companions.

The first obstacle that arrested his impetuous progress was a huge pine tree, which prostrated the deacon instantly. Conceiving it to be the buffeting of the fiend, he increased his speed, and in a few moments was entangled in a wild grape vine. In vain did the good man strive to tear the tough wood asunder, in vain did he try to dive under it or to climb over it, but it held him fast. Fancying himself in the very toils of the evil one, the deacon forgetting his bright precedents, ejaculated a fervent "d—n it" in his rage, and instantly the vines gave

way and he sped on towards home. In his collision with the tree he lost his hat; nothing but the circumstance of his wearing a wig prevented his emulating the fate of Absalom; as it was, his false headpiece was suddenly left dangling in the branches of a bush, and he reached home in a miserable plight.

Fortunately Mrs. Styles was not in at the moment of his return. Widow Harris, a near neighbor of the deacon's, after the decease of her husband had become terribly afraid of lightning, and it was the custom of this compassionate man, when such storms came up, to run over and sit with the widow till all prestige of danger was over. On this night Mrs. Styles, noting that the approaching storm was more severe than usual, and being timid herself, had run over to her neighbor's, supposing, of course, that her worthy lord was there. Surprised at not finding him, she sat down to await his expected advent. The shower came rapidly on, the bell uttered its dismal notes, and the worst of the storm was over before the two women dared to return to the deacon's, for the widow accompanied her, declaring that she dare not remain alone after such a terrible storm. The gold-digger had entered the house but a moment before them, and their surprise at his remarkable appearance was by no means inconsiderable. Tradition is silent on his explanations.

The pirates were supposed to have removed their treasure that night, and no further attempt was made at that time to possess it. A few years after a thorough search was made for the chest, but nothing of the kind could be found. Deacon Styles, after a severe illness, brought on by his exposure and over exertion that night, returned to the field of his usefulness, and ministered to the necessities of the husbandless and the orphan for many years. His tombstone stands in the little cemetery of his native village.

## NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE.

### THE BULBOUS TRIBE OF PLANTS.

THESE plants exhibit a striking variety of the beauties of nature. It would seem as if every change she is capable of forming was included in the radiant colors of the tulip. Never was a cup either painted or enamelled with such a profusion of tints. Its stripes are so glowing, its contrasts so strong, and the arrangement of them both so elegant and ingenious, that it may with propriety be denominated the reigning beauty of the garden in its season. The hyacinth is also an estimable flower for its blooming complexion, as well as for its most agreeable perfume and variety. The double dahlia, also, in its numerous and well-known varieties, is of the utmost attractiveness.

The soil for bulbous and tuberous roots in general should be light, and yet capable of retaining moisture; not such as is liable to become bound up by heat, or that, in consequence of too large a portion of sand, is likely to become excessively hot in summer, but a medium earth between the two extremes. As there are many city gardens that do not contain a natural soil of any depth, a suitable compost should be provided in such cases, which may consist of equal parts of sand, loam, decayed manure, mould, &c. When ready the beds may be laid out from three to four feet wide, and they should be raised two or three inches above the level of the walks, which will give an opportunity for all superfluous moisture to run off. A southern exposure, dry and airy, and sheltered from the north-west wind, is preferable for most bulbs.

### THE ANEMONE.

The wood anemone is a pretty white flower, tinged with violet. This is the original of the anemone cultivated in the garden, where its foliage forms a beautiful rich green turf, from which spring simple rose-shaped anemones, red, scarlet, purple, blue, violet, white, or streaked with all these various colors. A bed of these is one of the richest and most magnificent sights imaginable. The anemone is one of the plants called "florists' flowers," and has had much time and care bestowed upon it. It is a singular fact, indeed, that there are people, sober in their



pleasures, who concentrate their cares upon a single flower—thus, there are amateurs of tulips; for them there is no other flower in the world but tulips; other flowers are as weeds. And still further, among tulips there is only the tulip with the white ground; and among tulips with the white ground, there is only the tulip with the rounded petals. There are also amateurs of roses; there are amateurs of auriculas; there are amateurs of pinks; there are amateurs of camellias; there are amateurs of ranunculuses; there are amateurs of anemones. Amateurs content themselves with requiring difficult conditions of anemones; thus there is a sort of green calyx which ought to be placed just at one-third from the flower and two-thirds from the earth, and without this the anemone may display the richest colors in vain! The simple truth, with regard to this flower is, that it is a medium, half hardy sort, producing beautiful little flowers of various hues, and is highly deserving of cultivation. The bulbs should be planted in a fresh, well pulverised, loamy soil, enriched with manure. They may be planted during October or November, in drills two inches deep and six inches apart.

#### AMARYLLIS CULTURE.

Of the amaryllis there are countless varieties, natives of South America; and in Europe are generally kept in the hot-house. Some of the varieties are hybrids, produced by cultivation, and these succeed very well in the green-house. What is known as the crowned amaryllis is one of the most beautiful; it produces four flowers, about seven inches in diameter, on an erect stem, about two feet and a half high, with six leaves of green, crimson and fine transparent red colors. Another variety rises about two feet, and exhibits four beautiful scarlet flowers, with a white streak in the centre of each flower leaf, the flowers being about six inches in diameter. The Jacobean variety produces a flower of great beauty; it throws out gracefully its glittering crimson-colored petals, which have a brilliancy almost too intense for the eye to rest upon.

The most suitable soil for the amaryllis is a clean new earth, taken from under fresh grass sods, mixed with sand and leaf mould, the latter ingredient forming about a third of the whole, and the sand about a sixth. The root should not be set more than half its depth in the ground, as, if planted too deep, it will not bloom, the plant deriving its nourishment only from the fibres. When done flowering, such as are in pots should be watered very sparingly, so that they may be perfectly ripened, which will cause them to shoot stronger in the ensuing season; those in the ground should be taken up, and preserved in sand or paper.

#### ORNAMENTAL ATTRACTIONS IN THE GARDEN.

An aviary may occasionally be a very pretty feature in a garden, and give an interesting character to a spot that would otherwise be dull or defective; it can be made rustic, or trellised, or architectural, as the locality may demand. It ought, however, by all means to be sheltered and sunny and dry, or the birds will never be healthy; and to be kept close and heated artificially for tender birds, or more open and airy for such as are hardier. A recess at the back or end of a conservatory is sometimes selected for canaries and birds from warmer climates, and is particularly appropriate for any song birds; their notes seeming to sound more natural and tuneful among plants and flowers.

Everything in the shape of grottoes, when they take the form of a cavern, is disagreeable, and injurious to health; but if dry and above ground, they are less objectionable. Masses of rock, roots, portions of half-decayed old trees, or rugged arms of trees with the bark remaining, are suitable materials for the outside. Grottoes, however, are very rarely to be coveted, either as picturesque objects or resting-places; a good summer-house being capable of quite as much rusticity, and far more comfort.

#### THE ROSE.

There is no flower more difficult to define than the rose, and the difficulty arises out of several peculiar facts. In the first place, it is the only flower that is beautiful in all its stages—from the instant the calyx bursts and shows a streak of the corolla, till it is in full bloom. Secondly, it is the only one that is really rich in its confusion, or that is not the less

elegant for the total absence of uniformity and order. The very fact of its being beautiful from the moment the calyx bursts, makes the single and semi-double roses, up to a certain stage, as good as the perfectly double ones. There is also another point in the formation of some of the varieties which makes them lose their beauty when they are full blown; for instance, the moss rose is a magnificent object so long as the calyx is all seen, but, so soon as the flower fully expands, all the distinction between a moss rose and a common one has substantially departed or is concealed. The grand characteristic, therefore, of a moss rose is its calyx. These properties must never be estimated by full-blown flowers, and, consequently, all varieties of moss roses are more beautiful before they expand enough to hide the calyx.

#### GARDEN WALKS.

A clean gravel walk adds greatly to the beauty of a flower garden. The bottom should be made with lime rubbish, pieces of brick, stones, coal ashes, or any other hard substance, from four to six inches thick, to keep weeds or grasses from growing through. Over this fine gravel should be laid from three to four inches deep; this should be laid rounding up in the middle, by which means the larger stones will run off to the sides, and may be raked away. It is a common mistake, however, to lay the walks too rounding, as this not only makes them uneasy to walk upon, but takes off from their apparent breadth. One inch to the foot is sufficient proportion for the rise in the centre, except in the case of extensive garden grounds. As soon as the gravel is laid on it should be well raked, and the large stones removed; the whole should be well rolled, both lengthwise and crosswise.

#### SHADING FLOWER PLANTS.

Shading is quite necessary to plants after transplanting, to prevent the evaporation from the leaves, which takes place when the plants are exposed to the full heat of the sun, being greater than the roots can supply moisture to support. Besides this, partial shade is necessary to many plants which cannot bear the direct rays of the sun; such, for example, as some of the Californian annuals—plants which in their native state grow in thick woods, fens, &c. In these cases, however, it is not necessary that the shade should be so great as for newly transplanted plants. There is well known to be a great deal of difference in plants, with regard to their flowers bearing the direct rays of the sun. Some require solar influence to make them expand, such as the various kinds of mesembryanthemums; while others, such as the evening primrose, only unfold their flowers when the sun withdraws its rays.

#### THE SEEDS OF FLOWERS.

The gathering and preservation of seeds is an occupation peculiarly agreeable to persons fond of flowers—partly, no doubt, because it excites so much of future promise, and on the same principle that sowing is universally considered a more exciting operation than reaping. All seeds may be known to be ripe, or nearly so, by the firmness of their texture, and by their changing from a white or greenish color, to a color more or less brown. There are, indeed, some seeds which are whitish when ripe, such as the white lupine and several of the sweet peas, and other seeds that are quite black, such as those of some ranunculuses; but, in general, a brown color is a characteristic of ripeness.

Seeds should be gathered on a dry day, after the sun has had sufficient time to exhale all the moisture which dews or rains may have left on the seed vessels. In general the pods, or capsules, should be cut off with a small portion of the stalks attached, and the whole should be spread out, each kind by itself, on papers, in an airy and dry, but not a sunny situation. When the seed vessels are thoroughly dried, they may be put up in papers, without separating the seeds from them, and kept in a dry place, rather airy than close.

For keeping seeds a lady ought to have a small cabinet, which she might form herself of pasteboard, with as many drawers as there are letters in the alphabet; and as her seeds are put up in papers, she can tie the packets of each genus by themselves, and put them in the appropriate drawer; where so

much trouble cannot be taken, a large brown paper bag may be substituted. Mignonette seed will keep seven years; but that of stocks and wall flowers will not remain good more than two years, unless kept in the pod. Sweet peas and lupines will with difficulty keep two years, while the seeds of the prince's-feather and of poppies will keep several years. Larkspur seed will seldom grow after the second or third year. Notwithstanding the length of time which some seeds will keep, it is generally advisable to sow them as soon after they are ripe as practicable.

#### MODE OF POTTING PLANTS.

When a plant is first set into a pot, it will continue to grow till it has filled the pot full of roots. It will then produce its flowers, which will be developed in proportion to the strength of the plant, the size of the pot and the quantity of earth the plant has to grow in; therefore plants in small pots will flower the sooner if the plant is of a kind that has the property of flowering young. Otherwise it will make its first growth, then apparently rest to perfect its growth, and as soon as the plant has done flowering it will commence growing again till it has exhausted the soil in the pot and the roots become matted round the sides. It must then be repotted or it will suffer.

In the operation of potting or shifting plants, begin by placing a piece of broken pot over the hole at the bottom, then put in a handful of small pieces of pots or gravel stones for drainage, more or less as may be required, to have the plant as deep in the pot or a trifle deeper than it was in the one it came out of, and leaving about an inch of space between the surface and the rim of the pot to allow for watering them. Take the plant to be shifted, placing the left hand across the pot, letting the stem of the plant pass between the two middle fingers, then invert the pot and tap the rim of the pot gently, till the plant is loose, and take off the pot with the right hand. Let the thick matted roots at the bottom and sides be pulled off with the hand or a knife, loosing the ball, and shake off what old soil you can without injuring the roots; then set the plant into the fresh pot, and fill up the space with fresh soil, pressing it down with a piece of stick or the finger, and rapping the pot on the bottom to settle the soil; then give it a watering.

#### FLOWERS IN THE CONSERVATORY.

As soon as winter sets in, conservatory plants will require sufficient heat to keep out the frost, and in very cold weather the windows must be kept quite close; but every fine day they should have air by letting down an upper sash, which is the best to open as the heated air given out at the top will moderate the cold air coming in, and it should be closed early in the afternoon. The best time to admit air is from ten in the forenoon till two or three in the afternoon; but in cold and windy days or severe weather, it is best not to open them at all.

The plants should be looked over occasionally, to pick off all dead leaves, and any that have insects or dirt on them should be washed with a sponge, with soap and water; and where the surface of the mould has become green or foul it should be removed with a piece of flat stick, but not deep enough to injure the roots, and a little fresh soil should be laid over them. As the spring advances, they will require a more plentiful supply of air and water, which should be given them as often as the soil in the pots becomes dry, but they should not be kept saturated all the time, as that would injure the roots, nor let flag much for want of it, as that would check their growth, and cause the leaves to drop off.

#### THE ROSE FAMILY.

Of all flowers none are more beautiful than roses, and none better reward the care of the cultivator. The best known and most common kind is the cabbage or Provence rose, of which there are more than a hundred varieties; they are all very beautiful and very fragrant, and all distinguished by their close cabbage-like form, the curving inwards of their petals, and their slender footstalks, which give a peculiarly graceful and drooping appearance to the full-blown flowers. The moss roses are all varieties of the cabbage.

The French or Provins rose is a compact, erect-growing plant, with large open flat flowers borne on stiff erect flowerstalks, thus forming as strong a contrast as possible to the cabbage rose;

there are more than a hundred varieties of this rose. The damask or perpetual rose also numbers a multitude of varieties; they are very fragrant, and continue blossoming a long time. As these roses are of very luxuriant growth, and as they produce an abundance of flowers, they should be grown in very rich soil, and their shoots not cut in.

Chinese or monthly roses comprise upwards of two hundred varieties and hybrids, the most interesting of which are the tea-scented and the Noisettes. The tea-scented roses are delicate little flower plants, with large drooping flowers, and they are supposed to be hybrids between the common and the yellow Chinese roses; they are generally considered somewhat tender. The noisette is quite hardy, and a most abundant flower, sixty or eighty flowers having been produced in one cluster; it is admirably adapted for standards and for rose pillars. There are about a hundred different kinds of noisette roses.

Musk roses form another family of roses, though not a numerous one, as there are not above ten or twelve kinds; they have very long slender bunches, which being generally too long to support alone their large bunches of flowers, they should be trained against a wall. These roses never require pruning, except to cut out the dead wood, as the flowers are only produced at the extremity of the shoots.

#### HELIOTROPES.

Much curious discussion has been carried on with respect to the heliotrope, the flower whose umbels of a grayish blue exhale such a sweet odor of vanilla. It is pleasantly related that the nymph Clytie, the daughter of Oceanus, was abandoned by Apollo, whom she had loved; this threw her into such deep grief, that she ceased to eat or to drink, and died with her eyes fixed upon the sun—she was changed into a flower called heliotrope. Heliotrope, however, signifies "I turn towards the sun." Some curiosity-mongers have determined that it was not our heliotrope with the vanilla odor, that was spoken of when alluding to the metamorphosis of Clytie, but of the great sunflower, sometimes called turnsol, which implies just the same thing as heliotrope. But there is a trifling inconvenience attached to this solution, which is, that the sunflower comes to us from Peru, and that in the time of Ovid, Peru was not known. If we seek for another flower to which to attribute the history of Clytie, that is another embarrassment—that it is a flower which turns towards the sun. But it would be difficult to find any flower that does not turn towards the sun; put them all into an apartment that has but one opening, and it will be seen that not only their flowers but their leaves, nay, their stalks seek the air, daylight and the sun.

#### ARRANGEMENT OF THE GREEN-HOUSE.

A span-roofed green-house, of a moderate height, and ranging from north to south, will be in every sense the best for the cultivation and display of plants; since in it they will be brought near to the light, more on a level with the eye of the observer, and very accessible, both for examination and culture. It is indispensable, however, that it be not high in the roof and have, in fact, only sufficient height to enable persons to walk comfortably inside. But, as the lowness recommended has to do with the health of the plants, and not with the external appearance, it should never be buried in the ground, or be entered by descending steps. It is better, rather, to have it slightly raised above the ground level, with one ascending step into it; in order to keep it quite dry and airy. The object of its standing north and south is, that it will thereby get most sun at all periods of the day.

In the interior arrangement of such a green-house, it will be well to have the principal stage along the centre with a narrow one against either wall, and a walk between the middle and each of the outer stages, the entrance being at one or both ends. This will give more variety than if the path were down the centre alone, and afford the means of showing the plants more perfectly. The stages ought not to be more than three or four feet from the glass, the side ones being quite flat, and that in the middle in a series of ascending shelves, so as to exhibit all the plants well. It is a good plan to have stages made of narrow bars of wood, with small openings between them, to let the drainage from the pots flow away freely, and also to facilitate the process of cleaning.





STICKLEBACKS FORMING THEIR NESTS.

## CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

NATURE is full of wonders. The commonest process of reproduction and of growth comprise mysteries which the human mind has never fathomed. The sprouting of the meanest weed—the tints of the most humble flower—the rugged bark which clothes the oak, and the delicate vein which intersects its leaves, fail only to fill us with astonishment because we are so accustomed to phenomena which we are nevertheless incapable of comprehending. Even in ourselves how many mysteries lie hidden—in our corporeal being how many fathomless secrets are contained! Few reflect, as they cross a crowded street and thread their way between the hurrying vehicles, that the failure of a single muscle to fulfil its appointed work would instantly arrest the motion of the body, and expose it to be trampled under foot or crushed and mangled by the impetuous animals which are so confidently disregarded! Few are aware that the slightest prick of a pin upon one point, no larger than a pin's head, of the spinal marrow, will produce death more instantaneously than the piercing of the heart or of the brain. But we

might multiply instances of marvellous provisions in our own system, without lessening perceptibly the number of instances in which the wonders of Nature are to be witnessed. We prefer to illustrate them by one or two simple phenomena in different walks of the animal kingdom, accessible to the notice of every one, and therefore very generally overlooked.

The *aquaria*, which, during the last year or two, have familiarised us all with the habits and appearance of some species of fish, have contributed largely to a removal of the ignorance which so generally prevailed on this subject, and have enabled the curious to witness the processes of nest-making and fecundating which are peculiar to different varieties. It is only of late years that anything certain has been known concerning the reproduction of fish, and nearly all our knowledge on the subject may be traced to a poor fisherman in France, whose patient investigations resulted in discoveries of immense value to his country, though no reward awaited his obscure exertions. Some score of years ago, Rémy, a peasant who earned a precarious living by fishing in the streams of the Vosges, found that every year the stock of trout was sensibly diminished, and that his earnings consequently grew less and less. He determined, with a resolute intelligence not common among men of his class, to investigate the habits of the fish; and for years he devoted himself to a study the object of which was to discover some means of artificially propagating fish in streams where they had become extinct or scarce. All night long, and every night, through many a weary month, he lay silent beside the quiet pools, watching the movements of trout, and perch, and sticklebacks, and a dozen other species. At length he grasped the entire process, from the making of the nest to the final hatching of the young fry; and his discoveries came to the ear of men of



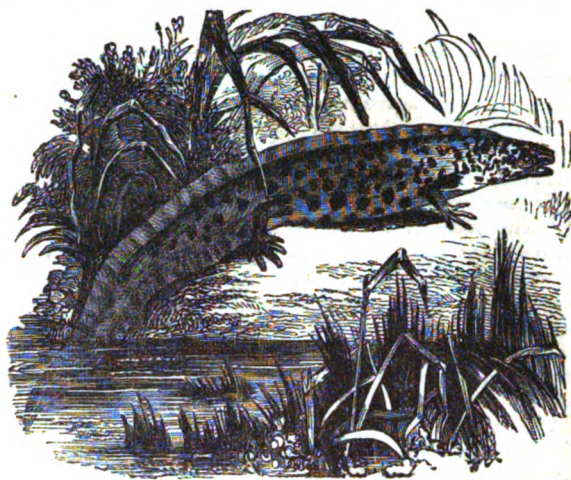
DORMICE.



science—Coste, Millet, de Quatrefages and others—who speedily turned his practical experience to account, and inaugurated the science of pisciculture in France.

Rémy died poor; but his investigations have resulted in the foundation of great establishments for the propagation of fish, by means of which the rivers and lakes of France are restocked with all those varied species which centuries of indiscriminate havoc had rendered nearly extinct. Our engraving represents the process pursued by the stickleback in making its nest, as observed by Rémy during his lonely watches. The stickleback frequents pools and ponds in which aquatic plants are to be found, and constructs its nest with mud, small stones, fragments of stick, and other material among the roots of the plants. When the male has prepared a receptacle in this manner, the female lays her eggs, which are then fecundated by the male, and left to the processes of nature for hatching.

To leave the waters and approach the marvels of the air, what can be more curious than the mutations undergone by



THE WATER-NEWT.

been shot by the residents at the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company. During the voyages of Ross, Perry, Franklin and other Arctic navigators, the ptarmigan was frequently the only fresh food which could be obtained. The bird is some fifteen inches long, and measures two feet between the tips of its wings.

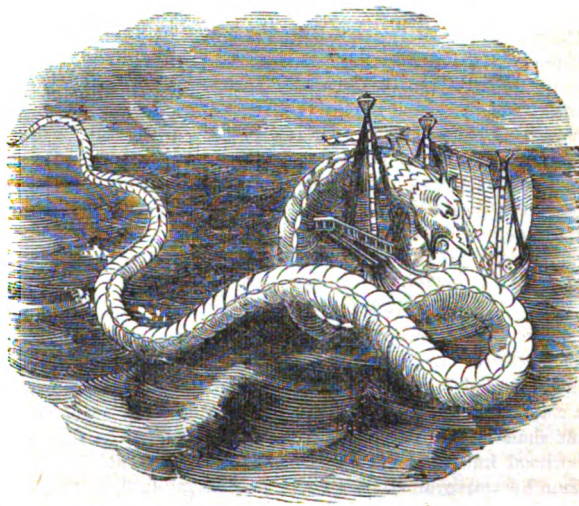
Another curious wintry change is that undergone by the lively dormouse, which passes, on the approach of cold, to a state of complete torpidity, and remains coiled up in its nest from the opening to the end of the cold season. There are four species of dormice, ranging in size from that of a squirrel to that of a common mouse, all sharing, however, the same peculiarity. The common English dormouse, or *muscardinus*, frequents gardens and orchards, where it may frequently be seen frolicking during the summer, and where, in the hollows of trees or cavities of stones, it builds itself a warm and cozy nest as autumn draws to a close. By November it begins its winter sleep; and in March it again stretches itself in the rays of the returning sun. The dormouse is frequently made a domestic pet in England.

The water-newt is a curious reptile, not very frequently seen, yet common enough in stagnant ponds. It is a species of lizard, leading an amphibious life, and feeding on the insects which inhabit the same waters with itself. Some varieties of the water-newt are gorgeously colored with yellow and crimson bands, giving it a fiery appearance, which have won for it the name of Salamander in Germany, where it is sometimes kept in glass cases filled with water on account of its curious beauty. We have frequently seen these salamanders caught with small nets, and transferred to glassy prisons.



THE PTARMIGAN.

birds inhabiting northern regions on the approach of winter? Our engraving represents that invaluable bird, the ptarmigan, on the point of doffing its summer plumage, to put on the snowy covering which it adopts during the winter. The ptarmigan, or *tetrao lagopus*, furnishes the denizens of the Hudson's Bay territory with a most important part of their winter's food. It is essentially a northern bird, being confined to the colder regions of Europe and of America, and is admirably adapted to sustain the severity of the most rigorous winter. Its name, *lagopus*, is derived from the peculiarity of its feet, which are clothed with feathers to the claws, as the hare's foot is with fur, thus enabling it to withstand the effects of cold; and its long, broad nails form excellent scoops wherewith to excavate holes in the snow, in which large flocks frequently nestle at night, and contribute to each other's warmth. From June to October the ptarmigan is of a pale brown or ash color, crossed and mottled with spots and bars of a rusty red; but with the first frosts of October it changes its entire plumage, and becomes of a white equal in purity to that of the surrounding snow. A similar change is observed in the hares and foxes which frequent the same latitudes; and the change of color undoubtedly operates as an effectual safeguard against many attacks. Yet so plentiful are the ptarmigan in the solitary regions of the Arctic circle, that in one winter no less than ten thousand have



THE SEA-SERPENT. FAC-SIMILE OF AN ENGRAVING IN ALDROVANDUS' WORKS.



One more natural curiosity and we have done! The great sea-serpent—can there be a greater marvel than this monster of the deep, if ever his existence be proved? The popular notion tends to fix the fiction of the great sea-serpent on American sailors, or on the inhabitants of Cape Ann and Cape Cod, in Massachusetts, where the monster has most frequently been "seen;" but this is far from being correct. On the contrary, the idea of such a serpent is of immense antiquity, and it was long the stock wonder of the old writers on natural history. Our engraving is the fac-simile of a cut in the works of Aldrovandus, the celebrated Bolognese, who, like most of his contemporaries, indulged his imagination somewhat when facts were deficient. The complacency with which the serpent is winding his folds about the doomed vessel cannot be too highly admired. Aldrovandus was born at Bologna in 1522, and wrote more largely and more wisely on natural history than any author of that period.

The Jews had many traditions regarding the sea-monster, and the following passage from "Die Zoologie des Talmuds," by Dr. Lewysohn, gives some idea of their opinions on this subject. We see something in this akin both to classic and Scandinavian mythology:

"The Leviathan is usually regarded either as a twisted serpent, or as a flying, rapidly-moving serpent, or, lastly, as a crocodile. The Talmud, however, makes of it a fabulous sea monster. The female lies in a circle round the earth like a girdle. But since there was reason to fear that its offspring might destroy the world, God killed the female, and mutilated the male. The flesh of the female is salted, and preserved for the banquet which will be prepared for the pious at the last day. The angel Gabriel will one day put the male to death, and a tent will be made of its skin for the use of the holy at the banquet in question."

This opinion is alluded to in 2 Esdras, vi. 52:

"But unto Leviathan thou gavest the seventh part, namely, the moist; and hast kept him to be devoured of whom thou wilt and when."

The "Plain Commentary" on Psalms lxxiv. 15, "Thou smotest the heads of Leviathan in pieces, and gavest him to be meat for the people in the wilderness," says, "He smote down and crushed Pharaoh, as a hunter smites down the ravening crocodile; and the dead bodies of the Egyptians, once so strong and proud, were cast upon the sea shore for a prey to the wild beasts that peopled the wilderness of Arabia," adding, however, a note referring to the tradition of the Talmud, that the Leviathan was to form a banquet for the elect at the last day.

## BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS—A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—MONSIEUR LE VICOMTE.

MONSIEUR DUMESNIL was a bachelor of small means—perhaps three hundred a-year—who passed two months of the year in Paris, and the rest on his estate. Allowing his fortune to be what we have stated it, he probably spent a hundred and fifty pounds in his two months of the season, and the other half in his ten months of the country, and yet, strange to relate, he managed his fortune so cleverly, that he gave about eight or ten balls, or *dejeûners*, or *pekaneeks*, in the summer, when he was in the country.

Fact was, M. Dumesnil was a bachelor. Now, bachelors in France, who, being of a certain age, live on their patrimonial estates, can spend very little money. For instance, in the matter of dress, they have very little delicacy. They appear—no matter where—in a suit of clothes that the worms—not to mention their half-starved domestics—have long since entered a claim to. They are not ashamed to drive the most rickety old shandran of a cabriolet, because everybody in the neighborhood knows it is M. Dumesnil, and looks at him rather than his conveyance. Lastly, if they assemble their friends in their own park, they mind very little if the arrangements be not in Parisian taste or Parisian luxury. All they care for, is

to have something amusing for their friends, however it may be arranged.

Monsieur Dumesnil's fêtes always caused a great sensation in the whole country round, for, although he disdained invidious distinctions, and invited everybody from the maire's wife to a duchesse, they were so gay and pleasant, that the most exclusive would not refuse an invitation. His house was merely an old rickety farm-house, of some fifteen spacious rooms, about three of which only were furnished, and the rest filled with lumber of a past age. His grounds, though extensive, and so thickly and cleverly planted, that one was always losing one's way about them, were yet allowed to grow almost wild—the walks unweeded, the shrubs unclipped, the lawns unmown.

However, there was a natural beauty about the place which made up in some measure for this carelessness, or, in his case, want of means; and nature, to Paul's taste at least, here proved as good a gardener as the canniest Scotchman from Kew at two hundred per annum.

On the morning of his entertainment, Monsieur Dumesnil, verging on seventy, woke at six o'clock, and looked anxiously to the skies. "Ah, if that sunshine only lasts, the young people will have plenty of fun."

Then he rose and dressed himself hastily. His old dependants, who were numerous, though very shabby, were called in, and each received his instructions, and the old gentleman himself at once commenced with an anxious face a number of little things which he had fixed to do.

He can be described in one line—tall, erect, shabby and yet respectable, with a face the exact image of Punch.

In an hour's time, Pierre returned from Baud with M. Dumesnil's letters.

"Vile thing that post; nothing but disappointment. Ah! so they can't come; and he's got the migraine. And Madame de B? oh! she is afraid of the air, owing to a late attack of rheumatism. Bah! and Madame de Ronville is so much fatigued with her journey that she is afraid she can't come, but her daughter will be chaperoned by Madame St. Amand. Ah! well, I am glad of that, for I intend her to be the belle of the day next to Madame de Lusignan. And here—well, what's the matter, François? Why, François, you look as white as a ghost; what is it, fellow?"

"I am afraid there's something the matter, sir," replied M. François, M. Dumesnil's oldest and most attached retainer, who had been his valet in days of yore—i. e., last century—when the young Dumesnil was eating and drinking the fortune which that excellent upholsterer and house-decorator, his father, had amassed and left to him.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the master, quite alarmed. "Is—is—is—the tent blown down?—the wind has been high: or, have the bonbons smashed in travelling?"

"No, sir," François answered with the familiarity of a French servant, "you needn't trouble your head about the tent, nor the bonbons, for I suspect, M. Dumesnil, that there's something much worse than that."

"Well, what is it? *Sac-é tonnerre!* speak out, *béard!*"

"*Béard!*" grumbled François to himself, half turning on his heel, "I know who'll be *béard* very soon, if I'm not mistaken."

M. Dumesnil was not of a mild temper.

"Ah, François, do you want me to stuff your ugly old head down your throat?" he said, grinding his teeth; "or will you tell me what the devil is in the wind?"

Now, François did not desire any operation of the kind to be performed on his cranium, but like all French servants, he enjoyed nothing more than to put himself on an equality with his master whenever he had a chance, and it was by way of indulging in the pleasure of irritating the old gentleman that he had hitherto kept back the news. He had now succeeded.

"Ah, M. Dumesnil!" he said, with the greatest coolness, "I am surprised to see you forget yourself at your age, and that too with a man who has been your right hand for the last fifty years."

The old bachelor snatched up the bedroom candlestick, and would have sent it at the man's head, if the latter had not raised his hand commandingly.

"Sir, sir," he said, "take care of yourself; the police are at the door!"

"The police?"

"The police!"

"The po—po—po—lice!" gasped the old man, horror-struck.

"Yes, the po—police, and they are come for you."

"Nonsense, nonsense; but tell me, are you serious, François?"

The name of police is very fearful in France, for too often it is only another term for summary arrest on some obscure political suspicion; and who is safe under an absolute government? François came up to his master's side.

"I tell you there is a man in plain clothes, attended by two gendarmes."

"Good heaven! I am lost."

"Ah, sir, that affair under the old empire must have transpired."

The old bachelor hung his head for a minute; then he rose with dignity.

"François, let them come in; I am prepared."

The servant retired, and the old man drew his dressing-gown round him, and prepared for the worst.

The next moment a tall, handsome and very elegantly-dressed young man was shown in, and bowed politely to M. Dumesnil.

"M. Dumesnil, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; and pray what is your business?"

"I am afraid, sir, you will think I am taking a great liberty; but the service of the state, sir—"

"Good, good, keep your apologies, young man, and produce your warrant."

"My warrant! Oh, M. Dumesnil, that will be produced at the right time, and shown to the person whom it most concerns. You must excuse me if I decline."

"I do not understand you, sir. I shall certainly not allow myself to be taken without a warrant."

The young man smiled, and it was evident he was inclined to laugh.

"My good sir, you have mistaken my mission. Believe me, there is not the slightest ground of suspicion against yourself."

The old bachelor was relieved.

"Indeed! ah, of course, how could there be any! but against whom, may I ask?"

"Permit me to explain. You have a fête here to-day; have you not?"

"Certainly, but—"

"And all the neighborhood, with your usual hospitality, has been invited?"

"Well, sir?"

"Among your visitors there may be one or two on whom the suspicion of the police has fallen."

"Sir!" exclaimed M. Dumesnil indignantly.

"It is no fault of yours, my dear sir. You are aware that a plot has been recently discovered, in which some of the legitimate party are supposed to be concerned."

"I have read something to that effect."

"And the police have reason to suppose that one of the suspected persons will be among your visitors to-day. I have received orders to be present also in order to watch the movements of that person. I do not tell you that I belong to the secret service of the state: but I trust you will believe me, when I assure you that it is with the greatest regret that I intrude myself upon your festive reunion. I am compelled to do so; but in order to make the circumstance less annoying to yourself, and imperceptible to your guests, I shall desire the gendarmes to retire to the neighboring inn until they are wanted—which, perhaps, they will not be—and I myself have prepared my toilette with a view to mingling with the guests in a less conspicuous manner."

"Really, sir, you are very considerate."

"Not at all. I shall further take care that if any arrest is made, it will not be until the party is broken up, so that everything will be done to spare your feelings."

M. Dumesnil bowed. He was quite overcome with the

politeness of the emissary, whose manners were those of an elegant Parisian.

"Sir," he said, "after the consideration you have shown, I can only request that you will make yourself quite at home in my house."

"I am very grateful for the offer, for, to tell you the truth, if you had not made it, I must have proposed it myself. You know the rules of the service, and I trust you will aid me in my endeavor to secure the dangerous enemies of his majesty the emperor."

M. Dumesnil bowed. The name of the emperor made him tremble.

"In what way can I do so?"

"By introducing me as an acquaintance of yours."

M. Dumesnil scanned the perfect Parisian dress of the stranger, and began to feel that he would be rather a pleasant addition to his fête.

"I shall feel proud to do so," he replied. "But your name is—"

"You understand that I cannot give my right name. To prevent awkwardness, you can call me the Vicomte Delafosse."

Vicomtes were rare in Brittany, and the son of the retired upholsterer began to be delighted.

"Well, then, vicomte, I am going to breakfast, will you join me?"

They went to breakfast accordingly, and during the meal the young man displayed so much acquaintance with the best society of Paris, had so perfect an *aplomb*, and such thoroughly good manners, that M. Dumesnil began to suspect that the plea of the arrest was made up for some less dangerous purpose.

"Ah!" thought he, "I remember when I was a young man, we did very wild things now and then, only to be able to say a few words to some fair lady," and the determined celibat sighed as he recalled his halcyon days. "Perhaps, after all, these gendarmes have been hired, and the whole story made up for some such satisfaction. I will sound him."

But Dumesnil proposed and the vicomte disposed, and that very rapidly, of his purposes.

At length the breakfast was removed, and François brought in two little cups of black coffee, a large decanter of pure golden brandy, and the sugar basin. M. Dumesnil's eyes glittered at the sight.

"Do you take gloria?" he asked. "It is an old-fashioned custom, and the young men of the present day affect to dislike it. But oh! there is nothing like gloria."

"Indeed, then, I shall make an exception to the general rule."

M. Dumesnil drank off his coffee till only a third was left in the cup. He then filled it up entirely with sugar, and on the top of this poured his superb old cognac. The young man followed his example.

Now this mixture, which I can assure the reader may easily be taken as an earthly imitation of the immortal nectar, served by Ganymede at my Lord Jupiter's table, as soon as the red mullets and turbots were removed, was, during the first quarter of the present century, the invariable conclusion of the heavy French breakfast. The gentlemen mixed it while the ladies were still in the room, and if a wife wished to humor a husband, or a sister to conciliate a brother, she would coax a spoonful of the rich liqueur from him, and sup it with a genuine relish. Then, indeed, it was truly gloria, and fairly named, for the proportions of coffee and sugar softened, sweetened, and recalled the fire and strength of the cognac. But when the ladies rose, the gentlemen remained by their cups, and as the original mixture was swallowed, filled up the vacuum with pure brandy, so that as the hour was early and the drink strong, many used to rise from the breakfast table literally "in their cups."

"But those were the days of the first empire, when men fought hard, swore hard, snuffed hard, drank hard, and imitated their great master in making themselves as disagreeable to their wives as possible," said M. Dumesnil, after describing the glories of gloria in his early days. "I am not one of those old men, sir, who think their own generation better than any



other. I admit that France has improved, sir, on one side, but alas! she has sadly deteriorated on the other."

The heart of the old gentleman warmed over his favorite beverage, and the stranger was not slow to perceive the change. At last, curiosity got the better of the old fellow, much to the young one's delight.

"My dear sir," he said, "you will excuse my frankness, but seriously I cannot understand how you can belong to the police, as you say you do."

"And why not?"

"Well, well, I shall perhaps offend you, but I am an old man, and you will pardon me. Well, then, in my day the emissaries of the police were not gentlemen."

The young man smiled. This was precisely what he wanted.

"But," he replied, "were there in your day, sir, no young men who would attach themselves to a service of this kind from private personal motives?"

"Ah! ah!" cried the old gentleman, with glee, "I thought so. I have you there, sir. I guessed right. You are not a mere agent of police."

"Perhaps not."

"No, no, nor are you even attached to the service. Now confess it, confess it. You have devised this scheme in order to be present at my fête; you expect to meet some one here, probably some lovely woman, and not knowing me you have had recourse to this stratagem. Do not be afraid. Confess the whole thing; I absolve you beforehand."

The young man hung his head and played with his watch-chain.

"My dear sir—" he began.

"Ah! ah! I am right," cried the other. "I am right; I am always right. Well, well, I will not betray you. I will respect your secret, and do what I can for you."

"Oh, sir, you are too good."

"Not a bit of it. But will you now confess who the lady is?"

"Sir, you cannot ask me that. I must not compromise any one. But allow me to say, you have taken too much for granted. It is true that I am here on a delicate errand, but it is no less true that I am an agent, for the time being, of the police."

"Oh yes! that is all very fine. You want to make out that you did not deceive me in the first instance. But never mind, your secret is safe with me."

And thus the two seemed to suit one another charmingly.

M. Dumesnil was not disappointed in the weather. The day was superb, and the light clouds floated over the sky for ornament rather than for use.

About mid-day the guests began to arrive. Such a collection of vehicles could not be seen out of Brittany. The newest of them looked as if built in the days of Jehu, though very ill adapted for furious driving. There were enormous calèches, with very rusty leather, and very little paint left; tall spindle cabriolets, which jerked forward at every move over the horse's tail; heavy britzkas with yellow bodies, and rope harness, and little blue omnibuses, hired for the day from the nearest inns. The visitors, if less antique, were no less heterogeneous. In short, everybody was there, and everybody, too, in their gayest dresses, and with minds set on enjoyment.

As it was useless for these crowds to attempt to find room in the house, the carriages were directed to draw up before a large *marquée* which had been erected in an open space in the midst of the shrubberies. This was, in fact, the centre of attraction. It was here M. Dumesnil proposed forming his guests in a circle, and while they danced round, reciting to them those verses which everybody laughed at, but in the choruses of which everybody joined. This was in fact the ancient *ronde*, a dance invented probably in the time of David, and only preserved in this remote corner of France.

At the entrance of this tent stood M. Dumesnil with the young stranger by his side, and whenever any guests of importance arrived, he took care to introduce "M. le Vicomte Delafosse," with much ceremony. The "Vicomte" caused no small sensation. Imprimis, he was a stranger, and therefore

the subject of everybody's conjectures. Next, he was a dandy, and therefore an object of admiration with the people of that nation who worship external elegance. Last, he was handsome, and therefore attractive to the ladies, and an object of much concealed spite among the gentlemen.

The St. Amands arrived in good time. M. Dumesnil brightened up as he saw Madeleine's beautiful face radiant among them.

"Madame St. Amand—my particular friend the Vicomte Delafosse."

Bows and smiles.

"Mademoiselle de Ronville, don't run away. Come here, miss, and let me introduce a charming partner, and most distinguished young dandy, who will be able to talk to you about Paris, as you have just left it—the Vicomte Delafosse."

Those who watched the young stranger's face noticed a very slight change on it as he bowed.

"Vicomte," whispered the old man, "she is the belle of the room. Offer her your arm."

The Vicomte offered it, and it was accepted.

At this moment a tremendous braying of trumpets was heard, and an old English stage-coach, with four stout Norman horses, drew up before the *marquée*. On the top of it were six young men of the neighborhood, known as inveterate Nimrods, each with his huge *cor de chasse* round his body. On the box sat little M. de Beaufort, and beside him was Paul Montague holding the ribbons. Inside were Madame de Beaufort, the Chanoinesse and Clothilde. The little man was radiant with delight. Two days before he had seen this old vehicle in a coach-house at Rennes, had hired it for the occasion, and assembled his young friends to give *éclat* to the movement. But when all had been ready, he had shirked the responsibility of driving a team, and Montague was intrusted with the valuable lives inside.

Everybody jumped up to look at the "stetch-cotch Anglais," while the little man climbed down.

"Ah!" said M. Dumesnil, "this is original."

"You see," said the little man, "that my friend here being English, Mr. Montague—M. Dumesnil—we resolved to do the thing in true English style. This is, I assure you, the ordinary vehicle in which the nobility of England drive about, and to which they harness even their most valuable racehorses."

Everybody listened and opened their eyes, while Paul smiled wickedly. But the remarks in the crowd were not flattering to M. de Beaufort's turn-out.

"*Que les Anglais sont bêtes!*" whispered one.

"Frightfully cramped and uncomfortable," suggested another.

"And how bad in wet weather! I would rather have my old shandradan."

"And yet there is something *distingué* in it; the four horses and the size of the carriage."

"And then the English are obliged to have large carriages, because their families are so large."

"And I have heard that they always take their servants about with them."

"Yes; but only for show, not for use, for the gentlemen always drive."

"Ah! that suits their barbarous notions."

"*Quels barbares!*" exclaimed a pretty coquette.

"*Les eccentriciques!*" added a young man who had not many ideas.

"But the Englishman yonder is good-looking."

"Yes; but how fair! Like a woman."

"How tall, too, and *distingué*."

And so on.

The fact was, that long before the "stetch-cotch" had driven away again, the admiration it excited had extended to the guests it brought. First, the De Beauforts, though far from being among the "best people" of the neighborhood, were at least the most fashionable, for they, and they only, spent eight months every year in Paris. Next, the handsome Nimrods, who had leapt down so pluckily from the monstrous vehicle, were the cream of the young men for miles around, the *partis* on whom mamma turned her eyes, and miss, not

daring to do so much, concentrated her thoughts—in short, the available of the land. Lastly, there was an Englishman!

Now, the French do hate the English. It is of no use to deny it, to call it an old-fashioned idea, and to talk of the enmity of the old and the alliance with the new empire. In some things the French are more prejudiced than even the English, the most prejudiced nation under the sun; and this national hatred is one of their stiff-rooted prejudices. I won't lecture you now, and say that you, with your confounded absurdities, do all you can to nourish and feed this popular dislike; that your very look is cold, haughty, repulsive, and supercilious, and your manners despotic and bearish. I content myself with asserting, that the hatred of the English is as strong all over France as ever it was.

But—and this "but" should be a big one—though they hate they envy; though they envy they respect; and besides respect, they can't help admiring. Little De Beaufort's Anglo-mania was only an exaggeration of a national feeling. He did not like Englishmen any more than his countrymen do, but what they envied, respected and admired in Englishmen, he envied, respected and admired to a slavish degree. An Englishman among Frenchmen is like Gulliver among the Lilliputs. He is unapproachable, overpowering, incommensurable, and even a damper; but then he is so highly respectable, so manly, so distinguished, so terrible in his calmness and apparent facility of self-government; and sometimes, too, he is so handsome. Certainly he is difficult to love, for you cannot draw him out in sympathy; but then you must admire him. He is an elephant among a troop of foxes.

So the young men twirled their moustaches, and made satirical remarks on Montague, while they endeavored to ape his calm cool manner; and the young ladies looked intently at him, with solemn eyes, more afraid of him perhaps than anything else.

Clothilde felt very happy as Paul led her to a seat. She talked rapidly to the Englishman, with whom she had learned to be easy, and looked round to gather the effect which her apparent familiarity with this giant had on the rest of the damsels there. But Montague was rather absent. His eyes wandered about in search of Madeleine, whom he had counsed on meeting, and found her not.

Meanwhile old M. Dumesnil was rushing frantically about. First, he disposed the young Nimrods at a convenient spot near the tent, where they might sound "the cheerful" but rather noisy horn to their heart's content; and they, accordingly, laughing and chaffing a good deal, began to set up a most overpowering clamor, to the somewhat effete and very simple air of "Le Roi Dagobert."

Then he enlisted a young man or two in his service, and sent them out to whip in all the stray couples and wandering parties that had already sought sweet seclusion in the shrubberies, and insist on their returning to join the favorite *ronds*.

At last it was formed, and the fun began. But of this anon. We have lost sight of Madeleine and her companion, and must pick them up again. Indeed, if you, reader, are not anxious about that young lady, whom you last saw under the arm of a handsome vicomte, wandering away from the throng, I can assure you that Madame St. Amand, her chaperon, was not only anxious, but rather shocked, to find that the young maiden had quitted her side with a complete stranger.

Now Madeleine had taken the stranger's arm. There is a great deal of meaning in linking arm-in-arm. Indeed, almost all the common actions of daily life are symbols full of much beautiful expression, but that men have lowered them to vile uses. We take off our hat, and bare our heads to men we despise, and yet it is a mark of deep respect, little short of worship. We reserve our kisses, those sweet mute pledges of peace and love, for our lovers, and profane them with worse. How rarely do we obey the apostle's teaching, and greet our brethren with the kiss of peace! And we take and offer the arm where we even feel aversion. But truly to link arms is a meaning action. Between men it signifies a common feeling, a bond of union, of mutual reliance and mutual aid. The woman hangs upon the man's arm for support; the parasite clings relyingly to the strong stem. Therefore, the true man should always

give the left arm to a woman, the *bras de cœur*, as the French call it, for then he places her next his heart, which she may feel beating for her beneath her hand, while his stout right arm is free to defend her.

When the stranger gave his arm to Madeleine, this thought came across his mind. It was the first time he had ever given her his arm, but now he felt as if he had a right to do so.

"M. Dumesnil has told me to talk to you of Paris, *mademoiselle*," he began; "but I feel sure that you would much rather talk of the country."

"How can you guess that, sir?" she replied in surprise.

"I could see in one glance that you were not one of those flippant spirits to whom Paris is the world."

Madeleine looked up into his face with yet more wonder. This stranger began very strangely indeed, she thought, but she liked him for it. But when once she had looked into his face, she could not help looking more and more. There was something in it which touched some hidden chord within, something, she knew not what, with which she seemed familiar. The stranger felt the scrutiny, and turned his face a little away.

"For my part," he went on, "I cannot tell what people who are blessed with such a wild, beautiful, peaceful country as this, should want with the vulgar excitement of a city. If I were a Breton, I would never leave Brittany again. I would turn hunter, and live in the woods. I can imagine what a glorious life it must be. To rise at dawn, when the morning breeze comes up fresh from the east, unsullied by the curses and complaints of the work day; to bound out into the thick forest, with the dew upon the brushwood, and track the wild boar with a dozen mongrel dogs, yelping and sniffing, and bustling round you, in and out of the thicket; and when one had walked for an hour, to sit down on the roots of a tree, and take one's black bread from the wallet, and one's knife from the pocket, and breakfast simply and healthfully; then later, to catch the grunt and snort of the great rough beast, to keep back the dogs a while, and break through the brushwood stealthily, till close upon him—and then, then to see the curs fly forward, some at his ears, some at his tail, to see the monster roll them over, and send them howling back, and then away after him with spear and knife. Oh! this must be a glorious sport, worthy of a man, ten times more worthy than to lounge effeminately on the Boulevards of Paris." The stranger had quite lost himself in the reverie. His eyes glistened, his nostrils dilated and his voice grew louder, till at last he unconsciously bounded forward, dragging the astonished Madeleine with him.

"Why, sir!" she exclaimed, "one would think you were indeed the hunter you were wishing to be."

The vicomte checked himself, and reddened perceptibly.

"And if—" he began, but immediately broke off.

"Well?" asked Madeleine, watching his face intently.

"Nothing, nothing. I must beg pardon for losing myself so completely in my dream."

"But you were going to say something. If you were a hunter, was it not?"

"Well; yes. If I were a hunter, do you think I should be happy?"

"And why not?"

"It is a very lonely life."

"Oh! dear, no. These young men always go out in parties, and when they return dine together, and finish the day with one another."

The stranger tossed his head proudly.

"Do you think, then, I was speaking of these young amateurs, who will allow the game to be beaten up for them, and fire away at their convenience? No; if I were a hunter, I must be one by profession, a poacher or gamekeeper, little matter which, but one who loved his sport and lived by it."

"Then, of course, you would be happy, for those men love nothing else beside their occupation."

The stranger now in his turn looked earnestly into Madeleine's face, and smiled bitterly.

"Ah! you think so? You think that in these wild solitudes, when a man has walked through the brushwood half the day long, and sits down to rest miles away from his home, his

heart is so sterile and commonplace that no softer feelings can steal into it than of his gun and his powder flask? Is it only these gentlemen, who live in large châteaux, who have the right to be romantic and to have any poetry in their souls? Ah! mademoiselle, I am a sad democrat in this respect, for I firmly believe that the peasant and the poacher can love every whit as proudly as the noble."

He paused for Madeleine's answer, but she remained silent, looking down, and wondering much at this man. He waited for some time, and then went on with a sneer.

"Oh! you are thinking that the loves of a poacher and a Breton peasant girl could not be very interesting. And you are partly right. They are too simple, too straightforward and sincere, to afford material for novels and poetry. But let us suppose something a little more romantic. Let us imagine the poacher to be ambitious in his love, to have watched from his boyhood the daughter of the noble on whose forests he followed the game, and to be hopeless in his passion, what do you think of that?"

Madeleine looked up. Her face was a little pale, and she gazed suspiciously at her companion.

"I should respect such a love," she answered in a quiet tone; "but pity it."

"Ah!" cried the stranger, stopping suddenly and looking eagerly at her. "You would respect such a love, but pity it? But what, what if—that love were addressed to yourself?"

"Sir?"

"Well, well; merely for the sake of hypothesis. If you yourself were the object of some such rough passion, could you forgive the bold poacher?"

"I should forgive him. I should even thank him."

"Oh, oh! you would thank him; you would thank him!"

Madeleine shrank back, she was alarmed at this vehemence.

"You would thank him. But could you ever bring yourself to return it? Answer me that."

"I think not."

At this moment the song of the horns burst out, softened by their distance.

"Oh, oh!" cried the stranger, vehemently. "Oh! listen, listen; I could almost fancy myself in the forest."

"Really, sir," replied Madeleine, chillingly; "I could almost fancy you were a poacher in disguise."

"Do not be afraid, mademoiselle," he answered with a forced laugh. "After what you have said, I should not be so rash as to—to—"

Madeleine stopped him by turning sharp round.

"Ah!" she cried merrily, "who is here? Is it possible? Why, this is an Englishman, whom I never expected to see in Brittany. Mr. Montague, how do you do, and how do you come to be here?"

And she gave him her hand and shook his heartily and unaffectedly, as you do an old friend's. All the same, her face flushed up, and it was evident, from whatever cause, she was very glad to see Paul again. That individual was delightfully surprised at the cordiality of her greeting, but at the same time he had never felt more awkward in his life. Although he was an Englishman, he had lived in France long enough to know that young ladies do not wander away with young gentlemen without either a very good excuse or a very strong incentive. So that there were only three ways to interpret Madeleine's conduct—either this was a near relation, or they were engaged; or again, she was rather bold and indifferent to the rules of discreet bearing. It never entered into the head of this man of the world that it was possible for a young girl to be so innocent that she could see no harm where none really was, and so free-hearted that she was not to be governed by the absurd prejudices of that prudery which is often only a cloak for vice. Not knowing what to think, Paul answered:

"I am sent, mademoiselle, by M. Dumesnil, to fetch you. He is going to begin a *ronde*, and declares he cannot sing unless 'you are there to inspire him.'"

"I will come with all my heart, but, *entre nous*, these *rondes* are very tiresome; do you not think so?"

"Really I cannot tell. I never saw one in my life. But what answer shall I give the old gentleman; that you are coming directly?"

"I will spare you the trouble of playing Mercury, and come with you, if you will wait; but you seem to be in a great hurry."

In fact, Paul, burning with jealousy and torn with doubts, was moving rapidly off. Madeleine disengaged her arm from that of the vicomte, and taking Paul's, made a sign to the stranger to accompany them. It was quite perceptible on the vicomte's face that this interruption was anything but pleasant to him, but in a moment he was all smiles, and complacently walked on like a deposed sovereign, making the best of it.

"You have not told me how you come to be in Brittany, M. Montague," Madeleine resumed.

"The simplest thing in the world. You know the De Beauforts? Well; the little man asked me to stay with him a short time, and they were kind enough to bring me with them to-day."

"And what has become of your friend, M. de Coucy?"

"Ah! mademoiselle, have you not read the papers lately?"

"The papers! No; what? Has anything befallen him?"

"De Coucy?" interposed the vicomte; "surely that cannot be the Ronce conspirator who was arrested the other day?"

Paul looked now at the stranger for the first time, and could not help starting a little. He seemed to know his face.

"Alas! It is too true."

"What!" exclaimed Madeleine. "M. de Coucy a conspirator! M. de Coucy mixed up with revolutionists and assassins! Is it possible? That man whom I thought so good, so benevolent, so quiet?"

"Do not say assassins, mademoiselle. I have reason to know that he took no part in the conspiracy against the emperor's person."

"Indeed, sir," said the vicomte; "as you seem to have been acquainted with this gentleman, perhaps you can give us some particulars of the affair. You can perhaps inform me, for instance, how far the Count Ludowsky—"

"The Count Ludowsky!" exclaimed Madeleine, turning very pale. "Was he mixed up with it too?"

Both men turned as by a common consent and looked anxiously into the poor girl's face, and then glanced at one another.

"The Count Ludowsky, mademoiselle," answered the stranger, "was said to be the principal instigator of the plot."

"But, but I thought some madman had been arrested, and that it was supposed to be a mere act of insanity."

"Doubtless," said the vicomte, "it was a most insane act, but there were more madmen than one engaged in it. Did you know Count Ludowsky, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, sir; he was an intimate friend of my father's."

The two men again glanced at one another, and each reddened a little as he met the other's eyes. Perhaps of the two the vicomte was the cooler, and with reason, as we shall see.

"Then, mademoiselle," he said, "I shall not, of course, say what I was about to say of him."

"On the contrary," replied Madeleine, "as he is a friend of mine—of ours, I mean—I am the more interested to hear what has become of him."

"Oh!" replied the stranger, somewhat bitterly; "if you are personally interested in him, you will never bear to hear of all his—"

"Well, sir, finish your sentence. His misdeeds, I suppose you mean? But you misunderstand me. As my father's friend, I am much shocked to hear of this treachery, but for myself, I expect little else in these days. Revolutions may bring their benefits, but no good that they can do can compensate for their corruption of individual character. Every one is a traitor at heart now, it seems to me. A man wants nothing but a temptation or a little persuasion to be so in act as well as thought."

"But, mademoiselle," replied the vicomte, a little tremulously, "there are some cases in which what you call treachery



is only a duty. There are some causes in which it is right to sin. What say you to Charlotte Corday?"

Madeleine shuddered.

"Ah, sir! a crime is never excusable. Heaven alone has the right of life and death, and that man or that woman who usurps it sins. The one act of Charlotte Corday saved a million murders, it may be, but it could not save a single soul. Look to the early Christians. Emperor after emperor threw them by thousands to the lions, but not one of them thought it his duty to stay the carnage by assassination. And for all that, Christianity has gained the day, for Heaven so willed it."

"Bah!" murmured the vicomte. The discussion was taking a religious turn, and nothing was more odious to him than religion. Paul, on the other hand, was silent. The argument was old enough and trite enough, but from the lips of this girl, it seemed to come to him with a new force.

"But come," exclaimed Madeleine; "you must tell me how the Count Ludowsky was implicated in this conspiracy, and what has become of him."

The vicomte looked at Paul for a moment, expecting him to give the narrative, but Montague had no intention to betray himself. The vicomte was compelled to go on.

"It was simply this, mademoiselle. A society, which called itself the 'Junior Freemasons,' has passed a resolution to get rid of the emperor. An agent of the police, one of those wonderful men, that know everything, and can do everything, introduced himself into this society, and acquainted the government with its designs. Your friends, M. Ludowsky and M. de Coucy, were the ringleaders of this contemptible band."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Paul, who could not patiently hear his friend traduced. "M. de Coucy, as I have already stated, was not one of those who conspired against the emperor's life."

"But, sir, he has been arrested," answered the vicomte very politely.

"Unjustly, sir," replied Paul tartly.

"Possibly; but still he was president of this secret society."

"Which proves nothing."

"Oh! my dear sir," said the vicomte with a wicked smile; "if you are in the secrets of these gentlemen, I must leave you to tell the story."

"Sir," said Paul, with dignity, "I have told you that M. de Coucy was my intimate friend."

"I beg a thousand pardons," replied the vicomte, bowing most respectfully. "But permit me to say, that you are courageous to acknowledge this intimacy. In another week, M. de Coucy will be convicted of high treason, and condemned to a cell for life."

"And, sir," Paul answered, proudly, "he is not the less my friend. If he is condemned, it will be unjustly, and, if need were, I should be proud to suffer with him."

"You may yet have a chance, then, sir," laughed the vicomte. "I see from the papers that there is an Englishman implicated; and the police might arrest you by mistake, as you were an intimate friend of one of the conspirators."

Paul could not stand this blow. He reddened first with suppressed indignation, and then grew pale. Who was this man who so unconsciously hinted at the truth? and was it unconsciously, or did he know more than he confessed to?

Madeleine had looked at Paul with admiration. There was no quality she thought more noble than fidelity. But his momentary distress did not escape her, and she pitied him without knowing the cause of it.

"At least," she said soothingly, "M. Montague's confession is safe with us. There are no police agents here."

"How can you tell?" said Paul, staring down the vicomte; "as you said, mademoiselle, every one is a traitor now-a-days. One's own brother will sell one for a louis, and the man one has—"

"Sir," interrupted the stranger, red with fury, "your words contain a suspicion, an imputation. Did you mean it?"

"Sir, I reply that I have not the honor of knowing you intimately."

"Good, sir, good; we will discuss this elsewhere. Mademoiselle, I have the honor to wish you good morning."

"Stop, stop," cried Madeleine, alarmed. "Stop, sir, let it be explained."

But the vicomte did not stop. He raised his hat again, waved his hand, and walked away.

"You have offended him, my dear sir," said Madeleine. "Run after him and explain what you meant. For heaven's sake, do; he looks really furious."

Paul laughed, but did not stir.

"Who is this gentleman, mademoiselle?" he said. "I am sorry to have offended a friend of yours."

"Then go and retrieve your error."

"But is he a friend of yours?"

"What right have you to ask, sir? or what does it matter I ask you, I implore you, to go and be reconciled?"

"You ask me? you implore me? Do you command me?"

"What, sir, will you obey where you will not concede? Yes, then, I command you."

"Then, mademoiselle, I must do it. But first tell me if this gentleman is a friend of yours."

"Why do you ask? what difference does it make? Whoever he is, you were wrong to offend him; and you ought to make it up."

"But who is he? Have you known him long? The fact is, that I seem to know his face, and I have a suspicion about him."

"Ah! how strange! I seem to know his face too."

"Indeed? Where have you seen it before?"

"Here, in Brittany."

"Is he like some one you have ever known intimately?"

"Yes; very like in feature and expression. But the hair is of another color; and he wears whiskers, and no moustache."

"Did you know him at Nantes?" asked Paul eagerly.

"At Nantes? No; I was never there in my life. And where did you know him?"

"Oh! it cannot be the same man. The voice even is the same, it is true, but the accent and the whole bearing are different. The man that I knew was merely a bourgeois from Nantes, and this one seems to be a man of education and breeding."

"There is a mystery in this, M. Montague," said Madeleine solemnly. "The person whom he resembles to my eyes was a mere gamekeeper of my father's; and this gentleman was introduced as the Vicomte Delafosse."

"Well, then, it cannot be the same. It is not probable that there should be any connection between my cutler from Nantes and the Baron de Ronville's gamekeeper; still less between these two and a vicomte."

"It is a strange coincidence, though; and his face is not a common one. It is handsome; do you not think so?"

What man can bear to hear another called handsome! Paul was no saint, and so he answered: "Well, I cannot see it. He is tall and strongly built, but his face is not honest enough, not open enough to be called handsome."

With such talk they arrived at the pavilion, Madeleine forgetting her desire for a reconciliation, and Paul delighted to find she had forgotten it.

Meanwhile the vicomte walked off in excellent spirits.

"Bah!" said he to himself with a triumphant laugh; "I must build a temple to this goddess, fortune. How she favors me, mon Dieu! I who came to see Madeleine, to have fallen on the Englishman, who had given us all the slip! Then to have caught him up so neatly! Why, this quarrel will be an opening to 'endless amusement,' as they say at the marionette stands in the Champs Elysées. I shall have him entirely in my power. I shall do the generous and noble thing. Madeleine will hear of it. I shall make him play my game for me, and then when I have done with him, I'll send him after De Coucy. Shall I? No; God forbid! I like this Englishman. There is something noble about him; and God knows, I have been long enough among vile intriguing characters to appreciate anything better. And I like De Coucy too. He should never have been taken, if it hadn't been for that cursed old fool, the Père Michaud. Bah! Love is a strange alchemist. I believe it is going to make a Christian of me. Why! I even feel now as if I should be happier if Ludowsky himself were loose. Did

you see it, little Antoine? Did you mark the glow in her eye when she heard the news? Did you judge that that palor was not the palor of grief, but of too sudden a joy? Roman mothers died of delight when their sons came back safe and sound from Cannae, so the old priest taught me; and it is only natural a girl should turn sick with happiness, which she dares not show, when she is released from a hated husband. Oh! my little Antoine, you have toiled for this moment. And are you happy now? *Comme ça, Comme ça.* Bah! what a thing habit is!"

These last words were uttered as the quondam spy found himself quietly ensconced under the thick branches of a large tree, and peeping through a little opening in the covering of the pavilion, at all that was going on inside, but more particularly at Madeleine and Montague.

(To be continued.)

#### NEW YORK LOCALITIES.

GENERAL HOWE lived in N. Prime's house, at the south end of Broadway, next to the Battery, now known as the Washington Hotel. This edifice was one of the finest in the city, and first erected for Captain Kennedy. Sir Henry Clinton had his town residence at the same place, but his country seat was Dr. G. Beekman's, on the East River. Sir Guy Carlton also occupied the house of Prime during his sojourn in New York, having a country residence at Richmond Hill, the present south-east corner of Varick and Charlton streets, afterwards the residence of Colonel Aaron Burr; Lord Dorchester likewise lived at the latter house. In 1832 it was lowered twenty-two feet, to make it conform to the surrounding new streets and improvements. General Kuyphausen dwelt in a large house, grand in exterior ornament, next door eastward from the New York Bank. Admiral Rodney, when in the city, occupied for his short stay, the double house of Robert Bowne, No. 256 Pearl street. The residence of Admiral Digby, and indeed most naval officers of distinction arriving on the station, was Beekman's house, in Hanover square. Prince William Henry, afterwards King of England, lived here under the guardianship of Digby. He was a knock-kneed lad, and fond of skating on the Collect Pond. General Robertson lived one time in William, near to John street, and at another in Hanover square, said to be No. 169. Colonel Birch, commandant of the city for a long while, lived in Verplank's house, in Wall street. Governor Tryon, after his residence in the fort was burnt, removed to a house on the present site of the Bank of New York, corner of Wall and William streets. General Arnold is thought to have lived in Broadway, and also with Colonel Birch, at Verplank's house. He may have resided also with Admiral Digby. "John Pintard told me," says an early chronicler, from whom we draw many of these facts, "of his being present at Hanover square, when his attention was called by whispers, not loud but deep, of 'See the traitor general!' He saw it was Arnold, coming under some charge from Sir Henry Clinton, at the Battery, to General Robertson, then understood by Pintard to be commandant of the city. It was said, that after the usual salutation with Robertson, he requested his aid, Captain Murray, a dapper little officer, to show to General Arnold the civilities and varieties of the place. The spirited captain strutted off alone, saying: 'Sir, his majesty never honored me with his commission to become gentleman-usher to a traitor.' Arnold had a single sentinel at his door in Broadway, Sir Henry Clinton having two.

General Washington's residence in New York was No. 1 Franklin square, and also at the Prime House, No. 1 Broadway. General Gates, before the Revolution, lived in a large edifice No. 69 Broadway. It was splendidly illuminated in 1760, when the news arrived of the Stamp Act being repealed. Lord Stirling resided here also. Governor George Clinton had his dwelling at what was called Redmond's Hotel, No. 178 Pearl street. It was of Dutch construction, with a front of five windows and six dormer windows. The gardens at first extended through to Water street, which was then into the river.

Later, in 1788, the ancient fort near the Battery was taken down, with the intention of erecting a house for General Washington, President of the United States, but as Congress removed to Philadelphia, he never occupied it, and during the term of Clinton, it became the Governor's house.

Among the noted buildings in New York, during the Revolution, was the Walton House, No. 324 Pearl street, which is still standing, and occupied as a sailor boarding-house. It was constructed in 1762, of yellow Holland brick, with a double pitched roof, covered with tiles. The garden formerly extended to the river bank. The family was a very old one, and William Walton, who erected this mansion, enriched himself by an opulent trade with the Spaniards of South America and Cuba.

The Dutch houses, as built by the first settlers, were numerous about the lower section of the city. One marked 1698, stood on the corner of Pearl street and Old slip, which was removed in 1827. In Coenties slip were two dated respectively 1689 and 1701. In Broad street was another marked 1698. After the fire, which occurred on the night of September 21, 1776, a great change took place in the manner of constructing buildings. Nearly five hundred houses were destroyed. The fire originated in a small wooden tenement, on the wharf, near Whitehall slip, and swept along to the sides of Broadway, for a considerable distance, when being checked on the eastern side, it continued on the western, as far as St. Paul's church, where it inclined towards the North River, burning every thing to the water's edge, up to the present Barclay street. Another fire occurred in August 1778, beginning on Congress wharf, and burning fifty buildings.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—A correspondent inquires of us the origin of St. Valentine's Day. Mr. Douce, whose attainments include more erudition concerning the origin and progress of English customs than any other antiquarian possesses, must be referred to upon this occasion. He observes, in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare," concerning St. Valentine's Day, that it was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februa, Februlis and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the young men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who, by every possible means endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women; and as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. This is the opinion of a learned and rational compiler of the "Lives of the Saints," the Rev. Alban Butler. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed; a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions. And accordingly the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose that the above practice of choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes; and that all persons so chosen would be called Valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place.

"MODERN ANTIQUES."—A case before one of the Paris law courts the other day shows that in that city the manufacture of antiques and curiosities of all kinds is practised on a large scale. The young Messrs. de Rothschild, who are ardent antiquaries, bought about one thousand pounds' worth of objects represented to be "antiques" of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but which turned out to have been made only a few months before by a skilful Paris trader. The imitations were so astonishingly perfect—being colored, chipped, cracked, patched and mended, exactly like real antiques—that one of the most knowing dealers in such things was deceived by them.

## LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

CALM and slow,  
 With footsteps low,  
 Cometh on the night,  
 Ever as the shadows fall,  
 Angels unto angels call,  
 "Let there be light."

Like a dove,  
 God's holy love,  
 Beautiful and bright,  
 Watcheth o'er thy heaven-girt way,  
 While the stars look forth, and say,  
 "Let there be light."

"Peace! be still!"  
 Each earthly ill  
 Fades before its might;  
 Grief shall never wander now  
 O'er thy God-protected brow;  
 "Let there be light."

Spirit, rest!  
 The loved and blest  
 Watch the gathering night  
 In the sacred Eventide,  
 Christ, with all we love, abide;  
 "Let there be light."

## THE UGLY SNUFF-BOX.

I PASSED some months last year near the beautiful little town of Rothesay. I had chartered a boat for a time, and boating during that time was my chief recreation; solitary boating, for my means did not admit of my shipping even a boy by way of crew. But the small sail I carried was not difficult to manage, and my light bark was so very light as easily to be rowed single-handed.

One bright day in early autumn, I pulled away towards the Kyles, in the hope of shooting a duck or two. It was a dead calm; the Cowall hills were reflected in the water with such brilliancy that the eye could not determine the line which separated the shadow from the substance! the sky was cloudless; the heat was great; the wind fell; the tide was against me; I said to myself that, after all, sea-birds had a fishy taste. So, near Ardmaleish Point, I unstepped the mast, rowed to the shore, drew up the skiff, got out my grapnel, and selecting a grassy place under the shadow of a rock, lit a cigar, threw myself down supine, and shut my eyes.

My cigar was more than half-finished when I opened them again; nor had I done so then, but that—"What a nice boat!" said a soft voice near me, and—"I wish it were ours," a manly one added.

To throw away my cigar, to start to my feet, and touching my cap after the manner of watermen, to exclaim—"Boat, sir? boat, madam? Row you anywhere for nothing!" was the work of a moment on my part, and the cause of some momentary surprise to those who had spoken; for my rock had previously concealed me from their view. But, quickly recovering themselves, the lady smiled pleasantly, while her companion, at once falling in with my humor, cried with a frank laugh—"Have with you, then! Come along, old fellow; only we shall work our passage, if you please; I'll take an oar, and my wife will steer."

Half an hour afterwards we were a considerable way up Loch Striven, it having been for that offshoot of the Kyles that, after a short deliberation, we had agreed to shape our course. We had become friends at once, yet during that half hour scarce a word passed among us; for even if the lady had not looked so intent upon her duty as evidently to implore that no one would speak to the woman at the helm, her husband and I bent to our oars, he pulling with such a will, "and in such weather too," that breath for speech we had none to spare. There is a natural rivalry between new acquaintances on such an occasion, especially if, as we both were, they be landmen.

"I say, that'll do!" at last cried my gentleman, tossing his oar from between the rullocks, and turning half round to me,

as by no means loth I followed his example. "Come, that wasn't a bad spin, do you know. Why, you pull like a Trojan!"

"I have not had to pull like one for a long time," returned I; "but when Trojan meets Trojan, then comes the tug of oars, you know."

"Aha!" said he, panting, and fanning himself with the straw hat he wore. "This comes of being married! You, I'll bet a trifle, are a bachelor, for you don't look much hotter than a cucumber."

"Don't I? Then, as often happens, appearances are deceitful," I returned. "But suppose we land? What say you, madam?"

"Oh, yes," said the fair lady (she was really a beautiful creature); "this is a very pretty place, and we shall have some shade there; yonder in that little hollow."

"To be sure!" cried her husband; "and we shall take possession of this newly discovered land in the name of her Britannic Majesty. You haven't such a thing as a flag, have you? Well, never mind. Let us pull in; hard a-starboard, girl, and here we go. Sing a song a sixpence," continued he, as now gently we dipped our oars; "and, oh! had we some sweet little isle of our own, far off in the ocean, and something, something alone, with nobody there but just you and I, and some bottles of stout, and a cold pigeon-pie! However, we shall find water here, I daresay."

"Sorry I have neither pie nor beer on board," said I; "but there is a cold tongue, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of Madeira in that bow-locker; perhaps they will do instead?"

"Astonishing! nay, miraculous!" returned he. "I wished for a boat—I found a boat; I wished for beer—and I am offered wine; and——" But here our keel grated on the beach.

How pleasantly that day passed I must not stay to tell; but that very pleasantly it did pass, a proof might be found in this, that ere we took to our boat again the sun had sunk so low as to have brought the up-stealing shadows of evening all but to the top of the high hill opposite us. Homeward then we rowed, leisurely now, though steadily, through the soft twilight. Darker and darker it grew on Loch Striven; but just as we emerged from it into the Kyles, the moon rose slowly over Toward, brightening those faces of the landscape which looked to her, and blackening those that were turned away; putting to shame the revolving light on the point beneath her, as well as the minor lights twinkling along the shores of Bute, but bestowing a new charm both to the face and to the form of the lady reclining before me; so at least it seemed to me, as I stole glances at her over the butt-end of her husband's oar.

I landed my passengers, if such I may call them, on the shore below the house which they indicated as being their temporary home, and then I pulled away again to secure my boat. Not, however, before I had with pleasure accepted their invitation to return and take a late dinner with them; and half an hour afterwards we were together again. Three beautiful children were playing together on the floor as I entered; two boys, of perhaps six and five respectively, a little girl of not more than three years of age. The boys were building steeples with toy bricks, and the point seemed to be with them which could build the higher; the other child looked patiently on. But when one of the steeples at last toppled down—"Now it's your turn, pet," said the architect of the other; and the rosy pet, after gleefully clapping her tiny hands, swept down the remaining edifice amidst a merry trio of the most musical laughter.

"You are fond of children, I see!" said the lady, breaking off what she had been saying to me.

"Little plagues!" cried her husband, laughing, as at that moment dinner was announced.

We dined, and dined well. The lady retired. Before resuming my seat after closing the door for her, I happened to cast a glance at the chimneypiece. It was ornamented with a number of snuff-boxes; there were a dozen of them, perhaps. Some seemed valuable, and all were handsome in their different styles, save one. Yet that one stood exactly in the centre, and



so seemed, as it were, to occupy the place of honor among them. Now anything that looks out of its place, even though it be just from its insignificance that it appears so, generally attracts attention simply from its incongruity with the adjuncts, and accordingly I took up the UGLY SNUFF-BOX to examine it.

"I see you don't much admire that box?" said my friend, smiling. "It has a story about it, however."

"A story about it?" returned I. "Well, pray tell me the story. I like stories." And seating myself again, I placed the ugly box on the table, and looked attention.

"Well," said my friend, "I will, if you wish it. Help yourself; this is port. The story about the box"—here he laid his hand on the thing—"is, I may say, a drama."

"If it had been a musical box," interrupted I, "it would doubtless have been a melodrama, or even an opera."

"A drama," continued my friend, smiling again, "in I don't know how many acts. Let me see; one, two, three"—he was counting slowly on his fingers—"four, five, six, seven. Yes, seven."

"That's not legitimate," said I; "but never mind; ring in the orchestra, and up with the curtain."

"Well then," began my friend, "eight years ago—I had just come of age then—I was standing one summer evening about dusk, in a tobacconist's shop in Edinburgh"—

But before I go on to report my friend's story, it will be as well for me to explain at once, what I only incidentally learned in the course of it; namely, what was his position in the world at the time he began by referring to. A few words, however, will suffice: He was the son and only child of a country gentleman whose estate lay in Perthshire; while he was yet very young his father had died; some five years afterwards his mother had married again; three girls had been the issue of this second marriage; not long after the birth of the last, she had a second time become a widow. For the education of her daughters, the lady—I may as well say at once that I purposely avoid giving names—had resided a good deal in Edinburgh, and when she did, her son too, who was a very affectionate son, always left the country, which he liked, and took lodgings in Edinburgh, which he did not like, in order to be near her: he seems to have acted independently enough at rather an early age, the fact being, that his guardian lived in London.

So much in my own words: I continue in those of my friend, resuming where I broke off from them:

"—Smoking a cigar. A young lady came into the shop, and said she wished to buy a snuff-box. I thought it an odd thing for a young lady to enter such a place, in such a situation, and at such an hour. But that she was a lady was evident, plain as her dress was, so that when one puppy of a fellow who was lounging there with some others, thought proper to give a significant cough, I was as nearly as possible correcting him manually; the more so that the lady evidently became flurried, as if the insult had reached her. Well, the shopman placed some boxes before her, and then the rascal, as she bent to examine them, winked a villainous wink to the scoundrel who had coughed. The lady timidly asked the price of one box: I saw her hand tremble as she pointed to it, and her voice faltered. She spoke with a foreign accent, and that interested me the more—a stranger and unprotected as I thought she probably was. Well—"

"Stop your story for one moment, pray," said I; "that was very chivalrous, but you have disappointed me greatly; the lady was a foreigner, you say, whereas I thought this was going to be a romantic introduction to your wife."

"I am truly sorry to disappoint you," returned my friend, pushing the nuts to me, "but you must take the truth or nothing, so—"

"Oh! that is too dear for me," said the poor girl, when the wretched creature behind the counter named the price in a sneering way. "Have you none cheaper?" she asked.

"There's one," said the monster, "very cheap, and very elegant and genteel too!" and he placed before her this same ugly box.

"Very well," said she, "that will do. I will take it." I saw plainly that the frightened thing only wished to get out of the shop at once; and that if she bought anything at all, it was

only from fear of meeting with more insolence if she did not. So she paid the price demanded, quickly and nervously, and letting a shilling of her money fall, I picked it up for her, and she thanked me, and then she went away with her precious purchase. But she must still have been within hearing when the—the—the man—that I should call him so!—well, the man, the shopman, cried out—

"Sold again! That's a box we have had these ten years, and nobody would look at it; sold again!"

"Send in my account to-morrow, if you please!" said I, in what I suppose would be called a voice of thunder; and then I immediately left the place, partly because I could not have kept my temper a minute longer, and partly because I wanted to follow the poor foreign girl.

"You needn't glower so; my motive was a kind if it was a foolish one. I thought how she had probably been desirous to buy a snuff-box as a little gift to her father, or brother, or grandfather, to her grandmother perhaps; how disappointed she must have been at the acquisition of that ugly box; how, in all likelihood, her means did not allow of her throwing it away and buying another and prettier box; how, in short, if I wished to mark her down and find out where she lived, it was only that I might be able to send her (anonymously, of course) something like a box. Well, I soon caught sight of her, and then I traced her to a house in an inferior but respectable street. She entered; I watched there till it was late, lest she might come out again; but she did not, and I was finally satisfied of that house being her home. Next day, at another shop (for I never went back to the old one), I bought a box, a handsome one. This is it," said my friend, rising and taking from the chimney-piece a box very tastefully ornamented.

"Well," he continued, as I examined the handsome box, "the next thing was to get it conveyed to her, or rather the first thing necessary was to find out who she was. I went and reconnoitred the house she had entered; and at one of the windows was a board which had escaped my eye in the dark of the night before; it was a house where lodgings were to be let. A good and clever friend of mine, for of course I did not choose to go myself, seeing that I might have been recognised, went to the house 'under a sufficient pretext,' as the French spies say, under the pretext, namely, of being in search of lodgings. I had explained the whole affair to him. When he rejoined me he looked queer. He had asked, among other things, what other lodgers there were: there was a post-office clerk and his wife; and an old gentleman and his daughter, foreigners, but such good people, had lived there for two years, but they had left that morning on their way home to Switzerland, their native country. Here was a go!"

"Exactly," remarked I, as the narrator paused; "a go is the very word."

"Yes," resumed my friend, "and of course it was no go with my scheme. But that's slang. However, I was not so much disappointed as might have been expected. When I came to reflect, I began to think it was just as well that I had not succeeded in sending my splendid snuff-box to the lady. Not to mention other reasons for this conclusion, it occurred to me, that supposing the ugly box to have been intended as a present, would not the apparition of the handsome one have—I don't know well now to explain what I mean, but she might have said to herself, 'Mine was such an ugly one!'—I had seen a similar thing once. A little girl, a cousin of mine, brought a pretty something or another of her own working to our grandmother, on that good lady's birthday, and very proud little Annie was of it, and much admiration did kind old granny express of it. But in came another cousin, a flaunting missy of about the same age as Annie, with a splendid thing for granny, of just the same kind, but bought in a shop. Poor wee Annie, her eyes filled with tears, not from envy indeed, but with—well, I daresay you can understand the thing."

"Perfectly," I replied.

"Well, that's the end of Act the First. Fill your glass," said my host.

Like obedient Yamen, I did as I was bid, and my friend went on:

"Dear Annie, she is happily married now, and perhaps has

forgotten that old story, but I have not, as you see. But to get on with my own story: when I heard the report of my emissary, and had sufficiently congratulated myself on my having escaped making a horrible blunder with the handsome box, I made up my mind to think no more of the affair. But I found myself thinking of it constantly. The image of that gentle girl, as she stood confused and frightened in the tobacconist's shop, was ever before me; in short, what do you think I resolved to do? I resolved to go to Switzerland and find her out. You may laugh as you like; I tell you only the facts, without expatiating upon feelings or motives. Switzerland, said I to myself, is fortunately not a very wide word; to be sure it would be more fortunate if I had to search nothing bigger than the Republic of San Marino, or than that thirty-ninth German state the Seigneurie of Knipphausen; but it is not a large country after all, and I shall be sure to fall in with them. So I told my mother I proposed to make a tour on the Continent; bade her and my sisters good-bye, and started for London. I should say, however, that before my departure, I went and made personal inquiries at the lodging-house: had they left any address? I asked. None, the landlady said. Suppose any letters should come for them? No letters had ever come for them; she believed their letters had always been addressed to their man of business. Who was he? She did not know. So I set off without any clue, except their surname, which, however, is so common a one in Switzerland, that to ask for them by it there, would be like asking for 'the Smiths' in this country. Great was my folly, I daresay you think?"

"We shall see," said I. "It must be confessed—but pray go on."

"You must remember that I was comparatively young then. Besides, I was always a keen hunter; and a fine hunt I seemed to have before me; and a nice hunt in all truth it turned out. Well, I had been in Paris before, but no further; so, when I got to London, I called on my worthy guardian, as indeed in duty bound, but also for the purpose of getting some information from him about Switzerland: he was and is a great naturalist and physical-philosophy man, and had been among the Alps the year before, for the purpose of examining the scratches on them, and bringing back a new glacier theory. He was just going out when I called on him: a giraffe in the Zoological Gardens had just lain in, and he was going to see whether or not the mother and calf were doing as well as could be expected. So I walked to the gardens and through them with him, and much useful and entertaining knowledge I gained from him about bears, and so on, and much good advice he gave me about myself. Finally, he said that of course I must dine with him that day, and at last we left the gardens with the intention of going straight to his house. Now, it was by a sort of turn-about gate that we left them; it is a curiously contrived gate; so curiously contrived that I cannot describe it; but all I need say of it is, that it is so curiously and cunningly contrived, that out of the gardens to the road you may get by it, but from the road into the gardens you cannot get."

"I know the gate," said I.

"Well then, you know that it will allow of only one person passing at a time. When we came to it, my old friend, who is courtesy itself, and probably felt as if at home there, waved his hand for me to go first. I did so, then turned till he should come through, and saw, a few paces off—what do you think?"

"The young lady who had bought the ugly snuff-box?"

"Of course; and with her was an elderly gentleman, whom I naturally took to be her father. But—"

"You couldn't get in again!" interrupted I.

"Ha, ha! I can't get in, quoth the starling." Just so; I couldn't get in again. I was however in hopes for a moment that they would come out, but they didn't; they turned away, and disappeared in the direction of the serpents. I was exasperated! Yet, as I grew cooler, I reflected that if they had come out, I should only have been the more tantalized. For I could not have left my old friend without being guilty of such rudeness as I hope I am incapable of. Next day I started for Dover. There certainly was no reason for my being in such a hurry when I knew that the object of my pursuit was in London; but

I was restless, and had a sort of feeling that it would be only in Switzerland I should meet her; so I pressed on, and when I reached Dover, my first inquiry at the hotel to which I went, was as to when the first steamer for Calais would sail. The waiter, mendacious rascal, wishing to secure me for the night, said, that there would be none till the next morning. Upon this I engaged a bed, and then gave him all my English money to get exchanged for French. Then I went out for a stroll; went to the harbor; arrived there just as a steamer for Calais had got a few yards off; and saw on the deck—the old gentleman and the young lady! I positively stamped with rage!

"Lost your passage?" said a fellow sneeringly. "Luggage on board!"

"No," said I, very needlessly answering him.

"Got none p'raps," returned he. "Officers of justice close behind, eh?"

"And all the bystanders laughed. It was wonderful how I kept my temper. It was wonderful too that I did not annihilate that waiter."

"Well," said I, "it is to be hoped that he did not carry his perfidy so far as to prevent your being sailed next morning in time for the earliest packet. But supposing now, that you had been in time for the one in which *they* were?"

"Why, I should have managed to introduce myself to them in some way or another. However, when I came to consider the matter, I once more said to myself, philosophically, that again it was all for the best. What if I had been a few minutes sooner, and had gone on board so unthinkingly as not to remember that I had not a farthing, still less a sou in my pocket? A pretty figure I should have cut when the man came round for the fares, just perhaps as I had made the acquaintance of the old gentleman. On the forenoon of the next day, I was in Calais. I went to an hotel, and was just inquiring about the first train to Paris, when—"

My friend paused.

"The lady and her father made their appearance? Well, this time at least—but go on."

"So I thought: they passed me in the archway of the *portecochère*; they passed on to an omnibus which was standing there; they took their seats; their luggage was handed up to the roof. Do you suppose there was a place left for me? Of course there was not. But on learning that the destination of the vehicle was the terminus of the Paris railway, I thought I had still a chance, and instantly sent the commissionaire for a cabriolet. It came; I bundled in my things, and then myself; '*à l'embarcadère*,' I cried, '*et allez, cochur!*' Away he went at a great pace; looking at my watch I found I should still be in time for that train. But—bump! crash! and over we go! The *cocher* in his haste had taken a corner too sharply; the near hind-wheel had caught an old cannon stuck up there by way of kerbstone; the near hind-wheel had parted company; we were overset, in short. There were no broken bones."

"It would almost have served you right if some of yours had been," said I. "Such a mad proceeding as yours I never before heard of. Even for a young man of one-and-twenty it was a mad proceeding. You asked my opinion a little ago, and now you have got it. However, it is evident that you came up with them at last."

"How is it evident?" asked my friend, with a look of curiosity.

"Because here is the ugly snuff-box," returned I. "How else could you have got hold of it?"

"Ha, ha!" cried my friend. "I admire your perspicacity!" and he laughed immoderately.

A little nettled at this—for no one likes to hear a laugh in which he is not inclined to join—

"Tell me one thing," I said; "I wish to ask you a sober and serious question. Does your wife know about your strange pursuit of that Swiss girl?"

"Oh, yes," replied my friend, without becoming so grave as I expected he would; "I told her all about it before our marriage."

"And—if the question is not impertinent—may I ask what she said?"

"Why, she was much amused at what she called my folly. But take some wine—the bottle has been with you this half-hour. And now for my next adventure. I reached Paris, with the intention of continuing my journey next day. But there is never action without re-action, and that afternoon, as I was sitting on a chair in the gardens of the Tuileries, it began to occur to me that, everything considered, I was acting foolishly—madly, to use your forcible expression. I began to cool, thought of making for the Moselle, and following the course of that river down to the Rhine—a favorite project of mine, which, however, I did not execute till three years later, and then it was with my wife. Thus I reasoned with myself: Either I am in love with that girl, or I am not. If I am not, why seek to find her? If I am, the sooner I pull up the better. For, how silly to fall in love with a woman merely from pity at her buying an ugly snuff-box! not to say that ten to one I should sooner or later, and in one way or another of many, be wofully disappointed. My mind was at last all but made up—a moment more, and I would have left my place. But just at that critical moment, that really critical moment, what should I espy coming slowly along the broad walk, but—Mademoiselle and her papa! There could be no doubt about it: her face I could not see, for it was turned away from me towards the tubbed orange-trees, Monsieur being on that side of her; nor of his face either could I see much, as it was partially eclipsed by her parasol; but I recognised the ugly snuff-box. The old gentleman held it in his hand, and that hand, in the vivacity of his conversation with his daughter, he ever and anon stretched out and gently waved: I knew the thing at once; it was too remarkable an object to be mistaken. All my resolutions were instantly routed."

"The coincidence was odd," said I.

"So odd, that at first I thought I was dreaming. Then I thought there was something in all this not to be disregarded. The ugly snuff-box, as it was moved about by the gestures of its owner, seemed to beckon me on; nay, it positively seemed as if it had a spirit and a life of its own; that it moved about of itself; that it made the hand which held it beckon me. '*Alea jacta est!*' I muttered to myself; 'lead on, I'll follow thee; be thy influence benign, or be it malignant; Noah's ark, or box of Pandora, I obey thy magnetism, I own thy magic; and canny be thou or uncanny, I come, thou ugly snuff-box!'"

"Bah!" laughed I.

"You may bah as you like," returned my friend, "but I really began to feel as if in these repeated, although undesigned crossings of our paths, there were involved something like a fate for that lady as for me, and as if her destiny and mine were closely interwoven with each other. 'At all events,' I said to myself, 'I shall take care not to lose sight of them this time, were it only from sheer curiosity, and here I shall not be disappointed by turn-about, or deceitful waiters, or capsizing cabriolets.' Therefore, when they crossed the Place de la Concorde—so did I; when they went up the Champs Elysées—so did I; when they turned and came down again—so did I; when they crossed by the Rue Montaigne into the Faubourg St. Honoré, took the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré up to the Chapelle Expiatoire, the Rue de l'Arcade, and the Rue St. Lazare, to the railway terminus, the Rue Tronchet to the Madeleine, and then the Boulevards to the café, at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu—so did I. But when they entered that café, so did not I; 'Better it will be,' I thought, 'to take up my position on the opposite side of the Boulevard, and watch and wait till they come out again. They surely will not remain more than half an hour in a café—only long enough to eat an ice: they can't be living there at all events; and when they do come out, I shall have the pleasure of seeing them home.' So I flattered myself, but—"

"You lost them again? Ha, ha! I was sure you would!"

"I did; I lost them again, as you say. I waited and waited; I waited till I could stand it no longer: looking at my watch, I found I had waited nearly two hours, for, as I had come along the Boulevard, I had chanced to note the time by the clock of a hackney-coach stand. So, out of all patience, I crossed over again and entered the café. They were not there

—not in the public part of it at least. They might, however, have chosen to ask for a *cabinet particulier*; that they had, and that they still occupied it, was my last hope. I called a waiter aside, slipped a five-franc piece into his hand, described them minutely to him—'Ah, yes,' said he knowingly, 'I remember perfectly the gentleman and lady; I served them myself; it is more than an hour since they left.' 'Impossible,' I said. 'I have been watching the door from over the way, and I am certain they have not come out.' 'Ah, monsieur,' said the fellow, trying to conceal a laugh, 'they went away by the side door which opens on the other street!' That evening I was on my way to Switzerland.—But I fear I tire you with the recital of my mishaps."

"Not at all," said I; "distressing as they must have been to you, I assure you they amuse me mightily. One thing, however, you have forgotten—your division of the drama into acts."

"So I have!" returned my friend. "Well, it was thus I counted them when I began: Edinburgh, London, Dover, Calais, Paris. So now I come to the sixth. It shall be very short, for Switzerland, the scene of it, was to me the scene of so much tribulation that I do not care to dwell on the subject. One misadventure after another befel me till I nearly died of the accumulation. Thus, for instance, in crossing a glacier to get by a short cut to a small town, where, according to information given me, a lady and gentleman answering the description I gave had recently been seen, I was as nearly as possible going down precipitate into a crevasse, and was only saved by the readiness and energy of my guide. Thus, at the other extremity of the country, although, oddly enough for a man whom misfortune seemed to be trying in every possible way, I never ran any danger from avalanches, two guides and I were lost in the snow, and for a time gave up our lives as lost. Thus, on the Lake of Thun, I was overset in a sudden squall, and had to swim for my life; the boatman, who could not swim, saving his with difficulty by clinging to the keel of the overturned boat. Thus, when following one of some fifty wrong clues, I was trying to re-enter France, they arrested me as a spy and conspirator, and socialist, and red republican, and what not, and I lay in prison for above a week. Thus, in the end I began to be considered insane; for I had come to be known; and more than once I have heard myself described as the mad Englishman, who was going about everywhere asking for a lady and gentleman. And thus, finally, I did lose my senses for a time, and to a certain degree. What with excitement and disappointment, and, as the French call it, my *idée fixe*, and bodily fatigue, and annoyances of all kinds, I became really ill; and at last I was laid up at Lausanne, either with a brain fever or with something very like it. When I recovered my senses, I found that my head had been shaved, and on inquiry I learned why, and also that ice had been for a number of days applied to it; a thing, by the way, which accounted for my having imagined myself a mountain with a snowy top to it, as afterwards I perfectly remembered having done, strange as that may perhaps appear to medical people. Then there was another odd thing, too: one day, during my convalescence, the doctor who attended, a very good sort of man, startled me not a little by saying—"Well, now that we are better, what about that *vilaine tabatière*?" It appeared that the ugly snuff-box had been haunting me in my delirium, and, curiously enough, that I had spoken of it in French, as if I knew where I was, and that English would not be understood there. I should add, that when the doctor said that, as I did not know that he had heard of the thing from myself, I instantly jumped to the conclusion that he could give me the information I had so vainly though pertinaciously sought. But he knew nothing about it. I wrote to my mother, whom I was afraid my silence had made very anxious; and then I went to Nice, to pass the winter and let my hair grow."

"So, in Switzerland, where you thought you were sure to find them, you never heard of them at all?"

"Never; nor of the ugly snuff-box either. During the spring, I was tempted by an Englishman, whose very pleasant acquaintance I had made, to go with him on a tour through Northern Italy; but the beginning of summer saw me on my



way to Scotland. And that brings me to act the seventh and last."

"Ay; now for the way you got the ugly snuff-box," said I. "Now for it."

"Yes, now for it," echoed my friend, as with something of a mysterious air he went on: "I reached Edinburgh late one night. It was too late to disturb my mother. She did not know when I was to arrive. I went to an hotel. I did not rise till noon next day. Then I went to see her. I had never been so long away from her before. I ran quickly up to the drawing-room, opened the door eagerly, and then stopped, as if suddenly petrified. For, seated beside my mother, I beheld the vainly-sought young lady, with two of my sisters on footstools at her knee, and the third leaning her head affectionately on her shoulder over the back of the sofa; while opposite the interesting group sat an elderly gentleman in an easy chair, smiling placidly, and tapping the ugly snuff-box."

"Ha!" cried I, as a light broke on me. "Then that lady—"

"Yes," interrupted my friend, with a merry laugh, "as Beppo said to the count, 'that lady is my wife!' And a happy marriage mine has indeed been. And very popular she is in all the country round us."

"So," said I, filling my glass, "with all my heart I drink your healths. And now by way of returning thanks, you shall give me some explanations which you must see to be necessary. In the first place—"

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said my friend, with a bow of acknowledgment, "my father-in-law, a man of ancient family, was a citizen of Geneva—was, I say, for the excellent man is now dead—and had a fortune which, small as it would seem in this country, amply sufficed for him in his. He was a man of great learning, and of the smallest possible knowledge of worldly matters. His daughter was an only child; so that on her, when he became a widower, all his strong affection was concentrated. She received such an education as few maidens in any country do; much he taught her himself, the rest she learned from the best masters. She was about seventeen when some busy lady hinted to the fond father that it was his duty to provide a fortune for her, and offered to show how the thing was to be done: the result was a speculation in which he lost three-fourths of all he had. As soon as she knew of this, she insisted upon turning her accomplishments to account, and by the advice of a pastor, who had married a Scottish lady, they came to Edinburgh. There she gave lessons in music, drawing, languages and what not, and among her pupils were my three sisters. Often had I heard her spoken of and extolled to the skies by them, and by my mother too; but not once during the two seasons she came to the house had I seen her; why should I have bestowed a thought on one who was only a governess? 'Oh! it is only the governess!'—you must know the kind of thing. I should remark, by the way, that her good old father was not idle, and did what he could; but though he was well acquainted with English literature, he did not speak the language as she did; so that it was not easy for him to get pupils. Two years they passed in Edinburgh, and then, unexpectedly, it was notified to him that his maternal uncle, a very rich man, had died, leaving him some £5,000 unexpectedly, for uncle and nephew had long been estranged, the fault not being at all on the side of my father-in-law. Probably the legacy was meant as an atonement for more than half a century of worse than coldness. They immediately prepared to return home: the eve of their departure came; she had gone to say farewell to a pupil; the thoughtless though perhaps not unfearing people of the house, who always would have 'just one sweet little song more,' had made her later than she intended; for she had still one little purchase to make—a snuff-box. So thus it was, that upon that evening my future wife entered the tobacconist's shop, when I by chance was present, and bought against her inclination that exceedingly ugly snuff-box. Her father was fond of snuff-boxes—it was his hobby; that is part of his collection; we always carry some of them with us. The poor thing thought to please him—thought to bring him a souvenir of Scotland, to remind them in their own country of the not unhappy though sometimes difficult days they had passed together in another. Then when she came home, and half reluc-

tantly offered it to him, saying—'For after all, it is such an ugly snuff-box;'—but you can fancy the little scene, and how she brightened up when he said, with tears in his blue eyes, that while he lived he would never any more carry any box but that: if you cannot fancy it, I can; though I was no more there than you were. But then I know what an angel my wife is. I have no more to say, then that after passing the winter and spring at Geneva, they resolved on a trip to Scotland; she wished to see again her old pupils, for many of whom, and particularly for my sisters, she had a great affection. When we were married, I believe, that next to ourselves, my mother and sisters were the happiest people in the world, except, perhaps, her father. He died four years ago, blessing us. Till then we lived a good deal in Switzerland, and though our home is now in this country, we still pay Mont Blanc an annual visit. And since my first mishaps I have got on very well; my marriage has brought me good fortune in Switzerland as everywhere else. The first time I returned to Lausanne, I went to the old doctor and showed him the *vilaine tabatière*, and told him all about it. I think that's all. Drop the curtain. The wine, as usual, stands with you."

"It is late," said I, rising.

"Then let us go and see if my wife has any coffee for us," returned my friend.

"By the way," said I, as he too rose, "you spoke of a foreign accent? I did not detect the slightest."

"It did exist though. But since our marriage my wife has taken great pains, especially after she became a mother, for the sake of the children."

"I think I could make a story out of your drama, all names of course being suppressed. Have I your leave?" asked I.

"I have no objection in the world," replied my friend.

"Let me suggest the title—call it *THE UGLY SNUFF-BOX*."

### THREE DRAMATIC PICTURES; OR, NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"Oh! do come, Esther, and see how beautifully we have decorated the hall for to-morrow. The paper flowers you laughed so scornfully at us for making, look quite like real ones among the verdure. Do come and see!"

"I am very glad that so little can make you happy, Georgina," was the cool reply, as the one addressed continued her occupation of embroidery, without attempting to move at the other's invitation; "but for my part I cannot conceive it possible for the dull, old hall below to look anything but gloomy and ugly."

"Well, do come and see!" and the girl placed an arm fondly round the other's neck, and bending down her own glowing face, lit up into loveliness by its animation, she endeavored to excite a smile on the calm, pale and beautiful face of her sister, for sisters they were.

But in vain; not a smile—not the faintest tinge—crossed the other's cheek; something, as of contempt for all, chilled you in that otherwise exquisite face.

"Do leave me in peace, Georgina," she said at last, impatiently; I dare say it will all be very nice and very gay for Branscombe, and fortunate is it for you that you can be so easily pleased."

"Fortunate, indeed, and most happy!" said a grave voice behind the girls.

Both turned quickly round, and there stood a tall, venerable man, with his eyes sadly fixed upon the girls before him. The one we have heard called Georgina ran up to his side, and in the same glad tone in which we have heard her address her sister, she welcomed him.

"Dear papa," she said, embracing him, "how good of you to hurry home so soon; we did not expect you for hours."

Esther had risen slowly, and advanced more as if greeting a stranger than a parent.

"Still the same discontented face, my child," said the father, sadly; "I hoped that this time, so joyous to all of us, would have operated a change in you."

"I am not discontented, sir, indeed I am not," answered Esther, and a tremulousness in the voice seemed to denote that tears were struggling with some other feeling.

"Oh! don't trouble yourself with cross Esther, papa," exclaimed a young voice, as a girl of about twelve bounded into the room, and, without another word of welcome, sprang round her father's neck. "She's always cross and discontented, and, would you believe it, here we have all been the whole morning dressing the dear old hall below, till it looks quite juvenile with verdure, and Esther won't even come down and see it!"

"That's why I was so expressly ordered to go round the back way, then?" said the father, warmly returning the caresses of the romping girl. "I dare say the hall is a pretty figure."

"Come and see—come and see, papa!"

And led away by the two laughing girls, the father turned from the one who most needed attention—Esther.

Poor Esther! She was not sulky, nor wilfully ungrateful for affectionate kindness, but she was discontented! Can there exist on earth a greater curse than that?

We often endeavor to make others happy without judiciously selecting the means of accomplishing our object. One candid avowal from her sister Georgina, would have restored vitality to that young flower, withering away in the shade, and this avowal was withheld from a feeling of delicacy.

The three girls we have seen were the daughters of a country gentleman, Ralph Brennan, one of those who live and die on their estate, nor dream of ever visiting London, except on some matter of business.

Years before our tale commenced he was left a widower with three daughters and a son. Though he eschewed town gaieties himself, yet he deemed it right that his girls should have every advantage, and he, therefore, gladly accepted an invitation for them to visit their mother's sister, who was richly married, and moving in the first circles in town.

A word about Esther before she went. We have said that Mr Brennan had been left with three daughters and a son. This son was Esther's twin brother, and while he lived, the pale girl we have seen so indifferent to all had been joyous and happy as any one could desire. But Lionel died, died of that painful disease which had carried off their mother—consumption, and, for months after his death, the only smile which ever lit up Esther's face shone upon young Lennox, his bosom friend, who had attended him in his long, painful illness, as the medical practitioner of the family. It seemed both to Esther and Lennox, when her brother died, that a tie bound them to one another. She was not sensible of love, as girls understand it; little of it ever passed between them, but both felt that nothing could part them, and without a vow exchanged they became engaged. Strange lovers they were. Lennox and her brother had been schoolfellows, and on that account it was that the former settled at Branscombe, and all the conversation of Lennox was about Esther's twin brother, their schoolboy days, their manhood's hopes; not a word of love, not a tone of it had Esther ever heard, yet peacefully and cheerfully she was going to marry the one her brother had loved so well.

Despite this engagement, Esther, for change of scene, was sent to her aunt Burton's, in London, and there she first heard words such as Lennox had never uttered.

Esther Brennan arrived beneath her aunt's roof with a face and form of exquisite beauty, and the reputation of a large fortune, a report which her aunt, as a perfect woman of the world, did not think fit to contradict.

"Most absurd," she soliloquised, "that a girl like that should marry a poor country practitioner! The rumor of a fortune, even with rich men, now-a-days, embellishes a girl, and they become so ensnared by her beauty that when they discover her poverty, it is of no weight with them in comparison with their inclinations."

Earnestly she urged upon Esther not to encourage the attentions of a certain Captain Knox.

"Poor as Job, my dear; better marry the country doctor than him; Lennox has a profession."

"But, dear aunt," exclaimed Esther, opening her fine eyes, "what care I for any one here? Am I not pledged to Lennox?"

"Pledged! pledged!" answered the aunt, with a shrug of

the shoulders. "That sort of country pledging which we ignore in town. Pshaw! you to marry a village doctor, indeed!"

No one is perfect, and less than any other, perhaps, a young girl thrown entirely on her own imperfect judgment and inexperience.

Esther's affection for Lennox had been engendered from their mutual love for her brother; was it to be wondered at, then, that her heart too readily opened itself to cherish the words of love ever awaiting her from one so fascinating as Captain Knox? All was forgotten, and the young heart, incapable of concealing its emotions, too soon allowed him to know himself its master. Yet, though the most passionate words fell from his lips, and his looks, manner, all more than confirmed them, no distinct protestation, still less question of a return, had passed them.

One night at a ball, he stood near the doorway, awaiting the arrival of Esther and her aunt; that morning, they had met a déjeuner, and all but a declaration had escaped him. Something interrupted it.

"To-night," he said, mentally, "we shall meet, and then I will pop the momentous question. Esther, poor girl, loves me to distraction, but I had better secure her. I don't like the dangers about her. She is a nice girl, and heiress to thirty thousand pounds. Grant, who knows everything, fully assured me of it yesterday."

A tap was on his shoulder; he turned hastily.

"Hillo, Grant! is that you? I was just thinking of you."

"Of me, or of the fair Georgina?"

"Georgina! I know no young lady of that name in my list of acquaintances."

"Pshaw, man! Have you cut her since yesterday?"

"Neither yesterday, nor the day before, did I call such a lady friend."

"Where did you dine to-day?" continued the other, looking laughingly in his face. "But no, I see you are quite sober. Why, Knox, it was but yesterday that you were raving about her, and," he added in a whisper, "her fortune."

"You mean Esther Brennan," answered Knox, with a shrug of the shoulder.

"Esther! is Mrs. Bruton's niece called Esther? I mean the one we met at the déjeuner to-day," continued Grant.

"Certainly. I believe she has a sister Georgina. I think I have heard the name."

"By Jove then, Knox, I have led you into a grave error. Brennan, of Branscombe, has three daughters. The eldest and youngest are poor as Job, some thousand or two a-piece—what would that sum be to you? Georgina, the second daughter, had a cool thirty thousand left her, last year, by her godmother. I certainly thought this was Georgina."

"No," answered Knox, with a look of the blankest disappointment. "This one is Esther."

"Then take care what you're about, old boy," was the friendly counsel. "She is poor as Job."

"By Jove, you've just told me in time," answered Knox, calmly, but with a look of the deepest vexation.

"Here's the fair lady herself," continued Grant. "Flirt as much as you please, old fellow, but remember, two thousand is a sorry fortune!"

Brilliant in beauty, Esther at that moment entered with her aunt.

Poor girl! she had never asked where it was to terminate. Looming in the distance she saw Lennox, it was true; but judging of his feelings by her own, she thought how little it would cost him to sever a tie so slightly knotted, if indeed the thought ever even crossed her mind, for her happiness in Captain Knox's presence was an undefined joy, which made the heart glad without any positive cause. Beamingly she looked up in his face when he greeted her, thinking that the man who had hung enraptured over her, listening to every word in the morning, was to be the same at night. Alas! a wide breach lay between them now, nothing less than thirty thousand pounds.

Still the man could not help complimenting her on her radiant beauty.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "my ideal beauty is the reflection of

my happy heart. Do you know my darling sister, Georgina, is to be in town to-morrow?"

The name acted like magic on him.

"Your sister Georgina—she is your second sister, is she not?" He was resolved to be right this time.

"Yes. Oh! I am sure you will like Georgy, she is so handsome, so good. Georgy is everything."

Why did she sigh? was it presentiment?

From all that had passed between them that morning, Esther came quite prepared for a distinct proposal on his part. In honor, nothing less ought to have followed up his ardent wooing, his protestations of the morning. They had been engaged for the first dance that night; he could do no less than fulfil the engagement, but he was cold and absent.

"Was he ill?"

"No."

"Indeed, she hoped not. She should not like to leave town, knowing him unwell!"

"Was she going then soon?" He spoke, with animation. No, surely, it was another feeling—agitation.

"Yes, Georgina was to replace her!"

"True words, indeed!"

"Her visit would terminate in a few days; she was returning home."

From that moment Captain Knox's brow cleared; he seemed to have thrown off some heavy weight. He was cheerful, gay, attentive—nay, more loving, for he felt the impression left on Esther's mind of him would assuredly be imparted to Georgina.

Before the evening was over, the man of the world turned the conversation on points of honor; then he diverged to love, and thence more immediately to herself.

"Yes, he loved her passionately. She had noticed his depression when she entered. The fact was, that until that evening he had been ignorant that she was engaged to another—a solemn and sacred engagement to her lost brother's friend! Could he conscientiously ask her to break it? No, never! He would not undertake the fearful responsibility of her happiness under such circumstances, lest he might fail, and a cloud of remorse or regret ever cross her brow!"

He was very eloquent, and most completely succeeded in impressing her with the idea that he was the soul of honor; and if she left that ball a changed girl in all things, she left it with so exalted an opinion of Captain Knox, that she wondered how she had dared think of him as she had done!

When Georgina came, Esther wept on her bosom as she told all—her great temptation, her remorse and regret, but she did not say what she felt then—that life was a blank to her, and would ever be a burthen.

And that sad evening was her farewell to Captain Knox; she saw him no more, for what could a girl reply to all his specious arguments about honor? Still she thought he would see her again—he, who had been so constant a visitor at her aunt's, would call, even as a friend, and say good-bye; but no, three weary days she watched in vain, and then, to her aunt's infinite chagrin, returned home, as she had left it, engaged to young Lennox, refusing every prayer from her aunt, and from one other still more interested, a man of rank, who loved her truly and disinterestedly.

Did we say she returned the same? Alas! no. The girl returned, but pale and sad, discontented with all around her, seeing everything through the jaundiced medium of her own unshaken belief, that but for a hasty, ill-considered engagement with young Lennox, she might now be supremely happy with the man she loved.

"I mistook friendship for affection," she said mentally, "until I awoke and knew what love was."

Everything became distasteful to her. Her once loved home lost all interest for her; every feeling seemed for ever crushed.

But we must not hurry our events. When Esther quitted her aunt's in town, and Georgina took her place, as may readily be imagined, it was with a feeling of satisfaction that the young, unsophisticated girl saw herself an object of attention and interest to Captain Knox; for, so fresh and beautiful a thing is a young girl's heart, that not one suspicion of duplicity on his part crossed it. With her kindest smiles she ever welcomed

him, accepting his attentions as paid to the sister of one he hopelessly loved, for every girl of feeling has her hour of romance, before a maturer reason shows her the cold reality of all things.

One day, as she sat painting in the drawing-room, Mrs. Bruton entered, and, drawing a chair close to Georgina's, began by admiring the bouquet which was glowing into beauty beneath her touch; thence she turned to the rose Georgina had worn in her hair the previous night; it was well chosen, simple, &c., &c.; and like a clever woman, she slipped from subject to subject until she rested upon the one which had been uppermost from the first—Georgina's numerous admirers.

"You must not think, my dear girl," she said, "that they all seek you from affection, worthy as I deem you of that; yet, Georgina, men are mercenary, many of them. Learn to discriminate, to prove them—remember you are known as an heiress to thirty thousand pounds; and among the number, beware of the most heartless and money-seeking, Captain Knox!"

Captain Knox!" echoed Georgina.

"Ay, Captain Knox, my dear."

"Why," exclaimed her niece, laughing heartily at the error she imagined her aunt had fallen into, "I know he only likes me, and is attentive to me because—"

She paused and colored. She was about to betray Esther's confidence.

"I know what you were going to say, 'because Esther, whom he loves, is my sister.'"

Georgina stared at this quick solution of thought.

"Yes, you smile, Georgina. Now listen to the truth, not as you read it. There is a certain Mr. Grant, whom you know. He busies himself with every one's affairs, and is not particularly discreet. From him I learned the truth of Captain Knox's attentions to Esther. Poor child, until the evening before your arrival, he believed her to be the heiress. That night he had intended formally proposing to her; he had all but done so in the morning. Feeling himself slightly compromised, do you know what the clever fortune-hunter imagined? Why, to tell poor Esther that he had been ignorant of her engagement to young Lennox until that night, and then, amidst a tirade on honor, he broke off with her to seek you! Now do you understand the man?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Georgina, turning very pale. She thought of her poor sister's crushed heart.

"Try him!" said her aunt.

"I will!" she quickly responded, all the rich, generous blood flowing back to her cheeks.

The most simple girl has a certain amount of woman's wit at command. Georgina had her full share, especially in so good a cause.

On, on, on she led Captain Knox, and the delighted man, who, to be sure this time, had been to Doctor's Commons, and read her godmother's will, was elated beyond measure. So certain of success did he feel, that an increased expenditure only delighted his creditors. He was—

"Going to marry Miss Rupee, and meant to pay them all!"

A dashing phaeton and pair were sported in the park, in which the future Mrs. Knox was to be presented to all his envious friends, as soon as she would consent!

"Consent! Well thought of," said the captain to himself, curling a jetty whisker. "I'll decide that question to-day, though, indeed, 'tis a mere form to go through. Georgy has not 'nay' to say to me!"

So he went to Mrs. Bruton's. Georgy had been looking very sad a moment before he appeared, and tears were still in her eyes, when his well-known rap assailed her ears. It is wonderful how, like magic under some circumstances, a woman can call back light to her eyes and color to her cheeks. When he entered the room, Georgina was radiant, and quite returned the pressure of his hand.

Down sat Captain Knox beside her, and after a little *bodinage*, at last possessed himself of her small white hand.

"Dearest Georgina," he said, "now it is mine, I have coveted it long; feared, hoped, then doubted again; but now all is past, and rapture crowns my love. It is mine, mine, dearest girl! need I force a timid 'yes' from those sweet lips?"



"Yes," she cried, laughing merrily, "'tis yours, while you hold it."

He didn't like the laugh, or the merry answer.

"Oh, she's a country-bred, unsophisticated girl," he thought, "unaccustomed to conceal her joy."

"And when, oh! when may I indeed call you mine, my very own?"

Very hackneyed, but very nice words, and quite as good as more original ones, when two love.

"What riddles have you been studying, that you come to me for a solution, Captain Knox?" she asked, opening her eyes in feigned amazement.

"Do not trifle with me, dearest girl!" he exclaimed anxiously, a strangely uncomfortable feeling creeping over him, for at that moment he heard the well-known sound of his new phaeton stop at the door. He had ordered his groom to follow him, in the buoyant hope of inducing Georgina, his affianced bride, to take a drive in the park. Now the impatient pawing of the horses struck at the gates of his heart like clamorous creditors, in the new fear awakened.

"Let us understand one another, Captain Knox," she said, looking down in well feigned confusion. "Do you not know that I am engaged—an arrangement of long standing between my family and that of my intended?"

"You engaged?" he cried. "Impossible! But you do not, cannot love the man. Your words and manner all prove it!"

She hung her head, and was silent. Oh, then burst forth all his eloquence; he was even sufficiently antediluvian to go down on his knees—the glass of fashion, Captain Knox, and talk of killing himself if he lost her—the lady-killer, Captain Knox!

"What was any other engagement compared with his great love!"

Here the horses pawed most energetically, and he became proportionately desperate.

"No tie could, should be binding before his love! he would be more to her than any other could! he would shelter her in his arms, and dare the thought of another to come between them!"

Now the horses began prancing, and an anxious tear actually dimmed his eye.

"Oh, Georgina, my life, my love——"

"Stop!" she cried, rising so suddenly that the captain was forced to scramble rather inelegantly to his feet, to avoid falling forward.

"Stop, Captain Knox, I have deceived you; I am not engaged."

He tried to seize her hand, but she drew it away.

"I received your attentions, sir, at first, under the impression that you liked me for the sake of another. I believed you to be a man of heart and feeling, and I honored you for your honor's sake. Love you, sir, I never should! You trifled with one of warmer, better heart than I am possessed of; you tried to woo her from the man she truly loves, and when you discovered that she was not the heiress, you found a point of honor which forbade you to solicit her hand!"

Captain Knox started back aghast.

"She tried you, sir, and found you unworthy even of her friendship, and she left me to prove you doubly base! I have the honor, Captain Knox, to wish you a very good morning!"

And the young girl sailed from the room like an express.

"Fooled, laughed at, duped by the country girls!" muttered the infuriated captain, standing in the middle of the room. There was but one thing for it, to beat a retreat, which he did, and drove away alone in the splendid equipage Georgina's fortune was to have paid for, and the debt for which, *par parenthese*, never was discharged, for next day he departed on a long continental tour.

When she left him, Georgina flew to her chamber, and relieved her full heart in a gush of tears.

"At all events," she said, "the wretch does not know the misery he has caused my poor Esther!"

That morning she had received a letter from her father, imploring her to return soon, for Esther's change and sadness were incomprehensible to him.

Georgina returned home, but the feeling of delicacy, a misjudged one, to which we have alluded in the commencement of our tale, withheld her from candidly telling Esther that which would have cured her. Some months later, she confided all to her father, but both saw that then, by ordinary means, it would be too late to tell Esther the truth. Might she not deem it a kindly invention? At the time Georgina might have given her proofs of Captain Knox's duplicity. Now some other means must be resorted to, to strike home to Esther's heart, which had taken a wrong bias, for without assigning any reason to him, she had broken off her engagement with young Lennox. And thus matters stood on the day we commenced our tale, when all but Esther were busily and happily engaged in decorating the old hall for New Year's-eve, the day following the one in which we have seen Mr. Brennan return after a day's absence from home.

The old hall was wonderfully metamorphosed. Boughs and garlands were hung around it, and paper flowers looked real on high, while all the resources of the greenhouses at Branscombe had been put into requisition to decorate the lower part of the walls, where the hand could reach. A platform had been raised at one end, and before it hung a curtain of gauze, to throw a mysterious and softer light on those who had to perform certain *tableaux vivants*, which had been in rehearsal for days before, for Branscombe's hospitable halls were to be filled on that night, as now every available room was, by guests.

In none of the preparations did Esther bear a part; she sat alone, sorrowing and discontented. She knew she hated herself for being so selfish as to make others wretched, but she could not shake off the mantle of misery in which her love for Captain Knox still shrouded her. Once Georgina had endeavored to speak to her on the subject, but Esther forbade her ever touching upon it again in so wild a tone, that her sister dreaded doing so.

The old hall, which in itself was a gloomy apartment, never inhabited, and decorated with all the implements of the chase, even to the fox's brush Mr. Brennan in his younger days had won, now looked on that bitter New Year's-eve, when the snow was falling in heavy flakes, like a fresh scene in midsummer, for lamps of colored paper, Chinese lanterns, and every bright invention to give coloring and warmth to the spot, had youthful fancies wrought; and brighter than all else were the fair, young, beaming faces which assembled round the hospitable table at Branscombe, at an earlier hour than usual, to give a wider space of time for the amusements of the evening.

We have said that Esther was apart from all these. Nothing seemed to move her, not even the presence of Lennox, who, for the first time since their broken engagement, had joined the gaieties at the hall.

"How ill young Mr. Lennox looks," said some one near her. "I should fear he was going into a decline."

Esther did look at him, and saw how changed he was, but she could not fancy it was on her account; he had said so little, either as a lover or when she bade him good-bye. She thought of Captain Knox's ardent manner, and forgot that the deeper we feel, the less we speak; she might have judged that, however, by her own silent grief.

Only one hope sustained her—to love, as Knox had loved her, was never to lose sight of her, though himself unseen. Assuredly he would discover her broken engagement, and then seek her again. She should see him again! hear him! This was her whole existence, everything else was a blank.

She sat amidst the spectators that evening, for the festivities were to commence with the *tableaux vivants*, and then terminate with dancing.

She was perfectly unconscious of, and totally indifferent to all which was going to be performed, even though never refusing her aid in making anything required of her, provided she was not called upon to take a part in the amusements. Gladly now would she have crept away to her own room; but it was impossible without paining Georgy, whom, above all, she

seemed to cling to; and Georgy took no part in the *tableaux*; they were represented by young friends of the family, and the two sisters sat side by side.

"I thought you called them *tableaux vivants*?" said Mr. Brennan, turning round to the spot where the sisters sat.

"So they are, papa—that is, '*Speaking Pictures*,' we ought to have called them; for they speak, where else something might be obscure; they are a series of *tableaux*, all representing the different phases of the dramatic incident."

"A poetical licence; well, never mind."

Behind the gauzy curtain were grouped four personages. Two young girls clung round their father, who tenderly bade them farewell, as they were preparing to enter the world and earn their livelihood; simple peasant girls they were, and again and again they turned for his blessing. One of them, even while she clung to her father, turned to look on a youth who stood a step apart, and when the last words of adieu were spoken to her parent, her hand clasped his, and the young, earnest voice said—

"Edgar, I leave my father to your care and love; remember, he will be yours some day. We are poor; but youth can overcome all. Jeannette and I go forth to toil in the great world; but if life be given me so long, when I have earned enough to help to buy the old farm where father has lived so many years, where all his children were born, I will return, faithful and true, and we will be wed."

And the youth looked down as he clasped her hand, but spoke not.

"Have you not a word to say, Edgar?" asked the girl; "no word? no promise?"

But the youth, whose convulsive clasp told all his suffering, uttered but one short sentence.

"Fare thee well, Mary!" and he rushed from the spot on the track of the father, who was slowly and sadly retreating.

Then the two sisters began to wander forward on their long journey, but with eyes turned back the way those they loved had gone. They paused for a last long look, and then from behind a tree stole a cavalier, gaily dressed, but whose attire could not conceal the cloven foot. It was the Spirit of Evil! and close in the ear of Mary he whispered—

"He does not love you! Could love quit a beloved one as he did? He does not love you!"

But the girl shook her head incredulously, and passed away, encircling her sister's waist with her arm.

The curtain fell amidst loud plaudits.

"Does it amuse you, Esther?" whispered Georgina.

"Yes; that is I scarcely noticed what it was about."

Georgina explained.

"And who invented it, Georgina?"

"I wrote it!" answered her sister, with emphasis; 'tis founded on fact."

"Clever little Georgy—how free from care your heart must be to occupy yourself so cheerfully!" and she sighed.

Again the curtain rose. The next *tableau* was short; it showed the father and Edgar together. Both were hoping and watching for the return of the two girls. Edgar's anxiety, his every thought fixed upon the one he loved. Pleasure wooed him in the form of a beautiful maiden; he turned away. The Spirit of Evil, another Mephistopheles, whispered in his ear,

"She dreams of another, she is untrue, forget her."

But indignantly turning away, he took up the implements of his husbandry and went to toil again.

"To earn a home for his Mary," he said.

Georgina glanced at Esther as this *tableau* became lost to view beneath the curtain. There was a slight tinge on her cheek, and her attention was awakened, that was much.

"Will the curtain soon rise, Georgy?" she whispered, amid the loud delight of all around, for though they could have seen a better play on the stage, yet, for Branscombe, it was admirably done.

"Very soon, dear," answered Georgina, as she pressed her sister's hand, but she deemed it better to say no more.

The third *tableau*.

A year had passed, and the two girls stood side by side, preparing to return home. Though Mary had earned but little, even at hard labor, Jeannette had hundreds, left her by an old lady, with whom she lived at the period of her death—enough to purchase her father's old farm over and over again. But if Jeannette was all buoyant delight, Mary looked sad, and the cause was full soon evident, for as Jeannette bounded off to prepare for their departure homewards, a gaily-attired youth came forward, and kneeling at Mary's feet, besought her not to go. Who could love her as he did? He should die if she left him! What was life without her? And at her elbow, as she turned sobbing away, the ever-pursuing Evil Spirit whispered, "Edgar does not love you as he does. Did he ever breathe vows ardent as these?" And while the head is slowly turning to the fond lover and a consenting smile playing on her lip, the demon has changed his place, and standing beside the kneeling lover, whispers,

"You are duped; this is the poor sister—Jeannette alone has wealth!"

An instantaneous metamorphose takes place—the lover releases Mary's hand and rises to his feet; and she, the war within her over, flies the temptation. While the amazed lover stands irresolute what to do, Jeannette bounds on the scene, seeking her sister.

"It is she who is rich," whispers the demon. And the lover falls at her feet, clasping her hand as he pours forth a torrent of love, vowing that she alone had ever possessed his heart.

The indignant girl repels his advances and treats him as a mercenary wretch. He would force her away, but she cries loudly for help, and in rush a score of fantastical elves dressed with green boughs and Christmas berries. With shouts and laughter, they jostle the lover and his attendant squire, the demon, off the scene, and then appears a group of peasants, singing and dancing. They usher in the old father, who had come to seek his children, and Mary and Edgar follow, with looks of happiness and contentment, his arm around her waist. While the three (the sisters and Edgar) kneel before the old man for his blessing, the elves, like magic, pull down the curtain, and running down into the body of the hall, create a chaotic state of confusion by driving everybody from their seats and carrying them away. Servants hurried in and aided in the work of clearing the hall, and while one guest was looking for a glove or handkerchief, another for a shawl or fan, the platform where the theatricals had taken place was occupied by a band, composed of all the musicians the neighborhood could command. Partners were seized upon without consent being asked, and by degrees the confused mass formed itself into an old English country dance. The music struck up, and laughter and merriment opened the ball at Branscombe as the hall clock struck twelve. The bell rang merrily from the turret; and on the clear frosty air came the sound of the village bells too, ringing the old year out and the new year in.

"May Heaven bless this year to us!" ejaculated Mr. Brennan, close to his two daughters, "and make us happy, cheerful and contented."

A gentle "amen" fell from Georgy.

"Take me away, Georgy," whispered Esther, "take me away. I must speak to you alone."

And diving through the confusion, with her hand clasped in Esther's, the sister led her up to their own snug room, away from the bustle.

"Tell me, O tell me, Georgy," articulated Esther, "was that story true? Did—did——" She could say no more, as she sank on a seat. Georgy knelt before her.

"Every word, my own sister, every word."

Esther's head sank on her breast. Suddenly raising it, she said:

"But he knew I was engaged!" It was a straw to cling to.

"I told him I was; that had no weight—he still urged me to break all other ties."

"Why did you not tell me then, Georgy?"

And then Georgy opened her whole heart to Esther; and while the laughter and music rose on the air to that distant chamber, the two sisters sat clasped in each other's arms, and long, sad, but cheering in the result, was their conversation.

If Esther had been weak, believing another suffered with her, she grew strong in the knowledge of how unworthy her choice had been of a base heart.

"Leave me, Georgy," she said at last, "leave me to-night; no one will miss me. To-morrow you shall have your reward."

"Papa, our plan has succeeded," whispered Georgina, as she glided into the joyous hall below.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mr. Brennan, clasping his child's hand.

"Leave her to herself to-night, papa. We will have a merry New Year's rejoicing to-morrow."

"Papa!" cried the girl, turning back, "I shall be of age on Tuesday, shall I not?"

"Yes, my child."

And without another word Georgy was in the laughing groups around.

Next morning there was such a cheerful party scrambling through the snow to visit some of the favorite sites and walks of the neighborhood. All was mirth and the rejoicing which the day ever demands. Esther hung on her father's arm, and if she did not laugh like the rest at their many slipping disasters, at all events she was placidly cheerful, and the father's venerable face beamed with delight on his child.

Lennox stood at his own door to join the party, as it passed through the village. A hand slid under his arm—he started—it was Esther's.

"May I walk with you?" she asked.

He made no reply, but clasped her arm closely to his side. And long and earnestly they talked. She candidly told him all—how her inexperience had led her astray by a belief in his indifference. Much he urged her to forget all the past, and make him happy by a reconciliation.

"In memory of Lionel," he said.

"No, Lennox," she replied; "not till my erring heart has learnt to appreciate you as you deserve."

But there was nothing discouraging in her manner, and when the hall again resounded that night with music and mirth, Esther, if less gay than others, was placidly cheerful, and certainly it looked very like a perfect reconciliation the kiss Lennox gave her under the mistletoe.

The whole week merriment was kept up at the hall, for Tuesday was Georgina's birthday, and on that day she had so anxiously inquired about, she absented herself without leave for a couple of hours. She returned with the old family lawyer, to whom she had been to sign the deeds long prepared, as the first act of her majority, making her two sisters co-heiresses with herself in her godmother's legacy.

"It was an oversight of hers," said Georgy, "for she was too good a soul to place one sister above another."

And the angel in the house, for such, indeed, Georgy was, diffusing light and happiness to all around, skipped away, like a young fawn, from the praises she little relished, merely whispering in Esther's ear—

"In return, give me for a New Year's gift the assurance that Lennox shall be my brother."

Esther did not say no.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF BOTANY BAY—MASTER AND MAN.

BY JOHN LANG.

I HAD occasion one day to attend the police-office in Sydney. One of my convict servants, a farrier, had purposely "pricked" and lamed a favorite horse of mine; and I was determined to have him flogged. The reader may naturally ask, how did I know the man had *purposely* pricked the animal? Because he had been heard to say that the next time the horse required to be shod, I wouldn't be able to ride him for some weeks to come. I might, by speaking to the magistrate, have had the culprit put upon the treadmill for a month, or placed in a road-gang, to work in irons, for three, six, nine or twelve months, or flogged, to the extent of one hundred lashes, twenty-five being the minimum. (By the way, there were slang terms

applied to these doses of the lash: twenty-five was called a "tester;" fifty, a "bob;" seventy-five, a "bull;" and a hundred, a "canary.") My chief reason for having the farrier flogged was, that I should not long be deprived of his services, for I had made up my mind to suggest to the magistrate that he should only receive fifty; and as he was a strong stout man, that number could not do him much harm, while it would suffice to operate upon him as a punishment. Fifty lashes administered by the hand of a landsman, who was not a convict himself, were not equal to nine administered by the strong arm of a boatswain who can "cut crossways." Had Captain G., whom Marryat has immortalised, seen a convict flogged, at Hyde Park Barracks, Sydney, he might have been justified in exclaiming to the operator: "One would think you were brushing flies off a sleeping Venus, instead of punishing a scoundrel, with a hide as thick as a buffalo's!" "One!" Do you call that one? It is not a quarter of one! You are only fit to be a fly-flapper at a pork-shop! You Molly Mop! is that the way you handle a cat! *Where's the boatswain?*"

I was walking up and down the courtyard, waiting for the case to be called on, when I was approached and saluted by that Prince of Australian thief-takers, Mr. George Flower, who figures so conspicuously in "The Forger's Wife."

"It is a beautiful day, sir," he remarked.

"Very," I replied.

"And a pretty world it is, sir."

"Yes. But what leads you to make the remark at this moment?"

"Do you see those two men standing in the doorway of the office, talking?"

"Yes."

The two men to whom Flower called my attention were habited in fustian trousers, fustian waistcoats, fustian shooting coats, and black neckties. On their heads were common straw hats; on their feet highlow shoes. Had I been asked to guess their occupation, I should have said that they were constables. One of these men was nearly six feet high; the other not more than five feet four.

"They are 'Master and Man,'" resumed Flower. "The short un is the master. The long un is the man. The short un is a lord—the eldest son of an English earl. The long un is, heaven knows who. He was lagged under the name of Adolphus Frederick Jones. But he is a blood, and there's no mistake about it, sir!"

Here the two men of whom Flower was speaking approached us, and the "short un" (as Flower called him) made me a very graceful bow, and said: "Forgive me, if I am interrupting you; but I am very anxious to speak to Mr. Flower about a pencil-case which I have lost. It is of no great value, intrinsically; but to me it is very precious."

I signified by a gesture that Mr. Flower was at his entire disposal.

The taller person also saluted me by raising his hat, and his bearing at once satisfied me that he was a man of good birth. I returned his salute; but I evinced no desire to enter into conversation with him; on the contrary, I sauntered away, for it mattered not what might have been his rank or former position in society, since he was then a convict, undergoing the punishment of transportation for some criminal offence; in short a convicted felon.

Ere long my case was called on. I hastened into the office, and deposed on oath as follows—"The prisoner, my assigned servant, farrier by trade, purposely lamed one of my horses while shoeing him."

"You are satisfied he did it on purpose?" the magistrate asked me.

"Perfectly," I replied.

"What have you to say to the charge?" the magistrate asked the prisoner.

"Didn't do it on purpose, your worship."

"It is enough that you lamed the horse."

Here I made my suggestion as to what the punishment should be, and it was forthwith awarded; the magistrate informing the prisoner that he was fortunate in having so lenient a



master. The case did not occupy five minutes. Such cases were always speedily settled.

I have mentioned in a former paper that in "the good old times" (as they were called), every master, who was a magistrate, might hold a court and punish his own convict servants. Such, however, was not the case at the time to which this narrative refers. General Bourke then ruled the colony, and the privilege above alluded to having been grossly abused, his excellency ordered that no magistrate should have any voice in the punishment of his servants, beyond making a suggestion as to the mode of punishment, and that all offenders were to be tried in police courts, before stipendiary magistrates.

After leaving the court, I mounted my horse and was riding towards my home, some seven miles distant from Sydney, on the Paramatta road, when I was overtaken by Mr. Flower, who, mounted on his famous Galloway Sheriff, was proceeding to a place called Prospect, to effect, if possible, the capture of three notorious bushrangers. He pulled up, and as we jogged along the road together, he gave me some further information touching "The Master and his Man." In short, Flower afforded me their history, so far as it related to their appearance in the colony of New South Wales. It was thus he ran on:

"As I have already told you, sir, the short un is a lord—that we know. Who the long un is nobody knows, as he was lagged under a false name. Some say that he is the son of a lord; but that's all guess work. That he was born a gentleman, we don't want a ghost to come and tell us."

"Certainly not," I conceded.

"How the long un came to be lagged was this. Two or three years ago, when they were at college, they went to Greenwich or Gravesend, I forget which, and there they hired a trap to take 'em to London. When they got to London, where they spent all the ready money they had, and both being very fresh, blest if long un does not go and sell the trap to a livery stable keeper, who directly afterwards found out who was the real owner of the trap. Long un was followed and collared, and given in charge. A clearer case there couldn't be, and as drunkenness is not held as an excuse for felony, he got his seven penn'orth, and was sent to the hulks, until such time as a ship was ready to bring out a batch. He was in the hulks for six months. Meantime the short un takes a passage to Sydney, and rents a small cottage in Elizabeth street, where he makes himself as comfortable as he can, under the circumstances. He went to Gov't House—he did then, that is to say—he was hand-in-glove with all the big-wigs, and when the ship arrives with the long un on board, he applies for him by name, and gets him assigned to him as his servant."

"But," I observed, "the shorter man of the two, whom I now remember having seen before, is not at Government House as a lord, but as Mr. Geary."

"That is the name he goes by, sir. But at Government House they know who he really is. He told Sir Richard and the Colonial Secretary that he had only come out to see the colony, and was here *incog.*, as he did not wish to be mislabeled."

"How do you know this?"

"Ah, sir," replied Flower, with the air, and using almost the very words of Fouché, in addressing Napoleon; "if I were to divulge the sources of my information, I should not be the great man that I am. You lose your property, sir; I find it. In some cases the culprit is punished; in others not. It all depends on my judgment and discretion. What can it signify to you, so long as what is Caesar's is rendered unto Caesar? My lord (or Mr. Geary, if you please), has lost his pencil-case. He has told me where he has been, and has answered all the questions I put to him; and on this day week, if not before, he will have it restored to him, or my name is not George Flower."

"And how do these persons (I scarcely knew why I did not say 'gentlemen,') amuse themselves?" I inquired.

"In various ways, sir," responded Flower. "They saunter about the town, look into the police office, or the Supreme Court, or the Royal Hotel, just to see what is going on; or they take a boat and have a sail; or go out near the Heads, shark-fishing; or wander over the Surrey Hills in search of quail, or whatever is worth shooting. And sometimes they

journey into the interior, and take a spell at kangaroo-hunting. And, about a month ago, they joined me in one of my bush-ranging expeditions, and right good pluck they showed. The little un faced his man, and shot him as dead as a knit, and I got the reward—fifty pounds—for his carcase."

"Do they take their meals together, at the same table?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said Flower. "But in public they are not very familiar. I breakfasted with them once, and they called each other by their Christian names. They never walk together arm-in-arm in the streets, but just as you saw them to-day; the master always walks a yard or two in advance of his man. There's a poetry—isn't that what you call it?—about the whole business that I very much like."

"What do you mean by poetry, Flower? There is not much poetry in hiring a horse and chaise, and then feloniously disposing of it."

"No, sir. But there is in one man giving up all the comforts of his home, and coming out to this jail—for the colony is only a jail, after all—for the sake of his friend. Now, suppose he had left him to his fate? What would have been the consequence? He would have been assigned to some master who would have bullied him, perhaps. He would have taken to the bush and the road, or have done something for which he would have got two years in irons; and these two years wouldn't, as you know, sir, count in his lagging. He would have become desperate, and most likely have killed his overseer with a pickaxe; for your Bloods are always the most violent men in bondage. Put a carrion crow under a crate, and give him offal and water, and he is contented; but try it on with an eagle that has been accustomed to soar amongst the clouds—God bless you! give him the slightest chance, and he will clap his sinewy claws into your ribs and pick your eyes out."

Indisposed to argue the question, I suffered Mr. Flower to continue:

"As it is, sir, when he has served his time, and gets his bit of parchment (certificate of freedom), they will go home, and their friends will be none the wiser; that is to say, they will know nothing about the horse and gig business and the trip across the pond" (ocean).

"How do you know?"

"As I told you before, sir, I never divulge the means of getting at the truth."

"But if their friends do not know of their place of abode, how do they live? Where do they get wherewith to satisfy all their wants?"

"They haven't got much. The little un brought a few hundreds out with him; but it is pretty well gone by this time. The long un sold his dressing-case the other day for £25—a thing that must have cost a hundred, if not more."

"Is the convicted person, think you, sensible of his degraded position?"

"He does not feel it—or does not seem to feel it—so much as the other. Between ourselves, sir, it was the little un who suggested the sale of the trap, which the long un executed. Morally they were both in the same kettle, but not legally. However, that does not alter the poetry part of the business; that's what I like. It's a very common thing, as we all know, for a wife to follow her transported husband to this bay, and get him assigned to her. Very few colonial secretaries can withstand the tears and witness the grief of a woman. That's all very natural on the wife's part. And I can also understand a fond husband following a transported wife, and regaining her. But it is very seldom that you find friendship going to such lengths as it has gone in this case."

"Perhaps not," said I. And here, inasmuch as I was at the gate of my own grounds, I parted company with Mr. Flower.

Some five or six months subsequent to the time of the conversation above detailed, I paid a visit to the Supreme Court, to witness a very remarkable trial—remarkable chiefly on account of the character of the prisoner, who had been a commander in the Royal Navy, and who was the brother of a baronet, who was a member of the British Ministry. [This culprit, who was

subsequently hanged for the murder of a poor woman, was now on his trial for forgery—the name of the gentleman with whom he took such an unwarrantable liberty being that of the chief justice of the colony. It was a cheque for £10 that he forged. He must be known to the reader as George Ketchcalfe.]

I had scarcely taken my seat on one of the benches close to the bar—the barrister's place—when Mr. Geary, the "master," took a seat beside me. His "man," Smith, stood amongst the crowd—and a very dense crowd it was. The prisoner had been originally transported for stealing one of the chronometers belonging to the 18-gun brig that he commanded, and pawning it for a fifth of its value.

When the prisoner was placed in the dock, he made a low, respectful, dignified, and graceful bow to the bench, and then assumed a somewhat defiant attitude. He was a short, thick-set man, of about forty-two years of age; his face was not handsome by any means, but the features and the expression of his face was something very peculiar. He had deeply-set black eyes, a short nose, which was constantly moved by a nervous twitching, a long upper lip, fine teeth, a mouth expressive of ferocity and daring, and a very prominent chin and a short neck. The forehead was not lofty, but broad and decidedly intellectual.

All eyes were now upon the prisoner, who pleaded "Not Guilty" in a loud and confident tone of voice.

"How wonderfully like his brother!" exclaimed Mr. Geary, addressing himself to me.

"Indeed!" I replied, for until that day I had never heard of, much less seen, the prisoner's brother.

"The very image of him!" said Mr. Geary. "Ah, me! It is indeed a strange world."

I don't know exactly what possessed me, but I took it into my head to let off a common-place remark, or platitude, on the occasion, and with the air of a preacher, I said, "It only shows us the necessity of keeping our passions in control."

Mr. Geary said "Yes," and smiled; so that it is to be questioned if my platitude and grave look had much substantial effect upon him.

The trial continued, and during its continuance we exchanged very many remarks. Mr. Geary did not strike me as a man of any ability, nor was he a well educated man. His manners and address were good, but I could see that he was one of those men who delight rather in the society of their inferiors than their equals, though, to the credit of Mr. Geary be it said, he did not keep "low company" during his stay in Sydney. In short, after the arrival of his convicted friend, he did not keep any company at all. He went nowhere, except with his "servant," and his servant he could not take into society. His chief associate was Mr. George Flower, to whom he was as partial as I was myself, and as were numbers of gentlemen.

The trial of Ketchcalfe ended in a verdict of Guilty, and he was sentenced to be transported to Norfolk Island for the term of his natural life. Instead of appearing hurt at the sentence, the prisoner volunteered to the bystanders a piece of information. "Does your honor know," said he, addressing the judge, with much animation and sincerity combined, "does your honor know that Norfolk Island is the first land that the sun lights up and shines upon when he rises? If you will consult a chart you will find that it is the furthestmost soil eastward." From that day until Mr. Geary took his departure from the colony with his friend, whose time had expired, whenever we met in the streets, or at a review, or upon a racecourse, we saluted each other, and when he happened to be alone, which was a rare occurrence, we exchanged a few civil sentences. During the last eighteen months of Mr. Geary's stay in the colony he was overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties, and for several months was a prisoner for debt in the common jail. For his liberation, eventually, he was indebted to his friend, Mr. George Flower, who paid the whole of his debts in full, and "took him out in triumph," as Flower used to express it.

"How did you raise that £335?" I one day asked the thief-taker.

"Well sir, I did it in this way was the reply. "There was fifty pound reward for Carrotty Joe, the bushranger, that I shot at Campbell Town, and brought in dead. There was fifty for

his pal, that I captured and brought in alive. There was five and twenty for a bolter from Captain Johnstone—a man that had been out two years. That was £125. The rest I borrowed from four Jews, receivers of stolen property, on these easy and quiet terms: my verbal promissory note, payable, with interest, at one thousand per cent. per annum—the account to be settled on the great day of judgment, and the money to be forthcoming on the day after."

"And did they consent to those terms?"

"Consent, sir? Why there is not one of them that I could not transport to Norfolk Island for life, at any moment that I like."

A few weeks after Mr. Geary returned to England, he became an earl, and at this present moment enjoys the title and the estates of his ancestors. He repaid Flower to the full, and did not fail to repeat how grateful he felt to him for his "kindness rendered at a time of such dire difficulty and need."

#### WEATHER WISDOM.

A RAINBOW in the morning gives the shepherd warning—that is, if the wind should be easterly; because it shows that the raincloud is approaching the observing person.

A rainbow at night is a shepherd's delight. This is also a good sign, provided the wind is westerly, as it shows that the rainclouds are passing away.

Evening red and next morning gray, are certain signs of a beautiful day.

When the glow worm lights her lamp, the ground is always damp.

If the cock goes crowing to bed, he certainly rises with a watery head.

When you see the gossamer flying, the air is surely drying.

When black snails cross your path, black cloud much moisture hath.

When the peacock loudly bawls, pretty soon we'll have both rain and squalls.

When the ducks are driving on through the burn, that night will the weather take a turn.

If the moon shines like a silver shield, be not afraid to go and reap your field.

But if she rises haloed round, soon we'll tread on deluged ground.

When rooks are sporting in air, it shows that windy storms are near.

If at the sun's rising or setting the clouds appear of a lurid red color, extending to the zenith, it is a sure sign of storms and gales of wind.

A MIDDY'S THREE DINNERS.—We were talking of midshipman's appetite, as a thing which bears a high character for energy and punctuality, and Captain Beaufort said it had never been fully tried how many dinners a midshipman could eat in one day. "I," said he, "got as far as three. I had eaten my dinner at the midshipman's table, and a very good one, as I always did. After it the captain's steward's came up, and said, 'The captain's compliments, and desires the favor of your company at dinner.' 'But I have dined,' said I. 'For mercy's sake, don't say that, sir,' said he, 'for I shall be in a scrape if you do; I ought to have asked you this morning, but I forgot.' So I thought I must go; and two hours afterwards I did go, and I dined, and I think I made my usual good dinner. Just as we rose from the table, a signal was made by the admiral to send an officer on board, and as it was my turn, I had to go off in the boat. When I got on board the admiral's ship, the admiral said to me, 'Ah, Mr. Beaufort, I believe.' 'Yes, sir,' said I. 'Well, Mr. Beaufort,' said he, 'the papers you are to take back will not be ready this half-hour; but I am just sitting down to dinner, and shall be glad of your company.' Now, as to a midshipman refusing to dine with the admiral, there are not the words for it in the naval dictionary. So I sat down to my third dinner, and I did very well, and I got back to my own ship just in time for tea."

## A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

We were always of opinion, until quite recently at least, that Dickens had reached the climax of malignity and meanness in his description of Nicholas Nickleby's acquaintance, the Yorkshire schoolmaster, Squeers. A correspondent, however, undecives us on this point, in sending us an anecdote of a prominent living man, who was, many years ago, a schoolmaster in Massachusetts:

One of his pupils wrote to his parents to the effect that he was ill-treated by his teacher, and his father, after repeated entreaties, at length drove to N——, and informed Mr. ——— that he intended to remove his son from his care. The lad was called, preparations for his departure were made, and he was on the point of leaving with his father, when the teacher observed a wistful glance cast towards the yard in which the remaining pupils were at play. With a look of kindness he said to the boy:

"Johnny, wouldn't you like to bid your schoolmates good-bye before you go?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the lad, "that's just what I want!"

"Then you shan't!" exclaimed the schoolmaster with a ferocious laugh. And the little boy didn't.

Is not this another evidence that truth is stranger than fiction?

ARROPOS of schoolboys—is not this an accurate description of the feelings experienced by one of that boisterous tribe, when he is first advanced to the dignity of frock coats and evening parties:

The entrance into society may be said to take place after boyhood has passed away; yet a multitude take the initiative before their beards are presentable. It is a great trial, either to a tender or a tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing that there are a dozen girls inside, and to knock or ring with absolute certainty that in two minutes all their eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make a satisfactory tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and then to sit down and dispose of one's hands without putting them into one's pockets, is an achievement which few boys can boast. If a boy can get so far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of these girls, and cut it short at each end, he may stand a chance to pass a pleasant evening, but let him not flatter himself that all the trials of the evening are over. There comes at last the breaking up. The dear girls don their hoods and put on their shawls, and look so saucy, and mischievous and unimpressible, as if they did not wish any one to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy that has the most pluck makes up to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and croaking his elbow, stammers out the words, "Shall I see you home?" She touches her fingers to his arm, and they walk home about a foot apart, feeling as awkward as a couple of goslings. As soon as she is safe inside her own doors, he struts home, and thinks he has really been and gone and done it. Sleep comes to him at last, with dreams of Caroline and calico, and he awakes in the morning and finds the doors of life open to him, and the pigs squealing for breakfast.

Those "dreams of Caroline and calico"—how strange it is that they are never mingled with premonitions of Caudle lectures and angry tongues! Did any young man of all that have put their heads into the matrimonial noose ever look on his promised bride and feel a presentiment of the shrewish nature hid beneath that beautiful exterior? There is bitter truth in the following jocularly from Illinois:

At a young men's debating society the question was being discussed one evening, "Which was the greatest evil—a scolding wife or a smoking chimney?" When the debate was about concluded, a highly excited spectator arose and begged permission to be heard, and this being granted he delivered himself as follows:

"Mr. President—I've been almost mad listening to the debate of these youngsters. They don't know anything about a scolding wife! Wait until they have one upwards of eight years, and been hammered and jammed and jawed at all the while—wait until they have been scolded because the fire wouldn't burn, because the oven was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because the sun shined, because the hens didn't lay, because the butter wouldn't come, because they are too soon for dinner, because they are one minute too late, because they slapped the young ones, because they tore their trousers, or because they did anything (whether they could help it or not), before they talk of the evils of a scolding wife; why Mr. President, I'd rather bear the clatter of hammer and stones and twenty tin pans, and nine brass kettles, than the din, din, of a scolding wife. Yes, sir-ee, them's my sentiments. To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife than a little nigger is to a dark night."

As a relief from the grievances of this henpecked wretch, we

turn to the grandiloquence of a western lawyer, whose client was guilty of a murder:

Gentlemen of the Jury: The Scriptures saith, "Thou shalt not kill." Now if you hang my client, you transgress the command as slick as grease, and as plump as a goose egg in a loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen or by an individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client having killed a man, but is that any reason why you should do so? No such thing, gentlemen; you may bring the prisoner in "guilty;" the hangman may do his duty; but will that exonerate you? No such thing. In that case you will all be murderers. Hang my unfortunate client and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of the animal viscera, until the spinal vertebra of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad for the grim and gory goblins of despair. Gentlemen, I say this is meddling with the eternal prerogative. Gentlemen, I adjure you, by the manumitted ghosts of temporal sanctity, to do no murder. I adjure you, by the American eagle that whipped the universal gamecock of creation, and now sits roosting on the magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder. And, lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear store-made coats—if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you—if you ever expect to wear boots made of the hide of the Rocky Mountain buffalo—and to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but a set of sneaking, loafing, rascally, cut-throated, braided small ends of humanity, whittled down to indistinctibility, acquit my client and save your country.

The prisoner was acquitted.

GREAT men they are—those western lawyers; but not quite up to the Philadelphia standard. Yet even that famous variety is sometimes brought up with a round turn. Witness a recent adventure in the Court of Quarter Sessions:

A well-known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate. The witness was a boss shoemaker.

"You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, sir; cause why, she confessed it."

"And you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?"

"I do, sir."

"Then," giving a sagacious look to the court, "we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?"

"Of course; how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"

The counsellor said "Stand aside," and in a tone which showed that if he had the witness's head in a bark-mill little mercy might have been expected; the judge nearly choked himself in a futile endeavor to make the spectators believe that a laugh was nothing but a hiccup, while the witness stepped off the stand with all the gravity of a fashionable undertaker.

AND here is a rap on the head which a famous New York counsel caught the other day:

A policeman was placed in the witness box, to testify to the character of certain females of bad repute. He was interrupted in his testimony by the counsel, who had called them as important witnesses.

"Pray how do you know the character of these ladies? Have you grounds for your assertions?"

"Certainly," replied the officer; "everybody knows them; it's a matter of common report."

"Everybody! common report!" with a look of horror, "and is that precious jewel, woman's honor, gentlemen of the jury, to be sworn away on such testimony as this?"

Then, turning a look of withering indignation on the witness, Mr. ———, continued, "pretty testimony this, sir. Pray do you know my character by common report?"

"Oh, yes!" was the officer's instantaneous reply; "I've had my eye on you for some time past!" The court and audience guffawed, as the point was highly appreciated and quite justified by the fact.

In the way of repartee, one of the smartest things we have ever met with is this of Coleridge's:

Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so, as generally to attract attention. He was one day riding on the turnpike road in the county of Durham, when a wag approaching him noticed his peculiarity, and mistaking his man, thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport, and as he drew near he thus accosted Mr. C.

"I say, young man, did you meet a tailor on the road?"

"Yes," replied Mr. C., who was never at a loss for a rejoinder, "I did, and he told me if I went a little further, I should meet a goose!"

The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveller jogged on.

Few persons knew better than the Duke of Wellington how to convey a reproof in a single brief sentence. He could crush a fop or an impertinent person with the same lightning-like swoop with which he fell upon Suchet at the battle of Sala-



manca, and repel an intruder as he drove back Massena at Torres Vedras. Here is a new anecdote, illustrative of his caustic terseness:

Sir William Allan, the artist, having finished the picture of "The Battle of Waterloo," called for the money, per appointment, at Apsley House, the duke's residence. He was ushered into the study, where the duke proceeded at once to the business in hand, the simple process of payment—a process, however, much more compound than the painter had anticipated. Taking up a roll of notes, the duke unrolled and began to put them down in his deliberate and emphatic manner, calling out the amount as he did so: "One hundred pounds," "two hundred pounds." This was slow work; and Allan was overpowered with the idea that the mightiest man on earth, whose minutes had outweighed cartloads of Koh-i-noors in value, should be thus occupied. He blurted out, in his Scotch confused manner, that he was really very sorry his grace should take all this trouble—a check would do. The duke went on, "five hundred pounds," "six hundred pounds." Allan, thinking he hadn't been heard, raised his voice louder and louder at each hundred, exclaiming a check would do, a check would do; "Eleven hundred pounds!" "A check will do!" "Twelve hundred pounds." A check, your grace, really will do!" Grace—"No, a check won't do; do you suppose I am going to let my bankers know I have been such a fool as to pay one thousand two hundred pounds for a picture? Why, they'd think me mad! Sir William Allan, I wish you good morning." Exit Allan, unconscious whether it was head or heels foremost, and conscious only that he had the money!

AND here is another anecdote from the same side of the water, in which a bishop extinguishes a gallant guardsman:

A fast young member of the aristocracy, who plumed himself upon being aide-de-camp to one of our famous generals, happening one day to find himself in company with a grave and learned bishop, with singular bad taste and breeding, put the following conundrum: "Why is a bishop like a donkey?" The reply was as deficient in point as the question was in tact. The bishop, after allowing his assailant to recover from the discomfort which the failure of his bad joke had occasioned, quietly said: "Now, sir, I will put a conundrum—can you tell me what is the difference between an aide-de-camp and a donkey?" The aide-de-camp said he could not tell. "Neither can I," said the bishop.

CERTAINLY the Yankees and Quakers do not monopolize all the shrewdness at a bargain there is in the world. Could Sam Slick have been cuter than Henry Stevens, the agent of the British Museum, in the following incident?

At a public sale of old books in London, not long since, by a *coup d'œil*, he discovered a choice bibliographical gem, in a package of old trash which he was examining just as it was reached in the regular course of the sale. Hastily retying the package, he threw it down, when, unfortunately, snap! went the string, and the whole contents were spread out upon the table.

"Here, Stevens, see here," said Longman, pointing to the singular-looking rarity, "what's this?"

Fortunately for Stevens, there was no time for a reply, for the auctioneer cried:

"Number twenty-one, what's the bid for package twenty-one?"

"Sixpence," responded Stevens. All eyes were turned towards him, for his bid was seldom less than a guinea.

"Who has it?"

"Cash," responded Stevens, and dashing down the sixpence, seized the coveted gem, and thrust it into his pocket. The bid was instantly disputed. "You may have the rest," said Stevens, "I've got this and paid for it."

"What is it?" inquired a number of voices.

"The first book printed in America!" said Stevens, and quietly walking away, readily sold it for \$500.

It seems that even at this late day everybody is not familiar with the mysteries of crinoline. The San Francisco *Globe* has seen one individual at least who didn't know "hoops":

As a newly married couple, evidently from the country, were promenading Montgomery street last evening, their curiosity was suddenly aroused by the appearance of some mysterious-looking articles, dangling in a large window. They eyed them with the deepest concern, first on one side then on the other, until at length the husband having completely exhausted his imaginative powers drew out:

"Well, Sal, consarn my pinter if them ain't the queerest-looking things I ever hearn of." Then twisting himself about, and giving the contents of the window another look, he added, "What on airth kin they be? What do you guess the darned things are?"

"Why, Jake, don't you know—krineline and hoops?"

"Do you tell!" ejaculated Jake softly, "them's 'em, is they?" and he again ran his eyes about the strange apparel.

"I think they are so sweet," ventured Sal, when, at the same moment, a lady dressed in the very height of fashion rushed along.

Jake had seen enough. His mind was made up. Sal must have "krineline." Without saying a word he started to enter the store, but was stopped at the door by her with all sorts of entreaties not to carry the joke any further. But Jake was determined. He had taken a fancy to the goods, and could not rest until his better half

was supplied with them. She drew back, but it was of no avail. He gathered her arm tightly in his own, and making a long stride into the establishment, exclaimed: "Come along, old gal, you're my wife now, and—ef you shan't spread yourself."

RURAL innocence, that, with a vengeance, but scarcely so green as this Georgian anecdote, which comes to us with all the aroma of the piney woods about it

Two countrymen entered, lately, one of our city churches. They went up into the gallery and took a seat in the immediate vicinity of the organ. The organist commenced using his skill in causing it to breathe out its sweet melodious sounds. Our friends in rapt amazement sat. Their eyeballs, strained to their utmost tension, seemed as if they would start in horror from their sockets, while every hair on their heads assumed an independent and perpendicular position. The organist happening to strike a deep bass note, our friends, with fear depicted on their blanched countenances, in haste made a bee line for the door. As they arrived at the door, one of them said to the other, "My goodness, Sam, what a groan that was!"

HERE is one of those quaint "minister stories" for which New England is so famous:

New England used to be full of traditions of the odd sayings of Dr. Bellamy, one of the most powerful theologians and preachers of his time. One or two of his sayings circulated about in our childhood. For example, when one had built a fire of green wood, he exclaimed:

"Warm me here? I'd as soon try to warm me by the starlight on the north side of a tombstone!"

Speaking of the chapel bell on Yale College, he said:

"It is about as good a bell as a fur cap with a sheep's tail in it."

A young minister, who had made himself conspicuous for a severe and denunciatory style of preaching, came to him one day to inquire why he did not have more success.

"Why man," said the doctor, "can't you take a lesson of the fishermen? How do you go to work if you want to catch a trout? You get a little hook and a line, but, you wait it carefully and throw it in as gently as possible, and then you sit and wait, and numpor your fish till you can get him ashore. Now then, you get a great cod-hook and rope line, and dash it into the water, and bawl out, 'Bite or be damned!'"

A VERY readable book might be made, consisting of nothing else than the characteristics of post offices and officers in different parts of the world. Take the trim, dandyish New York post-office clerk, and compare him with the shrewd, speculating store-keeper who officiates in a similar capacity in some village away down East, with the rough, rifle-loving, Western backwoods official, or with the red-coated British postman, and what a difference is there! How much greater, however, if we go beyond the limits of Anglo-Saxondom! In some parts of South America it is customary to haggle with the postmaster about the price of a letter; and if you are a good hand at chaffering, you can easily beat his tariff down! In some parts of Italy, again, persons expecting letters are shown the whole heap of correspondence, and requested to select their own. The following anecdote from Rome is funny, rather:

A comedian recently applied for a letter at the post-office, and was told there was forty cents to pay for it.

"I can't pay that," said he, "for I know what's in it."

"Well, how much will you give?" asked the postmaster.

"Four sous is all it is worth to me," said the comedian.

"Well, take it then," replied the postmaster, "for I've read it, and it's only a love letter!"

AND here we come back to the United States, to see how Paddy cheated a Yankee postmaster:

"Hillo, Misther Postmaster, is there iver a letter for Dennis O'Flaharty?"

"I believe there is," said the postmaster, stepping back and producing the letter.

"And will yees be so kind as to rade it to me, seein' I had the misfortune to be edicated to rade niver a bit?"

"To be sure," said the accommodating postmaster.

He then opened, and read the epistle, which was from the "ould country."

"And what would yees be afther axin for the postage of that letter?"

"Fifty cents."

"And it's chape enough, yer honor, but as I niver think of axin' yees to trust me, jist kape the letter for pay. And say, misther, if I'd call in one of these days, wud yees write an answer to it?"

It is a dangerous sport—to fence with a professor of the science, or to play chess with a Morphy or a Staunton. Equally

hazardous is it to attempt a literary trick on a Boston publisher, as the following anecdote clearly setteth forth :

Mr. F. has a wonderful memory, and his knowledge of English literature is so clear and available, that when a friend wishes to know where any particular passage may be found, he steers at once for the corner and consults the man who is very likely to give the desired information.

A pompous, would-be wit not long ago thinking to puzzle him and make sport for a company at dinner, informed them prior to Mr. F.'s arrival that he had himself that morning written some poetry and intended to submit it to Mr. F. as *Southey's*, and inquire in which of his poems the lines occurred. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated, he began :

"Friend F., I have been a good deal exercised of late, trying to find in *Southey's* poems his well-known lines, running thus ; can you tell us about what time he wrote them ?"

"I do not remember to have met with them before," replied Mr. F., "and there were only two periods in *Southey's* life when such lines could possibly have been written by him."

"When were those ?" gleefully asked the witty questioner.

"Somewhere," said Mr. F., "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles and cutting his first teeth ; or, near the close of his life, when his brain had softened and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the expression evidently betrays the idiotic one."

The funny questioner smiled faintly ; but the company roared.

"WELL roared !" as William Shakespeare says. It was a joke too good not to be appreciated by all ; yet there are some few worthy people in the world who would have reserved their guffaw for half-an-hour, and then have enjoyed the full point of it. Such an one was Sydney Smith's friend, the Rev. Mr. Buckle. Said the Canon of St. Paul's :

A joke goes a great way in the country. I have known one last pretty well for seven years. I remember a joke after the meeting of the clergy, in York-shire, where there was a Rev. Mr. Buckle, who never spoke when I gave his health, saying that he was a buckle without a tongue. Most persons within hearing laughed, but my next neighbor sat unmoved in thought. At last a quarter of an hour after we had all done, he suddenly nudged me exclaiming :

"I see now what you meant, Mr. Smith—you meant a joke."

"Yes, sir," said I, "I believe I did." Upon which he began laughing so heartily that I thought he would choke, and was obliged to pat him on the back.

It has long been a favorite idea with us, that the ingenious individual who will first set up a school for the training of gentlemen in the arts of courtship will make his fortune, and that rapidly. We envy the unknown individual. We would like to be the coming man ourselves. We think we should succeed. But as circumstances prevent our undertaking the business at present, we exercise our usual generosity, and throw the hint out gratis. How useful such an institution might be made. Suppose, for instance, that Malcolm, in the following anecdote, had been previously instructed, do you suppose he would have bungled the matter as he did? Not a bit of it! But, thrown on his own resources, this is how he courted Emma :

"Emma, ah! dearest Emma—I am come—ah! Emma, come to—oh you can de-decide my fate—I am come, my dear Emma—ah!"

"I see you, Malcolm, perfectly. You are come; you tell me interesting intelligence, certainly. Well, what next?"

"Oh Emma! I am come to—to—"

"To offer me your heart and hand, I suppose?"

"Yes!"

"Well, do it like a man, then, and not like a monkey."

"Plague take your self-possession!" exclaimed I, suddenly starting up from my knee upon which I had fallen in an attitude that might have won the approval of Madame de Maillard Fraisez, "you make me ashamed of myself."

"Proceed sir," she said.

"You like brevity, it would seem."

"Yes."

"Then—will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"Will you give me a kiss?"

"You may take one."

I took the proffered kiss.

"Now, this is going to work rationally," said Emma; "when a thing is to be said, why may it not be said in two seconds, instead of stammering and stammering two hours about it? Oh! how cordially do I hate mysteries!" exclaimed the merry bright-eyed maid clapping my hands energetically.

"Well, then," said I, "humbug apart, what day shall we fix for our marriage?"

The following story from Kentucky reminds us of the famous

controversy with regard to the priority of origin of the hen and the egg. The hen, said one body of divines, was first, or whence the egg? while another party insisted with equal firmness that the egg was first created, or whence the hen? The dilemma is no less pleasing than important. But this is what they tell us in Kentucky :

A Kentuckian owned a slave that was a Universalist, and on one occasion illustrated the intellectual character of his religion in the following manner :

A neighbor's slave had obtained licence to preach. He was once holding forth in the presence of many of his brethren and undertook to describe the process of Adam's creation. Said he, "When God made Adam, he stoop down, scrape up a little dirt, wet it a little in the hand, and squeeze it a little in right shape, and den lean it agin de fence to dry—"

"Top dere," said our Universalist darkey, "you say dat ar de fustest man ever made?"

"Sartain," said the preacher.

"Den jus tell a feller whar dat ar fence come from."

"Hush!" said the preacher, "two more questions like dat would spile all the feeology in the world."

HERE is a good specimen of negro penetration, as the above is of negro logic :

Not long ago a gentleman, being beyond the limits of his neighborhood, inquired of a pert negro if the road he was travelling led to a certain place. Cuffee gave the required information, but seemed curious to know who the stranger was, as well as his occupation. For the fun of the thing the traveller concluded to humor Ebony a little, and the following dialogue ensued :

"My name is —, and as to the business I follow, if you are at all smart you can guess that from my appearance—can't you tell that I am a timber cutter?"

"No, boss, you no timber cutter."

"An overseer, then?"

"No, sir, you no look like one."

"What say you to my being a doctor?"

"Don't think so, boss; dey ride in sulky."

"Well, how do you think I will do for a preacher?"

"I sorter 'spects you is dat, sir."

"Pshaw, Cuffee, you are a greater fool than I took you for—don't I look more like a lawyer than anything else?"

"No, sir-ree, bob, you don't dat."

"Why, Cuffee?"

"Why, now you see, boss, I's been ridin' wid you for a mile, and you hain't cussed any, and you know lawyers always cusses."

SOME Yankee, it is said, has recently invented a poison which would infallibly destroy every man who owes a printing or a newspaper bill, but Jonathan refuses to divulge his receipt lest the United States should become depopulated. Parson Brownlow of Tennessee is sorely exercised by delinquents of this class. If they will only square up, he says, he will take almost anything in lieu of cash :

He offers to take "East Tennessee bills worth twenty cents on a dollar, Shanghai chickens, hoop skirts, bootjacks, broom corn, baby jumpers, fishing tackles, patent medicines, sucking pigs, frozen cabbage, old clothes, Colt's revolvers, second-hand toothbrushes, ginger cakes, parched corn, circus tickets, or any other article found in a retail store." If they will not settle up on these accommodating terms, the parson says he shall file his claims in the high chancery of heaven, and let them settle with their God in the world to come.

WE wonder how it fares with the distressed Tennessean! We should exceedingly like to see his office on pay-day! Here is a western editor, however, who is far from being lugubrious. We presume he is a young man—we can't doubt he is a married man, and we are very certain he is a happy man for the nonce. In a word, he has got a blessed baby, and he crows over the red-faced, pulpy little atomy as follows :

"I am this day multiplied by two—I am a duplicate—I am number one of an indefinite series, and there is my continuation! And you observe, it is not a block, nor a blockhead, nor a painting, nor a bust nor a fragment of anything, however beautiful; but a combination of all the arts and sciences in one, painting, sculpture, music—hear him cry! mineralogy, mechanics—see him kick! geography, and the use of the globes—see him nurse! and withal, he is a perpetual motion—a timepiece that will never run down! And who wound him up?"

Really, brother, we can give you no information on that subject! We take the hint, however, and recollect that it is just time to wind ourselves up, to keep a-going for precisely one calendar month.





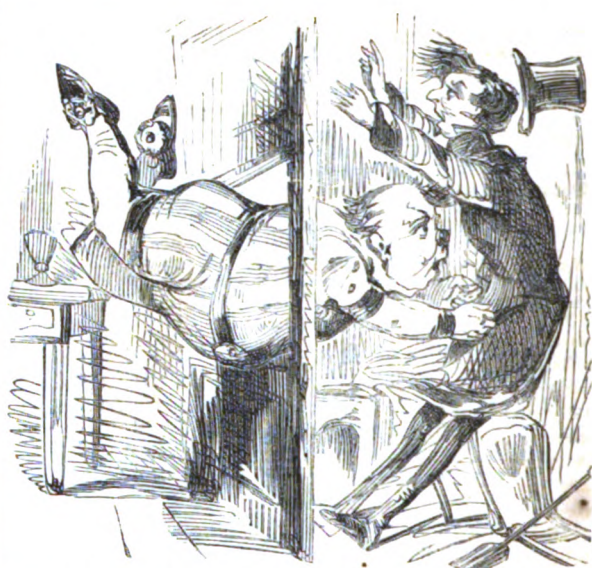
*Jonathan Stout, having been recommended by his physician to practise gymnasia to reduce his physique, thinks he will avail himself of his theatrical knowledge. He tries to walk up an inclined plane, on an India rubber ball, which most unaccountably slips from under his feet.*



*Having seen Leon Javelli walk up the tightrope, he fastens a cord from the bars of the grate to the top of a heavy bookcase; strange to say, the latter topples over, and falling upon our amateur acrobat nearly buries him beneath the books, &c.*



*His next attempt to balance a heavy chair upon his nose results in breaking the chimney looking-glass.*



*Anxious to try his harlequin leap through a trapdoor, he cuts a hole quietly, into his neighbor's room. They unfortunately meet.*



*Having failed in balancing a chair upon his nose, he resolves to balance himself by his nose on a chair; he falls and smashes all the vases, &c. on the table.*



*Result of Jonathan Stout's attempt to regain slenderdom.*





# FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR FEBRUARY.

## WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

We hardly realize that it is winter in all its keen and bitter severity until February, with its dark, lowering skies and long cold storms, is upon us. The early part of the season is generally distinguished by its mildness in the metropolis, at worst it is only changeable, then follow the busy preparations and enjoyment of the holidays, succeeded by gay parties, with the brilliant opera as an interlude. All these experiences are



1. COIFFURE. PAGE 182.

charming, and take the bitter edge off the first instalment of cold weather; but when the novelty is gone part of one's elasticity and sense of enjoyment goes with it, and we endure rather than take pleasure even in the fact of existence, waiting half impatiently and half resignedly for new life with the spring violets.

February cannot therefore be called a very good month for shopping; comfortably ensconced in warmly cushioned rocking chairs, in shaded rooms softened to a summer temperature, there



2. COIFFURE. PAGE 182.



3. COIFFURE. PAGE 182.



is little temptation for ladies to venture out into the cold and storm; only the necessity of making a purchase, or the anticipation of some brilliant fête will induce them to do it; unless in the case of some very economical housewife, who conscientiously waits until the usual reduction is made upon winter goods late in the season, before making her family purchases.

Of course at such a time there is little of novelty to record, and we can only chronicle or review the movements of the bright and fantastic goddess whose doings it is our province to note, for the benefit of our readers.

Fickle she can scarcely be called in the future, the never-ending career of small bonnets, basques and hoops assert her constancy. This season, however, the basques have taken another form, and come out as newly fledged jackets, jaunty, daring and coquettish to a remorseless degree.

The fashionable materials are cloth and velvet, the velvet elegantly trimmed with guipure lace and jet headings, or knotted silk fringe, tasseled and spotted with jet or steel. In cloth, velvet makes the most elegant trimming, either solid or in medallions, with an edge of jet drops or small oval or "tulip" pendant buttons. The "Rosaline" and "Eugenie" jackets are also made of cashmere or black lace, the latter charmingly ornamented with two volants of lace, headed with narrow black satin ribbon bows or a full ruche, the former serving as a handsome accompaniment to a double cashmere skirt, and making a very complete and lady-like house dress. In this case the upper skirt and jacket must be trimmed to match, with velvet ribbon or fringe. Sometimes the cashmere jacket is made of an extreme length and worn over a single skirt, to which it forms a sort of tunic.

A simple and elegant toilette for home wear consists of a small black and white ducal check dress, with an upper skirt ornamented with bands or side stripes, in brown, Napoleon blue, green or violet, with a velvet edge. The jacket is the Amazon shape, trimmed to match, and either closely buttoned in front or worn with a tucked habit shirt, finished with a small square collar and black velvet bow, edged with narrow guipure lace. A pretty coiffure for negligé may be worn with this dress. It consists of a round net of black silk (sewing silk), or chenille with a double shell border worked with jet, which arrives nearly at a point over the forehead, and falls gracefully over the ears. This coiffure is a favorite one for negligé with European, especially Parisian ladies, but has only recently been introduced here.

Among the new materials for winter dresses "Ottoman" velvet attracts the most attention, and is decidedly the most elegant. The texture is very thick, and has the appearance of uncut velvet on the surface. Laid over in the heavy folds of a full skirt it is very imposing, almost more effective than solid Lyons velvet. The skirts in all cases are made up entirely plain, the designs being always checks, stripes or plaids.

We have before alluded to the importance which robes of thick black and brocaded silk have assumed this season, and certainly nothing can be more distinguished than the rich styles of this description now in vogue. The effect of the double skirt with border or bands of embossed velvet is superb. It is also very handsome in bayadere stripes, ornamented with ruching and lace, or in fine brocade, trimmed with five rows of fringe, with guipure beading, or the plain rep may be employed with broad fold of velvet upon the edge, finished on each side with narrow guipure. When these dresses are made without points, a very fine effect is produced by long, wide black sashes, edged all round with narrow guipure lace. Black lace edgings are also much used for trimming the flounces of lace and tarlatane dresses, especially pink, blue and cerise; indeed, so great is the demand for some particular kind, that the stock is almost exhausted.

Black, which is so much admired in silk and velvet, is not tolerated in satin, except for ladies past the possibility of being thought young. Black and silver gray are considered quite venerable, and are associated with old ladies' caps, muslin kerchiefs and other antiquities. In white, sea-green, cerise, and violet satin for the most youthful demoiselle, is considered quite charming, particularly when enveloped in a cloud of silver gauze, blonde or lace.

It is astonishing to what an extent this latter fabric is now used; every part of female attire owes some portion of its beauty to its light and graceful influence. Formerly it was almost exclusively confined to the wealthy, especially the fine and more costly fabrics, which are included in the denomination of real lace. A flounce, a few yards for a berthé, a handkerchief, or even the border to a cap, was handed down from one generation to another as something precious as jewels, and quite worthy of being an heirloom. Now, there is no mechanic's wife who does not own her set of Honiton, and talk learnedly and contemptuously of "cheap" imitations.

Women of any pretensions to fashion find lace no considerable item in their wardrobe, it being indispensable, and where the means will permit, used in profusion on all the fine articles of a lady's under clothing, used for the purpose of decorating dresses, mantillas and basques, sometimes almost wholly composing bonnets, and everywhere softening, shading, subduing all the grosser and harsher points of female attire, lending a partly mystic and wholly graceful influence, which every woman understands if she cannot analyse.

This is why they have that passion for lace which men never know how to appreciate. Indulgent husbands are perfectly willing to pay fifty or seventy-five dollars for a showy silk robe, with plenty of color and silk on the surface, and that will "stand alone," because in this they imagine they see their money's worth; but to pay fifty dollars for a handkerchief, or a "set," even if it is real point, is something quite beyond their comprehension; they cannot see the good of it, and if they are told of poor girls living in damp cellars and working on this same fragile web, months and years, "think" they might be "better employed."

Fortunately for those who love this delicate fabric in all its varieties (and we must confess to being one of the number), the enormous demand has increased the facilities for manufacture to such an extent that it no longer "costs a fortune" to supply oneself with a very nice little cabinet full of these treasures. Even Point l'Aiguille is reduced nearly one-half in its cost of less than two years since, while Honiton may be bought almost for a song. Eighty or a hundred dollars would now be thought an absurd price for a collar and sleeves, and yet it is not long since it was paid without a murmur for the same quality of goods which can now be obtained for forty and fifty dollars.

Many ladies, not being aware of the causes at work to bring about this reduction, have congratulated themselves on extraordinary bargains, when in reality they have paid a large advance on wholesale rates. Honiton especially, which obtained so much importance from the Queen's patronage, is now so common as to have entirely lost caste in the fashionable world, since servant girls above the rank of kitchen maid all sport Honiton collars.

Guipure lace is very distinguished in black, but not so in the white fabric, although it is a favorite with some. A very heavy variety is extensively made by the Irish peasant girls, and is called Irish guipure. It is knitted by hand, and in a good pattern is very striking. It requires, however, a dark background of thick silk or velvet to give it proper effect. Much of it is sold now under the name of "Spanish Point," a superb old lace, now quite out of date, and never seen except in some old portrait of Vandyck's. We have seen a robe of dark crimson velvet with an upper skirt of Irish guipure lace in one deep flounce, exquisitely pointed on the edge, and in a very rich design representing a fountain throwing up spray on a groundwork of shells. The effect was really magnificent, and, if it was not Spanish point it looked quite imposing enough to pass for it. Fine Irish guipure can thus be made very effective, and is greatly admired by ladies who have a penchant for the striking and highly ornamented.

Closely connected with lace is the subject of jewellery, both holding about an equal place in the affections of the fair sex, although if there is a difference, probably jewellery has the advantage. The vast quantity of gold which has been poured into the country, through the gold discoveries in different parts of the world, has brought costly articles of luxury within the reach of many to whom formerly they were quite unknown. This is especially the case with jewellery, which has a charm

against which none are proof, from the highest to the lowest. The first dreams of the poor seamstress or shop girl, as soon as she begins to earn her own money, is a ring or a breastpin, and very proud and happy is she on the day when she can call a bracelet (even if it only cost five dollars) her own. Thus all the medium styles of jewellery are monopolized by an ordinary class of people, who constantly parade them, and force persons who assume any pretensions to fashion to adopt only those of a more novel and costly description. In this way the cameos, at first so much admired, have been reduced in status, until they are now almost entirely confined to the wives and daughters of the laboring classes.

Of course this universal demand for jewellery has brought enormous quantities of spurious stuff into the market, and occasioned manufacturers to resort to numberless expedients to increase the supply, and their own profits at the same time. It is therefore very necessary in purchasing to exercise great caution and judgment, and be able to rely implicitly on the word and honor of the dealer. Of course no first-class house will risk its reputation in any small or mean transaction, but their prices are generally enormously high, and a great temptation is presented to risk the quality, which is apparently good, and reduce at least one-third of the cost.

A very excellent movement has been inaugurated by one of our best and most celebrated manufacturers, Mr. DAVID RAIT, 406 Broadway, whose firm represents also Mr. D. C. PEACOCK of London, to bring the manufacturer's interest into direct proximity with those of the retail purchaser, thus cutting off the large margin of profit which results to the retail dealer, and giving the purchaser the benefit. The high reputation of Mr. Rait's establishment for the manufacture of fine diamond jewellery, the prominent place which his styles always assume in the world of fashion, and the regular patronage the establishment enjoys from the most distinguished families in many States of the Union, combine to make this action on his part one of great importance, and the cause of much anxiety on the part of retail dealers, whose occupation would be gone should others of our leading manufacturers follow Mr. Rait's example.

We notice in the new modes of setting diamonds at this house a great improvement on the old method, which only placed one side in contact with rays of light, leaving the other concealed and its beauty lost by being sunk in the setting. In the new styles the light and exquisite filagree settings, in scroll or chain work, present all the sides to the light, and greatly increase the brilliance of the effect. The workmanship also is of the purest and most perfect description, the color, the tints of the gold in a sunset, and as nearly produced to its virgin state as is possible.

A certain amount of alloy is necessary in its preparation or it would break in pieces, its natural quality being brittle. Very pale gold is produced by a considerable alloy of silver, but for the "red gold" which is now so fashionable, a mixture of copper has to be used and a much larger proportion of gold. This color is used altogether for the Etruscan settings employed for lava and mosaic jewellery, and has a very striking effect. The artistic improvement in the modelling of beads in lava is astounding, many exhibited by Mr. Rait are gems of art, and the reason is that they are genuine, modelled by Italian artists, and selected by Mr. Peacock himself in his constant visits to Rome and Naples. The position which lava jewellery now occupies in the fashionable world, and its increasing importance, is very encouraging to the efforts of those who have given it its present high point of artistic excellence. Unfortunately, as a people, we generally aim at quantity rather than quality, and so long as we have the name care little whether we have the reality or not.

Diamonds are just now attracting an unusual degree of attention from the falling off of some of the principal mines; there is no telling but we may have yet to resort to the famous California diamonds, in order to supply the constantly increasing demand. The recent styles of bracelets which have been imported are of exceeding beauty and very costly. The broad bands are made still broader, and consist of heavy links, with pendant fringed strap and buckle. Many of these bands are

crossed with bars of dark enamel set with diamonds, and have an indescribably brilliant effect. One which we particularly admired consisted of gold chains, with a full magnificent rose of diamonds in the centre, in the midst of which was set the pale mystic light of a large opal.

But the passion for this luxurious appendage is not confined to articles for the toilette. The vogue for golden ornaments in apartments, and particularly for the dinner table, has much increased of late years. The most exquisite porcelain dinner services are always accompanied by dessert decorations of crystal, mounted and gilded in an extravagantly expensive style. The ormolu, of which these ornaments are made, is a rich material; it is not only more beautiful but much more durable than the old-fashioned gilt.

To descend from jewellery to hoops is a pretty long step, although it is only exchanging one kind of metal for another. In spite of the periodical congratulations of newspaper writers hooped skirts still seem to be in the ascendant, and are only noticed for their increasing amplitude. The enterprise of the manufacturers of the article does not seem to be in the least degree lessened or the sales reduced.

We have much pleasure in calling the attention of our lady readers to one recently issued from the celebrated manufactory of DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD, because we believe it destined to overcome a powerful objection, and supply a very great desideratum in the economy of skirts in general. Most ladies have an objection to skeleton skirts for the promenade, for obvious and very excellent reasons; they have worn them because they imagined them less liable to soil than those having a solid foundation of muslin, the latter being entirely useless when disfigured by contact with the debris of the streets, it being impossible to remove the springs and have it washed. The improvement, introduced by Messrs. Douglas & Sherwood, consists of a patent "detachable" fastening, by means of which the springs can be adjusted or removed at pleasure, and with the greatest ease, and affording no chance of slipping from their position. It is named the "Matinée" skirt, and is finished throughout with their accustomed precision and elegance.

They have also patented a "tournure corset," which we predict will become a great favorite with ladies, producing a charming figure, independent of any option on the part of the fair wearer, and combining in itself corset tournure and skirt supporter.

#### REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

FASHION has its whims and fantasies, its caprices as well as its graces; but it is not so fantastic as croakers would fain make people believe, and is much more graceful than capricious. The modern styles arrive nearer to the perfection of ease, elegance and comfort than any heretofore known; and, therefore, for the past few years, there has been little decided change. Designs are varied, ornaments are modified, but the garment to all intents and purposes remains the same.

As yet it is too early to have any new spring styles to record; the few that are exhibited to Southern and Western merchants in the early part of the season exhibit no novelty, or that would be any to our readers. We must, therefore, consider which are now the most interesting subjects of discussion at home and abroad. And first, it is becoming a most serious question whether any means cannot be employed to render ladies' dresses less inflammable. A Paris correspondent says:

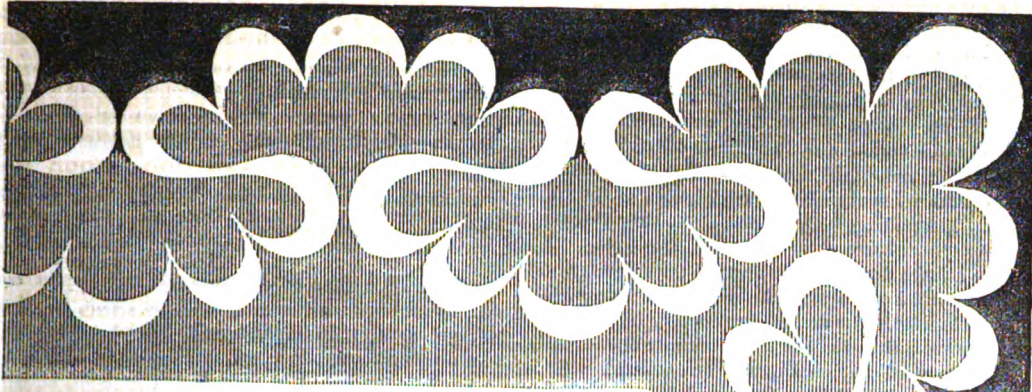
"Some years ago, a beautiful and accomplished actress experienced a sad and painful death arising from this cause. The fancy drapery of her costume took fire from the footlights; in a few seconds the wearer was enveloped in scorching flames, and shortly afterwards she died from their effects. Since that event means have been adopted in the wardrobe department of many theatres to prevent the recurrence of the disaster. The light dresses and mantles are rendered, not, indeed, incombustible, but, at any rate, unflammable, or blaze-proof, by soaking them in a weak solution of chloride of zinc, so that if they are exposed to the flame of a candle or of gaslight, they are





FLEUR-DE-LYS, IN BEADWORK, ON CANVAS—PAGE 183.





HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN ROSE SCALLOPING.

only reduced to tinder, without a blaze or a flame. The recent melancholy catastrophes have shown the necessity of such a precaution in the drawing-room and bed-room, no less than on the stage of a theatre. We hope that the discoveries of chemical science will not be neglected, and that in a short time all light articles of dress will be rendered effectually blaze-proof. Already we see announcements of crinolines that are unflammable, which serve as a protection to the undergarments from the danger of fire; even if the robe took fire, the cage of hoops would thus prevent the person from being burnt."

In England, where bright grate fires are so much more common than they are with us, the danger from wearing an expanded dress is much increased; and consequently it is impossible to take up an English newspaper which does not contain one or more accounts of sudden and fatal accidents from this cause. Setting aside the idea of relinquishing hoops as one not to be entertained for a moment, many suggestions are made to remedy the difficulty, and put an end to this fearful loss of human life. Some think it better to sacrifice their glowing fires at once, and adopt the dull, unsocial Yankee stove. Others would simply surround them with high wire fenders; while another genius recommends that ladies' garments should be saturated in a solution of saltpetre, which would have the effect of making them more inflammable than ever.

On this side, there are few such fatalities to record, and need be none, if ordinary care and common sense were employed, and less swing given to ladies' skirts when they walk. The enormous amplitude affected by some, and the imposing sweep of garments which take in the entire breadth of an ordinary room and put one in an agony of fear for the contents of centre-table and *étagère*, are proper subjects for ridicule, and deserve to be reminded that there are certain limits to everything—even ladies' hoops.

The number of new colors which have been produced during the past year is something extraordinary—or rather we should say, new shades of color—many of them so exquisite that one is amazed how gross materials can be made to produce anything so sweetly and delicately beautiful. The latest novelty is the *rose des Alpes*, a charming tint, not so deep as *groselle*, and therefore more becoming to the complexion. It is mixed with white royal velvet for dress bonnets, as is also the brilliant sea-green and light blue.

For bonnets less dressy, those made of black velvet and trimmed with scarfs of bright colors—either terry, velvet or silk—are very pretty. These scarfs must be trimmed either with lace or fringe. Drab velvet is also much worn for walking bonnets. They are often made entirely of the velvet, and simply trimmed with lace; but for visiting they are trimmed with scarfs of lace or bright colored velvet.

We must not, however, forget to mention the new peach blossom colored velvet—a color exceedingly becoming to most complexions.

#### STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

THESE show very little change, excepting in the magnificent

toilettes which are being prepared for the balls and other large entertainments, by which this last month of the season is distinguished.

One which we particularly admired consisted of rich white



satin, the skirt covered by two gauze flounces, embroidered in gold, with a leafy border and light flowering foliage, which almost covered the entire surface. The body was low, and extended over the hips, the top being ornamented with gold fringe, surmounted by a puffing of satin and blonde. The sleeves presented an elegant effect; they were composed of a simple band of satin across the shoulders, edged with gold fringe, below which were full sleeves of embroidered gauze, separated into puffs by narrow bands edged with a very fine narrow blonde. The puffings become smaller as they approach the wrist.

A second robe attracted much attention from its novelty and elegance. The material was a very glossy ashes of roses satin, made into a double skirt. The under one was very long behind, and lay upon the ground in rich folds; the upper one, exactly three quarters of a yard in length, was ornamented with a number of narrow bayadere stripes, composed of crimson moss velvet, very fine and soft. The intervals were double the width of the bands, which did not exceed three quarters of an inch. The body of this was very low, and trimmed round the top with moss velvet and fringe. The sleeves were precisely like those previously described, excepting that they were made of satin, with bands of moss velvet.

It is said that a dress recently made for the Empress Eugenie contained three skirts, the first of velvet, the second of satin, the third of silk very thick and rich. The body was of velvet, very richly ornamented.

A charming dress was a very rich white corded silk, with a double skirt, the upper one having a deep border of scarlet velvet, edged on each side with a fine pearl blonde. The body was extremely low, and ornamented with braces of velvet and blonde to match the skirts. It was without points, and finished only with a band and buckle round the waist, the latter of which have lately been revived in new and very pretty styles, lighter and more graceful than those formerly worn.

Another was a glossy blue satin, with a very wide and long skirt, laying in heavy folds at the back. Over this was an upper skirt of blue silk tissue, spotted with silver and bordered with five rows of fine blonde. The sides were looped with silver medallions and lovely blue marabout feathers. The low corsage was in the Grecian style, with folds of the tissue, edged with blonde. The sleeves are a simple narrow band of satin across the shoulder, supporting wide, full Sultana sleeves of tissue, open to the shoulders, and edged with blonde. The head-dress was a pretty wreath of silver leaves and buds, tipped with marabout, a novelty in ornament which has been introduced this winter, and is called "flower feather trimming."

One particularly admired is of very rich *gros grains*, violet and black, with six flounces, trimmed with a rich chenille gimp with hanging buttons. The high body is trimmed with gimp to match, arranged in straps from the throat half way down the body, and finished by a hanging button. The sleeves are flat at the bottom, open and buttoned like an amazon sleeve, with two large puffs at the elbow.

Another *recherché* toilette is composed of black velvet, the two side breadths trimmed with horizontal bands of black guipure, and large bows of rich blue velvet. The corsage is also ornamented with guipure, and bows from the point to the shoulders. Brandebourgs are much adopted for trimming the bodies and sleeves of dresses. Some half long sleeves are composed of two puffs at the top and a plaited trimming.

The fronts of the bonnets are decidedly larger, and cover much more the top of the head; the sides remain very open in order to leave room for the bandeaux and curls. The crown is also larger, and the curtain narrower and not quite so full; and, as it no longer falls over the shoulders, it is not needful to continue the ungraceful fashion of raising it. Lace is almost entirely discarded as a decoration for the outside of bonnets; on black velvet a bright colored scarf of satin or velvet, fringed at the ends, is plaited and placed across the front, widening towards the ends and falling over the curtain. Although lace is almost entirely banished as a decoration for bonnets, it is profusely employed as a trimming for all other articles of female attire.

A new hooped skirt is said to be made of white horsehair

in open work, and so pliable are the hairs, through their saturation with some new material, which is also patented, a full skirt of forty hoops, with all the essentials of elasticity, fullness and strength, can be carried within a muff, occupying scarcely more space than a porte-monnaie, and in an instant expanding to a diameter of six or seven feet, giving the wearer the agreeable circumference of from nineteen to twenty-one feet.

#### DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

FIG. 1.—House dress of rich stone-colored poplin, ornamented with bands of ribbon, ruching blue and green, edged with black guipure lace an inch in width. The sleeves are a small bishop, with deep cuffs, and deep pointed caps to match the trimming on the waist and skirt. This, it will be seen, is the revival of an old style—broad at the base and at the throat, and graduating almost to a point at the waist.

FIG. 2.—Robe of dahlia-colored silk, with very long double skirt, trimmed with velvet in points and black lace edging on the lower side and round the bottom. The round corsage is buttoned with mosaic buttons in front, and finished with belt and buckle. The berthe is ornamented to match the waist. The small bishop sleeve—a favorite style now—has a pointed cuff at the wrist, below which a tulle puffing, garnished with ribbons, is visible. The bonnet is very *distingué* and the combination one of the "fancies" of the Empress Eugenie. It is of white and sea-green velvet, with a long green *og* plume as the only ornament. A very deep shawl of rich Genoa velvet, reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress, and finished with a pointed hood, profusely ornamented with deep guipure lace, completes this as a most elegant carriage or promenade costume.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

##### COIFFURES—PAGE 177.

No. 1.—This will give our distant young lady readers a very perfect idea of a style novel, and which is becoming a great favorite with our most distinguished belles. The rows of curls laid one above another is in the style of the eighteenth century, and placed back of the massive roll, which descends over the ear, has a most captivating effect. On one side part of the hair is permitted to hang down in curls upon the neck, while on the other it is twisted into the back roll.

No. 2 gives the effect of this same style at the back, with the charming arrangement in loops of the back hair, surmounted by one of the jewelled combs so much in vogue this season.

No. 3.—This is a novel and very curious arrangement of the hair in loops, disposed with studied carelessness over ribbons passed around the front of the head and formed into bows, with long ends at the back. In front, one or two little strands of hair are left to float in loose curls; and the whole idea is intended to be of a slightly romantic and dishevelled character.

##### HEAD-DRESS—PAGE 184.

This is a superb head-dress from GENIN's celebrated establishment; it consists of a coiffure and barbes of exquisite black lace, ornamented at the sides and back with light sprays of flowers. The effect is exceedingly distinguished and *recherché*.

##### MORNING ROBE—PAGE 185.

We have much pleasure in presenting, also from Mr. GENIN's establishment, a very fine illustration of a magnificent robe in crimson *moiré* brocade. The sleeves and collar are ornamented with *l'Imperatrice* chenille trimming, and the front with brandebourgs. The cords and tassels are crimson, and very heavy; and the lining of rich white silk. The skirt is open in front, disclosing the richly embroidered flounces of the under-skirt. The entire garment possesses the exquisite elegance and perfection of finish peculiar to all the productions of this house, and which has really made Mr. GENIN's name a household word.



## BONNETS—PAGE 185.

No. 1.—From the same splendid repertoire of all that can please the eye or charm the fancy, we have the happiness of presenting two most perfect and charming bonnets. The first is a rich white imperial velvet, with a soft crown laid in cross folds, and surrounded by a ruching, beyond which is a wreath of lovely, light, floating feathers. A border of lace and scarlet face trimming completes it.

No. 2 consists of pink fancy velvet, with a side face composed of the material, and profusely ornamented with very rich white Chantilly lace. With the exception of the bandeau in front, lace is the only ornament.

## DESCRIPTIONS OF NEEDLEWORK.

## THE FLEUR-DE-LYS (THE ROYAL EMBLEM OF FRANCE), IN BEADWORK, ON CANVAS—PAGE 180.

This beautiful spray is suitable for the centre of a cushion; and I would recommend the flowers being done entirely in clear or alabaster white beads, with the veinings only in a clear gray. The leaves the same. The ground may be of any color that will suit the furniture; but a rich blue or green wool, done in cross-stitch, or a bright scarlet, would look very rich.

The design would also be very suitable for square crochet, the pattern in close squares, but all the veinings and ground open.

## HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN ROSE SCALLOPING—PAGE 181.

For any except full evening toilette, this design is not only very much prettier, but more *comme il faut* than a more complicated pattern; and it is so easily and quickly worked, that it is mere extravagance to purchase it ready done.

The square of cambric selected should not be too small for use, and the pattern be marked lightly on it in outline, with a thin solution of indigo. It is then traced, first in each outline, and then in the intermediate parts; that is, between the inner and outer edge of each scallop, so that when afterwards overcast, the work may be considerably raised.

The cotton selected should be suitable in fineness to the cambric; from 76 for a thick, close material, to 80 for the transparent French cambric. The Royal Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton of Messrs. Walter, Evans & Co., of Derby, England, is that which long experience has proved to me to be the best.

## FRINGES IN O. P. BEADS FOR MATS, TABLE-COVERS, ETC. PAGE 188.

These designs will be found useful for every variety of work with the large, or as they are usually called, the O. P. beads, of which mats, pendant vases, and so many other ornaments are made. The beads are so large that several threads can be run through them; no difficulty can occur, therefore, in passing the threads from scallop to scallop. Strength and evenness being the most important qualities for the thread used for bead fringes, I have found the beading cotton, No. 000, of Messrs. W. Evans and Co., of Derby, England, the best adapted to this purpose.

## TRIMMING FOR SKIRTS IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE—PAGE 188.

The pattern should be marked on fine long cloth, and worked with Evans's Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 14 or 18. The double circle in the centre of each is buttonholed, as is the edge; all the rest is merely pierced, and sewed over.

## SIMPLE AND PRETTY CROCHET DESIGN FOR LONG SCARFS, ETC.—PAGE 188.

**MATERIALS.**—Shetland wool of two contrasting colors; black, with crimson, scarlet or cherry; white, with blue, pink, amber, &c.

Make a chain  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards long, with one color, and with the same do on it the following row:

+ 3 sc, 7 ch, miss 7; + repeat to the end, which is sure to finish with 3 sc.

2nd row. The other color. 9 dc, under the chain; miss the 3 sc, and 9 dc under the next chain. So on to the end.

3rd row. Change color. 8 sc on every stitch of the last row, with a stitch also under, between every set of 9. (See engraving.)

4th row. 8 sc on centre, three of 9+7 ch, 3 sc on next cen-

tre 3, and so on; beginning with 1 dc, 8 ch, and ending with 3 ch, 1 dc. Repeat these 3 rows.

When about the width of half a yard is done, fringe the ends, or make small velvet balls to trim them in festoons.

In the foundation chain, reckon by tens, with 3 over.

## SCENT-BAG—PAGE 189.

**MATERIALS.**—Fine Penelope canvas; crystal and turquoise, or ruby beads, No. 3. The canvas selected must be such, that each bead will properly cover a square (two stitches each way).

The canvas ought to be put in a small frame, and worked with the beads, the pattern in the colored, and the ground in the white. Work from left to right, each line of the canvas complete in itself, taking your stitch across from the lower left-hand corner of the stitch to the upper right. The bead thus lies across the stitch.

Make a muslin bag, of the same size as the worked canvas, to hold the scent; and make a covering of the canvas itself, with white moiré silk or rich satin at the back. Cover the bag, and trim with a deep fringe made of the white beads, threaded on silk.

## WARM COMFORTER, IN CROCHET, FOR A LADY—PAGE 192.

The materials are Shetland wool of some bright and pretty color, with white and black eight thread Berlin.

For an ordinary necktie, one yard and a quarter long, two skeins (1 oz.) of white wool will be wanted, and one skein of black. Divide each white skein into two, and then wind the four parts together on a ball, so that they form one thread. Divide the single black skein also into four parts, which treat in the same way.

With the Shetland wool make a chain something more than one yard and an eighth long. Hold the end of the white wool, along it, and work over it every sixth stitch (just as you do over crochet cord for mats), with five chains between, and missing five. When you come to the end, carry the wool round, and work on the other side of the foundation over the white wool, in the same way, taking up always the centre one of the five missed stitches. Work so, round and round, always making the corners flat by taking the stitches much closer, though with the same number of chain between them. When you have done five rounds, join on the black wool, and work one round of it.

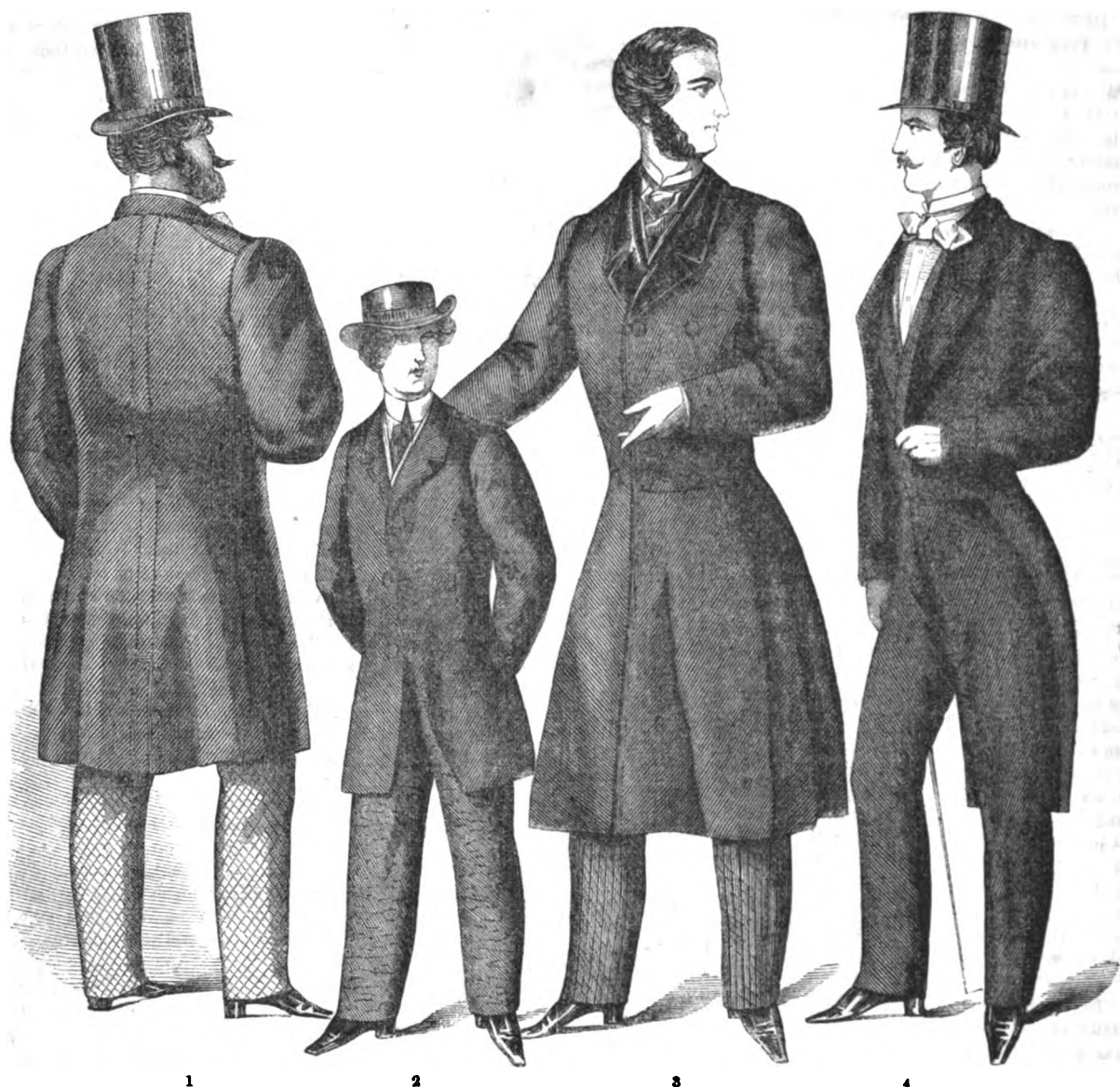
Make two woollen tassels, and attach at the ends, by crochet chains; or trim with handsome velvet balls, as is done for rigolettes.

A somewhat similar comforter may be made in a variety of shades of wool: say four well defined shades of cerise. Cut each skein into lengths of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards, and have at least eight strands of each. Lay them in lines of four strands each, from the darkest to the lightest, and back again. Take black or white Shetland and make a chain one yard and one-eighth long. Hold the darkest shade over, and work as already directed, only leaving one-eighth at each end for a fringe. Take the next, and the next, and so on, until you have used up all the Berlin wool. You will break off the Shetland at the end of every row, and begin always at the same end as you did the last. Knot the fringe. The ends of this scarf being square, I think it even prettier than the one engraved.

## BORDER FOR A LAMP-MAT, IN O. P. BEADS—PAGE 192.

So many of our friends are desirous of having a useful O. P. bead border, which they can put to any mat, that the one we now give them will probably be very acceptable.

The centre, or mat itself, may be of crochet, embroidery, or simply a round of crimson or other colored velvet. In either case, it must be tacked down on a cardboard round, the stitches of which will be hidden by the border. This border is of O. P. beads, white and one color. You do a band two beads deep, by weaving them with a strong cotton, such as Evans's Beading Cotton, No. 000. This must fit exactly round the lamp. You do two lengths of a similar band, one white and the other colored, of the same depth, and twist them round, as in the engraving. Each one is knotted, to form the edge of the border, at every twist. You sew this down on the cardboard, and then gum another round on at the back, to hide the stitches.



DEVLIN'S FASHION PLATE FOR FEBRUARY.

### DESCRIPTION OF GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

Our plate of fashions for gentlemen, furnished by Messrs. D. Devlin & Co., presents a number of very tasteful garments, which we commend to our readers as being strictly *à la mode*, although without any special claims to novelty.

Fig. 1 presents a sack overcoat of finest fur beaver, cut perfectly straight, with small velvet collar and large sleeves tapering to the hand. The seams are double stitched, giving the coat a rich and warm appearance. This is now the most popular style of over garment, and though not strictly dress, is much in use for general wear. Fancy cassimere pantaloons of heavy texture and rough finish, cut large and slightly tapering to the foot, falling straight upon the instep, are appropriate to wear with the above-mentioned coat.

Fig. 2 is a youth's morning costume of dark mixed cassimere, the coat cut in the paletot style, slightly cutaway in front,



HEAD-DRESS—GENIN. PAGE 182.

with pantaloons of same material. This style of suit is at present very fashionable for young gentlemen's wear.

Fig. 3 presents a dress frock overcoat or surtout, made of black castor beaver, a style of garment for some time past not much in vogue, but now again becoming quite popular. This coat, although not worn to a very great extent this season, we predict will very generally be used during the fall and winter of '59 and '60. The now very fashionable heavy striped cassimere pantaloons are worn with this coat.

Fig. 4 is a full dress suit of black, upon which it is almost needless to comment. The elegant style of dress coat that our friends Devlin & Co. are now producing is universally acknowledged to be unsurpassed. The pants large, although somewhat smaller than those described upon figure number one. The vest single breasted, with rolling collar opening low and displaying considerable of the shirt bosom.



DRESSING FOR  
THE OPERA.

A LADY subscriber, "O. L.," writes to be informed on the minutiae of opera and concert toilettes. She says:

"Please let the Southern subscribers of your book know the general style of dress for operas. Are bonnets much worn, and are cloaks permitted to remain fastened at the throat? What style of cloak is worn for a concert? What style of dress for a lecture? Suppose you devote a chapter in your February number to gossip on all these little shades of fashion and etiquette. It would please greatly, I assure you. Here at the South we seldom have opera, and then the manners of the two sections are so different that a well-bred Southerner feels like a foreigner North, and vice versa. Let your chapter treat of gloves, handkerchiefs, &c., also visiting cards."

The public popularity which the opera has attained of late years has almost obliterated many of its formerly distinguishing features, especially so far as any arbitrary standard of dress is concerned. The somewhat mixed character of the audience, and possibly also our cold and frequently changing climate, has made sad inroads on the strict etiquette which was once exacted from all frequenters of the temple of art and song. There are still many, however, who

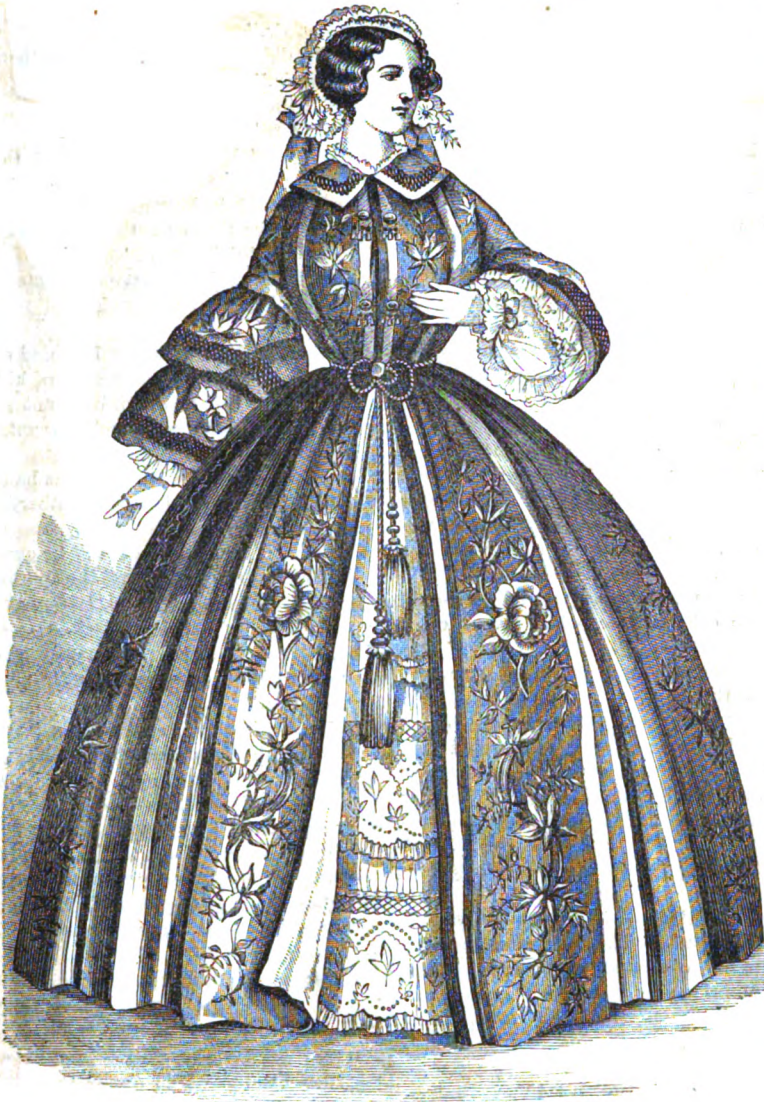
religiously adhere to the old custom of appearing at the opera only in full press, and rightly too, the brilliant, varied colors, and costly accessories of the rich costumes aiding materially in giving the magnificent effect to the interior of the opera-house which belongs to its character. Where very costly garments cannot be procured, a pretty and graceful toilette should never be neglected.

Striking single colors have the best effect for a dress that is to be worn in public, softened by a profusion of lace, unless a severity of style is desired, and then velvet should be worn with very little ornament.

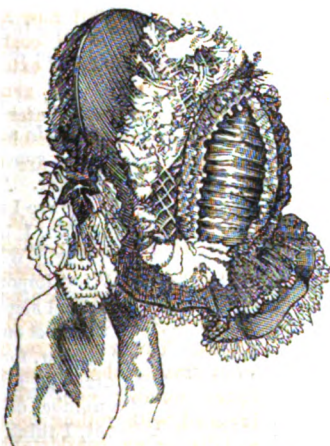
At the Academy of Music two-thirds of the lady *habitués* wear opera cloaks, generally white merino with sleeves, trimmed with bands of moss velvet, blue, cerise or scarlet plush, rich fringe or velvet medallions. At the throat the handsome cord and tassels are fastened on each side in two deep loops, through

either one of which one end can form a slip knot, which leaves the cloak sufficiently open at the throat to display the point lace collar, the jewels and the ornamented front of the robe.

About an even balance is struck with regard to bonnets and head-dresses, the head-dress being, we think, the most suitable,



MORNING ROBE—GENIN. PAGE 182.



1. BONNET—GENIN. PAGE 183.



2. BONNET—GENIN. PAGE 183.



as it is the most becoming. Large pins, pearl nets, and the new golden arrow, set with jewels, which passes across the back hair, and is finished with pendants at the side (a novelty this season), are the most in vogue, and are all elegant and *distingué*.

Where bonnets are worn they are always in light colors, and generally in light materials. We have seen some very pretty ones in two velvets—rose and white, green and white, blue and white, and violet and white. The only ornament is a long plume of the same color as the contrasting velvet. The sides are very open, the front projecting, with an Empress wreath of fine velvet blossoms, shaded by a border of lace. Lace hats, with light plumes or wreaths of flowers, are, however, generally adopted. Of course white kid gloves, full puffed under-sleeves of tulle lace, and ribboned, and worn so as to fall very full over the hand, with broad gold circlets for the wrist, are indispensable.

At concerts, furs are worn, large fur capes and cloaks, in ermine, and mink also. Bonnets are universal, and may be dark or light, to suit the dress or taste of the wearer. Large velvet shawls, or burnous with fur half-cape, are exceedingly stylish; and if the fur is a fine soft sable, a hat of crimson velvet, with a simple lace barbe, laid in a flat bow on the top, is a very *recherché* accompaniment.

White gloves are rarely seen at concerts; but they should be of some pretty delicate color—straw color, lavender, or peach blossom.

For lectures the usual promenade dress is always worn, and is the most suitable. In the hands of a pretty, intelligent woman, the handkerchief now acquires as much significance as a Spanish lady's fan. It is always profusely decorated with lace, the latest styles having five rows over the fine insertions which form the border to the small cambric centre. The finer the texture of the gossamer fabric the better, dress handkerchiefs not being intended for use.

M. A. W., Scott Co., Ky., is informed that the fashion editress has never received the notes requesting her to purchase the articles mentioned in a late communication; and there is no record of any letter containing money from her having been received at the office.

#### MR. LAVENDER'S WEDDING DAY.

"WILLIAM! is the tailor making the clothes?"

"He is, sir."

"When will they be ready to try on?"

"To-morrow, sir."

"William!"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the tailor seem surprised that I wanted so many coats?"

"No, sir."

"He didn't smile?"

"No, sir."

"He didn't say, 'I suppose Mr. Lavender is thinking of getting married?'"

"No, sir, he didn't say a word."

"You told him about the white silk linings and the black silk facings, and that everything was to be of the very finest material?"

"I did, sir."

"Very well then, you can go."

And William left the room.

Mr. Lavender threw himself on to a sofa (the reader has doubtless observed that heroes always throw themselves on to sofas and into beds, instead of lying down quietly like other people). Then after a moment's repose, he got up and looked at himself in the glass, not admiringly, but inquiringly, for instead of being vain, he was rather mistrustful of his personal appearance.

"William!"

William reappeared.

"Did you order the boots?"

"Yes, sir."

"You didn't forget the patent leathers?"

"No, sir."

"Nor the kid boots?"

"No, sir."

"Did you tell the bootmaker that the patent leathers were to be as polished as the brightest steel; in fact, that they were to be like black looking-glass?"

"I told him that everything was to be perfect."

"And what did he say?"

"He said you should have the boots to-morrow evening."

"But did he say nothing else?"

"No, sir."

"When you told him that I wanted so many pairs of patent leather boots, and so many pairs of kid boots, and so many pairs of light calf boots, did he not say, 'Why, William, I think your master must be going to get married?'"

"No, sir, he said nothing."

Mr. Lavender was silent; but he had promised to dine that day at the house of his future father-in-law, and it was now time to dress for dinner.

"William, my dress clothes!" he exclaimed.

The man produced a suit of the approved funeral hue, and in less than an hour and a-half Mr. Lavender was attired in a "gorgeous array" of plain black. He surveyed himself in the glass, first complacently, then critically, and, finally, with a look of anything but approbation.

"William."

"Yes, sir."

"Do I look like an undertaker?"

"A little, sir."

"Do you think a man who is on the point of getting married ought to look as if he were going to a burial?"

"It does seem strange, sir."

"Which is most becoming, a white cravat or a black one?"

"Well, sir, some gentlemen prefers one and some the other."

"Give me out a white waistcoat. Do people wear white waistcoats now, William?"

"Not much, sir, unless they're waiters. I wouldn't like to be seen wearin' of one myself. The hoyster shops is so full of them, and that's just where it is."

"You mean to say that if I wear a white waistcoat, I shall look like a waiter at an oyster shop, and if a black one, like an undertaker?"

William's silence seemed to imply consent.

"But what am I to do! I can't go out to dinner dressed up like Mr. Wright of the Adelphi in a green coat, blue trousers and yellow waistcoat. You don't know what you're talking about, William." Then in a stentorian voice, and with a stamp on the ground, he exclaimed:

"Give me my diamond studs."

William obeyed his master's mandate with alacrity, for many of the shops were now shut, the carriages were now rolling past in the direction of the opera, and the congregation were just coming away from the Wednesday evening service at the fashionable chapel. It was evident that the dinner hour was at hand.

Two months before the period at which the above conversation took place between Mr. Lavender and his servant, the former, after due reflection, had come to the conclusion that he ought not to remain a bachelor any longer. "What have I been until now?" he said to himself. "Have I understood the meaning and full significance of life? No, I have missed it entirely. I have not understood anything. What a wretched career my bachelor's life has been! What importance have I! What have I ever done? I have eaten, and slept, and walked and slept again—in a word, have been the most empty, commonplace person that can be imagined. And now, for the first time, I see plainly how stupid all persons are who are not married. And yet when you consider, what a number of persons there are in that position! If I were a despot, I think I should issue an edict compelling every one to get married. I would not have a single bachelor in all my dominions."

Mr. Lavender's project of universal and compulsory matrimony, like a great many theories and systems of far higher importance, had its real origin in one striking fact. A flash of lightning may be said to have led to the Reformation; and, in the same way, the sight of Miss Flathers in a blue wreath and low-necked dress had turned the thoughts of Mr. Lavender towards love, and thence, by a natural and praiseworthy train of reasoning, to marriage.

"I must distinguish myself in her presence," thought Mr. Lavender, as he placed his hand on the left side of his vest, in order, if possible, to stay the palpitation of his heart. "I must distinguish myself in her presence, and at this very ball; and she will then hear with pride that I have asked her venerable father for her hand." And thereupon Mr. Lavender asked if he might have the honor of dancing with Miss Flathers, but unfortunately Miss Flathers was engaged.

"Never mind," whispered Mr. Lavender to himself, "I will dance *vis-à-vis* to her, and she will see, that I am always thinking of her. It's much better than being her partner, for then she would have taken my attentions as a matter of course."

Mr. Lavender went up to the lady of the house, and requested her to introduce him to a partner, when he was duly presented to one of the ugliest women in the room. Of course the "rather plain" young lady wore the most glaring colors, and Mr. Lavender could not help contrasting her vulgar form with the sylph-like figure of Juliana Flathers.

In the course of the quadrille, Mr. Lavender certainly *did* distinguish himself in various ways. First of all he trod on the plain young lady's toes, then he tore a quantity of *tulle* from her dress. Still he stared perpetually at his *vis-à-vis*, instead of paying some sort of attention to his partner, which was the more necessary from the fact that that lady moved about the room with all the massiveness and uncertainty of a blind elephant. Finally, there was a collision between the opposite couples, and Miss Flather's partner felt called upon to remonstrate with Mr. Lavender on the strangeness of his conduct.

The gentleman who had the honor of dancing with Miss Flathers was one Signor Cavallini, an Italian, who, after half ruining himself in his own country by accepting the management of an opera-house, appeared to have come to England to complete the destruction of his fortune by speculating on the turf. How the passion came on him I could never discover; but it is a fact that Signor Cavallini used to run horses and even to train them himself (which partly explains why they never won); and that, whenever you met him he was always going to buy a patent bit, or had just purchased a newly-invented whip. A jockey at the Philharmonic Concerts, Angelina Bosio at the cattle show, Gugliini in a wager boat, or Mario on the "main-top-gallant-mast" of a man-of-war, would not have been more extraordinary sights than was our friend Cavallini when he took his walks abroad in a cut-away coat, tight-fitting trousers, and a narrow flat-brimmed hat. In face and bearing he was not unlike the said Signor Mario—as the Raphaël of tenors used to look before he took to eating and drinking—but his outward garb told unmistakably of Newmarket and the "Racing Calendar." This incongruous personage (who, at a ball, was as magnificent as the proprietor of a real *ut de poitrine*), admired Miss Flathers, and by her was admired. She liked him better than everything, but he didn't like her quite so much as his horses.

We have said that Signor Cavallini was obliged to remonstrate with Mr. Lavender about his proceedings in the quadrille, and, not being an angry man, Mr. Lavender received that gentleman's suggestions as to his future conduct in the best possible spirit.

"I cannot distinguish myself sufficiently in a quadrille," he said to himself. "I must try the effect of a waltz with the fair Juliana herself."

Having thrown her down and trodden upon her, Mr. Lavender raised his partner from the ground, and led her limping to a seat.

"You have lamed her," muttered the Italian to his unfortunate rival. "I lay you ten to one you dance with her never more."

"It was my own fault!" said Mr. Lavender to himself (as if there could have been any doubt about the matter). "I thought it was a waltz. I ought to have known that they were playing a polka."

He resolved to dance no more that night, and, as if to make amends for his recent awkwardness, thought it would be a delicate attention to offer his late partner and victim an ice. He contrived to upset half of it over her dress, had sufficient presence of mind left to stammer out a hasty and absurd apology, and then left the room, confounding pastry-cooks for making their ices so slippery.

"He is not quite a fool," was Signor Cavallini's reflection, when Mr. Lavender had disappeared. "He knows when to go."

The next day Mr. Lavender called to inquire after Miss Flathers's health.

"The ice had not given her cold!" That was all the information she would vouchsafe respecting her sanitary condition. But Captain Flathers, Juliana's papa, was more polite. He asked his visitor his opinions on various topics, including weather and politics, and professed to agree with him upon all points. Finally, he requested him to dine with him the next day but one; but we need hardly say that Mr. Lavender accepted the invitation very readily.

Before long, our friend had become a constant visitor at the Flathers mansion. If not precisely the *ami de la maison*, he was, at all events, the *ami* of a portion of it; but Miss Juliana remained stern and inflexible—as cold as the ice that had been spilt over her white *poult de soie* dress, and far less easily melted, as the wretched condition of that dress too plainly testified!

"What am I to do?" said the unfortunate man to himself, as he was walking home one night from the residence of the Flathers family. "She knows I love her, and she doesn't seem to care about it. She won't even speak to me. How the deuce am I to propose to her?"

However, Captain Flathers was a good-natured sort of a captain; and, seeing the position of affairs, resolved to smooth the way as much as possible for his young friend. Lavender was by no means a despicable *parti*. He had a good many hundred pounds a year of his own, and was a person to whom the happiness of Juliana could the more safely be entrusted, from the fact that she would be sure to look very carefully after that desideratum herself. He had no vices; nor had he any very remarkable virtues—unless the mere absence of vice can be considered one. The accomplishments on which he prided himself were waltzing, and the art of making himself generally agreeable to young ladies; but it is to be hoped that he possessed some others, of which he was unconscious. However, he was the sort of man that a woman could walk out with without being positively ashamed of him; and he was capable of paying a tolerably heavy milliner's bill every year. What more could Juliana require?

As for Captain Flathers, he had long been meditating an extensive foreign tour, and thought he might as well see his daughter safely disposed of and "settled" before commencing it. Mr. Lavender was not a very distinguished, nor even a very sensible man, but he was as good as a great many others, and Captain Flathers almost from the first moment had "marked him for his own."

"What is it, Lavender?" said the captain, as the destined son-in-law entered his room the morning after the meditative walk already mentioned. "Is anything weighing upon your mind? What has happened to you?"

"Miss Flathers!" gasped Mr. Lavender.

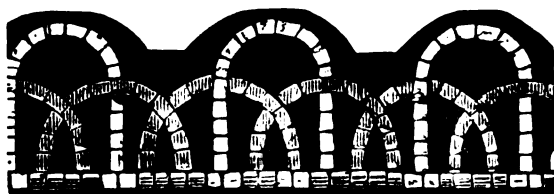
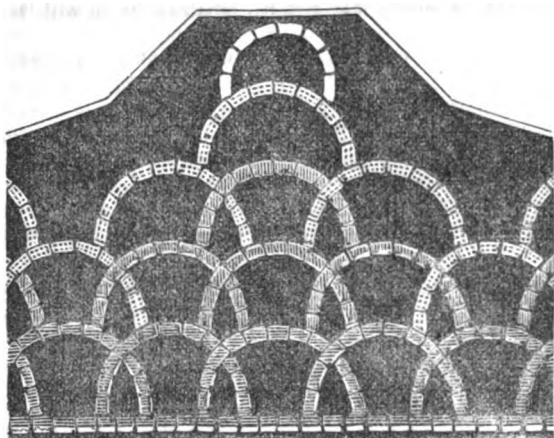
"What of her, my boy?" continued the captain, encouragingly.

"I love her!"

"Love her? Of course you do—every one does."

"And that beast Cavallini among them!" thought Lavender, but he said nothing.

Finding that the conversation, in spite of the interesting nature of the subject, was likely to come to an untimely end, unless he did something for its support, the military and saga-



FRINGES IN O.P. BEADS FOR MATS, TABLE-COVERS, ETC.—PAGE 183.

clous Flathers went straight to the point, and asked Lavender whether he was an aspirant for his daughter's hand.

Lavender said he was.

"Well, Lavender," observed the captain, "you are not handsome."

Mr. Lavender bowed.

"You have not a distinguished position in the world."

Mr. Lavender bowed again.

"Nor are you what I call clever."

Mr. Lavender bowed to the ground.

"But you possess sufficient income to maintain yourself and wife in a befitting manner without coming upon me for a farthing; and you warrant yourself free from vice?"

"I do!" exclaimed Mr. Lavender, as if he were already at the altar.

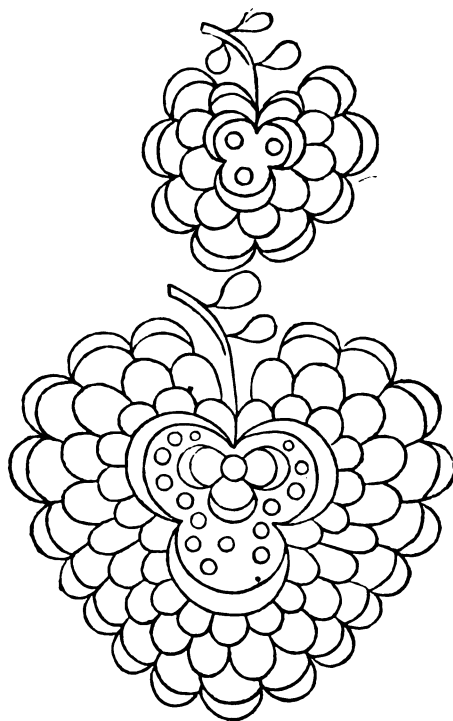
"Then you can take Juliana. There, don't embrace me! I'm going to have a glass of sherry, and you'd better do the same."

"But ought I not—is it not usual, I mean, to ask the consent of the young lady herself in these cases?"

"Well, I daresay it is. You can do just as you like. But I look upon the affair as settled now."

Mr. Lavender thought he had better see Juliana herself, but it appears that Miss Flathers was indisposed. She was also indisposed the next day, and the day afterwards, until at last the gallant captain would stand it no longer.

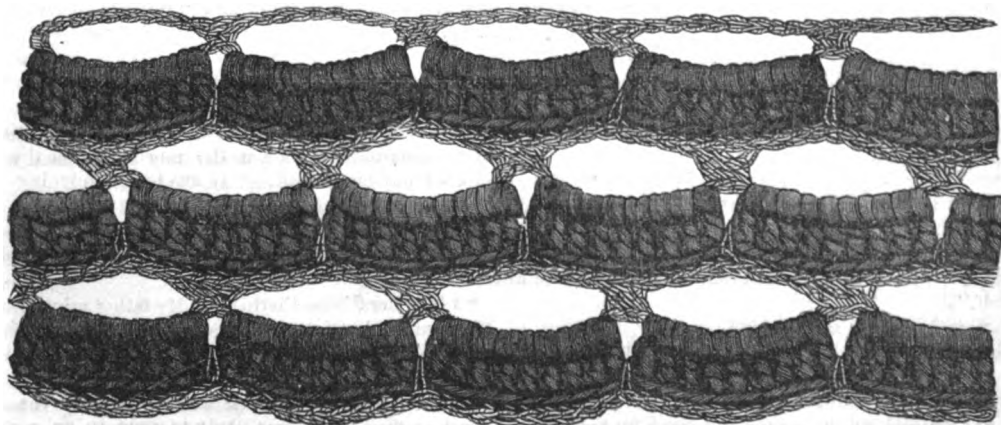
"If you want to speak to her about it," he said to Lavender, "come and dine with us to-day, and immediately after dinner I'll leave the room, but I really think you are giving yourself too much trouble, now that it is all arranged. I can only tell you one thing, that I don't intend this marriage to take place next year, or next month, but next week. Germany will be covered with snow in another month or two, and I want to see a little of the fine weather there."



TRIMMING FOR SKIRTS IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE—PAGE 183.

Mr. Lavender rejoined in a style too insipid for publication, and then, in a state of high excitement, sent certain orders to his tailor and boot-maker, as if to persuade himself that he now really was going to be married, and nothing could stop it.

Mr. Lavender arrived at his future father-in-law's house just as dinner was about to be served. He gave his arm to Miss



SIMPLE AND PRETTY CROCHET DESIGN FOR LONG SCARF—PAGE 183.



Flathers, who did not press it as they walked down stairs. Juliana was very lively throughout the meal, and her vivacity was considerably increased by various acts of left-handedness performed by her destined partner through life. Twice that gentleman put down his knife and fork and began to sigh; upon which his plate was removed. Every now and then he spilt some wine on the table-cloth; in short, he behaved generally as men are supposed to do who are in love, and are not used to it.

The dessert had been on the table about three minutes when Juliana rose to leave the room.

"One moment, my dear," said her facetious parent. "I am obliged to go away to write a letter; don't leave Albert alone."

stand that reasoning has nothing whatever to do with love making.

"Why not?" repeated the young lady. "Why, in the first place, because you spoke to papa about it before you said a word on the subject to me."

"Pardon me! pardon me!" exclaimed Mr. Lavender, who was now as white as a muffin. "But you will forgive me?"

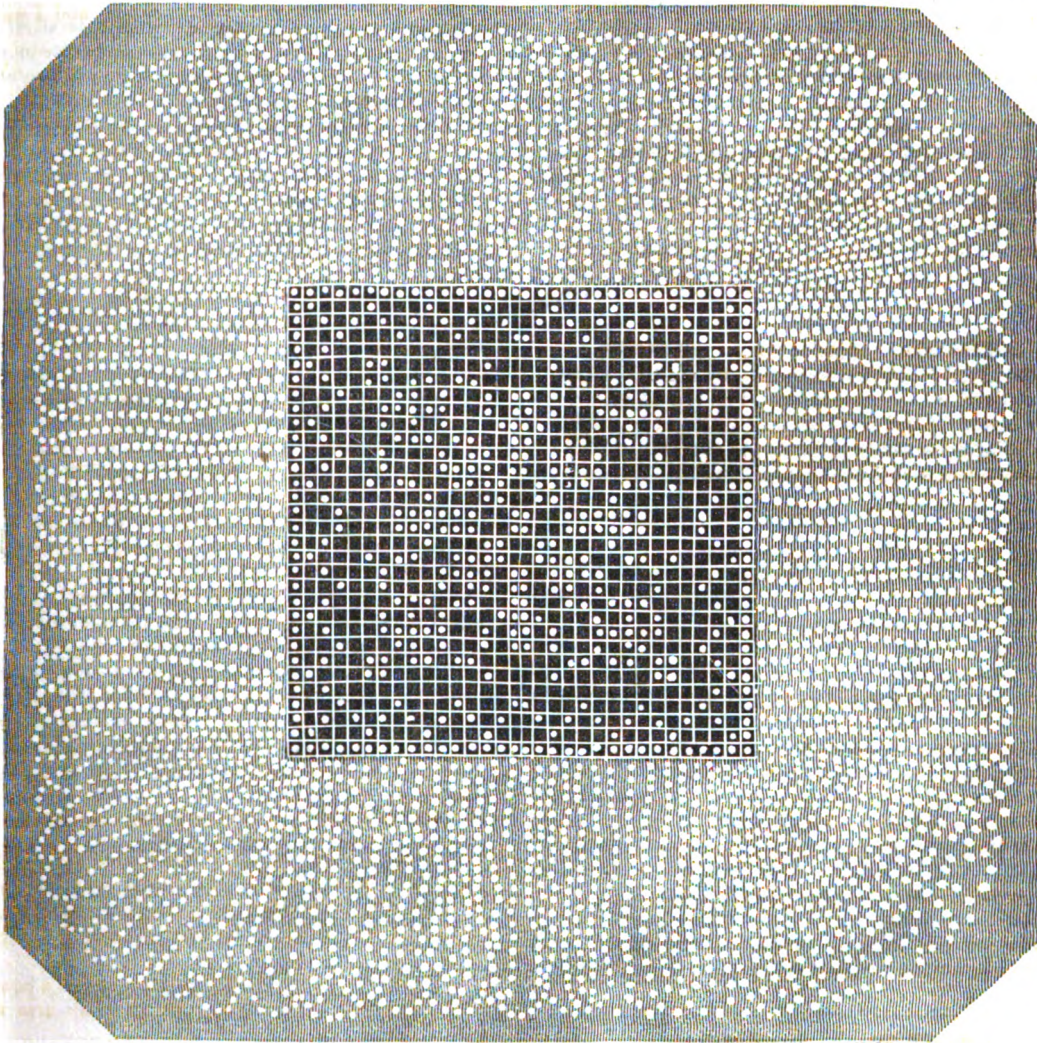
"Yes, I will; but only on one condition," she replied.

"Name it—only name it," cried the anxious suitor.

"It is this: that you never speak to me about marriage again!"

Mr. Lavender beat his breast, which was his way of expressing despair.

"Listen to me," said Miss Flathers, rising at the same time



SCENT-BAG—PAGE 183.

"I am going into the drawing-room," replied Miss Flathers. "If Mr. Lavender likes, he can join me there."

Mr. Lavender smiled as he invariably did when he had nothing particular to say.

When the interesting young couple found themselves alone in the drawing-room, Mr. Lavender coughed, which was his mode of beginning a conversation.

"I know what you are going to say," interrupted Miss Flathers, "but you are aware how many days I have had a bad headache, and people who have really had a bad headache for nearly a week do not come down to dinner."

Mr. Lavender bowed, which was his manner of acknowledging a remark.

"Do you suppose I am going to accept you?" continued Juliana. "Why, I would not do so even if I cared for you."

"Why not?" inquired the foolish man, who did not under-

stand that reasoning has nothing whatever to do with love making.

"Caval—" commenced the unfortunate Lavender, with a burst of indignation, but a moderately pretty hand was placed over his mouth before he had finished the word.

"Do not name him, or I am lost," said Juliana.

"I was not aware of this," exclaimed Mr. Lavender, now deeply affected; "but I swear never again to mention the name of that—that—that—Caval—"

"Stop!" cried Miss Flathers. "My father might hear you."

Mr. Lavender was silent; and it was evident, from his desponding look, that he had given up all hope of marrying his Juliana.

The next morning, Albert (if we may be allowed to call him by his Christian name) presented himself at the residence of Captain Flathers, and informed that half-pay officer that Miss



Juliana didn't like him, and that he, Mr. Lavender, should not press his suit any further.

"Indeed!" said the captain.

Mr. Lavender exercised his talent for silence.

"After engaging yourself to my daughter, and spreading the report all over London that you are to be married to her next week, you cry off in this manner! Very well, sir!"

"But my dear Captain Flathers!" interposed Mr. Lavender.

"No, sir. I quite understand you. But this will not be settled so easily as you think. To-day is Thursday. You must marry my daughter on Saturday."

"But I assure you, my dear Captain Flathers, that she doesn't care for me in the least."

"Nor do I, sir, not a fig!" rejoined the captain, "and you shall either act like an honorable man or submit to my just revenge!" And the captain shook his stick.

Mr. Lavender went outside on to the landing, and "wished he was a child again," that he might cry.

"Come here, sir!" shouted the inexorable Flathers. "The ceremony takes place on Saturday. Do you hear, sir; do you understand? Special licence, St. George's, Hanover Square, eleven o'clock; and that there may be no mistake, I should like you to be at this very house at half-past ten. Good morning, Mr. Lavender."

Mr. Lavender disappeared.

"William, my boots are too small, and my clothes too big," exclaimed our friend about half an hour afterwards. "Why the deuce do you let them send me such things?"

"Ah!" said William to himself; "he's gone and quarrelled with the young gal he was keeping company with."

The next day Captain Flathers called on Mr. Lavender, and gave him a cigar. "You don't understand, my boy," he said, "that the thing is too far gone for you to think of getting out of it. Besides, you love her and she is going to marry you. What more can you want?"

The young man tried to explain, but the captain stopped him.

"Well, you quite understand?" he said, before leaving Mr. Lavender's chambers. "At eleven o'clock; and I should like to see you at my house at half-past ten."

"But, captain," remonstrated Lavender, "at the bride's house! It really is not the thing; it's not customary at all!"

"No," said old Flathers; "nor is it customary for gentlemen to make engagements of the greatest importance, and then try to escape from them. Good morning, sir!"

On Saturday morning, Mr. Lavender cut himself while shaving, was unable, in spite of all his endeavors, to tie his cravat in a respectable bow, and ended by bursting his braces.

"I pay forty pounds a year to my servant, and spend eighty on my clothes," he mentally exclaimed, as he looked at himself in the glass, "to appear a guy like this after all!"

At twenty-eight minutes past ten Mr. Lavender arrived at the bridal mansion. The captain was standing outside, with affability on his countenance, but with a thick walking-stick in his hand.

"Thank you, my boy; it's very kind of you to be so punctual," said the captain. "She'll be ready directly."

No one had been invited to the wedding, except one middle-aged young lady (Miss Smithers), who was to act as bridesmaid.

Miss Smithers was in the drawing-room, and she received Mr. Lavender as cats are in the habit of receiving dogs. He had scarcely taken his seat, and said it was a fine day (it happened, by-the-bye, to be raining), when the bridesmaid advanced towards him and presented him with a note.

"You may read it," said Miss Smithers, perceiving that Mr. Lavender had apparently no intention of opening the communication; "you may read it, and—and," she added, "I will look another way."

The note was concise enough. "You know what *power* my father has over me," wrote Juliana; "but if I am forced to marry you, I shall look upon you as the *basest person alive*. At a moment like this, I do not mind telling you that I *love another*. I had formed a *better opinion* of you."

"I will speak to Captain Flathers, instantly," said Mr. Laven-

der, bursting with indignation. He went to the door. The captain was coming upstairs, touching the banisters every now and then with his walking-stick as he ascended.

"Come down with me, Lavender," said the captain, "and have a glass of sherry." With Captain Flathers every event—nay every minute circumstance—was made an excuse for having a glass of sherry.

"Really, for the sake of decency and honor, I must have a few words with you," exclaimed the justly-indignant Lavender. "This marriage cannot take place."

"A strange discovery to make at the last moment," remarked the captain, with rather a black expression of countenance. "And why not, pray?"

"Let me take your hat, Lavender," said the captain, when they were in the front parlor. "I can't understand why you young men are so fond of carrying your hats about with you wherever you go. If you are paying a visit—you must take your hat with you into the drawing-room; if you're at a ball—can't be without your hat. It appears to be a continental custom, having its origin, I believe, in the dishonesty of foreign servants. Here, let me take it into the hall."

The captain went upstairs into his own private room, put Lavender's hat on to the table, came out again, and locked the door. "There is no chance of his bolting now," he said to himself, as he took the key out of the lock and put it in his pocket.

In the meanwhile poor Lavender was pacing to and fro in the front parlor, like a wild beast in a cage.

"It's no use talking to him any more," thought Flathers, as he passed outside the door. "It will be all over soon, and then he'll be quiet. He's an infernal young humbug, too, with all his good-nature, to want to play fast and loose with *me*! And then there's Juliana! By Jove, she could not go on worse if I had ordered her to marry an Ojibbeway Indian. And yet she doesn't seem to care for any one else. Why, I never saw any one pay her the least attention, except an Italian fellow, a sort of sporting baritone, that she picked up at some ball—and she couldn't have cared for *him*!"

Then Captain Flathers went into the drawing-room to see whether his daughter had come down from her room, but not until he had taken the precaution of locking Mr. Lavender into the parlor. Miss Flathers did not appear at all inclined to enter into conversation with her papa. She looked at him once as if she was about to say something particularly severe, but finding his eye fixed steadily upon her changed her mind.

The carriages were now at the door. "I had better take her down at once," thought the father. "The sooner it's all over the better."

Mr. Lavender had also heard the carriages drive up, and trembled at the sound.

"If it were not too late," he said to himself; but he felt that his head was already in the halter. "Why, that terrible man has even taken my hat," he continued. "But in any case it would be impossible to escape now. . . . Yet it can't be pleasant to be married to a woman who hates you, and who tells you so; and it isn't fair to marry her either! No! I'll be hanged if it is, and I won't do it! No! not for all the captains in the world. . . . But I can't walk coolly out of the house. They'll see me, and stop me; and then I should have to run for it; and a man running away without his hat looks very much like a thief! . . . Besides, the door's locked! Good heavens! the door's locked!" and Mr. Lavender turned and shook the handle, but in vain! At that moment the terrified bridegroom observed that one of the windows was open. "Yes, I might jump out of the window," he reflected. "It would be better than escaping up the chimney; and one way or another I *must* get out of this house. Fortunately there are no area-railings, but if there were, and each rail were a bayonet, I would risk the leap."

Mr. Lavender stood for a second on the window-sill, and then, with the agility of a leopard, sprang into the street, at the same time kicking over a flower pot. The boys, of whom there was, of course, a large collection outside the street door, cheered the enterprising jumper, as he fell on all fours; but he was up again in a moment, and went bounding down the street

like a young stag, until he met a cab, jumped in, and told the cabman to drive him to Mile End.

"Confound those boys!" muttered Captain Flathers, as he walked gently down stairs to unlock the parlor door, an operation which he succeeded in effecting without the slightest noise. "Confound those boys and their shouting! I must tell the servants to drive them all away." Then it struck him that he ought to go in and speak to Lavender for a few seconds.

"Why, he's not here!" he exclaimed as he entered. "Where the deuce can he be? I must have made a mistake. The door can't have been locked. The key certainly did seem to turn very easily. He has not gone out, that's certain, for I've his hat. Perhaps he's somewhere up-stairs."

Captain Flathers proceeded once more to the drawing-room, and made a sign to Miss Smithers, which had the effect of bringing that quasi-juvenile lady out of the room.

"Have you seen Lavender?"

"Not lately."

"Is he anywhere up-stairs?"

"No."

"Are you certain?"

"Positive."

"It's very strange," said the captain. "I left him in the parlor, and now he's not there."

"Perhaps he's gone out for a walk," suggested Miss Smithers.

"It is scarcely probable," replied the captain; "especially as I had his hat up-stairs, and he was locked in."

"Locked in!" ejaculated the bridesmaid.

"Yes, locked in," said the captain, calmly; "I thought it safer."

"He must be hiding somewhere," observed Miss Smithers.

"Yet he was not in a very jocular mood," responded the captain, thoughtfully; "but let us go down and look together."

"He is certainly not here," said Miss Smithers, looking round the room.

"I had come to that conclusion before," observed the captain.

"But perhaps he really is hiding," repeated the facetious Miss Smithers. "Come, Mr. Lavender, it's no good concealing yourself," she called out, in a playful voice. "We know where you are."

After a few moments' silence, the captain began:

"Come, Lavender, my boy," he said, "this is exceedingly funny, of course, but we have had nearly enough of it now. It's beginning to get stupid."

Then there was another dead silence, which was at length broken by Miss Smithers, who, pointing to the open window, and to the remains of a flower-pot on the window-sill, said with a gesture worthy of Miss Vincent:

"Look!"

Captain Flathers struck the table with his fist, as the truth now burst upon him.

"I served fifteen years in the engineers," he exclaimed, "and yet it never occurred to me that a man could get out of a room by the window!"

Of course, the carriages were instantly sent away; but for some hours afterwards, knots of curious people collected in front of the house to talk about the extraordinary marriage that didn't come off, and to see whether any one else would jump out of window.

Captain Flathers went all over London, stick in hand, in search of Lavender, but without success.

Mr. Lavender, in the meanwhile, after arriving safely at Mile End, had caused himself to be driven back to the West. Then he bought a hat, and proceeded to carry out a resolution which he had formed during his travels in the Hansom. He went straight to the residence of Signor Cavallini.

"Old Flathers may bully me," he said to himself; "but I'm hanged if I stand any such nonsense from that Italian. He shall marry her or he shall fight me—no, on second thoughts, he sha'n't marry her, and he shall fight."

"Is Signor Cavallini at home?"

"No, sir."

"Where is he?"

"Gone to Newmarket, sir."

"Then I must go after him. What's his address there?"

"I don't know, sir. Would you like to walk in and see Madame Cavallina?"

"You mean Signor Cavallini's mother?"

"No; I mean his wife. She arrived from Italy last night, sir. Master went away early this morning."

"His wife?" repeated Mr. Lavender, incredulously.

"His wife, sir," said the man.

Mr. Lavender jumped into the cab, and proceeded at once to the house of Captain Flathers.

The man who opened the door started at seeing the fugitive bridegroom. "If master sees you, he'll kill you, sir. He swears he will. Oh, do go away!" he exclaimed.

"I want to speak to him instantly," replied Mr. Lavender.

"He is not at home now, sir, he is looking for you everywhere, and nothing will stop him. He says he'll 'ave your blood. He do indeed, and Miss Juliana is fainted away, and it's a bad job, sir."

The man, from sheer-good nature, would not admit Mr. Lavender into what he believed to be a lion's den.

Six times he returned to the charge, and at last he found Captain Flathers at home. In an instant he had rushed upstairs into the drawing-room, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Cavallini's married! Cavallini's married!"

"Do not affect madness!" said the captain, as he rose from his chair. "Nothing can save you now from the punishment you so richly deserve."

"But he is! Cavallini's married. His wife came over yesterday from Italy!"

"Pitiful impostor!" continued the captain. "But wait till I have bolted the door. No, stop. Juliana and Miss Smithers, you had better leave me and Mr. Lavender together for a few minutes. I have to talk to him."

Miss Smithers rose, but it was to hurry to the assistance of Juliana, who was fainting.

"Oh, come, this won't do," said Mr. Lavender to the captain, with some show of defiance. "What I say is true, and if you don't understand it, I see that your daughter does."

"Miss Smithers, what's the meaning of all this?" said the captain, as soon as his daughter had recovered.

Miss Smithers took the mystified parent on one side, and explained everything.

"Now leave them alone," she added, when his wrath was somewhat appeased, "and all will yet come right."

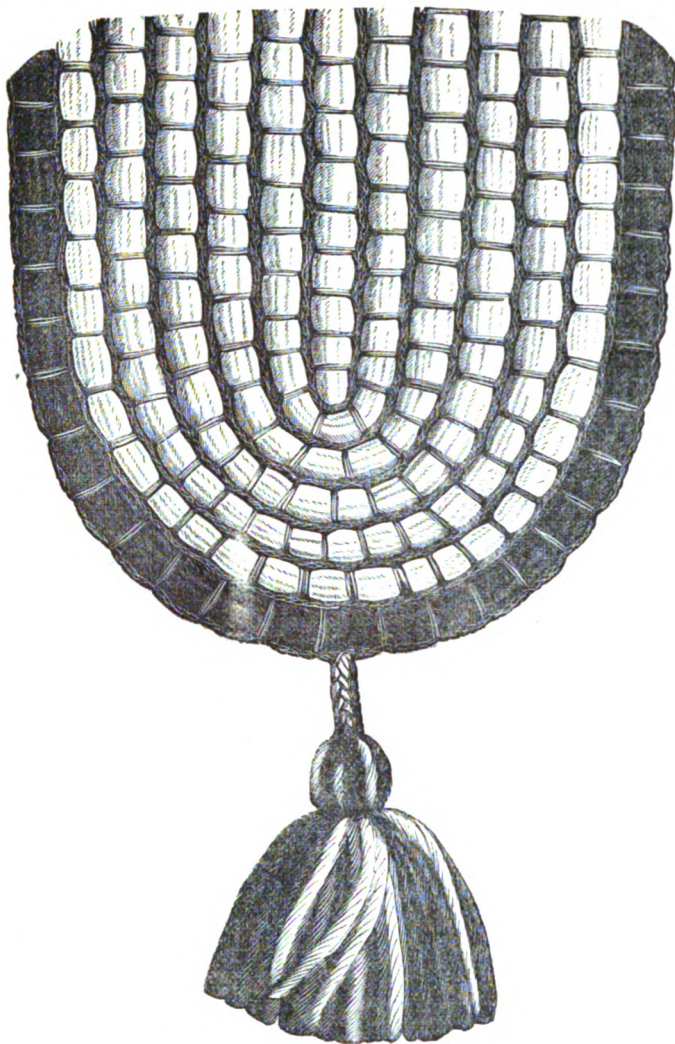
We are glad to say Miss Smithers's prophecy was fulfilled. The only obstacle to the marriage now was the slight contempt still entertained by Miss Flathers for her devoted admirer—for that he was devoted to her there could be no sort of doubt. But she really pitied him for what he had undergone for her sake, and saw great merit in his refusing to marry her against her will. Besides, sincere affection in all cases meets with some sort of return. There may be hosts of pretty girls who are pestered by vain and ridiculous admirers; but, as a general rule, they like to be loved. After the marriage, Juliana had several reasons for being pleased with her husband; in the first place, he let her do exactly as she liked—a most agreeable privilege, as those who have exercised it will readily allow.

#### MORAL.

Every true story has a moral, if you can but find it out. The one which the reader is supposed to have just perused has even two. It teaches that a man of honor will jump out of the window rather than marry a young lady against her will; but that if there afterwards appears to be any chance of her changing her mind, he will come in again through the door.

It is supposed that angels do not wear dresses. Our fashionable ladies are getting more and more angelic every year.



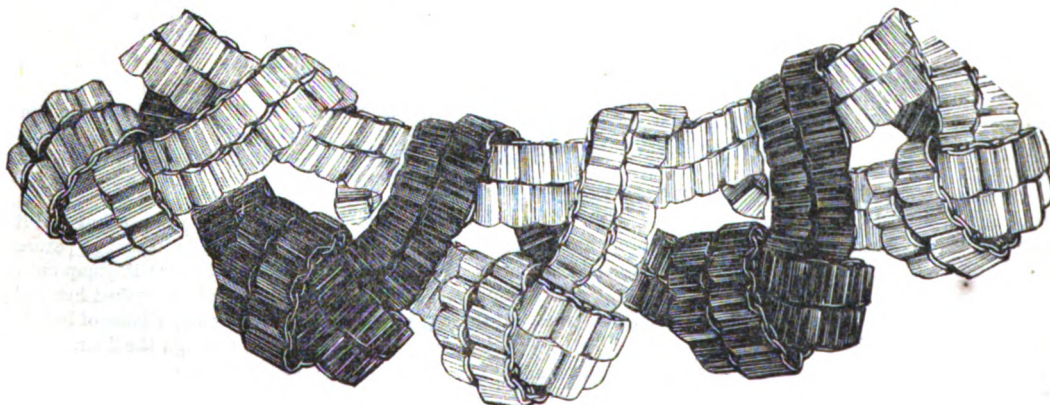


LADY'S WARM COMFORTER—PAGE 183

**THE NATIVE AFRICAN.**—Dickens, in his *Household Words*, gives the following description of the natives of the gold coast in Africa: The native bears on his head an earthen vessel of palm oil, or carries two or three quills of gold dust, the results of his own industry in washing the sands after the rains. His sole article of clothing is a Manchester remal, or length of checkered cotton girded round his loins. But he knows the value of his own merchandise, and for that which he intends to exchange it. He is a bird by no means to be caught with chaff. He will not exchange his palm oil for a bunch of feathers, nor his gold for a string of beads: neither does he affect any article of European

clothing, nor hanker after any produce of European civilization. He wants rum—the strong American rum—and he knows to a spoonful how much he ought to get of it. He wants a new remal, also a cloth or blanket, to throw over his shoulders on state occasions, and a musket to make a row with, and fire off when he keeps custom. But he wants no food, because the maize springs up for him almost without cultivation, and his women pound it between two stones, and add water to make a paste, which he calls “kankee,” and on this he gorges himself with great relish. Sometimes his soul lusteth for meat, and then the black snails of the forest, as big as a fist, furnish him with a soup of which the palm oil is also an essential ingredient. The provident housewife threads these snails on a bit of grass, and dries them in the sun, thus saving her lord and master the toil of putting out his hands to take them. The long black-haired monkey also provides him with a bounteous repast. The native of the Gold Coast has no desire to buy a house. He does not wish to add field to field, or make a name in the land. His chief and only desire in his life seems to be to eat when he is hungry, to drink when he can, and to sleep in the interim. He has no anxiety for himself, and certainly none for his offspring, who have neither to be educated, nor has he any misgivings about their future prospects. They run about the bush if he lives inland, or he turns them into the sea if he lives on the coast. You may watch them in any number and of all ages, from two to twelve, diving and ducking under the waves, waiting for a big one, and then, on the crest of it, you see the little shining black bodies tossed over and over, round and round, until, screaming with pleasure, they are washed up on the sand, like a tangle of black seaweed. Then, slowly, and with much noise, they unravel themselves and crawl back to the water, and continue this sport the whole day long, with the exception of the time occupied in consuming huge lumps of kankee brought to them by the mothers. The paternal domain, is, for the most part, a circular hut, under the mud floor of which the ancestors of the family have been buried for many generations.

**LOVE AND LOVE MAKING.**—The power of loving and the power of making love I take to be two very distinct gifts, seldom found united in one individual. They resemble, respectively, the power of thinking and the power of talking, and one would not be much surprised to find that the number of people who can make love without feeling is proportionate to that of the number of people who can talk without thinking. But do not let us be dissatisfied with these arrangements of nature. What sort of a world would it be if nobody sighed and whispered unless he had a passion at his heart, and if nobody questioned and answered unless he had a brain in his head?



BORDER FOR LAMP MAT—PAGE 183.





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PRICE 25 CENTS.

ETHEL CLARE—A ROMANCE OF A RAILWAY CAR.

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

"TICKET, ma'am," said the conductor of the night express, as he hurried through the train on a pasteboard examining expedition, a few moments after we had rolled out of the depot at Greenbush, *en route* for New York, *per via* the Hudson River Railroad.

These brief words were addressed to a young, poorly-dressed girl, who had entered the cars, breathless and excited, just as the shrill steam whistle announced that the moment of departure had arrived; and seeing no unoccupied seat save the one directly in front of me, which I had reversed for the accommodation of my shawl, carpet-bag and feet, she stopped, and asked permission to sit there in such a pretty, modest way, that I was far more ready to grant her request than single gentlemen of fifty are generally understood to be disposed to grant such favors.

I am a plain, still man, seldom seeking to intrude myself upon the notice of the chance companions of my ramblings; and it is this disposition, doubtless, which has led people to set me down (as I understand they frequently do), for a sour, crabbed old bachelor, at variance with the world and himself; but I do not think that is my character, although I am certainly reserved and taciturn, and have found few objects in the world to love save my nephew Dick, who is reading law in my office on Nassau street, and smokes

VOL. IV., No. 3—13

his meerschaum in the best chamber of my house on West Tenth, and costs me a deal of money first and last, which he certainly has a right to do, for the young dog knows he will have the few thousands I have scraped together by and by; and young fellows must be a little wild and extravagant before they know how to be steady and prudent.

But I am forgetting my little story, as I always do everything when I write or say a word about Dick, my nephew.

I said I am regarded (I think unjustly) by the majority of those I meet as a crabbed old bachelor; but however this may be, I have fallen into a habit of silently observing those with whom I am thrown in contact, and I find a very quiet kind of amusement in studying the strange faces that I meet day by day, and from the varied expressions of those faces form estimates of their owners' characters and histories.



NOT ENOUGH, MA'AM; THREE DOLLARS TO NEW YORK," SAID THE CONDUCTOR.



I do not profess to be skilled in reading faces, and my estimates of character are often wrong, doubtless; still it amuses me. So I was rather pleased when the pale girl asked permission to occupy the seat before me, for there was something in her thin, white face that told me she was one of Fortune's unacknowledged children, disinherited and forgotten by that partial dispenser of earthly gifts; and I was just preparing to decipher those lines of thought and care which seemed so out of place on a face so young, when the peremptory "ticket, ma'am," of the conductor broke rudely in upon my meditations.

"I did not have time to get a ticket, sir, before the cars started; but this I believe is the fare from Albany to New York," answered my companion, as she held out a poor old worn-out dollar bill, which I could not help thinking (I don't know what put the idea into my head) had been long and carefully preserved for this occasion.

"Not enough, ma'am; three dollars to New York," said the conductor, and then, seeing her evident consternation, he continued kindly, "We were carrying to New York for a dollar last week, as the two roads were running opposition, but this has been discontinued, and both have returned to the old price."

"Oh! dear, what shall I do?" said the pale girl, looking around with unaffected alarm; "I have only that one dollar, sir, and I must reach New York to-night, indeed! indeed I must! Why does misfortune always follow me?"

"I am sorry for you, ma'am, and I wish I could take you for your dollar, but I must obey orders, you know. However, this will take you a good part of the way; here's a check to — station."

I don't at all know how to account for it, but during the above brief colloquy I had suddenly taken a very deep interest in my poor little travelling companion, though I suspected Dick, my nephew, would laugh heartily to see Uncle Tom interesting himself in such a pale, thin girl, in such a shabby dress; but somehow it made me feel uncomfortable to think of the child's stopping without the means of defraying her expenses for the night or of continuing her journey; besides, she seemed to be so anxious to reach New York that there must have been some urgent reason why she should be there, and I determined she should go, and acting upon a momentary impulse (Dick says I always act upon this principle), I followed the conductor to the other end of the car, dropped two dollars into his hand, and told him to give the pale girl a through ticket.

I had intended to perform this little act unobserved, for I think I am not a generous man (although Dick insists that I am inclining that way; but then the boy loves me, and is partial); consequently I did not like to have it known when I gave away a trifle like that, and so I was a little annoyed when I returned to my seat and the pale girl said, in a low, tremulous voice, as though I had been doing something to place her under eternal obligation:

"You are very, very kind, sir, and I will always remember you and pray for you."

"Don't mention it, ma'am, I beg of you," I said, for you must know I was a little surprised to meet one with prayers to dispose of at the low figure of two dollars; they are much more expensive articles in the respectable New York churches.

"I shall not forget it, sir; and if you will favor me with your address, I will return your timely assistance as soon as it is within my power."

"I should really be obliged, ma'am, if you would do nothing of the kind," I said. "The affair is so very trifling that I shall feel quite ashamed if you mention it again, or even remember it."

"You would scarcely call it a trifle, sir, if you know how very, very important it is for me to reach New York to-night."

"I should very much like to know something about you, if you will not think me impertinent," I said, partly for the purpose of withdrawing her mind from the confounded two dollars, and partly because the interest I had at first felt in her had materially increased, when I came to examine her face

closely, which, if not handsome, was very pleasing, and bore evidence of a natural refinement and purity of heart, which had only grown more beautiful by sorrow, poverty and care, because these were her only ornaments.

I often amuse myself by a little stroll on Fifth Avenue, when the evening is pleasant; and I meet a great many beautiful ladies there—beautiful in person, dress, and if the face mirrors the heart, in thought and feeling too. Still, these last-named beauties always strike me more forcibly, for some reason, when I see them revealed in a face where sorrow and poverty have left their impress.

But what a way I have of straying from my subject, as Dick often tells me.

The pale girl did not seem at all displeased with my request, and after a moment's hesitation, she replied:

"My story is quite too common-place to interest you; still you seem to be such a kind old gentleman (I wonder how she came to think of me in such a light), that I will tell it to you. My mother is a—widow, and very poor now, though she was not always so. Till within a short time she has been able to support herself by teaching embroidery, and I had a situation in one of the public schools at Albany. It was an inferior position, where the duties were arduous and the remuneration very small; still it supported me, and I was always hoping for a better; and we got along very well till last week, when my mother was taken sick, and to-day I received a letter from her physician, telling me that she cannot live."

Here the pale girl covered her face with her two little thin hands, and wept as if her heart was breaking. I felt very badly, and I am sure crying must be contagious, for two or three tears would come into my eyes in spite of all I could do; but I brushed them away, after looking round to see whether any one was observing us, but finding no one did, I continued:

"Are you so very poor then, child?" (I could not say ma'am again to such a poor little thing).

"Oh! very poor, sir; I do not think we could be any poorer."

"Well, well, child," I said (I'm glad Dick wasn't there, for the tears would get into my eyes), "you must tell me your address, and I will come and see you to-morrow, and perhaps I can help you to make your mother a little more comfortable. You must not refuse me; it will give me pleasure to assist you."

"Oh, sir, you are very good! It is hard to receive charity; but I would not seem ungrateful to such a kind old gentleman, and I shall be very glad if you will come and see my mother, and let her thank you for what you have already done. My name is Ethel Clare; we live at No. — Worth street."

"Well, Ethel, you must tell your mother that Mr. Thomas Procedendo is coming to see her in the morning, and you must try and feel as if you had known me a long time, and very free to come to me when you need assistance."

You see I had taken such an interest in Ethel, that I took a selfish pleasure, I suppose, in thinking how very happy the little assistance I could render would make her, and how grateful she would feel; and, perhaps, in time, would come to call me Uncle Tom, as Dick, my nephew, did.

On reaching the depot, I found Dick waiting for me with the carriage (the boy is always so considerate and thoughtful), and although it made me a little nervous, I could not help asking my nephew to drive down to No. — Worth street, and leave Ethel at her mother's, which he readily consented to do, though I could see he was a little astonished at the companion I had picked up.

"Where the deuce did you find that little girl, Uncle Tom?" he began, as soon as we had left Ethel at her mother's door.

I replied by telling him what the reader already knows, relative to my little travelling companion.

"Well, I shall give you credit for good taste after this, Uncle Tom," he continued, when I had told my story. "She is such a modest little thing, and would be downright handsome if she were not so very pale and thin. What a shame it is for such a girl to be shut up in a kennel like that Worth street shanty; I'm glad you are going to help them."



"I am rejoiced to hear you say so, nephew!" I replied. "I will confess I was just a little afraid you would not approve of my interesting myself in such a quarter."

"You wronged me there, Uncle Tom; I have taken a good deal of interest in your protégée myself, and I swear I hope you'll do the handsome thing by her."

"Dick, my boy, your heart's in the right place. You shall go with me in the morning, and we will see what can be done for Ethel Clare."

#### CHAPTER II.

I LAY awake a good while that night thinking about little Ethel Clare; of the brief life-story she had told me—brief, but full of sorrow—and wondering what would come of my contemplated visit on the morrow, beside a great variety of other thoughts and fancies, which were wild and foolish enough, I daresay; for you know old gentlemen, and particularly single old gentlemen, have a habit of indulging in all manner of queer mental speculations; but I fell asleep at last, and had such a funny dream.

I thought a very bright, beautiful flower had sprung up in my front parlor, and that Dick, my nephew, after watching and admiring it for a while, picked the white blossom and placed it in his bosom. Wasn't it a strange dream? But the reader must remember I am a single old gentleman, and pardon me for dreaming strangely.

It was pretty late when I awoke, and I was a little surprised on reaching the breakfast-room, to find it unoccupied save by Betsy Chink, my housekeeper, who is a kind creature, and has been with me these twenty odd years.

"Mister Dick went out half an hour ago, and told me to tell you he was going to ask Miss Georgiana Wyle to go with you to see the widder woman this morning," said Betsy Chink, as she observed my disappointment at not seeing nephew, who makes it a point never to breakfast till I come down, because he knows I dislike to take my toast and coffee alone.

"How considerate that boy is!" I said. "We were going to see a sick lady, you see, and nephew knew a woman would understand what to do a great deal better than we should."

"It was thoughtful in Mister Dick," said my housekeeper; "but you know he's allus thoughtful, Mister Thomas."

At that moment the door-bell rang, and presently after I heard Miss Georgiana's voice chatting gaily in the parlor with Dick, and it occurred to me, all at once, that it was very kind in the young lady to come out so early in the morning to accompany nephew and I on such a mission; but I recollected hearing it hinted somewhere, that Miss Georgiana was a good deal interested in my Dick, which I thought quite natural, for he is a fine fellow, and, I am told, has the entrée to a good many fine houses on Fifth Avenue, where Miss Wyle is not known, although her father's ample fortune has recently been trebled by inheriting the estate of his brother, old Jacob Wyle, of Wall street notoriety, who died intestate and childless lately, leaving no nearer relative to inherit his wealth; besides, I knew Miss Wyle was rather an active member of two or three charitable societies, which were conducted on the plan of the well-known Perkins Macdonough foundation, mentioned, as every one is aware, in "Nothing to Wear;" and this, I doubted not, was the reason why nephew thought of applying to her in the present instance.

I hurried through with my breakfast as soon as possible, and then joined the young people up-stairs.

"Good morning, Mr. Procedendo," said the young lady, coming forward to meet me with a pretty smile; "I am so glad to have an opportunity of accompanying you on your visit. There is nothing that interests me so much as administering to the moral and physical wants of the lower classes. To be sure, poverty and vice are almost inseparably connected, and you never know whether the objects of your charity are worthy; still, it is such a pleasure to do good, I am really quite an enthusiast on the subject of our city heathen."

"I scarcely think the people we are to visit this morning can be properly classed among 'our city heathen.' The little girl struck me as being well educated and refined," I said mildly.

"You can't trust to appearances in these cases at all, sir. I belong to a great number of charitable committees, and am intimately acquainted with the lower classes, and I have always found, as I just remarked, that poverty and vice invariably go together. But if you are ready let us go, as I have a number of demands upon my time this morning."

"I am quite ready," I replied; so as soon as Dick had brought me my hat and stick, we sat out.

Half an hour's walk brought us to the humble residence of Mrs. Clare, on Worth street. It was very humble and poor, consisting of a single room in a wretched tumble-down tenement; but it was scrupulously neat, and formed a pleasing contrast to its unsightly surroundings.

We were met at the door by my little travelling companion. She was paler and more careworn than when I last saw her, and her long dark lashes were heavy with tears; but she seemed very glad to see me, and pressed my hand so warmly, poor child! that I was afraid she was going to say something about that railroad ticket before Miss Wyle, who was so great a philanthropist that I should have been sadly mortified to have had any allusion made to such a trifling affair in her presence, and so I hastened to divert Ethel's mind from the subject, by inquiring about her mother.

"Oh! sir, she is very ill, and Dr. Wedgewood thinks she cannot live through the night. But come in, sir; she has been very anxious to see you and thank you for your kindness."

"Tell her not to mention it," I said, hurriedly, and then added, "this is a kind young lady who has come to see if she can be of any assistance to your mother, and this is my nephew."

Quietly we entered the apartment. At the further side of the room, on a bed that had few pretensions to comfort, lay a delicate-looking woman, whose face was like that of Ethel, only it was paler, thinner and more careworn. The furniture of the room was plain and scanty in the extreme; but the air of neatness and order that pervaded the apartment, made it seem cheerful, notwithstanding the manifest poverty of its inmates.

"Mother, the gentleman has come!" said Ethel, approaching the bed.

The woman's sorrow-worn face brightened as she hastily turned it toward us, and held out her thin emaciated hand.

"I am more than happy to see you, sir," she said, in scarcely an audible whisper. "But for your kindness my child would not have been with me in my last hours. God bless you!"

"Well, well, ma'am, do not think about that," I said. "I have brought my nephew and a young lady friend to see you; and now if we can be of any service, let us know in what way."

"Yes, we have come in charity, ma'am," said Miss Wyle. "We feel interested in your behalf. Your daughter says you will not live through the night. Have you fled from the wrath to come? You have been a great sinner, doubtless?"

A flush swept up to the forehead of the invalid as she replied, with great difficulty, "We have all been great sinners, have we not?"

"I suppose we have, ma'am; but persons in your position generally neglect turning to the Lord until it is too late. Your spiritual well-being is the great thing now, as your hours are so nearly numbered; and I have brought with me a couple of tracts, 'The Worm that Never Dies,' and 'Groans from the Bottomless Pit.' To a person in your condition they contain a fearful warning. Read them carefully, and try to lay aside all worldly thoughts. I will try to obtain for your child a servant's place in some respectable family; and the 'Vice-Extirminating Society,' to which I belong, will see that you are decently buried in the Potter's Field. I trust your disease is not contagious, ma'am."

"A broken heart does not carry contagion with it," said Mrs. Clare, as she turned away with a sigh. "I am greatly obliged for your offers, which are doubtless well meant, but they are quite uncalled for, miss. I have not solicited your charity."

"Ingratitude! But it is always so with the lower classes."



"ON REACHING THE DEPOT I FOUND DICK WAITING WITH THE CARRIAGE."

Mr. Procedendo, I do not see that we can do anything further here, and my time is too valuable to waste."

As I have before remarked, I am not a charitable man, and consequently unacquainted with the *modus operandi* of charitable societies; but for some reason it struck me that Miss Wyle had not chosen the happiest mode of administering spiritual consolation to the invalid, and happening to catch my nephew's eye, I saw that he entertained a similar opinion; still it seemed presumptuous for us to criticise the doings of a leading member of the "Vice-Exterminating Society," that stands so high in the estimation of the public, and proceeds according to formula and precedent, like a common law court, consequently I should have felt a little modest about approaching Mrs. Clare in a different way had not Dick whispered to me, "I'll take Georgiana home, Uncle Tom, and you stay and see what can be done for that poor woman and her child."

"Very well," said I, "and I wish you would stop at the house as you go along, and send Betsy Chink down."

After once more urging upon Mrs. Clare a faithful perusal of "The Worm that Never Dies," and "Groans from the Bottomless Pit," Miss Wyle took her departure, accompanied by Dick, and I was left alone with Ethel and her mother.

During the above conversation, of which I have given only a synopsis, Ethel had not spoken, but stood regarding Miss Wyle with ill-concealed indignation, which found expression as soon as the door closed upon the retreating female philanthropist.

"Why is it?" she said, with an impatient gesture, "that these charitable ladies always feel free to insult any one who does not live on Fifth Avenue? What right had she to speak to my mother, as though she were an outcast from heaven and earth? Did she think because we were poor we were necessarily wicked?"

"Ethel, dear, do not speak unkindly. The lady meant well, doubtless, although her manner might have been more winning. Is the gentleman gone?"

"No, madam," I said, approaching her, "I am here, and if I can serve yourself or your child, in whom I have taken a deep interest, I shall be happy to do so, though I would not be intrusive."

"You have a dying mother's thanks for your kindness, sir. For me you can do nothing, but my child will soon be alone in

the world, and if you will watch over her and help her to find some place where she can earn an honest livelihood, I am sure God, who has promised to be the friend of the fatherless and the widow, will reward you. You are an entire stranger to me, but something assures me I can trust you, and I am not afraid."

"I will do as you desire," I replied.

"Well, I can only say again, God bless you! There is a little manuscript which will tell you my history; it was written long ago, and is a sad story; but you have taken such a kind interest in Ethel, that you may like to know her history. And now I will try to sleep again."

It was a story such as many an unfortunate woman has had to relate heretofore and will have to relate again, a story of love and faith on the one side and passion and treachery on the other. It seemed that Mary (Clare was the maiden name of Ethel's mother) was the only daughter of a Louisiana planter residing a short distance above New Orleans. When but little more than a child she had the misfortune, while visiting a friend in the city, to make the acquaintance of a man who was spoken of in the MS. as J. W., and from the first was fatally pleased with him. He represented himself as being a partner in an extensive banking house in New York, and it is probable was soon conscious of the favorable impression he had made on the heart of the impetuous southern girl, for he at once became marked in his attentions, and before the expiration of two weeks from the time of first meeting her, he made a formal offer of marriage, stipulating, however, that it should remain secret for the time being, and was accepted. Soon he began to hint at circumstances which would render it inexpedient for him to make his marriage public for the present, and although the girl's delicacy and good sense recoiled from the idea at first, she was at last won over, and they were privately married at a hotel one evening. Beside the officiating clergyman there was no one present at the ceremony, except a young man who was introduced to her by J. W. as his intimate friend, Mr. Jonesby.

Pretending to her friends that she was to return home, she left their house and repaired to her husband's hotel, where she remained according to his instructions entirely secluded, receiving no visitors and never going out, but still perfectly happy for two or three weeks, when J. W. professed to be obliged to visit Natchez on business, and left her promising to return in the course of a week.

One, two, three weeks passed, without any tidings from him, and then came a letter dated at Cincinnati telling her that she must forget him, that the marriage ceremony was a sham, and ended by coolly asking her pardon for any unpleasant feelings the announcement might occasion her.

What was the poor girl to do? As yet no one knew of her cruel betrayal, but she was aware that she could not long conceal it. Her ruin was effectually consummated, and with no certificate of marriage or a witness to prove the fact, who would believe her story? Certainly not her proud father, who boasted that for two hundred years there had been no blot on the family escutcheon.

Many a woman in the situation of Mary Clare would have sought the fearful refuge of suicide, but she was not one to weakly yield to fate. Her betrayer had left with her a considerable sum of money, and in an hour after receiving the cruel letter that struck a death blow to her happiness, she had settled her bill at the hotel, written a note to her father briefly stating what had befallen her, and her resolution of following her recreant lover and compelling him to make her his wife, or to visit upon him the terrible retribution his crime deserved, and had taken passage on a steamer for Cincinnati.

As the reader has already anticipated, all search for her lover proved fruitless, and feeling that in that great Babel New York she would be more effectually lost to all who had known her in former days, she obtained humble lodgings, represented herself as a widow, and supported herself by teaching embroidery, in which she was remarkably skillful.

At this point the MS. abruptly, and to me most unsatisfactorily, terminated. In all respects, save the name of the betrayer, the disclosure had been full and unreserved, and I was

rather at a loss to determine why the writer had felt disposed to conceal his identity behind two very common initials; but I remarked that baseness and treachery on the part of man does not always wean from him the heart he has gained but to crush and then throw aside, as the child does the plaything that has become valueless by familiarity; and it was quite possible that notwithstanding the deep wrong she had received at his hands, and the fact that she had followed him with the stern determination of compelling him to legally bestow upon her and her unborn child his worthless name, or in the event of his refusal to take his life, that she had no intention of letting his sin be visited upon his head by any hand save her own. Still, for some reason that I could not have explained at that time, I felt a strong desire to know who was concealed behind the initials of J. W., and I determined, if possible, to ascertain, and if he was still alive, and it was expedient, to compel him to make some amends to the child for the wrong he had done the mother.

I was busy with such thoughts when Ethel returned, and thinking it much more probable that I might obtain the information I sought from her than from her mother, I said:

"Do you know the contents of this paper, Ethel?"

A deep blush veiled her face and neck as she briefly replied, "Yes, sir."

"Well, child," I continued, "I did not wish to annoy you by referring to an unpleasant subject, and I assure you I am not prompted by mere idle curiosity, but I very much wish to know the name of the individual referred to in this manuscript as J.W."

"That, sir, I do not know, neither does my mother. He was known in New Orleans as John Wade, but he confessed to her that this was an assumed name, which he had his reasons for wishing to keep up for a while; but he insisted that J. W. were his proper initials, and this my mother has always believed."

I was a good deal disappointed by this revelation, but I had little time to reflect upon it, for at that moment the door gently opened, and nephew made his appearance accompanied by Betsy Chink, carrying a basket which she had hastily packed with such articles as her experience told her would be of immediate use in the sick chamber.

Mrs. Clare was still sleeping heavily, and as I knew I could

not leave her in better care than in that of my housekeeper, I motioned Dick to follow me, and went out telling Ethel we would return in an hour.

The fact was, a little plan had occurred to me upon which I wished to consult my nephew before mentioning it to the parties concerned. It was simply this, I had resolved if nephew made no objection, to adopt Ethel as my daughter; she was such a sweet, gentle little thing, I fancied it would make our house look pleasanter to always have her there.

It required but a few moments to acquaint nephew with my plan, which met his entire approval, and at the expiration of the time specified, I returned to Mrs. Clare's residence, to see what she would think of it.

Mrs. Clare was awake when I returned, and a glance showed me that death was near. She lay motionless upon the bed, her dim eyes fastened upon the kind face of Betsy Chink, who was holding one of her poor worn hands, and softly wiping from her forehead the dampness which it seemed to me must be the spray of the dark river rolling to eternity at her feet.

As I entered the room the dying woman turned her eyes toward me, and such a bright, happy smile lighted up her wasted features that I could not help thinking that poverty-stricken, wronged and broken-hearted, as was poor Mary Clare, she had learned by an experimental knowledge such as only sorrow can teach, that there was "a balm in Gilead," full and efficacious, and "a physician there," whose specific was "the water of the river of life."

She was not a subject for the "Vice Exterminating Society," and Georgiana's tracts were quite unnecessary at her death bed.

"Mrs. Clare," I said, approaching her, "you have been so kind as to say you were not afraid to trust me, and you have requested me to watch over your child. I have concluded to do so effectually by adopting her as my own, if this will meet your views and hers."

"You have made me willing to die; take her," was the whispered response.

"And what says Ethel?" I continued.

Her little thin hand crept quietly into mine, and I needed no other answer.

"You've done right, Mister Thomas. I approve o' that," said



MISS WYLE AND HER FRIENDS AT THE DEATHBED OF MRS. CLARE.



Betsy Chink, in a whisper as she wiped away a couple of tears almost as big as cherries "poor little forlorn cretur", I could'n't abear to think on her bein' left all alone in the world."

I made no reply, though I was very glad to have Betsy Chink's approval, for I always had a high opinion of her judgment, and then we all drew a little nearer the bed, and became very still, watching poor Mary Clare, whose eyes no longer wandered from face to face, but remained fixed upon the features of her child, whose hand was still clasped in mine, and as we watched, the worn spirit went quietly out to seek those far-off mansions that the night in Gethsemane and the morning on Calvary were given to purchase, for such of earth's fallen children as will respond in humble faith when the Spirit and the Bride say, "Come."

#### CHAPTER III.

AND this was the way it happened that little Ethel Clare (I suppose I shall always speak of her as little Ethel, she is such a tiny, delicate-looking creature), came to live with nephew and I, and to address me as Uncle Tom; I like to have her call me so, and I like to hear her merry voice singing all over the house. Indeed I do not think I could get along without her now, she is such a very little sunbeam, any more than I could dispense with Betsy Chink or my coffee and toast at breakfast.

Well, well, I do not apprehend I shall ever have to do without her, unless death should come to rob me of my little girl, for nephew—but, pshaw! what an old tattler I am getting to be.

It was a long time before Ethel recovered from the shock of her mother's death; but the young heart seldom succumbs to sorrow, and after many months had passed she came to smile again, and then her pale cheek began to grow full and rosy, and her form to be a perfect model of symmetry. In brief, when she had been a year at our house, she began to be spoken of as very beautiful and accomplished; and sometimes, just to please Dick, she accompanied him to the gay parties on Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street; and nephew tells me she is considered a star in these bright circles, and her success has greatly annoyed his old admirer Georgiana Wyle.

Well, of course I am glad to know that my little pet is admired (though I am sorry it should make Georgiana Wyle jealous and unhappy); but it is not this that has endeared her to me, though it makes me proud of her, but it is her affectionate devotion that makes me love her.

It was nearly two years after the death of Mrs. Clare, that having some business to transact in the United States Court, I dropped in one morning just as the clerk was reading the title of the first cause on the calendar for that day, "The People vs. Jason Jonesby, indicted for mail robbery."

The name struck me as familiar, but for the life of me I could not think where I had heard it, till I chanced to remember of a sudden that Jonesby was the name of the witness who had been present at the mock marriage of J. W. and poor Mary Clare. Was it possible that this was the man who could unravel the mystery connected with the villain who had brought sorrow and disgrace upon my pet's mother? I felt confident, for some reason, that it was, and waited with no little impatience and curiosity for the prisoner to make his appearance.

He was brought in at last, and placed at the bar. He was a middle-aged man, with a pale, haggard face, but one that after all did not strike me unfavorably; and although I was about as far removed as I well could be from being prejudiced in his favor, I felt instinctively that the man was innocent of the crime charged, and was rather pleased, bad as I hated the fellow for being mixed up in that conspiracy, as I was sure he had been, when Coke Specialty, an old brother lawyer of large experience, leaned across the bar and whispered in my ear, "That fellow is not guilty."

"Have you any counsel, prisoner?" said his honor, looking up from his docket for a moment.

"I have not," was the brief reply.

"Are you unable to procure it?"

"I have not a dollar in the world, your honor; but I am innocent, and am not afraid to stand my trial without counsel."

"The court will appoint counsel to defend you, if you are unable to provide it for yourself," replied the judge. "You shall have every facility for establishing your innocence. Mr. Procedendo, you will please act as counsel for the prisoner, and clear him, if possible."

"I will act as the court desires," I replied; "but I should like a few moments' private conversation with the prisoner."

"You can retire to the jury room. Mr. Attorney, Mr. Clerk, what motions are there to argue this morning? We can dispose of something while we are waiting."

As soon as I was alone with my client I said, "Mr. Jonesby, I think I have heard of you before."

"It's nothing to my credit, I fear," replied the man, with a dejected look. "No one ever seemed to have ever heard any good of me."

"As to that, you may or may not be right," I said, "but this much I will say, that I do not believe you are guilty of the crime with which you are charged, and shall of course do all in my power to procure your acquittal; but before we speak farther upon this matter, I wish to ask you a question or two relative to another affair, in which I have reason to think you took part many years ago."

"Well, go on," said the man, after a moment's hesitation.

"Did you ever know a man calling himself John Wade?"

"Yes, but he is dead now. What can you wish to know about him?"

"No matter, my friend, just answer my questions, they will implicate you in no way. I think you were present at this John Wade's pretended marriage in New Orleans, some time during the year 18—."

"I was present at his real marriage in New Orleans on the 21st of November of the year you mention."

"His real marriage!" I replied, with difficulty repressing my surprise at this announcement.

"Yes, sir, his real marriage. Thank God! I have done one good thing; I prevented that poor girl from being betrayed into a mock marriage."

"Pray tell me how you managed it," I said, smiling, as though I had asked the explanation for my amusement.

"Well, it was like this: John Wade (that wasn't his real name, by-the-bye) became acquainted, while spending a few months in New Orleans for his health, with a young girl who lived just out of the city, by the name of Mary Clare, and despairing, I suppose, of accomplishing his designs by any other means, resolved on a mock marriage. At the time I was staying at the same hotel where he was, and we became acquainted and quite intimate, and finally he made his plans known to me and asked me to officiate as clergyman on the occasion. I was a wild young chap then, and consented at first; but when I came to think what an infernal game he was going to play the poor thing, I made up my mind it was too bad, and tried to persuade him to abandon it. But he was determined, so I resolved to prevent it another way. I told Wade I did not like to perform the ceremony myself, but I would find some one to officiate in my place. To this he consented, and I secured the services of a regular minister of the Episcopal Church, who married them in my presence, and afterward, at my request, executed a certificate of marriage, in which I took the precaution to have Wade's real name inserted, and that certificate is still in my possession."

"That was very cleverly done," I said, concealing with a great effort the exultation this strange story had occasioned me; "but why did you not undeceive the poor girl when he left her, as I believe he did?"

"Yes, he left her, sure enough, and a deal sooner than I expected. I had left town a day or two after the marriage, and when I returned she was gone no one knew where. I wrote to him at New York, telling him that he was really married, and he replied to me that the girl had followed him; that he had acknowledged her, and that she had since died; but I never believed it, and if I could have found her, I should have given her the certificate."

"Exactly so," said I; "but by-the-way, what was this Wade's real name?"

"Jacob Wyle."

"You can't mean old Jacob Wyle, of New York, who died last summer," I said, unable to affect indifference any longer.

"Yes, sir, that is exactly the man I mean. I knew him well, and saw him but a few days before his death," said Jonesby, confidently, "and there is the marriage certificate," he continued as he produced a soiled and crumpled paper. "I have carried it on my person ever since I had it. Write to the clergyman whose name is attached; he is still alive, and will confirm what I tell you."

"My friend," said I, as I grasped his hand, "you have done me a greater service than you can well imagine. The daughter of Mary Clare is now an inmate of my family, and what you have told me, with the aid of this certificate and the evidence of the clergyman, will enable me to remove from her name the stigma of illegitimate birth, and place her in possession of her father's property."

"Well, I am glad. Somehow, I've always been unfortunate since that affair, and been getting lower and lower, till now, I suppose, I'm booked for Sing Sing, though I'm as innocent of that robbery as you are."

"Not if it's within my power to save you," I replied. "Tell me how you came to be suspected of the crime."

"I don't know, unless it was that I'm a poor, worthless devil, who would be quite likely, in the estimation of the public, to engage in such kind of business; but I was not within ten miles of the place where the robbery was committed at that time."

"Then, my dear sir, you are safe enough," I said; "that is, if you can prove your whereabouts at the time. To prove an *alibi* will settle the matter at once and for ever."

"Will it?" said my companion, brightening. "Then we shall have no difficulty. How strange I didn't know that before; but I didn't. Yes, I can prove it by half a dozen, if I can get time to send to W—— for witnesses."

"That's enough," said I, and I summoned the sheriff and conducted my client back to the court-room.

"Are you ready for trial, Mr. Attorney?" said the judge as I entered the room.

"No, your honor. I find, by talking with my client, that we shall have no difficulty in proving an *alibi*, and must move for a continuance of the cause till we have time to get our witnesses."

"What length of time will you require?"

"Till to-morrow morning."

"Have your witnesses been subpoenaed?"

"They have not, your honor. My client was not aware that it was necessary to have them."

"Very well; if there is no objection, the case stands continued till to-morrow morning. Let a subpoena be issued immediately."

Jonesby was then remanded to jail, and having disposed of the business that called me to court that morning, I returned home and shut myself up in my library, to think over what I had heard, and decide upon a future line of conduct.

I could not conceal from myself that there were some difficulties to be overcome, in completing the chain of evidence requisite to entitle Ethel to succeed to the name and fortune of old Jacob Wyle. I had little doubt of the truth of Jonesby's statement, which was so perfectly corroborated by poor Mary Clare's MS., or of the authenticity of the marriage certificate, and had all this come to light before her death, when she could have been recognised and her identity established, either by the officiating clergyman or Jonesby, I should have regarded my case as pretty clear; and as it was, I was not disheartened, and I soon decided what to do next. I wrote to the clergyman, giving him a brief outline of the case, and what I wished to prove by him, requesting him to come to New York, and enclosed a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of the journey. This done, I went over to W——, to see the witnesses by which my client expected to prove an *alibi*; for, as he was a very essential witness for me, it was quite important to the validity of his testimony that he should not be convicted of a felony just then.

I found the parties he had designated without difficulty, and

a few moments' conversation convinced me that I should have no trouble, and I returned to the city quite elated with my success.

I was on hand at the opening of court with my witnesses, who came promptly up to the mark; the case was submitted to the jury on the evidence without argument of counsel, and they returned a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving their seats.

I did not like to lose sight of Jonesby. I believed him to be tolerably honest as the world goes, and his gratitude to me made me doubly sure of him, but he was a weak-minded, irresolute man, easily led in any direction, and I deemed it the wisest course to keep him under my own eye.

I found he wrote a good hand (I believe it was the only thing he could do), so I took him home with me and set him at work in the office as a copyist, charging him to remain silent upon all matters concerning the paternity of my little pet. Up to this time I had given neither her nor Dick the slightest intimation of what was going on, for I thought to surprise them, don't you see?

I only wanted the presence of the clergyman now to feel in readiness to open my battery, and about six weeks after I had written him he made his appearance. I had purposely omitted to mention the names of the parties concerned in the mysterious marriage, the particulars of which he remembered perfectly, and his story agreed in every respect with that of Mary Clare and Jason Jonesby, the latter of whom he at once recognized. To place matters beyond a doubt, I showed him a portrait of Mary Clare and Jacob Wyle, taken a few days after their marriage, and with which, through all her poverty and privation, she had steadily refused to part. He at once pronounced them to be portraits of the individuals whose names appeared in the marriage certificate.

I now thought it about time to commence operations. I despatched a note to Mr. Ahab Wyle, brother of the deceased Jacob, requesting to see him at my house on important business. He came, and I laid the case before him, showed him my proofs and requested to be informed whether he was disposed to yield us our just rights peaceably, or put us to the expense and delay of a suit at law.

Quite as I had anticipated, Mr. Ahab Wyle was decidedly of the opinion that he should adopt the latter course of proceeding, and the consequence was at the next term of our Supreme Court, a suit entitled "Wyle vs. Wyle," made its appearance on the calendar, and created no little interest and excitement.

I need not give the particulars of the trial, suffice it to say, nephew managed the case (it was his first one) throughout, and the boy did it splendidly. He will make a far better lawyer than ever Uncle Tom was, I see plainly. It was perfectly apparent long before he finished his argument (which my old friend Coke Specialty says was one of the finest efforts he ever heard from a young man) that he had the court, jury and audience with him; and I was not in the least surprised when the jury, after twenty minutes' deliberation, came in with a verdict for the plaintiff. It was received with a prolonged cheer, which the court made no attempt to interrupt.

You should have seen how the congratulations poured in upon my pet for the next two weeks (I never expected to see so much gay company at our house), and how prettily my darling received all these demonstrations of kindness. Even Georgiana Wyle came, and hoped the horrid law suit would make no difference, now that they were dear cousins, a sentiment to which Ethel of course responded, and went in a day or two to return Georgiana's call, who was seen the next week for the first time (Dick says) at a party on Fifth Avenue.

Well, well, my story is almost told. There was a wedding at our house last week, whereat nephew was the bridegroom, and my little Ethel the bride, and we were all very happy, though I am sure I saw tears in Betsy Chink's eyes, but she says she was "only cryin' out o' sympathy with the young creturs who were so happy."

"That's a queer thing to cry about," said my pet, with such a bright smile. "I'm sure it's the happiest moment of my life, and when I look back and see how strangely I have been led,



MR. JONESBY AGREES TO TELL ALL HE KNOWS OF THE ORPHAN.

I feel to be very grateful to God, and under Him to dear Uncle Tom."

"Your life has been rather romantic, hasn't it?" said Dick, gaily. "Just think of it now—the want of two dollars, on the Hudson River Railroad, once upon a time, introduced you to Uncle Tom, made you his adopted daughter, discovered your own father, placed you in possession of a fortune and —"

"Last and best of all, dear husband," said pet, interrupting him, "it made me your wife."

### A BUCK-JUMPER.

AUSTRALIAN squatters in general are excellent and fearless riders, mounting horses fresh from the bush, untamed, unbroken, and full of many vices, particularly the formidable one of buck jumping, in a way that would astonish many an English rough-rider and steeple-chase jockey.

Mr. F— was remarkable for his powers in this way. He had a large mob of horses on his run, and they were generally notorious for their buck-jumping propensities, and I remember his accompanying me one day on my return from his house to the diggings, mounted on an animal just driven into his stock-yard from the bush. The forest here and everywhere else in Australia is covered with the blackened trunks of trees, of every size, that have fallen victims to fire, and it is a usual thing for men well mounted to take a straight line across it, leaping over such logs as practicable. We were amusing ourselves in this manner when we came to one of the prostrate giants of the forest, which, although my horse was a good one, I should never have attempted to jump, and did not imagine F—, on the little ill-conditioned weed he was riding, would think of doing. I was astonished, however, to observe him dig his spurs into the beast's side, rush him at it, and as I anticipated, make a clean summersault over the trunk of a tree about four feet high and fully as broad—horse and man absolutely turning in the air.

F— was accustomed to this kind of practice, as he broke in his own horses, and knew exactly how to throw himself off on one side; and in this instance without quitting his hold of the bridle, was on the horse's back again in an instant, and with whip and spur urged him on to the charge again. The same result occurred a second time, and now I thought it really was time to interfere, and not allow my friend to break his neck without some remonstrances on my part. He merely waved his hand, and said that he could not afford to spoil his horses by sacrificing to my philanthropy, and ramming him at the leap

the third time, cleared it like a buck, observing that had he not persisted in making him jump the log, he would have been spoiled for ever, and of no use as a stock-horse, but that now, in all probability, he would turn out well. This was a young animal between three and four years old.

Nothing can equal a confirmed buck-jumper in equine depravity, and he is rarely, if ever, thoroughly cured of his vice. After the most quiet and docile behavior for weeks and even months, and whilst travelling at an easy pace and loosened rein, the rider finds himself summarily ejected high up into the air, and thence over his steed's head, by a series of gymnastics, yclept buck-jumping, which some sudden caprice or olden recollections have caused him to execute. He fixes his head firmly between his knees, curves up his back and body into the shape of a ball, erects his tail, and simultaneously makes a spring and a kick that would unseat almost any horseman, either unprepared or otherwise.

**THE PANAMA CANAL.**—About thirty miles to the south-eastward of Panama, the river Bayanos enters the Pacific, almost dividing the Isthmus at a point where the distance from sea to sea does not exceed thirty miles in a direct line. This was the river we proposed ascending, in the hope, at all events, of finding out something from the Darien Indians who inhabit this narrow strip of territory, and whose inveterate hatred to Europeans has operated hitherto as an effectual barrier to any attempt at penetration into their country. From Chepo a depression of the chain was perfectly visible. The distance from Terabla to the Gulf of Mexico cannot be more than fifteen miles; yet, although comparatively so near Panama, no one has attempted to traverse the country. An armed party would be indispensable for the purpose, as the Darien Indians are the most ferocious tribe in the country.

**POWER OF HABIT.**—I know from experience that habit can, in direct opposition to every conviction of the mind, and but little aided by the elements of temptation, induce a repetition of the most unworthy actions. The mind is weak where it has once given way. It is long before a principle restored can become as firm as one that has never been moved. It is as in the case of the mound of a reservoir; if this mound has in one place been broken, whatever care has been taken to make the repaired part as strong as possible, the probability is, that if it gives way again, it will be in that place.



ETHEL CLARE'S MARRIAGE.





"THEY CAME TO ME WITH PRAYER UPON THEIR LIPS FOR AID, AND—I REFUSED."

### THIRTY MILLIONS.

BY STYLUS.

I STEPPED suddenly back from the window—an exclamation of pain startled me—I had trodden carelessly on the foot of an old man who stood there. The fault was all my own—I was so engrossed with the picture that I never thought that others behind me might be the same. In the glance, I felt more than common sorrow that I had selected so old a person as the victim of my carelessness, and I so expressed it in my apology. He bowed calmly, and said,

"Your regret, sir, is more than a balm for my wound; I am your debtor that I have been placed in the way of the injury that I might receive so gracious an apology."

The old man's appearance belied his speech. He spoke as an educated and travelled man, his dress was that of one who fared hardly with the world and received not too many of its benefits. I felt an immediate sympathy for the old man; I said something about the picture at which we were both looking. In a few minutes we were deep in the discussion of art; I was but a child in its theories beside my new-made friend. We walked down Broadway, we discussed literature, and I found myself a learner from every sentence dropped by the old man.

I said, "You have been a traveller."

"I am still; the sole of my foot shall find no rest; I have wandered over every land, but I cannot cease; I have won honor, I must still work; I have wealth—boundless wealth—I must have more. Wealth is my god! I must win it, even though I win it from the very jaws of death; and yet I have millions—yes! countless millions. I could make you rich—I could make a score like you rich and not miss it, if I would."

The old man's appearance certainly did not answer this assertion—I would not have bought his wardrobe for a dollar.

"I see," he said, as he followed my eye, "you wonder why, if I am so rich, I do not dress better; that is true, and a natural thought for so young a man; but that is my whim. I can outshine the sultans of the East, were I so inclined, but I am not. Let such as love dress lavish their gold on it—I am not one."

We walked on some minutes in silence, which was broken by the old man.

"I can tell you, young man, the experience of one who would teach you from his own career that there was but one aim in life—one central sun to which all eyes should turn—compared to which father, mother, sister and brother are as nothing—compared to which, all earth sinks into insignificance and heaven becomes a myth! That aim is money. Without it you are a slave, a dastard, the meanest man and the vilest woman can set their foot upon your neck. With it, what are



THE PIRATE AND THE MILLIONAIRE.



the kings of the earth to you?—you can bribe earth and purchase heaven.

"In your heart you are scoffing at my words. Time will come when their truth will be known to you. When I was of your age I thought as you now do—I have been learned better, listen how.

"Some men, you know, are born great, and some have greatness thrust upon them—with me it was neither. I was not born rich, but I was taught while young the uses of wealth. I was educated in expensive tastes and habits. I was led to believe the source from whence I drew my indulgence was inexhaustible. In my father's house I saw nothing but plenty—his table was open to all and we were never alone. But the change came when the good old man passed away from us, and it was found that for years he had only been living on the reputation of his former wealth, and though he died without debt, still he left nothing for the living. I had sisters, educated like myself to know no want—for their sake, if not for my own, I must go and do battle with the world. And bravely I did it—for years I fought the good fight with alternate success or failure. But wealth I could not achieve—it troubled me not much then, I had not learned to know the bitter value of gold. Ah! would that I had never. It grows by what it feeds on. How I laugh when I listen to some youth starting on the race of life, who asserts that so many thousands shall be his mark, beyond that he would not go; and, when he achieves that sum how he will look upon it only as the nucleus of the wealth he is promising himself to gain.

"Years gained upon me and I married; from that moment commenced all my weary struggles; my wife was an angel—in fact, in her great dreamy blue eyes the world could see nothing but mildness; in her calm, subdued manner, nothing but love; all looked upon her as the representation of trusting girlishness—forgiving and gentle. I—when my spirit was broken and my heart sick with her duplicity and venom; when I struggled under her jealousy and violence, believed her a devil; but when nothing occurred to arouse those dormant passions, I looked upon my fair-haired wife and reasoned with myself that an angel had fallen into my hands, but my own unworthiness had turned her to a fiend. And yet, what had I done—what was there I did not seek to do—what sacrifice would I not make for her simplest gratification? I obeyed her slightest mandate—I sacrificed my own self-esteem—I crawled before her—I suffered her curses and her blows, and then I kissed her and begged to be forgiven, though I knew not my fault. Oh! the world condemns the wretch who strikes a woman; but what of the woman who strikes the man? Can there be worse cowardice? How well she knows the blow will be unreturned. Oh! coward, coward! thrice-refined coward! And yet I loved her. Do you believe it?

"I loved her, but I believe that she never loved me. I look back upon it all now, and resolve that our marriage was a living lie. From the moment we were one, it seemed only a study with her what could most lower or debase me. Exposure of her jealousy and distrust soon blunted my heart to the world's opinion. But one more crushing blow was yet to come. I thought I had known all. I had suffered the scorn and contumely of the world; I had lost credit and reputation by her falsehoods; I had stood by the bedside and seen my children pass one by one into the silent land, hurried thither by her neglect and passion, and yet I loved her. But slowly one great truth urged itself upon my soul. She regarded me only for money when I was in prosperity; when wealth came to me, she professed a love, she grasped at its glittering shadow for her happiness, and lavished it as freely as she had obtained it. While I had money, my life was one of comparative ease; when it was gone, I lived in slavery and terror. And so I was impelled to strain for wealth. I despised the narrow limits of my profession; I must have more—much; I rushed recklessly into speculation; Wall street was to me a mine of wealth untold; and well I worked it. For awhile the coveted gold flew in upon me, 'The Fortunate Operator'; I was surrounded by parasites who swore by me, and lived by me—eager, hungry wretches, who grasped at the dazzling drops that I flung from my overfilled hands; but who, of them all, was more eager

than my beautiful wife, who less grateful—who could at night grasp my last dollar, and in the morning revile me for the sordid meanness that gave her no more.

"And so it went on for a time, and I swam in luxury. The turn came, and the cards ran bad in my hands. Down! down! and the crowd dropped away. If I could but hold on a little longer, Erie must rise; 'The Fancies' surely were not all gone; I must have money; if I could but stand a few days all would be well, and I should weather the storm. I would have it—and—I got it.

"But the day came, and my name was crossed from the Board; and I, trembling before any man I met, not knowing but he might be secretly cognizant of my dishonor, with a weight of illegitimate debt hanging over me, from which I could not extricate myself, afraid to fly and afraid to remain, seeking my home only to meet the discontented and scornful looks of my wife. All this, and yet I struggled on, and loved her.

"Months of agony passed away, and the grand crash came at last. Wall street and the city rang with the news, 'The Fortunate Operator' had been arrested, charged with obtaining vast amounts by fraud. Oh! what splendid paragraphs the daily papers made on the strength of it. I was accused of murder, arson, forgery, and all the minor crimes by implication. Now, where were all my friends? It was not the punishment I feared; I knew that I had done nothing that criminal law could touch me for; but the exposure—it was the exposure I cared for. I had no money—the last I had was taken from me on my arrest. Now, for one of the friends who in prosperity proffered their services, not one—yes, I had one friend, the great detective, Bolter, who had, as the newspapers so beautifully expressed it, 'worked up the case in a splendid manner,' and ended by arresting me. Bolter, after assuring me that it 'wasn't less nor fourteen year, and time was when it was hanging,' kindly offered to let me 'slide' for only \$250. I regret now that I did not take Bolter's offer, as, by its refusal, I made an enemy of Bolter, which was no small matter. A few days, and it was found that I could not be held on any criminal charge. I was at liberty. Liberty! what is liberty of the body? The world is too small for the body when the mind is chained. And where was my beautiful wife? Gone—gone home to her parasite family. My arrest had shown my utter poverty, had shown me without a dollar, with a blasted reputation, therefore, why should she not leave me? It was right. And yet I loved her. And my friends cut me. It was kind in them; it saved me the distress of spitting out my curses upon those who had dragged me into those depths. I walked Broadway with the reputation of great crimes hanging over me. I knew in how far I had offended law, and I well knew that scores of those who, a few weeks before, were eager to grasp my hand, and were now as eager to avoid me, deserved my position. I knew that every day of their lives uttered a fraud, and fortune favored them.

"I was too poor to do myself justice. I was even too poor to afford to thrash Bolter when he uttered his venomous lies of me, and then met me in the street with a malignant look, and touched his hat with mock servility. Ah! what a luxury would this have been, but it would cost too much money. Now I began to see that wealth would really give me justice and revenge. I could think of nothing else; I could dream of that only. I scorned to obtain it by degrees; I must have it now while the passion was warm. I must have wealth and crush them all. And so I changed my name, and went away into the world, and I threw off the garb of poverty, and professed myself a man of estate. I lacked money to keep up my first pretension, but I mimicked the miser. I played mean, and the crowd thought me so, and I was willing rather to be thought base than poor. And so the world bowed to me, and I had credit, and I closed with a tight hand upon the gold that came in; but I kept within the law, and I cared nothing for the wail of the widow and the orphan. What was their need to mine; What was the need of bread to the thirst of revenge?

"And I became rich. All men stood ready to place their wealth in my hands when they saw how fast my own increased. So my coffers swelled with the gold of others and my own.

And one day I was bankrupt, and the mob came about my house, and shouted and threatened to burn, and the women came weeping to me with their brats in their arms. Pshaw! as though I had embarked any feeling. Ah! but I played the hypocrite well. I wept in unison. I surrendered all—my dingy house, my well-worn furniture, and they took it, like a group of hungry vultures, and divided it among them. And I went forth again, this time—rich—rich beyond counting.

"And then I had revenge. I saw my beautiful wife starve, while I revelled in luxury. I saw her parasite family crushed in the dust, and disgraced before the world. They came to me with prayer upon their lips for aid, and—I refused. It was good; I glory in it. Why did I gain my gold but for this? And Bolter? For many years I lingered about New York, that I might have the weekly pleasure of going to Sing Sing, and admiring Bolter in the prison garb. I knew Bolter would look well in it, and so I sent him there, where he should have been before he proffered me his friendship.

"Then I had a fine house and entertained, and fine carriages and rode, and a yacht and sailed. I entertained, drove and sailed those who a few short years before had overlooked me on the street. Now they stooped to the dust of my feet. I made them feel my wealth, and I enjoyed it. One by one I drew them in the toils, and one by one I swept them away. Some are fugitives from their native land, never to return till time has altered their appearance, so that they shall not be known to the successors of Bolter; and some drag on a weary life pursued ever by the sword, worse than that of Damocles, wielded by an overreached creditor; for what enemy does a man make so untiring as the legally defrauded creditor?

"And then when I stood again alone, having disposed of all my friends, I went once more out to seek wealth, so sweet had been its savor that now I must never be poor again. I would get it for itself. I would have enough that I may make myself master of all the world. Not in this land would I seek, where every morsel of gold is clutched by fingers as greedy as mine, but where the gracious metal is brought from its mother womb it is held of lightest import. Then California and Australia were unknown as lands of gold. I went to Mexico, to South America, to Africa, with only one great object before my eyes. I went to the sources of the god, and I gathered and hoarded. I speculated until it stood not as business but as gambling. I threw millions upon a cast that none else would risk thousands, and it came back tenfold; and the crowd stood aghast and humbled themselves before me.

"It was at San Juan de Felipe, on the western coast of Africa, I was sitting one evening late in my room. I heard a step. I turned and beheld standing close by my side a figure that made my blood to chill. It was not, as I afterwards reasoned, that the man himself was so repulsive, but how came he there at a time when my house was locked, I alone, and the city long since wrapped in sleep? He was a short, swarthy man, dressed in a hybrid sailor costume, a heavy black eye, long rings of gold in his ears, and a stolid determined air. I started to my feet as I caught sight of my visitor, and instinctively closed the desk that stood beside me, where lay piles of gold and diamonds, bills of exchange, and notes of the Banks of England and France. He smiled as I did so, and addressing me in Portuguese, said:

"You need not fear your money, I do not want so trifling a sum as you have there, signor. I have called upon you for a matter of more moment."

"I scarcely think I understood the man at the time. I stared, and only asked.

"How did you enter?"

"That is of no consequence, I am no robber. I have come to you, signor, on a matter of business."

As he spoke this last word he withdrew his hat and bowed with an air of assumed humility. His manner reassured me, and the courage which had oozed away on his first appearance again returned. I think I must have swaggered a little as I spoke.

"Your coming is ill-timed. If you are no robber, why do you force your way into houses at midnight? Begone, and if you have business with me, come in business time."

"Silence," he said, in a quick tone of command; "I came here not to hear you talk but to talk myself. Sit down and listen quietly."

"It is strange what cowards gold will make. When I was poor I would not have allowed this man to have so commanded me. Now I obeyed him. I knew he was my master, not but my physical strength might have been greater than his, but I would not risk my gold in the struggle; and so I sat down, while he walked backward and forward across the room and talked.

"You will remember," he said, "that during the revolution in Mexico, which destroyed the monarchy, cost Iturbide his life and plunged her into an interminable series of civil wars, two galleons, bearing all the combined treasure of church and state, were surmised to have left the west coast, from the port of Taipan, bound for any point of safety. As they were never heard of again and the matter hushed, it was supposed an error, and the vessels thought to have been bearers of the treasure were assigned, in the minds of the people, simply a position as traders who had gone out, and from no intelligence ever having been received, lost at sea. That treasure was thirty millions, and I am the only man living who knows where it is."

"Heavens! how the man thrilled my blood. Thirty millions! a power over nations.

"Thirty millions!" I gasped.

"Thirty millions," repeated the Portuguese, "and I can recover it. Hear me. Those galleons were not lost at sea. They were captured by pirates, who knew not the great treasure they were getting. When, at last, the work of the slaughter was complete and not a man of the crew of the treasure ships was left alive, the jewels and gold were removed to the pirate vessel. It was only then the immense amount became known and its derivation. Every man of that desperate crew were millionaires. Only one thought now, which was to find a place of safety for their wealth. They ran down the western coast of South America and were approaching the Horn. One day a French frigate hove in sight and made signals for them to take in sail and send a boat aboard. Such a signal at any time would have been an unwelcome one, but now doubly, trebly unwelcome, when they viewed the great stake, and the fact that the little schooner was loaded beyond her capacity, something like one hundred and fifty tons of gold and silver setting her deep in the water and in a great measure destroying her sailing power. At another time they might have laughed at the chase of the Frenchman. But gradually she came on; night fell, and they congratulated themselves on the possibility of escaping in the dark. The morning rose clear and still, and away on the weather quarter lay the Frenchman, while in the opposite direction stretched the blue line of coast that bordered the land of Patagonia. Nothing was now left for the pirate schooner but an effort to run their little craft in shore out of the reach of the frigate's guns, when, if the vessel could not be saved, the men could, at least, escape with their lives, a privilege that would not be accorded them should they fall into the hands of the Frenchman.

"Away she flew under the long range of the frigate's guns, the first shot that struck carried away the gaff, the second picked out the captain and the man who stood beside him at the helm, dashing them quivering in the air. The third—ah! the unlucky third—struck the little schooner amidships between wind and water, and, as she plunged over the short chopping seas, she settled farther and farther down into them, and rolled on. Not one voice was raised to throw over any portion of the wealth which was fast hurrying them to death. Well they knew it would save them, but, as with one accord, it seemed silently to be agreed, all or none.

"It is useless to follow up the account of the chase; in a few hours, within half a mile of the coast, the schooner settled trembling like an overdriven beast, gave one long moan and went down.

"I am the only man left of all that crew."

"You a pirate," I said hoarsely; "a murderer."

"Come, come, signor," he answered, "this is no place to call names; I told you I came here to talk, not to be talked to. Sit down again and hear me out."



"In the excitement of his narrative, I had left my seat, and was walking to and fro with the Portuguese when this declaration came. I sat down.

"The schooner carried down the greater part of my messmates, never to find their way again to the light of the sun; the others swam away for the shore. I am a good swimmer, signor. Myself and a Lascar were the only ones who reached land. In a short time the boats of the frigate came, and the Lascar was shot while attempting flight. I had the good fortune to escape, and the Frenchman went upon his way. Six years I remained upon that spot before a vessel, searching water, came down the coast, and found me a solitary, haggard, wild man, alone upon this island. You will find it marked upon the maps, signor, as Desolation Island."

"But the treasure?" I asked breathless. "The schooner went down. How can you, and why do you say you can recover the treasure?"

"Ah, signor, in this is the miracle! I will tell you. Nearly a year after my first coming upon the island, I was one day looking off to sea, watching, as was my only occupation, for the chance of some passing sail, when I thought I saw something coming from the water, about a quarter of a mile away, something seeming like a spar. The first thought that struck me was that some vessel had gone down there within a short time, and this was her topmast. Every day as I gazed out on the ocean I saw this spar plainer and plainer, and at last I knew it to be the topmast of the schooner; she was gradually nearing the shore, washed in by the seas, under the influence of the strong west winds, and with the aid of the hard, gravelly bottom. Alone as I then stood upon that coast, with no hope of ever escaping from its terrible imprisonment, yet this discovery sent a thrill through me, that I have often wondered since did not end in madness.

"Day after day, and night after night, as long as the light would allow, did I watch that gradual upheaving. And when at last, one day, a more than ordinary ebb left the deck bare, I plunged through the surf, and stood master of thirty millions on the deck of the schooner. My first provision was to prevent all chance of her going out again: day after day I labored with everything like a hawser on board to bind the vessel to the shore; and then, having made a place for my treasure, to bring it away and secure it. For months I worked at this, and gloated

over the loads that I brought a hundred times at the peril of my life through the boiling surf. And when it was all safely stowed, and I could go hourly and gaze upon its glittering heaps, it lost its charm, possession cloyed, I could not eat it, I could not wear it; and when the desperate winter set in, I cursed my treasure, and reviled it; I believe I would have given it all for one blanket.

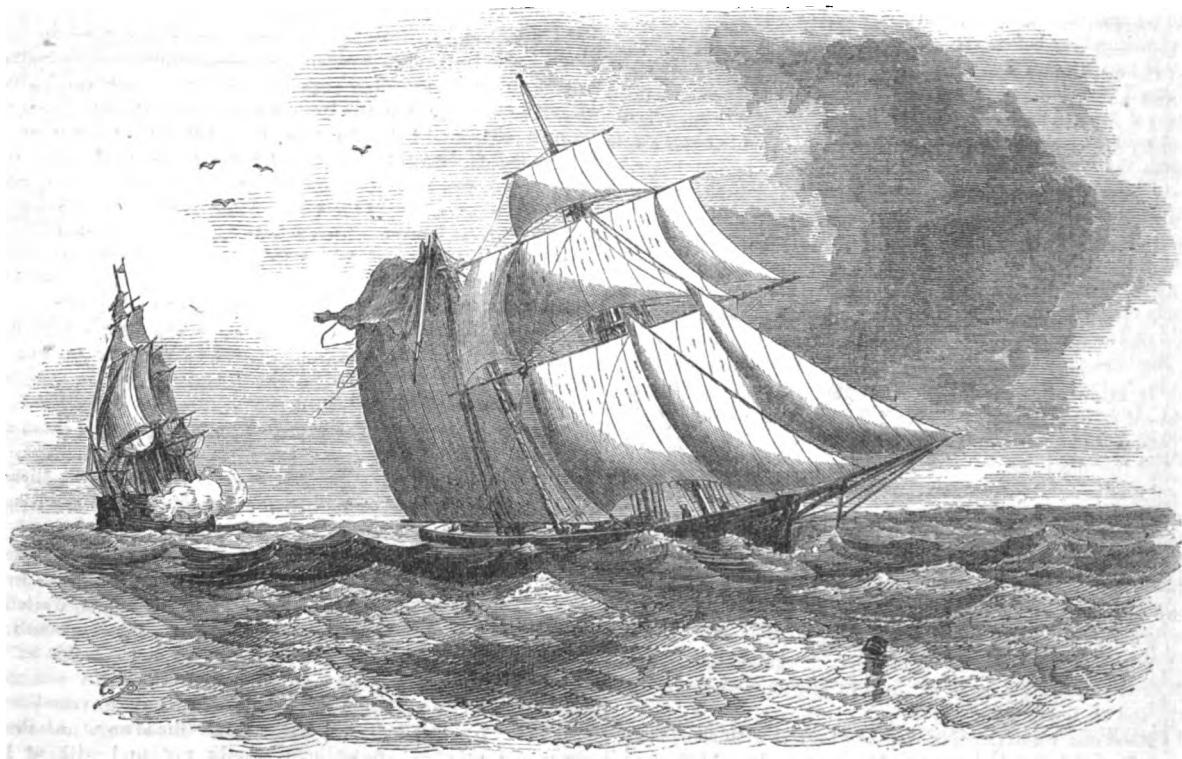
"And as it cloyed upon me, and the months and years went on, I ceased to think of it, I ceased to care for it, and the looking upon it only made my imprisonment more bitter. With gold enough to buy a navy, I could not command a yawl to take me away from my dungeon, or tools and timber to build. Six years, as I have said, passed away; they seemed like centuries; and one day there came a vessel, an American brig, down the coast. Oh, the delirious joy of that day! with all my mad wonder at the regaining of my treasure, when the schooner came forth from the wave, I was sane. This day alone I lost myself over the joy of my deliverance—this day alone I was insane, else why am I here? I knew enough to keep from the crew of the brig the knowledge of my treasure, but I did not know enough to secure sufficient of it about my person, that I might, when ready, go in search of it. Since this time, signor, I have sought enough wealth to fit out a suitable vessel, that I may bring home my gold. I have not succeeded, signor, and I am growing old fast. I have heard of you, and your embarkation in more fallacious schemes than this. I have watched you, signor; you are the one I want. Will you buy a ship and go with me for half this treasure as your own?"

"The Portuguese stopped; the tone of command was gone, and the pleader stood before me; I looked at him some minutes in silence, and then said—

"How am I to know that you are not an impostor?"

"Your own knowledge, signor, of human nature and truth tells you different; you have already decided to join me, as I knew you would before I came to you. Did I not tell you that I have been studying you to this end? You know that you can have surety for my truth; you can pick your own crew, surround yourself with those only who are faithful to you, and if I have swerved from what I shall eventually bring forth, let death be my reward."

"And I agreed; as he had said, there was truth stamped up-



THE PIRATE SCHOONER, WITH THE THIRTY MILLIONS ON BOARD, ENDEAVORING TO ESCAPE FROM THE FRENCH FRIGATE.

on his story. Of the sailing of the galleons and their supposed loss I had myself heard while in Mexico. I knew there could be nothing for the Portuguese to gain by deception. He could have gained on the spot by striking me down and carrying away the contents of my desk more than from any other villainy.

"In a few weeks we were hauling out of San Felipe in a fine brig of five hundred tons, a captured slaver I had bought for the voyage. I had shipped a crew, carefully putting as many of my own countrymen and English on board as I could get on so short a notice. Our plan was that the suspicion of my officers and men should not be aroused upon reaching Desolation Island. The Portuguese and myself should be landed with tools and timber to box the treasure, and the brig should be despatched up the coast with orders to return in twenty days for us, when we would get the treasure on board, representing it as specimens of ores, which we were to take to England for melting. As weak as was this representation, yet it answered. Words dropped between myself and the Portuguese, on our downward trip, led the captain and mates to believe that we were in search of a gold or silver mine, and when our eyes were averted they would wink and nod to each other and tap their foreheads, at the same time scowling at the Portuguese, whose weak victim they supposed me to be in a search for a mine of precious metals. When I announced to the captain my intention of landing and being left with the Portuguese alone on the island, the worthy sailor said everything to prevent me. He begged that I would take one or two men to look after the Portuguese, of whom he had certain misgivings that his only intention was to rob and murder me in some way.

"The last act of the worthy captain, before setting us on shore, was to call the Portuguese out of my hearing, and warn him that, if at the end of twenty days he did not return and find me safe, why—and he pointed significantly to the yardarm. The Portuguese laughed and jumped into the boat. We pulled away to the shore, and the brig fitted off like a great bird on her course, the honest old captain waving his hat over the taffrail as she sped away. 'Suspicion haunts the guilty mind.' I had even calculated the chance of this old sailor playing me false. I had counted the chances of his leaving us on the island to perish, while he went off with the brig for his own use; and with this view I had made him a promise, but a few days before, that on my arrival in London I would make over to him the brig and certain other property. I knew, then, I had secured the interest of the captain.

"And now how can I describe the mad impatience with which I bent to the oar, and with which when our boat was beached I dragged the Portuguese on until we stood at the hiding-place of the treasure. How the minutes seemed hours, until I stood beside it. How I cursed his tardiness that he should wait to draw the boat up on the beach, and again to turn as we ascended the hill and take a last look at the flying brig; but we reached it and I looked down upon the wealth. I sprang upon it, I kissed it, I clutched it by handsfull. I laughed, I cried, and the Portuguese stood by impassive, until, in my soul, I hated the man. He was not fit to own so great a wealth. Coarse and brutal, what could he do with it but make it minister to his physical wants! To use it that he might eat a better dinner than his fellow. Such a wretch to be the possessor of fifteen millions!

"And the days went over, and we worked steadily boxing the gold, silver and jewels, and we spread many of the boxes over with stones and rocks that we might persuade the crew of the brig that these stones were supposed to contain precious metal, and it was for these we had come. Some boxes we filled entirely with the rocks, that they might be turned out before them. Still further to avert suspicion, and before the twenty days, we were ready for the brig. Like an angel she hove in sight, and our precious cargo was shipped. Desolation Island sank away into the sea, and the good brig sped away round the Horn, and on towards England.

"I stood one night leaning over the taffrail with the Portuguese. It was dark, the wind was blowing a gale, and the gallant little brig was plunging through it. We talked of our

enterprise, and I questioned him as to what disposition he would make of his wealth. He intended to settle in Lisbon, buy him an order of nobility, marry a donna of beauty and high birth, build a church to atone for his sins, and live and die respected.

"He, the pirate, the murderer, to marry a lady, an educated and refined woman, who would be sacrificed to his wealth. He to be respected, whose hands were dyed in blood beyond all atonement. And I had put the wealth in his hands to achieve all this, to curse, perhaps, hundreds. He never seemed to hint a suspicion that I would not act fairly by him, that I would not give him his own share of the gold. I make no doubt he had calculated all chances on this, and knew that I could not withhold his share without imperilling my own. Any exposure must result in the treasure finding its way back to its original owners. That night, while leaning over the taffrail, I thought upon all this, as I talked with him, and reconciled to my own mind that it would be but an act of justice could I deprive the Portuguese of his share of the gold.

"What fiend was it took possession of me at that moment and made me cast my eyes through the darkness till I saw that we were both leaning upon that part of the taffrail which is movable for convenience in shipping cargo. It was but a moment and I stepped back, and withdrawing the bolt upon the rail, I staggered and fell upon the deck. Had I wished then to cry that I might save the drowning man, I had no power; my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth, and when several of the crew raised me, I could not speak, I could only point to the taffrail. It was many minutes before the matter could be understood, and the cry, 'Man overboard,' rang through the brig. It was too late, and but that I insisted and went myself in the boat, there would have been no effort made to find the lost man. I would avert suspicion, and continued to pull over the route until the open mutiny of the sailors protested against remaining any longer in so great a position of danger, and forced my return.

"I was now master of the thirty millions, and I argued that I had but placed myself in the seat of justice and executed a pirate and a murderer, who would have made this wealth a curse to all with whom he had come in contact. And the good brig sped away and we lay in the Thames. By a well managed series of bribes and deceit, I found my treasure in time under my own roof and in longer time invested.

"I enjoy my wealth, young man, not that I want it for physical necessities, my wants are few and simple—a little wine, for you see I am getting old—a little bread, soft bread, for you see my teeth are not of the best, and any little thing which an old man can eat. I love my wealth, for the knowledge that I possess it. It is power over the world; I can look upon all things and know that I can possess them; I can look upon all men and know that they are my slaves. And now we have walked long and talked long, I thank you, my young friend, for your attention. We will meet again on Broadway. We shall know each other and we shall speak. Now I must go to my frugal supper and count my interest on Russian bonds."

I was suspicious of the old man, and yet why should I be, he had no interest in deceiving me. Perhaps he was very wealthy; perhaps he only deceived me in the magnitude of his wealth, not in the mode of obtaining. I would talk with him farther.

Would he come with me and take a little supper and share a bottle of good wine? He would.

My suspicions were rather augmented than abated; there was an eagerness about accepting the invitation I did not like in a millionaire.

We supped, and the old man eat heartily and talked. He talked of the investments he had made in English three per cents., South American securities and Spanish bonds, United States Sixes and New York Central Park stock. He drank well, and made some vague hints about setting me down in his will for a million or so, and then regretting that midnight was so near at hand he could not prolong his delightful conversation with me. We strolled away again down Broadway. At the corner of Pearl street the old man caught my hand with, as I am obliged to think, some of the enthusiasm of the other

bottle about it, and squeezing it, regretted that it was too late for him to invite me to his house, but "another time, another time, we would meet again." And so we parted.

I hope I am not outraging propriety in the confession I am about to make, that after meeting and supping in company with a friend, I should secretly track him to his lodging, that I might know whether the entertainment of the evening was true or false, and yet this black deed I did. As the form of the old man went into the darkness of Pearl street, I followed like a sleuth hound upon his track. A very few steps and I housed him in a dirty lodging-house in City Hall place. I walked backward and forward before the house, and wondered at the eccentricity of the man who counted his wealth by scores of millions, dwelling in such a locality. And then I went home to dream of San Felipe, Desolation Island, Portuguese sailors, and thirty millions. The next day I was fascinated to walk through City Hall place. As I passed down I noticed a dowdy woman come out with a jug, and enter a grocery close by. I followed. It did not take long to scrape acquaintance with the woman. Standing treat to a glass of beer, and expressing a desire to take a suite of apartments in her mansion, opened the matter.

Did she know an old gentleman with long gray hair. In course she did. Why not. Old Canocks—everybody knew Old Canocks; cracked he was; dod-rotted old fool, talked all the time about buying New York, and had hard work to pay his room rent. Made money sometimes though, and he had a jolly good time; got good and tight; don't know how he made it; went round finding things 'spose; guessed from all she had heard that he had a muss somehow out in South Ameriky or Afriky, or somers' else with some 'un, and lost a good deal of money, and has never been just right in his head sence.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Peck. I shall call and see you when I want the rooms."

NOTE—The preceding admirable story is taken from Frank Leslie's beautiful new story paper, called THE STARS AND STRIPES. The best Family Paper published in the country.

#### A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE—THE PEER, THE CLERGY-MAN AND THE BEAUTY.

Few of those who have read the poems of Adelaide Proctor, and her father Bryan Waller Proctor, otherwise Barry Cornwall, are aware that their family record contains a romance of the most thrilling character. Mr. Proctor, the poet already named, married a Miss Montague, who was the mother of the scarcely less poetical Adelaide. This lady (Miss Montague) was the daughter of Basil Montague, the illegitimate son of John, Earl of Sandwich, by Miss Margaret Reay, a celebrated beauty of her day. The melancholy fate of this lady inspired the deepest public interest at the time, and the whole affair has been justly termed one of the most romantic love tales ever recorded. It is somewhat strange that it has never been made the subject of a brilliant novel. We condense the salient points of this thrilling story for our readers:

Miss Margaret Reay was the daughter of a stay-maker in Covent-garden, and served her apprenticeship to a mantua-maker in George's court, St. John's lane, Clerkenwell. Having, during her apprenticeship, attracted the attention of Lord Sandwich, he took her under his protection, and treated her from that period until her melancholy assassination with the greatest tenderness and affection, which was sincerely returned by Miss Reay, until her introduction by his lordship to a young ensign of the 68th regiment, then in command of a recruiting party at Huntingdon, in the neighborhood of which stands Hitchenbrook, the splendid mansion of the noble house of Montague. Mr. James Hackman, the wretched but highly gifted hero of this sad narrative, from the first moment of his introduction, fell desperately in love with the mistress of his noble host, and his passion increased with the daily opportunities afforded him by the invitations he received to his lordship's table. With the object of continuing his assiduous attentions to this lady, and the hope of ultimately gaining her affections, he

quitted the army, and taking holy orders, obtained the living of Wiverton, in Norfolk, only a few months prior to the commission of that crime which brought him to the scaffold. That Miss Reay had given encouragement to his fiery passion cannot be denied; the tenor of their correspondence clearly proves it; but gratitude towards the earl and prudential motives respecting the welfare of her children induced her afterwards to refuse the offer of the reverend gentleman's hand, and to intimate the necessity which existed for discontinuing his visits for their mutual interest and peace of mind.

Stung to the quick by this sudden and unexpected termination of his long cherished and most ardent passion, no doubt can exist in the minds of those who have carefully perused the correspondence between the parties, published many years ago by Mr. Herbert Croft, in a volume entitled "Love and Madness," that Mr. Hackman's mind became unsettled, and without meditating a crime which, properly speaking, could scarcely be fairly classed in the category of murder, there is no doubt that he became weary of his own life; and finally, though without distinct premeditation, determined that she whom he loved so passionately should share his fate. At this time the Rev. Mr. Hackman was lodging in Duke's court, St. Martin's lane, and the fatal day, April 7, 1779, was occupied all the morning in reading Blair's Sermons; but in the evening, as he was walking towards the Admiralty, he saw Miss Reay pass in her coach, accompanied by Signora Galli. He followed and discovered that she alighted at Covent Garden Theatre, whither she went to witness the performance of "Love in a Village." Mr. Hackman returned to his lodgings, and arming himself with a brace of pistols, went back to the theatre, and when the performance was over, as Miss Reay was stepping into her coach, he took a pistol in each hand, one of which he discharged at her and killed her on the spot, and the other at himself, which did not, however, take effect. He then beat himself about the head with the butt-end of the pistol in order to destroy himself, but was eventually, after a dreadful struggle, secured and carried before Sir John Fielding, who committed him to Tothill Fields Bridewell, and afterwards to Newgate, where he was narrowly watched to prevent his committing suicide. He was shortly after tried at the Old Bailey, before the celebrated Justice Blackstone, author of the "Commentaries," found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn on the 19th of the month, where he suffered the last penalty of the law with all the firmness becoming one who felt that he had committed an irreparable injury, and that his life was justly forfeited to the outraged laws of his country, although he persisted to the last that the idea of murdering the woman he so fondly loved originated in the frenzy of the moment, and never was or could have been premeditated. One circumstance in this slight narrative which redounds so highly to the honor of the party most aggrieved in this sad affair must not be omitted. Lord Sandwich, with a noblemindedness rarely exemplified in such extreme cases of injury to the pride and sensibility of man, wrote to Mr. Hackman after sentence of death was passed upon him:

"17th April, 1779.

"If the murderer of Miss Reay wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure it."

The prisoner replied the same day:

"Condemned Cell in Newgate.

"The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred, to life, respects the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he neither desires nor deserves. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has—could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured—oh, my Lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her—if departed spirits are not ignorant of earthly things—that you forgive us both, and that you will be a father to her dear children."

This terrible fate of the unhappy mistress of Lord Sandwich had a deep effect upon that nobleman, and he proved to all the children a kind and generous father.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the lady thus ruthlessly murdered was the great grandmother of the poetess, Adelaide Proctor, whose charming productions have from time to time adorned our pages.



SKETCHES IN CORFU.

THE Septinsular Republic of the Ionian Islands have attracted no inconsiderable share of public attention, from the clamor raised by its inhabitants to be incorporated with the kingdom of Greece, instead of remaining as they are at present, a semi-colonial dependency of the British crown. Of these seven islands the largest and most important is Corfu, which has long been designated as the key of the Adriatic, and the justice of the appellation is admitted by the fact that, although some British statesmen and diplomatists are willing to cede the protectorate of the rest of the republic now held by Great Britain to Greece, it is only on condition that Corfu remains a British dependency. This important island is situated in that part of the Mediterranean which commands the entrance to the Gulf of Venice, on the coast of South Albania, from which it is separated by a channel varying from two to six miles in width. Its medium length is forty-five miles, its breadth twenty-five, and its circumference one hundred and twelve. The climate is mild, but subject to sudden transitions from heat to cold. In common with the neighboring country, the island is liable to earthquakes, and occasionally to pestilential diseases. The surface is hilly, with only a few plains interspersed; yet the streams which traverse it are in general inconsiderable. The island exports considerable quantities of salt; its other productions being olives, oranges, lemons, honey and wax; and the inhabitants of the coast are supported by fishing. The total population does not much exceed 60,000. The peculiar geographical situation of the island has always rendered it an object of much political importance. It is known in ancient history by the various names of Dressarium, Macris, Scheria, Phœacia and Coreyra. At the end of the fourteenth century it fell under the dominion of Venice, and in the wars waged by that republic with the Ottoman power the Turks made frequent attempts to capture it, but in vain. It continued in the possession of Venice until the peace of Campo Formio, in 1797, when it was ceded to the French, by whom it had been captured during the previous war. In 1799, however, it was reduced by the combined fleets of Turkey and Russia, and constituted, together with Cephalonia, Zante, Santa Maura, Cerigo, Ithaca and Paxo, into an independent republic, which, after passing again through the hands of the French, was placed at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, under the exclusive protection of Great Britain, was garrisoned by British troops, and held under the government rule of a lord high commissioner appointed by the crown of England.

The town of Corfu, the capital, is situated on the east coast, and is built, in the form of an amphitheatre, on the northern slope of a promontory, at the foot of which the port opens. The town is neither large nor handsomely built; but as a fortress it is extremely strong. It has two citadels—one the residence of the governor, separated from the city by an esplanade; and the other, called the fort, situated a little to the west. The harbor is rather small, admitting only merchant vessels and sloops of war; but the roadstead is capacious and secure. Part of the suburb, called Kastrados, stands on the site of the ancient town of Coreyra. In front of Corfu, at the distance of about a mile, is the island of Vido, anciently called Ptichia, where the lazaretto is kept. It is protected by a treble range of batteries, and forms a strong outwork to the fortifications of the harbor. When you have passed through the ramparts that inclose the town of Corfu, novelty meets the foreigner at every step. Groves of olives; little white churches, not larger than an English cottage, standing apart in some leafy solitude; ruined columns, lying prostrate on the site of some ancient heathen temple; groups of peasants in strange and picturesque attire; and dark-eyed girls, assembled round fountains in the evening, and bearing away their classically-shaped pitchers on their heads, make up the objects which are to be met with in every direction. A great number of plants and flowers, besides those with which we are familiar, are indigenous to Corfu; and the island offers a more fertile field for floriculture and botany than any space of like extent in the world. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the poets of old made this island the scene of the famous gardens of Alcinous.

The annexed view of the town and citadel was taken from the height on the left of the One-gun Battery road. At the left of the engraving is represented the country-house, built by Sir F. Adam, when lord high commissioner, in the years 1826-27. Unfortunately, it proved to be unhealthy, from the marshy land around it. Of late years, however, a great improvement in this respect has taken place, by the drainage of some of the land, and by the formation of a road which passes by the entrance of these grounds, on the One-gun Battery road. Towards the centre of the sketch is that portion of the town of Corfu which looks on the military parade-ground between it and the citadel, at the end of which is situated the palace of St. Michael and St. George, the residence of the lord high commissioner. It is built of Maltese stone, and is one of the prettiest buildings of the kind in existence. Adjoining it is the military library, of similar construction. The steeple, so conspicuous in the view, is that of the church of St. Spiridione, the patron saint of the island—one of the richest and most beautiful churches in Corfu. Here the body of the saint reposes, and at stated periods in the year it is carried in grand procession around the town, attended by all the Greek ecclesiastical functionaries of the island. The body of this saint is the property of the Bulgari family, having been confined to them by Venetian ordinances in the years 1669 and 1775. The rock on which the citadel stands is of imposing appearance, and is strongly fortified. A wide ditch, over which is a large drawbridge, separates it from the town. On its top is a lighthouse, to guide vessels on their way through the north channel. In the distance, on the left, is the Mountain of St. Salvador, in the island; and beyond, on the right, are the mountains of Albania, the tops of which are for the most part of the year covered with snow.

THE COSTUMES.

The females of each village in Corfu have a distinguishing costume, which they wear on holidays; and on these occasions the men also put on their best attire, usually adding an Albanian or other scarf, with a jacket suitable to the season. But the universal dress for the men is the loose breeches and capote—a pipe being an indispensable companion.

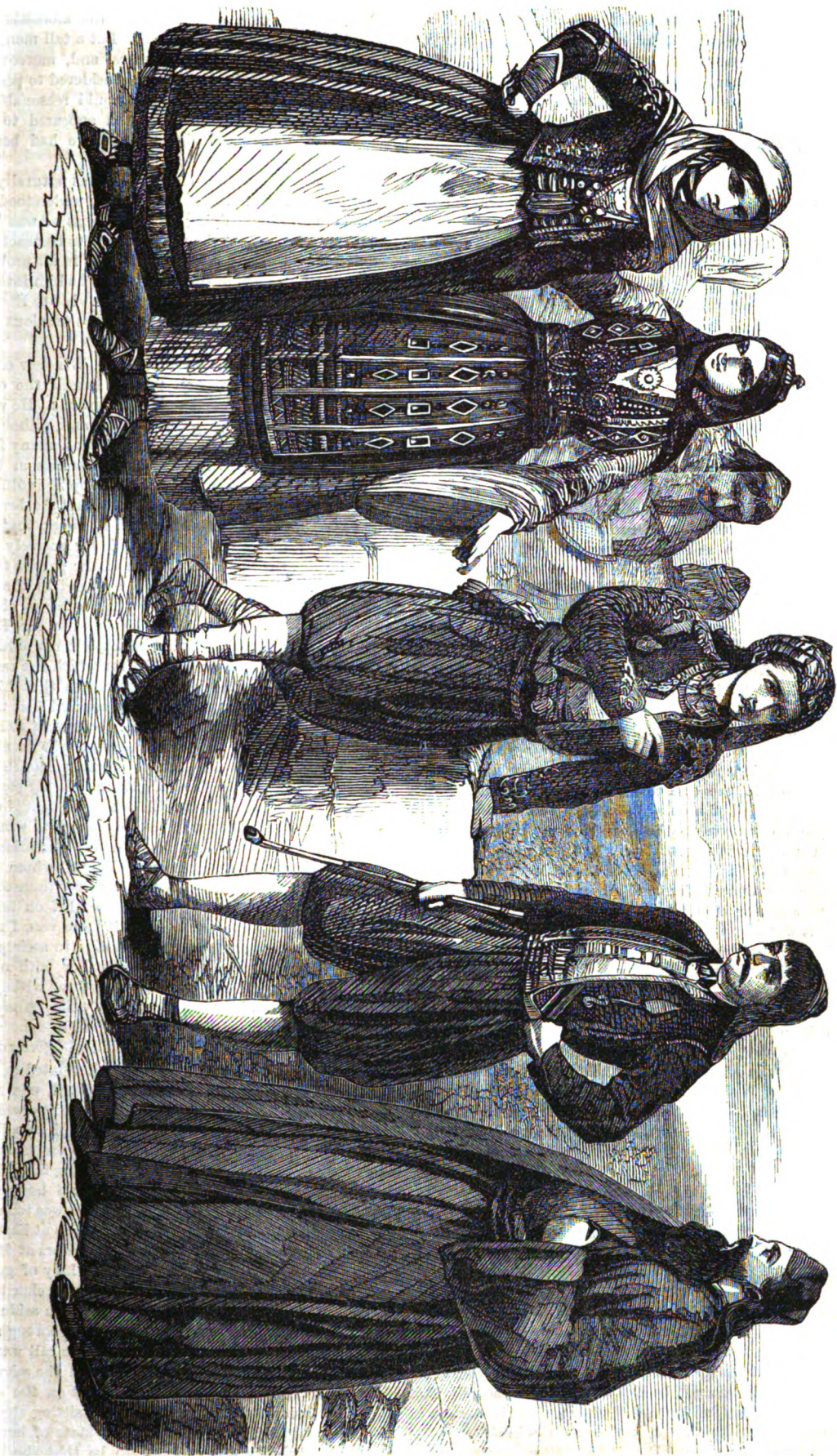
THE HANDS.—Nothing contributes more to the elegance and refinement of a lady's appearance than a beautiful hand. A well-formed hand, white and soft, with tapering, rosy-tinted fingers and polished nails, is a rare gift; but where Nature has denied symmetry of form and outline it is easy, by proper care and attention, to obtain a delicacy of color and a grace of movement which will place it sufficiently near the standard of beauty to render it attractive. Gloves should be worn at every opportunity, and these ought invariably to be of kid or soft leather. Silk gloves or mittens, although a pretty contrivance, are far from fulfilling the desired object. Night gloves are considered best, from the unctuous substances with which they are prepared, to make the hands white and soft, but they are attended with inconvenience, besides being very unwholesome. A moderately warm bran poultice laid on the hands about once during a week is a very excellent application. It must be remembered that the color of the skin of the hands, in common with that of the whole body, is dependent, in a great measure, on the general state of the health. The hands should be washed in tepid water, as cold hardens them and predisposes to roughness and chaps, while water beyond a certain heat makes them shrivelled and wrinkled. In drying them they ought to be well rubbed with a moderately coarse towel, as friction always promotes a soft and polished surface. Stains from ink or other causes should be immediately removed with salt and lemon-juice; a bottle of this mixture should stand ready for use on every toilet. The soaps to be preferred are such as are free from all alkaline impurities. The palm of the hand and the tips of the fingers should be of a pale pink color. The growth and preservation of the nails depend, in a great degree, upon the treatment they receive; they ought to be frequently cut in a circular form, neither too flat nor too pointed. The root, which is sometimes called the half-moon, from its crescent shape, should be always visible.





VIEW OF THE TOWN AND CITADEL OF CORFU, TAKEN FROM THE LEFT OF THE ONE-GUN BATTERY.—SEE PAGE 207.





SUNDAY DRESS.

HOLIDAY COSTUME.

SUNDAY DRESS.

ORDINARY COSTUME.

GREEK PEASANT.

COSTUMES IN CORFU.



"ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD."

CHAPTER I.

MR. WINSLOW, a highly respectable member of the Stock Exchange, died at the venerable age of seventy-six, leaving behind him a charming widow, who had scarcely numbered half those years, with a fortune amounting to somewhere about thirty thousand pounds.

Now, a widow on the sunny side of forty, handsome, agreeable, and moreover, the absolute mistress of thirty thousand pounds, is not an every-day occurrence; and many a single gentleman will say to himself in such a case, "This is something worth looking after;" and he looks after it accordingly. Therefore, it was that Mrs. Winslow, who, when a girl, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, had only found one really marrying lover in the person of a man old enough to be her grandfather, now, at thirty-eight, was surrounded by a host of worshippers of all ages and professions—from young Harry Lee, the lawyer's clerk of twenty, to the grave Dr. Portland, a physician of sixty-five, who, in virtue of being more than ten years younger than the departed husband, considered himself quite a juvenile person as regarded his pretensions to step into the shoes which that gentleman had vacated.

Mrs. Winslow had been very happy with her elderly mate, and had made him an excellent wife, being ever his cheerful companion in health and his tender nurse in sickness; still, when it came to the choice of his successor, she thought it would be just as well to select one who was likely to want more of the companionship and less of the nursing; consequently, she decided against all who were either much younger or much older than herself. She had married Mr. Winslow because he offered a good home to her invalid mother, whose delicate health required more comforts than her narrow income would afford, so that such an offer was not to be slighted; and as Mary was free from any sentimental attachment that might have given an "Auld Robin Gray" aspect to the affair, she gratefully accepted the good fortune that Providence had thrown in her way, and a very comfortable arrangement it turned out to be.

However, all things must come to an end, and when this rule was exemplified in the case of Mr. Winslow, his widow, after the customary period of mourning had expired, began to think it would be no treason to the dead if she were to supply his place with a living representative. But she soon discovered that it is quite as difficult an affair to take a husband as it is to take a house when you desire to change your condition or your locality. In either case the exterior may seem to do well enough, but when you come to inquire within there is always some objection; it never exactly suits; and so you look and consider, and look again, and finally make up your mind to decline.

Numerous were the offers thus rejected by Mrs. Winslow, till, at length, it so happened that she went, for the enjoyment of the sea breezes, to Scarborough, and located herself at the most fashionable boarding-house in the place. Here she speedily attracted considerable attention as being a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of fair widows, whose incomes might vary from four to eight hundred a year, that graced the sphere of Mrs. Pilkington's highly-respectable and well-conducted establishment.

But if Mrs. Winslow, with her manifold charms and her more ample dowry, eclipsed the lesser lights of Bloomingdale House, there was not wanting amongst those of the opposite sex who were temporary inmates of that pleasant abode, one bright, particular orb that outshone all the rest of his kind.

This luminary was the Hon. Charles Kingston, nephew and heir presumptive of Lord Eastburn, a wealthy nobleman, the owner of several extensive manors in Yorkshire and the adjoining counties. His lordship had, on account of ill-health, resided for some years in Italy, and Mr. Kingston, who was born in that country, but educated in England, had, after his three years at Cambridge, lived chiefly abroad, having no ties in this country except his prospective heirship. He was now about five-and-forty, not handsome, but extremely agreeable; and as he had

large dark eyes, and very black moustaches, he passed for a tolerably good-looking man, notwithstanding the ordinary cast of his countenance, which, but for the aforesaid advantages, would have been decidedly plain. But a tall man, with a good figure, fine eyes, pleasant manners, and, moreover, heir to a rich lordship, certainly might be considered to possess as many attractions as any one individual could reasonably claim, and so the Honorable Charles Kingston appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the good gifts that nature had bestowed upon him.

Now, as a great deal of curiosity was naturally felt about a person so gifted, it was soon generally understood that his uncle was in an almost dying state, and that he was himself only sojourning for a short time in England, to transact certain business relative to the estates, that would, in all probability, soon be his own, which business had brought him into that part of the country, as he was obliged to pay a visit to Eastburn Castle, where he had been staying for some days previous to his arrival at Scarborough.

Under all these circumstances, Mrs. Winslow could not feel otherwise than flattered on finding herself the object of Mr. Kingston's undivided and serious attentions. He was evidently captivated; everybody perceived it; and, although the lady had to endure much covert sneering and many innuendoes, to the effect that she had entrapped the gentleman by her artful ways, she bore it all with that philosophic indifference which people are apt to exhibit to the sneers that are levelled against their good luck. It must be owned, however, that the proceedings were rather hastily conducted, for scarcely a week had elapsed since the first introduction of the parties to each other, when Mrs. Winslow found herself engaged to the future earl, not absolutely, but conditionally, in so far as she made it a point that, before she bestowed her hand on Mr. Kingston, she should be quite satisfied that no objection would arise on the part of Lord Eastburn or his lady, for which she required a better guarantee than her lover's assurances that his uncle and aunt were so desirous of seeing him married that they were not at all likely to object to any one he thought fit to select. However, as he found that his bare assertion was insufficient to remove her scruples, and he had yet another month to remain in England, he wrote to Lord Eastburn, simply stating that he had met with a lady at last with whom he thought he could be very happy, and had been fortunate enough to win her regard. "She is a widow," he said, "and a very charming person, indeed; extremely like the Countess Veroni, whom you so much admire. She has money—twenty or thirty thousand pounds, I believe—but that will, of course, be settled on herself, as it is of no consideration to me, nor will it be to you, I know, except as it vouches for her respectable position in society. Now, my dear uncle, as I am anxious to bring her with me to Naples when I return, and she will not marry me without your full consent, I do earnestly beg of you to write immediately, and, in the meanwhile, I shall be making all the needful preparations for an event that, I flatter myself, will give you pleasure."

This letter, the greater part of which related to the business that had brought Mr. Kingston to England, was read by Mrs. Winslow, who, judging from its tone, that there was little doubt of his lordship's approval, thought it would be advisable to go to London forthwith in order to prepare for her approaching marriage, as the time was short, considering how many dresses, bonnets, cloaks, and other varieties would have to be manufactured for the occasion, and Mr. Kingston was to follow her in a few days, having still some affairs to arrange at Eastburn Castle.

Now, it happened that, among the visitors at Bloomingdale House, there was a Mrs. Pomfret, an old lady of good fortune, who had the reputation of being a very charitable person, one of those good Samaritans who never turn aside from a case of distress. She was well known at Scarborough and in its vicinity, and seldom a day passed but some call was made upon her benevolence, so that she had acquired the *sobriquet* of "My Lady Bountiful." It also happened that on the day previous to Mrs. Winslow's departure, as she was sitting alone with Mrs. Pomfret, discoursing on the pleasant state of her own affairs, and the probability there seemed to be that she might at no very remote period assume the dignities belonging to the mis-

tress of Eastburn Castle, a card was brought to the old lady, on which was inscribed the name of the curate of an adjoining parish.

"Mr. Lindsay!" said Mrs. Pomfret. "Show him in, James."

Mr. Lindsay came in, and Mrs. Winslow was about to retire, but he changed her purpose by saying:

"May I beg, madam, that you will remain for a few moments. My errand is one of charity, and I should be glad to enlist your sympathies in the cause I have undertaken to plead."

Mrs. Winslow sat down again. She was struck with the voice, looks and manner of the reverend gentleman, whom she mentally pronounced to be the most elegant man she had ever seen in her life. He was about the same age as Mr. Kingston, tall and finely formed, with a remarkably handsome countenance, so full of goodness and benignity, that in looking upon it you could not but feel that he was one eminently calculated to fulfil the duties of his sacred calling. His voice was deep-toned and musical, and there was a graceful eloquence in all he said that was sure to win its way to the heart, and greatly assist towards the success of any benevolent mission with which he was charged. On the present occasion he had come to solicit the aid of Mrs. Pomfret on behalf of a poor family left destitute by the sudden death of the father, nor did he plead in vain, for the good lady not only gave the means of present relief, but promised to interest herself for the future welfare of the distressed widow and her children. Mrs. Winslow was interested also; and, moreover, she thought she should like to appear amiable in the eyes of this very fascinating advocate; therefore she contributed what she called "her mite," and a pretty large "mite" it was.

The gentleman looked at her with an approving smile, and while his tongue spoke in praise of her benevolence his eyes paid a very flattering tribute to her beauty.

"What a delightful man!" she said, as soon as he had taken his leave.

"Yes, he is, my dear," was the reply, "and one of the best creatures in the world. It is a pity his means are so limited. I cannot imagine how he contrives to do as much good as he does with his small income, for there is not a poor person in the parish but speaks of his charity and kindness."

"Indeed! And so handsome and agreeable, too. Is he married?"

"No, he is too poor to think of marrying. I don't know how he would be able to keep a wife and family upon one hundred a year. It is really a shame that such men should be so ill paid."

Mrs. Winslow was of the same opinion, and the old lady added, with a smile, "What a pity it is, my dear, that you are engaged; he would be just the thing for you, and would make a most excellent husband, I'm sure. I only wish I was as young as you are. I could see he was admiring you the whole time he was here."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the widow, laughing and blushing.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Pomfret. "He certainly was struck with your appearance, and I daresay he will be asking me something about you. However, I am afraid that, even if Mr. Kingston had not been in the way, poor Mr. Lindsay would have but little chance."

"Oh, I don't know that," responded the widow, gaily. "And if Mr. Kingston should give me the slip, after all, there's no telling where I might look for consolation."

#### CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Winslow was one of those happy individuals who, having money, are not troubled with poor relations. In fact, she had no relations of any kind in England that she knew of, except an uncle and aunt in easy circumstances, who resided at Blackheath, and as she had given up her own house in town, she accepted an invitation to stay with them till her marriage. Their abode was a pretty cottage *ornde* on the edge of the heath, where they lived in a quiet, comfortable manner, enjoying the good things of this world with thankful hearts and smiling faces. Their only child, a daughter, married at an early age,

and went with her husband to the West Indies, where she died, leaving two little boys, who had been educated in England, but were now gone back to their father in Barbadoes; and as they were the natural heirs to their grandfather's property, Mrs. Winslow had no expectations in that quarter. But she was very fond of her uncle and aunt, and gladly availed herself of their hospitality for the period that would intervene between her leaving Scarborough and the celebration of her nuptials.

"So, Mary, you are going to be a countess, oh? And then I suppose you will look down upon such humble folks as we are," said Mr. Barham, after the usual greetings had passed.

"Nay, uncle, you know better than that. If I were going to be a queen I should never look down upon you."

"No, my dear, I do not believe you would. But Mr. Kingston, Mary—I hope he's the right sort of man. There is an old saying, you know, 'All that glitters is not gold.'"

"Very true, uncle; but I think you will like Mr. Kingston. He is a very pleasant, gentlemanly man, I assure you."

"No doubt—no doubt. They are all pleasant and gentlemanly when they have an object to gain. However, we shall see."

It was nearly a fortnight before Mr. Kingston made his appearance at Blackheath, but he had written several times in the interim from Eastburn Castle, where he had been detained, he said, longer than he expected. At length he came, bringing with him a letter he had just received from Naples, in which Lord Eastburn expressed his unqualified approbation of his nephew's intended marriage, and his earnest desire to see the bride in Italy as soon as possible.

"I want you back, my dear Charles," he wrote, "for I cannot get on without you; and Lady Eastburn is quite impatient for the society of your wife, as there is a great dearth of English ladies here at present; therefore I hope you will make all convenient speed and be with us in three weeks time at the latest."

Mrs. Winslow was equally gratified and flurried by this satisfactory epistle, which did away with all fear of not being kindly received by her future noble relatives, but at the same time threw her into a state of extreme confusion on account of the many preparations she had to make, and the short time in which they had to be made.

"Oh, never mind the outfit," said Mr. Kingston, laughing; "it can be sent after you; and we shall stay a few days in Paris, where you may get caps and bonnets enough to last to all eternity."

Upon the strength of these promises, it was settled that the wedding should take place on that day week, and that Mr. Kingston should go to his uncle's lawyer on the morrow to give instructions for the drawing up of the deeds of settlement. He dined at Blackheath, and was certainly treated by Mr. and Mrs. Barham with the courtesy due to a man of high rank, yet there was a want of cordiality in the manner of the host that did not escape Mrs. Winslow's observation, and was rather disappointing to her.

"Well, uncle," she said, as soon as the guest had departed, "what do you think of Mr. Kingston?"

"I don't know, Mary."

"My dear sir, you must have formed some sort of opinion about him."

"Well, yes."

"Then it is not a favorable one, or you would not be so reluctant to express it."

"Hem! why, to say the truth, my dear, there is something about him I do not like."

"What is it, uncle?"

"That is more than I can tell you, child. It is something I cannot define to myself, yet—I do not like him."

"Well, but, my dear," remonstrated his wife, "is not that an unjust prejudice?"

"It is not a prejudice, my love, it is an impression. A prejudice is something we cling to in spite of conviction, whereas I should be glad, for Mary's sake, to get rid of the uncomfortable feeling I have respecting this gentleman. You know, Mary, it is only an impression, and it may be a very wrong one."

"I hope it is, sir; and, really, I do not see what foundation

you can possibly have for thinking ill of a person you know nothing of, and a person of his consequence too."

"I cannot help it, my dear, and as you asked my opinion, I was bound to speak my thoughts; otherwise, I should have said nothing."

"Oh, that would have been infinitely worse. However," she continued, recovering her good humor, "I hope you will alter your opinion before next Thursday, and give me away with more gracious looks than you bestowed on poor Charles-to-day."

"I will do my best, child, and I trust you will be happy."

The week passed rapidly away. Mrs. Winslow went to town every day to confer with her milliner, and to do a vast quantity of shopping, and Mr. Kingston generally accompanied her back to a late dinner. Thus Mr. Barham had an opportunity of seeing more of him, but he did not display any increase of cordiality—on the contrary, his manner grew even more constrained, and his coldness was so obvious, that it was strange Mr. Kingston did not notice it. A draft of the deed of settlement had been sent down by Messrs. Lawson and Jay, Lord Eastburn's solicitors, for Mr. Barham's approval, and it was so liberal that he could not find any fault with it; nor did he give himself any further trouble about the matter, as the well-known respectability of the firm was a sufficient guarantee for the uprightness of its proceedings.

Mrs. Winslow called one morning with Mr. Kingston at the lawyer's office, and heard several papers read over, to which Mr. Kingston affixed his signature, but she was so bewildered by their technicalities that she begged all the preliminaries might be completed without her attendance; on which Mr. Lawson, the chief partner, a grave old gentleman, who wore spectacles, explained to her that all the necessary forms for securing her own property to herself had been gone through, but that before any additional settlement could be made it would be necessary to obtain Lord Eastburn's signature to certain documents which were already sent to him for that purpose.

"There will be no occasion to delay your marriage on that account," said Mr. Lawson. "The papers will be returned to us, and we shall forward the copies, properly attested, to Mr. Barham. That is all that is requisite."

The papers in question referred to a handsome jointure to be settled on the future Mrs. Kingston, in case of her husband's demise before his accession to the title and estate of the noble earl; but as Mrs. Winslow had no apprehensions on that head, she was not at all anxious as to this part of the arrangement; her only sentiment respecting it being admiration of her lover's generosity.

So the wedding-day came. The ceremony was to be performed at Blackheath, and a sumptuous breakfast was prepared at the house of Mr. Barham, to which about twenty people were invited, including the bridesmaids, two young ladies of the neighborhood, who were highly delighted at being selected for that interesting office, as the bride had presented each with a very pretty dress to be worn on the occasion. She was herself arrayed in rich white silk, with the most beautiful little bonnet imaginable, shaded with a costly veil of Brussels lace. Her ornaments, bouquet, and all the minor appointments were in exceeding good taste, and everybody agreed that she looked remarkably handsome. The bridegroom had slept at the hotel close by, and it was arranged that he should meet the bride and her party at the church at ten o'clock. The officiating clergyman was to return with the bridal train, after the ceremony, to breakfast, after which the newly-married pair were to set off for Paris.

It was nearly half-past ten, and the expectant bridegroom was getting rather impatient, when four carriages, containing the lady herself, her aunt and uncle, the two bridesmaids, and those favored guests who had been invited to assist at the ceremonial, drove up to the church-door. There was a great crowd assembled, of course, and many had forced their way into the church, notwithstanding the efforts of the officials to keep it as clear as possible.

The company were ranged before the altar, and the ceremony was commenced. The preliminary sentences were read, and the venerable clergyman, an old man with very gray hair and

a most benevolent countenance, pronounced in a slow and solemn tone the charge—"If any man can show just cause," &c., when, to the surprise and consternation of the whole party, a gentleman came forward and said:

"I can show cause why this marriage should not proceed."

The clergyman shut his book, and looked at the intruder for an explanation. The bride was greatly agitated, the bridegroom in a towering rage, and all the rest on the tip-toe of curiosity.

"He is a madman, escaped from some lunatic asylum," exclaimed Mr. Kingston. "I beg, sir, you will go on with the ceremony."

"I cannot do that," replied the reverend gentleman, "till I am certified that there is no sufficient cause for the interruption. What have you to allege," he continued, turning to the stranger, "as an obstacle to the marriage of these two persons?"

"Simply this. I am the person this lady supposes she is marrying, and this man is an impostor, a counterfeit!"

The accused turned red and pale alternately; he raised his arm as if he would have struck his opponent; and, as soon as he could find voice to speak, vociferated—"It's a lie—a base lie! I am Charles Kingston, and can prove it before all the world!"

"Your language is unbecoming," said the clergyman, gravely; "remember where you are—this is no place for violence."

"Then I insist upon your going on with the ceremony."

"No, no," said Mr. Barham, "I object to that. We must know first what all this means."

"Follow me," said the clergyman, and he led the way to the vestry-room, followed by the whole party, Mrs. Winslow, pale and trembling, leaning on the arm of her uncle, who could not help feeling rejoiced at an occurrence that promised to put an end to the affair, so great had been his dislike to the husband elect. The stranger was evidently a gentleman, elegant in person, with a certain air of ease and fashion that announced him as belonging to the upper circles.

"I have no right," he said, "to prevent this lady from bestowing her hand on Mr. Kingston if she thinks proper; but I do consider it my duty to undeceive her with respect to the individuality of that person. That his name is Charles Kingston, I believe; but I also am Charles Kingston, and it is I who am nephew to the Earl of Eastburn. This is not the first time my namesake has represented me, as I think he will not venture to deny, when I recall to his memory two or three circumstances connected with his achievements in that way."

Everybody now looked round for the discomfited hero of the day, who was, however, nowhere to be seen. He had slipped out of the church unperceived, and no one thought it worth while to take any means of discovering his retreat. Mrs. Winslow had good sense enough to feel more gratitude for her escape than mortification at the disappointment; and the whole party, with the addition of the real Mr. Kingston, returned to the cottage, and enjoyed the wedding breakfast just as much as if there had been an actual wedding.

It appeared from the revelations of the unexpected visitor, that the accomplished swindler had lived at free cost for some years by personating him in different cities, and that he had abettors in Naples with whom he was in correspondence, and there could be no doubt, he said, that the letter exhibited as coming from Lord Eastburn was written by his accomplices.

Mr. Barham exulted not a little in the clearness of his own judgment. "I saw something in the fellow from the very first," he said, "that made me suspect that he was not what he ought to be; but it was no use trying to make the women see as I did. He had contrived to throw dust in their eyes."

"It has not dimmed their lustre, however," replied Mr. Kingston, glancing at the late bride elect, who had quickly recovered her wonted cheerfulness, and received the compliment with a radiant smile that might have borne a suspicious character had not the gentleman already proclaimed himself a married man.

By subsequent inquiries it appeared that Messrs. Lawson and Jay, the very respectable solicitors who managed the affairs of Lord Eastburn, knew nothing whatever of the transaction in



## JONATHAN SWIFT.

THERE exists in the common mind of man a great desire to visit or inquire after spots connected with celebrated men, or events of historical interest. Samuel Johnson, who was never carried away by mere sentiment, says that he envied not the man who could tread unmoved the plains of Marathon. The gentler heart of humanity, however, attaches more value to those places which have been the cradles, homes or tombs of poets and philosophers, than of conquerors and kings.

In accordance with this spirit we present engravings of two places rendered for ever interesting by their being where Jonathan Swift passed the brightest years of his strange and gloomy life. It is not our intention to give a biography of this wonderful specimen of all that is anomalous in the human mind, but merely



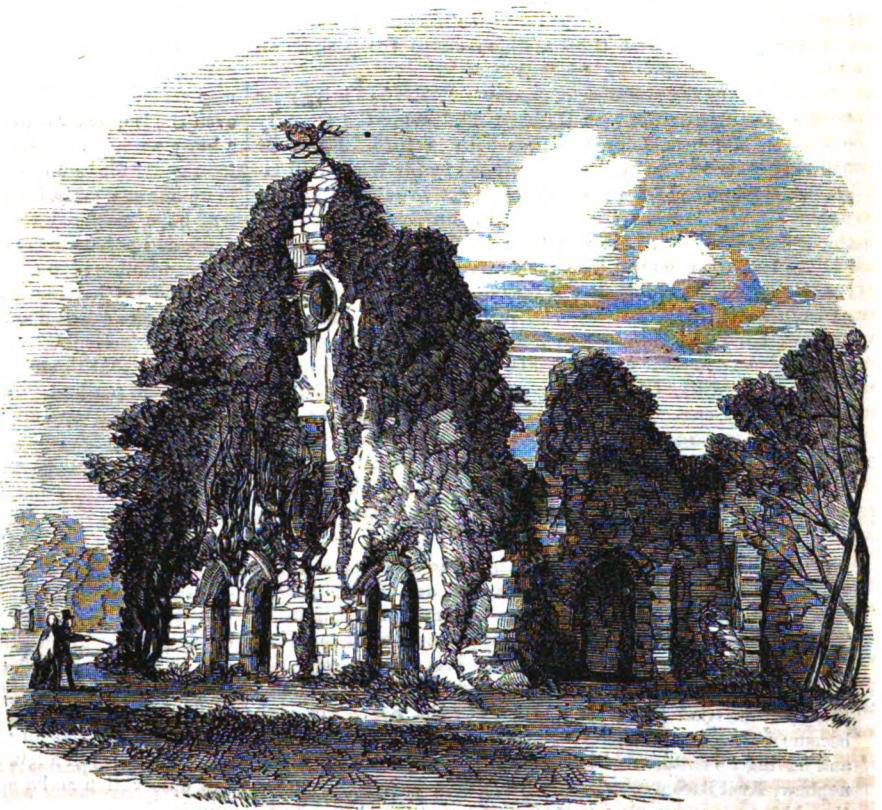
SWIFT'S COTTAGE, MOOR PARK, SURREY, ENGLAND.

which their names had been used. The office visited by Mrs. Winslow was not their office, but a place hired and littered with papers for the purpose of deceiving her; and the old gentleman in spectacles, calling himself Mr. Lawson, was a fictitious lawyer got up for the occasion, which the lady might have discovered had she been more acquainted with business of that nature, as the whole process was full of informalities.

In the following autumn Mrs. Winslow paid another visit to Scarborough. Old Mrs. Pomfret was still there, and although that excellent lady was by no means addicted to match-making, she could not help thinking of the blessings innumerable that would flow from Mrs. Winslow's handsome fortune if it were entrusted to so beneficent a dispenser as the Rev. Mr. Lindsay. It was in this philanthropic spirit she took especial pains to bring them together; and as there was already a prepossession on both sides favorable to her views, it was not surprising that the charming widow, having gained wisdom by experience, should choose a better investment for her affections as well as her property than a counterfeit noble, whose gilded surface had fully illustrated the truth of her uncle's favorite adage: "All that glitters is not gold."

to confine ourselves to a brief reference to our illustrations.

Swift, who was born in Dublin, received his early education



RUINS OF THE CISTERCIAN ABBEY, NEAR MOOR PARK, SURREY, ENGLAND.



in Kilkenny, and matriculated in Trinity College, Dublin. In his twenty-first year he went to England, to visit his mother, who was then residing in Leicester. In addition to a dutiful wish to see his only surviving parent, he was anxious to consult her as to his future employment in life. She recommended him to apply to Sir William Temple, who had married a relative of hers. Swift took this advice, and after arriving at Moor Park, where Sir William Temple resided, was received with so much cordiality that he remained with him for the space of eight years. Here he had an excellent library to refer to, and to this length of leisure much of his future celebrity must be ascribed. In the midst of this feast of knowledge he was prostrated by a violent fit of sickness, and being advised to try his native air, he very unwillingly left the literary ease and elegance of Moor Park for Dublin.

Deriving small improvement from the change, he returned to Sir William Temple. Having remained two years longer he became dissatisfied with his patron, whom he thought was not so earnest in forwarding his interests as he ought to have been, and once more bending his restless steps to Dublin introduced himself to Lord Capel, the deputy governor of Ireland, who bestowed upon him the prebend of Kilroot in the diocese of Connor. Here, however, he missed the charming society and lettered quiet of Moor Park, and after one year's recluse dwelling in Kilroot, he once more became an inmate of Moor Park. It was at this time that he became acquainted with Esther Johnson, afterwards so famous as Stella, and it was also during this last residence that he wrote the "Tale of a Tub" and the "Battle of the Books." In 1699 Sir William Temple died, leaving to his protégé a legacy in money, with the unpleasant task of editing his works.

Moor Park lies in a richly-wooded valley close to the ruins of the old Cistercian Abbey of Waverley, within two or three miles of the town of Farnham, in Surrey. It was originally called Compton Hall, subsequently Moor Hall, and finally Moor Park. The estate, including moors, woods and meadow-land, embraces about four hundred acres, of which sixty are occupied by plantations and gardens immediately surrounding the house. The only alteration which appears to have been made in the estate from the earliest period consists in the modernisation of the pleasure-grounds; in all other respects it remains as it was in the sixteenth century, except that time has greatly increased the growth of the forest timber, which clasps the park on all sides.

The first recorded possessor of Compton Hall was Sir Thomas Clarke, who died on the 18th March, 1633, leaving the property to his son and heir, John, who was born in 1625. From the family of that gentleman it was purchased by Sir William Temple, when he retired from the cares of an active public career, in 1686. Sir William was the son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland. He was born in London, in 1628, and educated at Cambridge. The incidents of his life are so intimately interwoven with the history of the period that it will be sufficient to indicate the chief points. Having completed the grand tour, he returned to England in 1654, and married Dorothy, the daughter of Sir Peter Osborne. After the Restoration he entered the Irish Parliament; in 1665, and subsequent years, he was engaged in diplomatic missions; and, returning to England towards the close of the reign of Charles II., he ultimately withdrew to Moor Park, where he died at the end of 1700. His heart, agreeable to the instructions in his will, was buried in a silver box under a sundial, which still stands in the grounds within a few yards of the house.

Sir William Temple had a son, John, who married a French Protestant lady, and who died by his own act during Sir William's lifetime, leaving two daughters, Dorothy and Elizabeth. Sir William bequeathed the bulk of his property to these ladies, on condition that they did not marry Frenchmen. Dorothy married Nicholas Bacon, Esq., of Shrubland, in Suffolk; and Elizabeth married her cousin, John Temple, Esq. Elizabeth became possessor of Moor Park, and, surviving her husband, and having no children of her own, she left the estates to her nephew, Basil Bacon, Esq. This gentleman took down part of the old house, and made a new south front, facing the sundial. After this time the house and grounds were suffered to fall into

decay; but about 1796 they were restored and improved by Mr Tenison, a London merchant, who took Moor Park on a lease. He levelled the old terraces, drained the swamps between the river and the canal, which in the Dutch taste formed, and still continues to form, one of the ornaments of the grounds, and planted numerous fruit-trees, shrubs and plantations about the lawn and gardens. Mr. Basil Bacon having devised his property to his youngest brother, in tail remainder to several persons named in his will, Moor Park descended to Charles Williams, Esq., an officer in the army, who, under the conditions of the will, took the name of Bacon. The ownership of the estate remains in his family up to the present time.

Amongst the prominent objects of interest at Moor Park is the cottage where Swift used to sleep when he resided here with Sir William Temple, and which we have engraved. It is on the roadside, at the extremity of the park, with a little garden before it, and bears an inscription over the door suitable to its one great literary memory; the said inscription struggling for notice with an announcement in the window which informs the thirsty passer-by that he may procure lemonade or ginger-beer within. It was in this place Swift first saw Stella, the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, Johnson. Another sight not to be overlooked is a cavern in the sand rock on the path through the wood that leads to Swift's cottage. It is commonly called Mother Lullow's Hole, from a tradition which assigns it as the residence of a witch of that name; but it was anciently called Lud Well, from a spring of pure water which rises here, and discharges its refreshing stream at the base of the natural grotto. The Cistercian monks residing at Waverley on the opposite side of the river drew their supplies of fresh water from this spring, by means of underground pipes communicating from the well to the abbey. By them the spring was called St. Mary's Well.

Moor Park has frequently received the honor of royal visits. Charles II., James II., and William III. repeatedly visited Temple here; and two months have scarcely elapsed since its romantic glades and noble terrace were trodden by Queen Victoria.

#### A WOMAN'S CHARACTERISTICS.

THE most obvious characteristics of the feminine intellect are delicacy of perceptive power and rapidity of movement. A woman sees a thousand things which escape a man. Physically even she is quicker sighted. A girl is a better bird-nester than a boy; a woman marks a thing which passes over a man's eye too rapidly for him to perceive it. Mentally she takes in many more impressions in the same time than a man does. A woman will have mastered the minutest details in another woman's dress, and noted all the evidences of character in her face before a man who has been equally occupied in examining her knows the details of her features.

If we were called upon to indicate the most marked and deep-seated distinction between the minds of men and women, we should say that the minds of men rested in generals and were stored with particulars, and that the minds of women rested in particulars and were prolific in general ideas. Men, it is said, are occupied with facts, and so they are; but it is the characteristic of the highest and most typically masculine intellects always to be pressing through facts on the principle which binds them together, and to base their lives and practice on the results thus attained. Women, it is said, are always rushing into general ideas; so they are; but it is as a way to particular facts, and they move from and are guided by the special relations thus deduced. The women, we repeat, base themselves on the general ideas, but move from the deduced fact; the men base themselves on the facts and move from the deduced principle. And the mind of a woman is more fluid, as it were, than that of a man; it moves more easily, and its operations have a less cohesive and permanent character. A woman thinks transiently and in a hand-to-mouth sort of way. She makes a new observation and a new deduction from each case, and constantly also a new general idea. A man, less quick and less fertile, accumulates facts, collects them in classes, and combines

them by principles; a woman's mind is a running stream, ever emptying itself and ever freshly supplied. She takes a bucketful when she wants it. A man's mind is a reservoir arranged to work a water-wheel.

Women are scarcely less steady and persevering than men in the pursuit of practical ends; they are more full of resources and expedients; they have a greater appreciation of and a far greater power of wielding small and indirect influences—they have tact; but they do not discuss practical matters efficiently when met together; they become discursive, set larks and run hares; each is occupied with her own idea, and several speak together. They do the work excellently; they do not shine in the committee-room. Connected with these distinctions is the fact that the knowledge of women is for the most part direct, unreserved and unclassified; they differ from men in having far more varied, subtle and numerous inlets to knowledge; and they rely upon these, and do not care to remember and arrange previous experience as a man does.

A lady will look a servant who comes to be hired in the face, and say he is not honest. She cannot tell you why she thinks so. She says she does not like his expression, she *feels* he is not honest; no consideration would induce her to take him into her service. He has the best of characters, and you engage him; he robs you—you may be quite sure he will do that. Years after another man comes; the same lady looks him in the face, and says he too is not honest; she says so again fresh from her mere insight; but you also say he is not honest. You say I remember I had a servant with just the same look about him three years ago, and he robbed me. This is one destination of the female intellect; it walks directly and unconsciously, by more delicate insight and a more refined and more trusted intuition, to an end to which men's minds grope carefully and ploddingly along.

Women have exercised a most beneficial influence in softening the hard and untruthful outline which knowledge is apt to assume in the hands of direct scientific observers and experimenters; they have prevented the casting aside of a mass of most valuable truth, which is too fine to be caught in the material sieve and eludes the closest questioning of the microscope and the test-glass; which is allied with our passions, our feelings, and especially holds the boundary-line where mind and matter, sense and spirit, wave their floating and indistinguishable boundaries and exercise their complex action and reaction. Women, acting faithfully on their intuitions in such things, and justified by the event, teach men also to rely upon them in their lives, to give them place in their philosophy; and incalculably widening, ennobling and refining is the influence they have thus had upon what the world calls its knowledge. But their influence, like their knowledge, has been direct, immediate, applied to particular cases; and it has never, therefore, been very generally recognised, or moved in us the gratitude that is due from us.

#### SOCIAL LIFE OF ENGLAND BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR.

LIVING in our days we can hardly picture the England of our forefathers, with its vast fens, intersected only here and there by cultivated districts, and its forests stretching for miles, which Charles had increased into interminable jungles—those dreary fens now clothed with golden harvests, those wild woods now covered with factories and a forest of chimneys. The old towns have long outgrown their walls, like shells, and cast them off as useless; a few old picturesque timbered houses—monuments of departed greatness—still stand in what are now but back lanes. We turn to actual facts, and are surprised to find that Coventry, in 1642, only numbered nine thousand five hundred inhabitants, and that the population of Worcester was scarcely seven thousand eight hundred.

Communication between one town and another a few miles off was less frequent than that now between New York and a third-rate seaport. The common roads were in winter time impassable, and our ancestors were indebted for their best highways and waterways not to their own skill and labor, but to that of the Romans—the best roads for traffic being still the Fosse

Way, the Icknield and Watling streets, and the Fosse Canal. The conveyance of goods was very expensive, besides very uncertain, the cost seeming to have varied with the pleasure or avarice of every different carrier; thus we find that a kitchen jack, the price of which, by the way, was 30s., cost 2s. coming from Oxford to Hereford, whereas a very small parcel from London to Worcester was 1s. 4d. Charles had already established a rude postal communication, which was more skilful in losing than delivering letters, but which was swept away during the civil war, and we find, therefore, that the price for the postage of letters was equally uncertain; although, from London to Hereford the charge would appear, just at the commencement of the struggle, to have been somewhere about 1s., and an answer could not be obtained much under ten days by the carrier. For any opportunity of purchasing goods in the country the people seem to have had no one else to rely upon but the passing pedlar, whom Shakespeare, some years before, had exalted into something more than a stage character, in the "Winter's Tale."

In the domestic economy of a country-house of that period, we find, as we might expect from the vast forests, that wood was extensively used for fires, and that a man would earn 8d. or 9d. a day for cleaving the blocks; charcoal, too, was much consumed, and was sold by the horse-load of eight bushels, at 2s. 6l., or at 18s. the wagon load; for the carriage of coals made them an article quite unknown in the rural districts, and could only be seen in towns where some river afforded the means of carriage.

Everything that could be well manufactured at home was always made there; so we find the village tailor engaged at the hall or castle at 6l. a day with his meals; although, for the best things, a London artist was employed, who combined also the business of a milliner. Candles, too, were moulded at home, and the yarn of which the wicks were made was sold at 1s. 7d. a pound, whilst the raw tallow cost 2s. 8d. the stone weight. Dresses, too, were spun at home, and the wool was bought at 14s. 6d. a stone, and 4d. a yard was the price given for weaving it; and superintending such employments as these did the ladies in their country houses beguile the long winter evenings, diversified by the celebration of the old Romish festivals which still lingered, with their entertainments of "seedness cakes" and "braune," and "barrells of sturgeon," for books were rare and very expensive—a small broad sheet of a few pages costing from one to four shillings.

But often to avoid the dulness of a winter in the country, our ancestors would emigrate to the nearest town for the sake of the festivities; and we find that the rent of a tolerable house there averaged from £5 to £8 a year; the best grange land let from 1s. to 3s. an acre, and the landlord was often too glad to be paid in kind, receiving half a score of bullocks or a drove of sheep for his year's rent; for money was scarce, most of it being lent out upon mortgage on property at eight per cent., which was the very interest we find guaranteed on all sums advanced to the Parliament.

**ELDERBERRY WINE.**—Take three quarts of elderberries, when quite ripe, to a gallon of water and four pounds of brown sugar, a little root ginger, and a few cloves. Boil the berries and water half an hour—strain them, and then boil the wine and spice together about an hour. Skim the froth as it rises. When it is boiled, let it stand till almost cold; then add a teacup-full of yeast, and let it stand three days. Then barrel it, and let it stand four months, when it may be bottled, with a lump of sugar in each bottle. Cork tight, and keep in a cool place. Age improves it.

**BRICKMAKING BY ELEPHANTS.**—The *Ceylon Observer* contains an account of some brickmaking-works recently visited by Sir Henry Ward. The works, which turn out about twenty thousand bricks a day, are only six miles from Colombo. The clay for brickmaking is prepared by elephants. The wild and tame work together, and both attempt to shirk their work by endeavoring to put their feet in old footprints, instead of in the soft, tenacious, untrodden mud.





"LIKE A MADMAN, I SPRANG UP WITH MY SENSELESS BURDEN IN MY ARMS, SPURNING THE WAVES WITH MY FEET."

### A NIGHT WITH MY LOVE, IN THE WATER.

BY FELIX FALCONER.

I HAD been staying some weeks at Swansea, a most pleasant sea-coast town in the southern part of Wales, and was beginning to feel that lassitude and *ennui* which always steals over the active man after a certain time devoted to leisure, under the name of pleasure. I had tried every kind of amusement that the place afforded, the least monotonous of which, I found, was flirting with the pretty Welsh girls. But even that, after a time, became wearisome, for it was without an object. The girls were very lovely, very arch and very attractive, but not of that kind to fix my serious thoughts. Besides, I had left two or three half engagements in New York, and the *spirituelle* beauty of our American girls could not for a moment be overshadowed by the rich physical charms of the fair daughters of the land of toasted cheese and leeks.

I thought I would write an epic to celebrate the fame of the beautiful historic land in which I was sojourning, and I got as far as the first line, which I thought promised well—

O Cambria! land of the Briton true—

then I tried the rue and sue, new and mew, due and stew, and stuck fast. I could get nothing sufficiently important that would bring in any of those words, so that as fine a poem as was ever written since Homer sang his inspired strains, remains uncompleted for want of a second line! It's a curious fact that I have written thousands of "first lines;" when anything singularly poetically dramatic strikes me, an opening line flashes through my brain instantaneously, and there the divine afflatus stops. Why, I cannot conceive; for that I am a poet by nature, nobody who knows me will for an instant doubt. The ideas are there, flashing hither and thither like lightning left about loose; but I cannot harness them to words, and that's the fact of it. I have, however, faithfully preserved a large number of my "first lines," and I call them "poetic fragments." If I should one day publish them in a collected form, they will be found eminently suggestive of subjects never carried out.

While pondering at various times on my great Welsh epic, as I strolled along the wide, smooth beach, I would pause, and with my stick trace that celebrated "first line" on the sands, partly to see how it would look, and partly in the hope that its

looks might suggest a companion line. Vain hope! I turned in my walk one day to retrace my steps, when I saw a female, with head bent forward, attempting to decipher my epic traced in sand. I confess I was rather flattered at the deep interest she seemed to take in that noble line, for she was evidently retracing the letters with the point of a parasol, as though with the intention to preserve them for posterity.

So intent was she upon her work that she did not observe my approach, and seemed perfectly confused when I modestly said—

"How does that line strike you, ma'am?"

With a half smile and an entire blush, she stammered out,

"Really, sir—pray excuse me—it was mere thoughtlessness!"

At the same time she was endeavoring to erase something with her dainty foot. In my excitement I gently drew her back; for lo! my immortal "first" was wedded to another, delicately traced beneath it! I felt the compliment, and, hat in hand, acknowledged it by a low bow; then turning to peruse the congenial inspiration, I read—

O Cambria! land of the Briton true—

O Muse! now help the poet—do!

I burst out into a roar of laughter, in which I was cordially joined by my new and, as I now perceived, fair companion. As soon as our mirth had somewhat subsided, with that unaffectedness which is the true mark of the natural born lady, she apologised for her unintentional rudeness, saying, that having seen for several days that line traced in divers parts of the sands, she thought the poet was in a dilemma, and that she had merely recorded her wish that the Muse would come to his assistance. This genial excuse, so completely in accordance with the humorous tone of the whole scene, put us immediately at our ease, and afforded the opportunity I so much desired for continuing the conversation.

It did not take me long to detect that my companion was not of English parentage, and I took occasion to express my pleasure at meeting with a countrywoman in so out-of-the-way a place. She seemed equally pleased at the rencontre, and, after whiling away an hour in lively gossip, during which time we exchanged mutual confidences as to who we were, where we came from and where we were going to, I accompanied her to the house where she was staying, and was introduced



to her mother and her relatives, to see whom she had visited Swansea.

From that day I became a constant visitor at the house, her constant rambling companion, and our intercourse was daily assuming a tenderer and more confidential tone. She was a lovely girl, both in person and nature; gay without guile, witty without malice, earnest without sentimentality, and frank and true and loyal. I felt a mighty love growing up in my soul, so deep and real, that no "first line" ever suggested itself in reference to her. She was a poem in herself, and I was content to study it with an ardor that quickly impressed every beautiful line upon my anxious, devoted heart. That dreamy luxury of a first unspoken passion, can it ever be told? Its memory, even after a lapse of many years, plunges me into a sad, delicious languor, and I seem to glide into an existence apart and above the world in which our every-day life is passed. It is an episode that comes into every one's life, and yet is not of it—a glimpse vouchsafed of Paradise, which is for ever after veiled from our mortal sight. How our love was at last spoken I will now relate.

We had now been intimate for some weeks, and our intercourse had been so unreserved and so unintermitting, that we knew more of each other's character in that brief period than we could possibly have learned in as many months of city communion. The summer was fast tending towards autumn, and our pleasant sunny idleness was drawing fast to a close. Indeed the day of our departure for home was already fixed, and anticipations of pleasant re-unions in New York had already been discussed. As our time grew briefer our rambles grew longer; there were so many favorite spots to revisit in order to fix them in our memories as landmarks, to guide us to happy thoughts when the present should have become the past.

On Thursday, the 17th of September, 184—, myself and Lillian started about noon for Clear Water Bay, which is about seven miles south of Swansea. By a straight land line it is barely three miles; but to reach it from the sea it is necessary to weather along a jutting headland which stretches nearly a mile into the ocean. Its point once turned we enter a small but beautiful bay, in shape nearly a perfect horseshoe, with a bed of almost silver sand, and water so wonderfully transparent that on calm days a pebble might be seen at the bottom, at a depth of twenty feet. The rocks which circled this fairy bay rose some fifty or sixty feet above the level of the sand, and although not quite straight up and down, they were inaccessible except to experienced cragsmen. It was an ugly spot to be caught napping in, with a rising tide. Each point of the horseshoe was a bold bluff, but huge broken rocks continued the line some distance out. At low tide these could be passed on foot, but with the tide rising and a south-west breeze blowing, the sea rolled in, in vast breakers, and rendered the spot impassable.

It was a glorious day when we started, and our little sail boat fairly darted through the yielding waters. The wind was very nearly dead against us, and we had to beat every foot of the way. But what cared we for the fast fleeting time? We were near each other, and the silent but appreciable luxury of the situation left us nothing to ask for, nothing to desire. After some very unsailor-like but very lover-like maneuvering our keel grated upon the fine sand, and our pleasant haven was reached.

My first care was to remove the cushions, and, heaven be praised for the thought, all the shawls from the boat. I then brought ashore a small basket of provisions—for even lovers must eat—and giving the boat an extra haul up the beach, proceeded to prepare our camping-ground. The sea breeze had given us both exceedingly unromantic appetites, and, to our shame be it spoken, we did most ample justice to a very delicate and impromptu repast. We had been somewhat constrained until then, each seeming to dread an approach to what each knew to be in the other's heart. But our dinner brought in the matter-of-fact, prosaic element, and we then conversed like ordinary mortals.

Lillian was perfectly *spirituelle* in her vivacity, and her flashes of wit and imagination threw a very charm over common-place

subjects. We literally took no heed of time. I felt that the sun was setting, and I knew by the roar of the breakers on the headlands that the wind was rising with the tide; but I had not the power to break in upon a scene that afforded me such exquisite, such unspeakable delight.

But in a moment a shadow passed over the face of Lillian, hitherto so joyous and unclouded, and she burst into tears as though stricken by a heavy sorrow. Alarmed and astonished, I sought to soothe and quiet her, and after a while I succeeded, and asked her the cause of her sudden grief.

"I cannot tell, Felix," she said, "but just as I was about to utter a jesting word something smote upon my heart like a great terror, and a flash of fear, as of some sudden and near calamity, chilled all my blood and made my pulse stand still—and then I wept."

"Lillian," I said, in soothing tones, "you are ill, nervous; the exertion has been too much for you. We will go home!" As I said these last words, she grasped my arm convulsively, and pointing towards the sea, uttered in an agitated voice—

"Look! look—the boat—the tide—" and swooned upon the sand.

The thought flashed upon me in an instant, and the agony of a lifetime was in the moment's dread that fell upon my heart. I turned to look the way she had pointed, and lo! the tide was almost at our feet, the boat was gone, and, unless God's miracle came down to us, there was not a hope of deliverance. How my heart sickens at the recollection of the blank terror that encompassed me at that moment—how I cursed that fatal selfishness which had brought upon my soul's idol this fearful doom. I thank God at this day that at that moment I had no thought of self. Only a few minutes did I give way to unmanly despair, and even then it was the thought of the poor, loved girl lying, all but dead, at my feet that robbed me of my manhood. I raised her senseless form upon my knee and bathed her temples with the cool waters of the encroaching deadly waves. In a brief time she returned to consciousness and turning her dear eyes up to mine, said, in a tone of ineffable sweetness,

"Felix, are we to die to-night?"

I could not answer her, for my tongue cleaved to my mouth and the big drops of sweat that stood upon my brow told of the agony I endured.



FELIX, AT LAST, PLACES LILLIAN OUT OF THE REACH OF THE WAVES.

"You do not answer me! Then there is no hope. I do not feel any terror now; we are so near to God that death has lost his sting! In this moment I will tell you how your love has brightened my life—how it has taught me charity and goodness, and opened my heart to the thousand beautiful sympathies which, I fondly hoped, would have redeemed my nature. I hoped to live near your heart through many happy years in our own dear country; but it was not to be. I do not murmur—let me die near you—let me lie like a child in your arms!"

Then she sank in my arms, murmuring.

"Felix! mother!"

Like a madman, I sprang up with my senseless burden in my arms, and spurning the waves with my feet, cursed them. I laid her gently down upon the cushions, which I drew close up to the base of the cliffs, and covered her up with the shawls; then, howling like a madman, I rushed from one end to the other of our prison-house; but the remorseless sea beat me back at every point. I strove to climb the face of the crags, until I fell back on the sands with hands torn and bleeding. Then I rose and stood still, and clenching my hands upon my forehead, strove to reflect. But in vain. So, with stolid calmness, I walked back to where I had left my blighted flower, my new-found love, my life, my all!

She was standing watching the waves, which now were breaking close to her feet. When I came near, she placed her hands in mine, and said,

"Dear Felix—husband—let us pray!"

So we knelt down and prayed, and humbled ourselves, for God's calm had come upon me by Lillian's side. How that prayer offering in our dire extremity shed a benign consolation over our souls and strengthened us to meet the worst! Then we arose and said God's will be done! and the surging waves boomed a ghostly and solemn amen! amen!

In a moment, as though our prayer had been heard, a thought of present safety flashed across my mind. I remembered that in my madness, while rushing towards the nearest headland, that I had stumbled over many detached pieces of rock. I explained my hope, and we hastened to the spot. I proceeded at once to pile rock upon rock to build a platform above the probable flow of the tide on which to place my Lillian. With infinite toil and anxious fear I at last succeeded in raising a frail stand, some four feet above the level of the sand, against the cliff. I raised her in my arms and placed her upon the rocky pedestal, then embracing the rough stones with my extended arms, I stood as a bulwark against the waves that were now breaking round its base.

My heart must have been as hard as the rocks I embraced, or I could not have withstood her piteous, earnest pleadings that I would come up to her or let her share my place. I need not say that I resisted all her entreaties.

The night wore on, and, oh! how cold and bitter blew the wind. With the certainty of death at my heart I strove to speak words of hope to Lillian, but she grew weaker and weaker, still faintly murmuring prayers which were all for me. At length she stooped towards me and whispered—

"Kiss me, Felix! the first and last kiss of two poor souls going to die!—so young—so full of hope—God's will be done!"

She spoke no more. I thought she was dead, and I dashed my head against the rocks and implored for mercy. I looked to the sea—one dead, blank waste! I looked above—the towering cliff frowned back on me. The waters rose higher and higher, and I grew rigid from cold, and Lillian lay dead before my eyes; and I remember nothing more, save that I was dragged back to life with infinite pain and agony, and saw Lillian by my side, who smiled at me as my bewildered gaze rested upon her, and then I fell asleep.

It was many weeks before I learned how we were rescued—how our prolonged absence alarmed the family—how our boat, empty, was picked up by a returning fishing smack, thus confirming their fears—how a torchlight search was instituted, which resulted in our rescue, when life was almost extinct.

Over the meeting between Lillian and myself, when the dear

girl had sufficiently recovered—for she was sick nigh unto death—I will draw the veil. She is my wife now, and the solemn circumstances of our betrothal have never passed from our memory.

**NOTE**—The preceding admirable adventure is taken from Frank Leslie's beautiful new story paper, called *THE STAR AND STRIPES*. The best Family Paper published in the country.

**THE THAMES TUNNEL, FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.**—In the tunnel, to which you descend by a round hole, some hundred feet in circumference, decorated with bright-colored paintings, and flanked by a couple of staircases, the necessity of earning a livelihood gives rise to painful industries. When you have entered the double gallery, whose vaults describe three-quarters of a circle, the air becomes thick and chilly; a cold and humid vapor, laden with sepulchral miasms, shuts in the view at twenty paces distance, in spite of the light of a hundred and twenty-six gas burners. It seems as if one would be sure to die, if one spent a couple of hours in the hypogæus (that is under-earths; but what will the Academy say to the word?) which distil water, drop by drop, till it collects in black and slippery puddles. Between each pillar there are shops, kept by quite young girls, thus buried alive. Smiling and pale, they offer you glass articles, enchanted lunettes (kaleidoscopes, perhaps), panoramas of London, lots of small tin ware, and foreign gew-gaws. There are puppet-shows, and performances on the accordion and the serinette in the subterranean passage; in short, they contrive to exist in this dwelling of death. What maladies, unknown to the land of sunshine, must germinate here? What a capital greenhouse for the production of morbid rarities! But liberty is opposed to the closing of these stalls, a measure in which the solicitude of the government would be doubly justified, in the interest both of the public health and the public morality; for commerce here is only a pretext for something less respectable.

**A BEAUTIFUL PARAGRAPH.**—The following lines are taken from Sir Humphrey Davy's *Salmonia*: "I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others—be it genius, power, wit, fancy—but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; breathes new hopes, varnishes and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all light; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up to beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, and security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair."

**LIGHT AND LOVE.**—Hall's *Journal of Health* says: "A finger nail is renewed in one hundred and thirty-two days in winter, but requires only one hundred and sixteen in warm weather. And as light hastens vegetation, so it is known that the hair grows faster in the day time than in the night; and the beautiful principle holds good as to our moral being. We all expand and grow into the likeness of our great Father in proportion as charity keeps up the warm summer time in our hearts—while the sunlight of a life that is pure and true, dispels the clouds and darkness of wrong doing, and creates an atmosphere fit for the breath of angels."

I CANNOT comprehend why any one who admits the union of the soul and the body, should pronounce it impossible for the human nature to be united to the divine, in a manner ineffable and incomprehensible by reason. Neither can I see any absurdity in admitting that sinful man may become regenerate or a new creature, by the grace of God reclaiming him from a carnal life to a spiritual life of virtue and holiness. And since the being governed by sense of appetite is contrary to the happiness and perfection of a rational creature, I do not at all wonder that we are prescribed self-denial.—*Berkeley*.



## HELMETS AND HORSETAILS.

I WILL tell you a story, not of to-day, or yesterday, or the day before. It is the history of a French conscript before these days, when there are so many wars actual, and rumors of wars. It did not happen very long ago, but before conscripts were forced, as they now are, if they draw an unlucky number, to pay some eighty pounds for a substitute. In the days of my tale, a man might be found free, able and willing, for about twelve pounds or fourteen pounds, not an immense sum, but yet difficult to obtain by many.

Conscripts are seldom, if ever, married men, but most of them have some love affair in their native place, and this they cling to, till their years of service, seven in number, are completed; and then, unless they choose to re-engage themselves, they return to their village and love, marry and settle.

But there is much against the return of the conscript as he left. Return he may, and a feeling of honor may make him come back to wed his village love; but it is not the one who left her. No, the world has been there, refining refined gold—the pure heart, and painting the lily. He comes back, but he has been refined—taught—the mind expanded! And what does all this mean? Why, that the man despises, even while he loves (strange contradiction) his village love, with uncouth manners but honest heart, and marries from honor, where once it would have been love; feeling that he never can be quite happy with his homely, unpolished Jeannette; he who has flirted with the refined Parisian grisette for years.

It was this thought, felt crudely in her heart, which made Nanon Deschamps one fine afternoon sit disconsolately beneath a huge elm and weep.

She was a beauty that same Nanon, even in Normandy, where so much of it is met with, and a type of loveliness rare in France, showing that we have really come from among them, for it is almost English in its character. The fair skin and hair, regular features, and oval face, with more calm dignity and less of the grisette than in most parts of France. But Nanon was not fair; she had a clear, pale skin, but her hair was the most beautiful glossy black perhaps ever seen, slightly waved, but perfect in color, without any tinge of brownish red, a thing very rare; what a pity so much of it was concealed beneath that ugly little Norman cap, for if some of the head-gear in Normandy is like an Egyptian pyramid, some also resembles the ugliest little untrimméd nightcap ever worn. And such a one was Nanon's.

Now she sat weeping beneath the elm tree, and before her dim and bleared vision stood out an ugly number thirteen; and beside it shone a young, handsome face, the one she loved best in the world to look upon—Jean Leroux's. "To think they should take him from me," she sobbed, "after the years we have been living for one another! Why should the king want so many soldiers? We are not going to war. And so large a sum it requires to buy a substitute! There's Felix, the carpenter's son, would go in his place, but not for less than two hundred francs! Oh, where could I ever find such a sum, and all in a hurry too! For if I don't get it at once, Felix says he will go and sell himself to a man-merchant, as he wants money at once. Oh, where can I get the sum!"

And she rocked to and fro, weeping, her little cap fell off, and down came such a mass of glossy hair as one seldom sees. For awhile it rolled down her back unheeded, and then, hearing some one approaching, she took the thick rope of hair and began twisting it round her beautiful head. All on a sudden, as if it had been some living serpent, and had stung her, she relaxed her hold, her eyes distended, the pale cheek grew red as a summer apple, and then, energetically seizing the raven-wing twist, she drew it over her shoulder carefully, almost lovingly unwound it, and spread the magnificent folds over her bosom.

"Let me see," she uttered, with fixed eyes, as in calculation; "when will it be?" (A pause.) "In a month!" she continued, joyfully. "But"—here her joy sobered down a bit, and she looked very thoughtful—"will," she said more slowly, "will Felix wait? And what, oh, what will they give

for it? Juliette—but then she was beautifully fair-haired—got fifty francs—fifty, that's a long way off two hundred and fifty! I can but try; but, first, I will write to my uncle at Paris."

Now this uncle at Paris was not at all like those dear good uncles or other relatives that come from America laden with gold and hearts of gems. No, he was a horrible, stingy old curmudgeon, who never had given away a sou in his life—a cold-hearted, unsociable old bachelor—heartless and ugly as one of his own blocks, for he was a hairdresser, a fashionable coiffeur. Still he was Nanon's maternal uncle, and she, poor orphan girl, thought he might be induced to open his heart and purse to her! Nanon had a brother, a handsome dark-eyed youth, some sixteen years of age, her junior by two years. Save him and this curmudgeon uncle, she had no one. It seemed, then, doubly hard to take Jean Leroux from her, even though it was to serve his king; another would serve him much better.

Now, Nanon could nimbly cast about her bobbins and place her pins (she was a lacemaker), but to handle her pen and correctly set up her letters was another thing. However, she managed at last to indite the following epistle:

"MY UNCLE—I never wrote to you before, because some one else did so when my poor mother died, and you never answered the letter; but I know you lived then, and do so still I suppose, unless you are dead (in which case Heaven have mercy on your soul!) close to the Barriere de l'Enfer; but, as I don't exactly know the address, some one will find you out, and give this to you. If you are alive, my uncle, I wish to tell you I am engaged to be married, and unfortunately they are going to send number thirteen away to be butchered by the dreadful Arabs in Algeria, and I am half broken-hearted, for I shall never see him again; and I want you, dear uncle, to advance me two hundred and fifty francs to buy Felix the carpenter, who is going for that sum, and then I will work day and night, and so will my brother Philippe, till we pay you back.

"Your dutiful niece,

"NANON DESCHAMPS."

In due time a reply arrived.

"MY NIECE—For I suppose you are one, as I heard my sister left two children after her to burthen everybody; and, as you seem so ready to pray for the souls of those, who, thank Heaven! are still in the flesh, 'tis a pity she did not make a nun of you, and then you wouldn't have been thinking of marriage—a thing I never encourage in any one. I don't understand what you mean about your number thirteen, but thirteen or thirty is all the same to me. Work for your living, for from me you won't get a sou.

Your uncle,

"LA PIERRE."

"P.S.—Business of importance will call me into your neighborhood soon, but don't fancy it is at all on your account, because it is not, and so I hope I shall hear no more of this affair."

Nanon laid her head down on the paper and wept bitterly. She had hoped, as only those of her age ever hoped; and while she wept in came Philippe behind her, and raising her head with rough affection, for he was but a peasant lad, he took up the paper and read the heartless letter through, and then laying her head on his shoulder, said, tenderly:

"Don't cry, Nanon; my little Nanon! I wish I was older, wouldn't I go for a soldier in place of Jean! But never mind, Nanon, he shan't go; we'll find out some way of getting the money. I'll try."

And Nanon believed this too; so she set to work harder than ever, and so did Philippe, and so did poor Jean; but Jean had little hope. He loved Nanon so well, that he only saw a seven years' absence and, man like, dozens of rivals and a lost love.

But every sou was of double value now, so all worked day and night, and two hundred and fifty francs would have been found on the heart in seared characters of two at least of them had they died then.

## CHAPTER II.

EVERYBODY almost knows, I dare say, that an old English custom is still extant in some parts of England, principally in the west, I think, of servant girls at certain periods of the year going into the market-place or fair to be hired; and while the housemaid carries a broom, the cook brandishes a basting ladle, and so on, each domestic indicating his or her department.

Now, in some parts of France, there is a stranger periodical meeting than the above one—it is a hair market, and Normandy and Brittany are particularly noted as good markets of the kind, because the climates, probably, are propitious for the growth of a fine head of hair. On a fair day it is a strange sight, and reminds one of the Eastern habit of selling slaves; for girls are seated in rows, with their long, beautiful hair combed down their backs, and displayed to the utmost advantage; and from all parts, but principally from Paris, hairdressers or their agents come, and may be seen walking systematically through the rows, examining the hair, lifting, smoothing or weighing it in their hands; and then the competition runs high for one lot more beautiful than the rest, and the highest bidder pays down the allotted sum, and severs Nature's most beautiful covering, which is sold to the Parisian dame not so richly decked by Nature as the poor girl obliged to sell hers.

Now, there was a large town contiguous to the village where lived Nanon and her lover, and there on a certain day the hair market was held, and it was of this Nanon was thinking when her hair fell down, and hope sent the bright color to her cheek. Never had she so carefully combed and dressed the raven-colored mass as since the thought entered her mind of all it might purchase—her lover's discharge!

Philippe alone was in the secret of her intentions, and not a word had either of them breathed to Jean Leroux. It would have appeared to him almost like sacrilege for Nanon to cut off and sell her beautiful hair, those rich braids which reposed so heavily on her pale brow. Philippe was a brother, so he merely said, "I hope you'll get a good price for it. How fortunate it is, Nanon, that you have such beautiful hair!"

When the morning of the fair came, she may be forgiven, with all her love for Jean Leroux, if Nanon sighed as she carefully brushed out her long silky locks, she thought for the last time. Philippe had very cleverly managed to get rid of Jean Leroux on the morning of the fair, by a message delivered to him by an accomplice of the boy's, telling him he was wanted some distance off about some work. Jean was a blacksmith by trade, and still, despite his luckless number thirteen, worked hard to add to the little purse so slowly filling for his substitute. Jean started on his long walk to secure the proffered job, and could not be back till night.

As soon as he was safely away, Nanon and Philippe started for C—, where they arrived in time for the market. With a sigh she sat down on a seat which the boy procured for her, a little apart from the rest, and down she hung her beautiful face in shame, there was something so painful to her retiring nature in this exhibition. She heard the loud, joyous laugh of other girls, and oh! how she wished she could, at all events, hide her burning face.

Philippe had none of those finer feelings. He, too, enjoyed the fun, and laughed at his own awkward attempts at hair-dressing, as he combed out Nanon's long hair, and displayed it to the best advantage.

Some of the straying locks she drew over her face, and while Philippe laughed and jested with all around, the meshes of her hair were wet with the scalding tears which fell, one by one, from her eyes—tears of shame, not of vanity, for the loss of so rich an ornament. The market opened and then hand after hand was passed over her bowed head, and the mass rose and fell beneath the fingers which felt and valued it as mere merchandise.

"We'll ask two hundred, Nanon," whispered Philippe; "they won't give that, but Joseph, the barber's apprentice, tells me to do so—hair is scarce and dear, and few have such as yours. A good hairdresser will make a dozen plaits of it, and they sell a good one for at least twenty francs."

"Humph!" said a voice behind her, as a rough hand was

passed over and through the hair, "a good head of hair—pity the color's not perfect."

"Not perfect!" exclaimed Philippe, firing with indignation; "why every one says it is beautiful, what fault do you find with it, monsieur?"

"Coarse, and a red tinge," uttered the man, drawing his fingers through the silken mass.

"Coarse and red!" exclaimed Philippe; "why, my sister is noted for having the most beautiful hair in the country round."

"Well, what does she want for it?"

"Two hundred francs."

"Two hundred farthings," laughed the other scornfully; "you may keep it for me!" And he turned on his heel and walked away.

"Let him have it for whatever he will give, Philippe. I shall die if I stay long here," she sobbed.

"My little Nanon, my pet Nanon," said he, affectionately, raising her head, and looking in her face, as he threw back the locks which covered it.

"No—no; leave my face covered," she uttered; "I partially hide my shame then. Oh, if Jean saw me now I should die! I seem unworthy of his love, thus publicly exposed."

"Is mademoiselle ill?" asked a voice of compassion, as some one stood before her.

"She is fatigued, wearied with this market," answered Philippe. "But," he added quickly, as if fearful that the stranger should fancy that cupidity made Nanon thus expose herself, "we are orphans, and poor; we must make up a certain sum, and so my Nanon is obliged to sell her hair."

"It is beautiful hair, and a pity to cut it off; but then mademoiselle is so young it will soon grow again," said the man. "I am a coiffeur of Paris, but I fear it will be too expensive for me. What do you want for it?"

"Two hundred francs."

"You won't get that. I could not give more than half, and that I offer because it is the exact color and texture of a lock I have from a lady of rank, whose hair we have vainly tried to match in Paris. Will you take a hundred?"

"Monsieur, I was here first," cried a loud, rough voice, "and I will give a hundred and ten francs for it."

"Tens!" exclaimed the last merchant or hairdresser, whichever he was, for the sale of hair is a trade; "our patterns came off one head, I'll be sworn."

"A duchess?" asked the rough man, eyeing his rival angrily.

"The Duchess of B—," answered the other.

"I'll give a hundred and fifteen," cried the rough customer.

"A hundred and twenty!" bid the second.

Philippe shook his head and laughed.

"A hundred and twenty-five!"

"A hundred and thirty!"

"Thirty-five!"

"Forty!"

"Forty-five!"

"Fifty! and I'll have it," ejaculated the rough one in a resolute tone.

"Mademoiselle, I am compelled to yield," said the gentler bidder in a disappointed voice. "Monsieur La Pierre is rich, and will have it."

At this name Philippe uttered an exclamation, and Nanon threw back her hair, and gazed in the harsh face before her, but she said not a word, but sighed deeply as her head bowed again.

"If he gets it," growled Philippe to himself, "I'll eat my own head, that's all!" and he clenched his hand.

"Mademoiselle," continued the unsuccessful bidder, placing a card on Nanon's lap, "I leave you my address, but for the next week I shall be at the Cheval Blanc, for I intend visiting the neighborhood on my business; should anything unforeseen break the bargain, let me know; I'll give one hundred and forty francs; more I cannot afford."

The uncle La Pierre, for he it was, laughed ironically.

"My friend," he said, "don't hope, for La Pierre never gives in. I want this hair—that is enough."

"Let the other have it—pray do, Philippe," whispered Nanon eagerly; "I should not care if another had it but my uncle—do Philippe!"

"Leave all to me," he replied in the same tone, smiling shrewdly as he spoke; "I'm not a Normand for nothing!" (a phrase as full of meaning as "I'm Yorkshire!") "Monsieur!" he continued aloud, turning to the disappointed bidder, "I'll keep your card, and should anything occur, you shall hear from me."

"And now," said La Pierre, taking out a huge pair of scissors, "let's have off the lot."

"Not so fast, if you please, monsieur," said Philippe, staying his hand; "I must see the money first, and then I don't choose my sister to walk home with a shorn head to be laughed at by others. Poverty drives us to this; but we Normands are proud. Come to our cottage, or send some one, and you shall have the hair."

"What nonsense! I must have it now."

"No, you don't. For one farthing you shouldn't have it at all. The other should for the value of ten francs!"

La Pierre was frightened. He had been months seeking the like hair vainly, and for his very best customer. He didn't choose to seem over anxious, but he was.

"Well," he said at last, more soothingly, "where do you live?"

"At ———."

"Why, that's a league at least off."

"A league and a half. If you can't walk, there are *coucou* four times a day."

Philippe felt his advantage.

"And the name and address?"

Philippe looked up sternly in his face.

"Nanon Deschamps," he answered, "at Widow Blain's."

"*Tiens!* my niece, Nanon. Who'd have thought it?"

"You're right. Who'd have thought it?" Philippe sternly replied. "But then, you see, poverty makes folks do many things. However, you come, as a merchant, to buy; we, as the poor, to sell. We only know the merchant, and you are but required to remember the sellers. When will you come?"

"Well, you see," he said, shuffling most uneasily, "I must go elsewhere, but I know you are honest; nevertheless, 'tis just as well to weigh the hair and measure it. You will then give me a bill of sale, and I'll send my agent to cut it off, and pay you."

"When?"

"In four days," La Pierre answered, after a pause; and taking a queer pair of scales from his pocket, he knotted up Nanon's hair like a horse's tail, weighed, and then measured it. While he was doing this Philippe gave an involuntary "Whew!" It seemed irrepressible, and he turned aside to laugh, as if some funny thought possessed his mind.

It was true. La Pierre's action of knotting Nanon's hair started an odd idea which had lain hidden in his mind. And then La Pierre produced pen, ink and paper, and with a stubby little pen out of an ugly ink-horn, worthy of himself, and on a crumpled piece of paper he made out a bill of sale, which Philippe and Nanon signed.

When all was completed he drew up his ugly, wrinkled face into what he meant for a smile, and said to Nanon, "My niece, if I really were not so poor I would give you the money and let you keep your beautiful hair. But times are bad, especially with our trade. Ladies are beginning to leave off false plaits and curls, and besides young girls are too vain already. I should do wrong to encourage it. Good-bye, my niece. Use castorine. Your hair will soon grow again, and when it is long let me know. Why, your hair will be a fortune to you!" and he went off chuckling.

"Laugh, laugh!" muttered Philippe, "laugh well—who laughs last?"

And lifting up Nanon, who had hastily tucked up her hair and put on her cap, he gave her a kiss on both her poor little damp cheeks, and led her away.

### CHAPTER III.

"So," said Madame Blain, the woman with whom the orphan

lived, "you've seen your Uncle La Pierre, my poor children," and she looked compassionately on the two as they sat at the rough, homely meal she had prepared for their return.

Philippe answered curtly, as he helped himself to another plateful of the substantial soup before him, that unchanging food of the French peasant, who never speaks of going to dinner or supper, but says, "I am going to eat my soup."

"Yes," answered Philippe, "we have."

"And what did the old miser say to you? Didn't he say you were a brave-looking lad, and our Nanon here a handsome girl? And did he give you anything towards poor Jean's substitute?"

"He give a sou!" exclaimed Philippe, indignantly.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Madame Blain, "that that old villain has bought Nanon's hair? The old miser! when every one knows how he cheated you poor orphans out of the best part of your inheritance when your mother died, only he was strong and you were weak, and had none powerful enough to defend you."

"Is that true, *la mère*?" (the mother) exclaimed Philippe, starting up.

"Every one knows it, my poor boy," was the reply; "he forged a paper to prove your mother owed him five hundred francs; and I knew, every one knew, she owed nothing. She would have told me if it had been so, but I knew he had refused her a much smaller sum to set up in business. He lend five hundred francs, indeed!"

"And he got that sum?" asked Philippe, eagerly.

"Of course he did. No one could prove the forgery, though all knew it; and everything was sold to make up the sum, and you, poor children, left penniless!"

"Thank you, *la mère*," cried Philippe, rubbing his hands together. "Now all my scruples are removed. Ah! he forged and robbed us, did he! I'll forge too, and see who'll be the cleverer of the two!" And he laughed with glee.

"Oh, my child!" exclaimed Nanon and Madame Blain, in a breath, "what would you do?"

"Never you mind—leave all to me—you'll know some day, and will laugh, not cry. Ah! Monsieur La Pierre, my uncle, so you rob orphans, do you!"

Nanon and Madame Blain both rose to implore in explanation, when, at that moment, before they could do so, a joyous voice was heard without, and Joseph, the barber's apprentice entered.

"Well, here I am, Philippe," he said, after gaily saluting the women folk, "here I am, true to my appointment, and a good long walk I've had, but never mind that, it is a pleasure to oblige a friend."

"A glass of cider?"

"Well, I don't mind that—roads are dusty, and one swallows a peck."

Nanon looked somewhat uneasily at Joseph and Philippe as they prepared to go forth together. What the latter had said about some species of justice to be inflicted on La Pierre alarmed her. She had a dread of how far two such youths might be trusted. But her brother laughed at her fears, and, giving a side wink to Joseph, said:

"Oh, I had forgotten my good uncle. I only want Joseph to show me a bit of his trade: I shall have to shave soon." And the now laughing boy dragged Joseph after him, and Nanon saw them sit down on a fallen tree at some little distance, and talk for some moments in an earnest manner. Quieted in her alarm, she sat down at the door, and with her lace cushion on her knee, the busy fingers set the bobbins flying over one another, like a school of wild boys playing leap-frog.

From that evening, as soon as his daily work was ended in the village, Philippe hurried over the three miles which separated him from the town of C—, and there rejoined his friend Joseph; and each succeeding night, as he returned late, all along the road might have been heard the joyous song of Philippe Deschamps.

One morning the postman, who so seldom called at *la mère* Blain's, brought a letter; it was from the uncle La Pierre, stating that in two days his agent (such trades afford an agent)



would call for Nanon's hair, and pay the hundred and fifty francs on delivery.

Philippe had every day been watching for this postman, and now he pounced upon the missive and secured it, unseen by Nanon. He opened and read it, and after some little delay, wherein he was engaged on business of his own, he carried it to Nanon, and said joyfully :

"Well, Nanon, though you lose ten francs, I'm glad uncle Screw won't have your hair. He declines it, you see."

By some legerdemain the letter fixing the day had changed to a decided refusal of the previous bargain.

"Never mind, Nanon," he said, kissing her, "I'll work over-hours and make up the ten francs. I'm learning something with Joseph to bring in money, and I'll write, shall I, and tell the other bidder that he may have it?" and he seemed almost unable to express a laugh. "And Nanon," he added, "why not go to C—the day after to-morrow with poor Jean? You know you made him fix that day to go about his affairs, being the one he expected the agent to call, and not wishing him to know anything till it was over."

And she went, for when our inclinations are strongly bent to do a thing, excuses come pouring down upon us like the gushing of a shower bath.

And *la mère Blain*, who had had a long conference with Philippe that morning after Nanon's departure, dropped a respectful curtsy as she opened her door, simply latched, at twelve o'clock to a square-built, heavy-looking stranger, who announced himself as the agent of M. *la Pierre*.

"Come in, monsieur," cried the dame; "Nanon Deschamps, *La Pierre's* niece, will be here in a short time; I'll send for her."

"Is Mademoiselle Nanon *La Pierre's* niece?" asked the astonished man.

"To be sure she is."

"And he makes her sell her hair?"

"Yes, the miser!"

"She's very pretty, is she not?" asked the man, his policy forbidding him to join against his employer.

"Very pretty, so some think; I don't quite like such buxom wenches. In my time," and the weather-beaten peasant simpered knowingly, "girls were more delicate-looking."

"*Tiens!* and *La Pierre* bade me not fall in love! He said she was a picture, and had the loveliest hair he ever saw, except on a duchess, for whom he wants it!"

"Hens always think their own chickens finest, even when they're ducklings," said the woman, sententiously.

And as she spoke she placed a bottle of wine before the man, a luxury in Normandy not often met with in a poor cottage; and good wine it was, too, and while he waited for Nanon cup after cup of it flowed down the agent's throat.

"That's Nanon!" exclaimed *la mère Blain*, as a not very musical voice called her from without. She had, a minute before, placed a flower-pot in the window, as if it were some signal. The day was very warm and the wine had done its work, for the bottle was empty, but the agent was flushed, hot and uncomfortable.

"What was the length and weight?" he muttered, fumbling in his pockets for a paper. "What did *La Pierre* tell me? Two metres and fifty kilos?" (two yards and a hundred weight.)

"No, it couldn't have been that; no hair ever measured or weighed so much. Where is the paper?" (rumple, rumple, crumple, went a dozen in his pocket). "Oh! here it is. Let me see. One metre long, raven black, weighing—weighing—how badly *La Pierre* writes—let me see—"

"Here is Mam'selle Nanon," exclaimed Madame Blain, ushering in an awkward, hoydenish-looking peasant girl, with a complete forest of black hair sticking out beneath her close cap.

"No mistake about the black hair," said the agent to himself, just supporting his weight by one hand on the table, "but a sad one about the beauty! Coarse-looking girl as ever I saw in my life—how brown she is. Good eyes though,

very good eyes, but bold! And this is *La Pierre's* lovely niece."

"So you have come for my hair?" sniggered the timid Nanon. "It is a pity to cut it off; but there, it will soon grow again, and uncle says he wants it for a duchess. I hope she will like it. *Tiens!* there's my cousin Joseph come to see fair play. Come in cousin, *farceur!*" and the lovely Nanon took just two strides, and reaching the door dragged in her cousin Joseph, and roughly slapped him on the back.

"Coarse, very coarse!" mumbled the Parisian agent, accustomed to the pretty, delicate, little *piquante* grisette.

"Come along, monsieur the agent," cried Nanon, seating herself on a chair, not quite close to the window, "and be quick. Fair play, mind—see fair play, Joseph. Not close to the head, I must have some left—just a *metre* long—plenty to spare after that. Now, weigh and measure, and be quick."

And, taking off her cap, she placed her two large coarse hands on her head, and continued:

Now, cut round my fingers; see fair play, Joseph."

"Never saw such hair," he continued, as he held the severed tail in his hand. "Wondrously long, but wondrously voluminous. If *la duchesse* has a plait of that, I'll defy any *modiste* in Paris to put a bonnet on her head that will keep on."

"A hundred and fifty francs, if you please," said cousin Joseph, holding out a paper; "and you've got a bargain; and tell your master I said so. He'll never meet with such another."

"I don't think he will!" exclaimed the puzzled agent, as he laid the hair down beside him, and counted out the required sum; "for if I hadn't cut it off the head myself, I wouldn't have believed it to be human hair."

"Will you take another glass, monsieur?" said *la mère Blain*, approaching the table.

"No, I thank you, madame," he answered, "I've had enough; it was like fire—I don't know what it was like."

"I do, though," whispered Joseph to the weeping Nanon. "Half brandy. Shall I fasten up the hair for you, monsieur?" he continued aloud. "It seems to trouble you. I am used to it; I often comb it out for cousin; it's rather curly."

"Curly!" cried the man, who was vainly endeavoring to twist it round. "Curly! Coarse I call it! Why, it has nearly turned the edge of my scissors, and grated like wire as I cut it."

With Joseph's aid he at last got it tied up, and with not very steady steps prepared to regain the town of C—once more.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed the supposed Nanon, flinging her cap on the ground and a rudely made scalp after it; while beneath burst a profusion of silky hair. "Hurrah!" for the first balance of uncle *La Pierre's* five hundred stolen francs. I hope he'll like the hair!"

"What will farmer Leon say, when he finds his black colt has had all the hair cut off its tail?" laughed Joseph.

"And how well the wig was made!" uttered *la mère Blain*, curiously examining the scalp.

"For a first attempt, and with such materials, not so bad," answered Joseph, conceitedly. "I did it!"

A little later in the day Nanon returned with Jean Leroux, who, however, left her at her own door. The poor girl looked almost happy, certainly hopeful; she would have felt doubly so had she seen the hundred and fifty francs which *la mère Blain*, however, carefully locked up.

"Oh!" cried Nanon to Philippe, yet a sigh half choked the word, "you need not write to the monsieur at the Cheval Blanc at C—, about my hair. I met him, and most fortunately Jean had stepped into a shop, so I told him *La Pierre* had declined the bargain, and he should have it."

"And is he coming?" eagerly asked Philippe; he longed to have the purchase of the substitute completed before Nanon found out anything.

"Yes; he will be here in half an hour. He seemed very anxious about it, for he said it must be some trick of *La Pierre's* to try and get it cheaper, as he knew for a certainty that yesterday the duchess had again been inquiring about her hair, and *La Pierre* had none, but promised it in a few days. 'If I get the start of him,' said the monsieur," continued Na-

non, "it will make my fortune, for I shall get the duchess for a customer, and her name is worth thousands to any one, as a leader of fashion!"

And Nanon was quite right about the great eagerness of the coiffeur, for in a few moments he galloped up to the door; he had even ridden to make more haste; and this time Nanon's beautiful hair really was sacrificed to Love and Poverty; just a braid was left in front, and a few curls in the pole of the neck, and even then the hair measured a full metre, more than a yard. She did sigh, but a sight of the large silver pieces cheered her, and she smiled as she put on her cap, and said, "Well, I shall be cooler this summer, for it was a mass to bear, and by winter twill be longer again."

And Philippe rushed off to Felix, the carpenter, and "bought him up," as merchants do some rare object in the commercial market. But not a word did he say to Nanon about it.

Three days later by the heavy diligence came La Pierre in a fury to C—, and thence to the cot where the orphans resided.

Down he flung the tail of Farmer Leon's colt at Nanon's feet, and stormed and threatened.

The perfect innocence of the girl amazed even him. He was convinced that she had had no participation in the trick.

Some one ran and told Philippe that his uncle had arrived, and it was not long before he was on the spot.

"Look you, uncle, well named La Pierre" (the stone), said Philippe, after explanations had taken place, "I am but a boy, but I have friends, and if you don't go away quietly I'll make you prove about the five hundred francs you cheated us of. We have got back but a small portion, but take care I don't force you to disgorge all!"

"I would give all—five hundred francs for the hair!" cried the agitated man, gazing at Nanon's cropped head, "for I shall be ruined without it. You don't know the enemies a man has in public life."

And the outdone wig maker groaned in spirit; for there is glory even to be gained, and Fame sounds her trumpet for the hero and the hairdresser—for the warrior and the wig maker! Philippe candidly acknowledged how all had been accomplished, and taunted the wretched man about his hard-hearted refusal to secure Nanon's happiness, when his heart was bursting its bands about the duchess's plaits!

And when the name of the person was given who had become the fortunate possessor, La Pierre quite staggered.

"My rival!" he cried; "that fiend L'Unitier, who has circumvented me too often already. I shall go mad! but you shall suffer first."

And shaking his fist at the three before him, he rushed from the cottage. However, he thought better of his threat, ugly facts would have been revealed, so he took the first conveyance back to Paris; but the fiend L'Unitier had preceded and forestalled him with the duchess, from whose *femme de chambre* he received a cold message in her mistress's name, desiring him to send in his bill, as *la duchesse* was not pleased with his want of attention to her orders, as another had procured what La Pierre had declined.

He begged, implored, humbled himself, but L'Unitier won the day, and then La Pierre in his rage treated himself to a fit of apoplexy, which carried him off, and the children he had defrauded stepped in as next of kin, and inherited his wealth.

Nanon, of course, married Jean Leroux; Philippe went up to Paris to study heraldry, he had a taste for it; *la mère Blain's* cottage and ground were purchased, and given to her, and Joseph, who had a superstitious feeling that from his first success he was destined to become a celebrated coiffeur, gladly succeeded to La Pierre's business.

The Deschamps and Leroux had no coat of arms known, so in due time the heraldic painter, Philippe, invented one, curious if not graceful: A helmet with a long horse-hair tail, stuck on a huge pair of shears; in memory of the incipient soldier, saved by a horsetail, which the scissors cut off.

And this original idea became the origin of the helmets soldiers wear with the horsetail dangling down behind, and the originator, Philippe, received that most select badge of honor, the little bit of red ribbon in his button-hole. Long life to glory!

**ORIGIN OF THE COAL-BED.**—The origin of the succession of coal-beds, with their intervening strata, is not yet satisfactorily ascertained. Some geologists suppose that dense forests and peat-bogs subsiding beneath the water, were covered with mud and sand, which constitute the shale and sandstone strata over the coal; the land rising again and accumulating vegetable growth, was again submerged—a submergence and elevation occurring for each bed of coal. The number of alternations thus required renders this mode very improbable. Another mode for accounting for the phenomena attributes the coal strata to successive depositions of sand, mud, vegetables made by rivers in lakes or estuaries, in accordance with the specific gravity of the materials. This mode of action is witnessed on a small scale in the deltas of our large rivers, as the Mississippi and Ganges, where immense rafts of vegetable matter are invested by the silts of the rivers, especially during inundations. The perfect state of preservation of many frail plants of the coal strata, however, seems hardly consistent with such violent action. The shales which underlie and overlie the beds of coal contain the best specimens of the coal plants, which occur between every succession of laminae. The newly exposed roof of a coal mine presents a beautiful display of interlacing stems and leaves. The most elaborate imitations of living foliage on the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beautiful profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these instructive coal-mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a gorgeous canopy of tapestry, enriched with festoons of graceful foliage flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface, the effect heightened by the contrast of the coal-black color of these vegetables with the light groundwork of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees of form and character now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigor of their primeval life; their scaly stems and bending branches, with their foliage, are spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of indefinite ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are infallible historians.

**GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.**—There is a great deal of art in knowing how to grow old. No man likes to think of it, and especially no woman. It is not pleasant to resign the charms and pleasures of youth, to notice the dull yellow hue stealing over the once round blooming cheek; to have the dimples and the whiteness die out from the soft hand; to watch the gathering crow's-feet, in ugly lines, beneath the bright eyes; to sadly comb out, day by day, the gradually thinning hair, and see it crossed here and there by silver lines, which remind one, as gently as may be, that we have passed the Rubicon, and can never more return. Some rebel against this fated necessity; they stoutly resist the encroachment of time, and use various expedients to conceal its ravages. It is all of little use, however. Slowly, but surely, the stealthy steps advance, and mock the affectation which would assume the airs of youth, when the reality is no longer there to give grace and beauty to the picture. Better it is to boldly meet the unwelcome visitant, treat it kindly, assume with dignity the responsibilities with which advancing years invest you, and Time, who slyly gives wicked wrinkles to those who treat him harshly, will pass lightly over you, smiling his approbation.

**HUMMING BIRDS' TONGUES.**—The tongue of a humming bird is very curious. It has two tubes alongside of each other, like the two tubes of a double-barrelled gun. At the tip of the tongue the tubes are a little separated, and their ends are shaped like spoons. The honey is spooned up, as we may say, and then it is drawn into the mouth through the long tubes of the tongue. But the bird uses its tongue another way. It catches insects with it, for it lives on these as well as honey. It catches them in this way; the two spoons grasp the insect like a pair of tongs, and the tongue bending, puts it into the bird's mouth. The tongue, then, of the humming bird is not merely one instrument, but contains several instruments together, two pumps, two spoons and a pair of tongs.



PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, AND PART OF THE TRAITOR'S GATE, TOWER OF LONDON.

#### OUR EARLY DISCOVERERS—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

It is seldom that a man combines in himself so many noble qualities as the gallant who laid his cloak on the mud to preserve the foot of Queen Elizabeth unsoiled, and who laid his head on the block with equal philosophy and grace. Indeed it would be difficult to find his peer even in his own chivalrous age. Sir Francis Drake had his love of adventure and courage, but he was a sailor, and not a poet, historian, philosopher and courtier—all of which Walter Raleigh was—while those who were men of genius and learning had no claim to his brilliant achievements. He must therefore be considered as a man of that composite order of mental, moral and physical architecture, which seldom presents itself to our observation.

With regard to his verses, there is in them more of the scholar than the true poet, and it must be remembered he lived when almost every courtly gallant tried to amble on Pegasus.

His *History of the World* is, however, a monument of labor, sagacity and learning, although owing to its peculiar style it has never been a popular work.

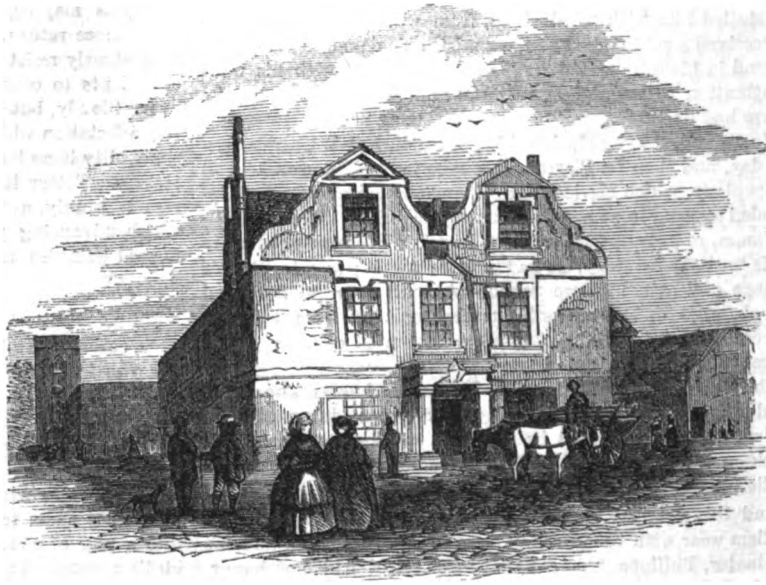
There is something interesting in the fact that the establishment of the Anglo-Saxon race on a continent destined to develop its grandest energies, had its rise in an age for ever rendered more illustrious than any other by the presence of Shakespeare's genius, and the emancipation of the English mind from the fetters of Papal tyranny;

for although the faith of Elizabeth was nearly as merciless and persecuting as the creed it displaced, yet it contained within itself the vital element of a progression which has resulted in that grandest of all spectacles, the universal religious toleration of this mighty republic.

Man as an individual has not surpassed the intellectual standard of Aristotle, Plato and Socrates in philosophy. Euclid, to this very minute, is unsurpassed as a mathematician. Poetry has not soared above the heights of Homer, Æschylus, Pindar and Anacreon—while history has no superior to Polybius, Thucydides and Tacitus. Demosthenes remains to this hour the chief of orators, as Hannibal and Julius Cæsar are yet the greatest of generals; but in all that relates to science, the greatest of ancients are nothing to Newton, Cuvier, Davy, Franklin and Humboldt. It would thus seem that, while poetry, history, oratory, painting and sculpture had produced none superior to its founders, in astronomy and every other art and science the greatest of the early professors were mere children compared to the moderns.

The same applies to nations, which now are rather communities made up of those varied races which may be said, like the prismatic colors, to form almost a perfect light. If we regard the decline of Greece, we shall find the seed of its decay in its narrow nationality—the Roman, which lasted longer, had a somewhat more enlarged mixture of races, but was still essentially Italian. Spain paid the penalty of its proscription by losing its predominance in less than a century. The wonderful growth of England, and her expansion over the whole globe is founded upon the numerous bloods thrown into her one-absorbing momentum. The English race is an amalgamation of Angles, Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans, and hence its energy and progression. Every national peculiarity has been placed in the alembic of the human brain to produce one grand result. It is on these grounds that we consider the American race as even superior to the English, since, in addition to the parent stock, it has received into its nature the invigorating idiosyncrasies of every people under the sun. On these physiological principles we consider ourselves justified in predicting for the New World a destiny which the Old had neither the material, the space nor the opportunity to realize.

It is therefore probable, as we got our civilization from Europe, we shall repay the gift by giving to her a freedom she never could have obtained without us. This must also explain the apparent inconsistency of our present chaotic state in morals, poetry and the fine arts. We have not yet produced great poets, painters, musicians and philosophers, because we are not yet out of our mechanical apprenticeship. Our intellect, energy and aspirations have been given to tilling the earth,



THE TOWN HOUSE, ENFIELD, AS IT NOW APPEARS.



forming our railroads, building our cities and making our political machinery. Every year consolidates our system, and brings it into an easier practical state.

Sculpture, poetry, painting, music and the higher branches of science are the results of leisure. The first duty of the agriculturist is to stock his farm, and of the merchant to secure his competency. Then follow the graces of life, and then will come the American men of genius. It is idle to expect refinement till the working age has passed away, or until we have created a class whose education requires the loftier achievements of mind.

It must also be borne in mind that, owing to the unfortunate fact of speaking the same language as the English, we have been supplied with a literature already "cut and dried" for us, and more paralyzing still to our national mind, without anything to pay. There being consequently no demand for Shakespeares, Sheridans, Popes, Swifts and Gibbons, there has been no supply, since it is against American instinct to work without the prospect of immediate payment.

This want of demand checking the supply is evidenced by our triumphs in mechanical science, where we may be said to stand at the head of civilization. We need not recapitulate them, since they are recognized by the whole world. After these preliminary remarks upon the cradle of our national existence, let us devote a few pages to a brief history of one of our earliest discoverers.

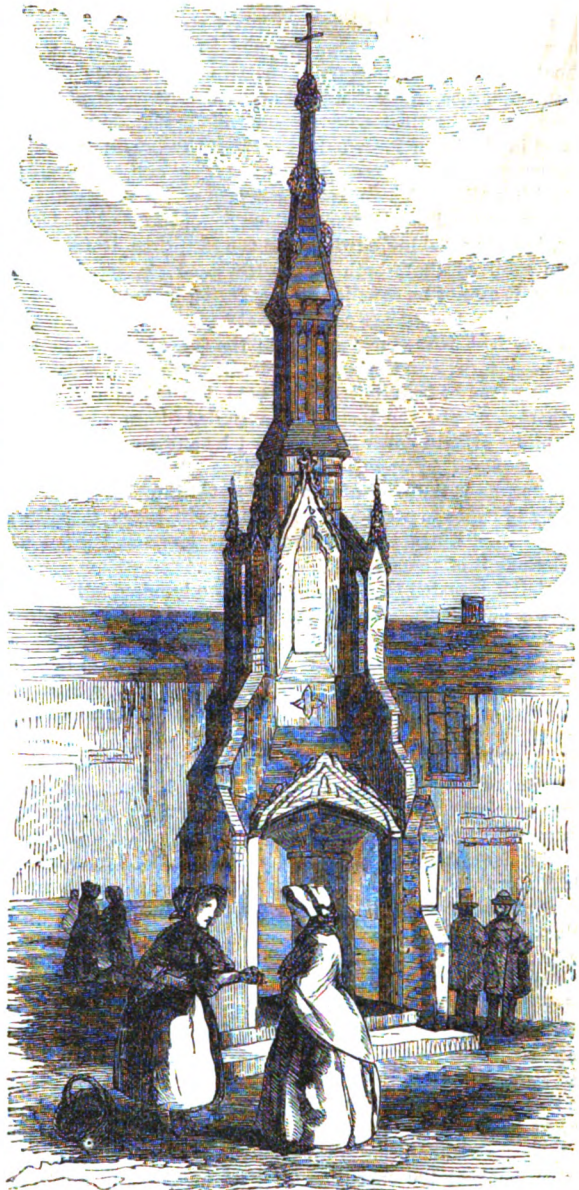
Walter Raleigh was born in 1552, at Hayes near Bodley, in Devonshire, that beautiful county which the fervid writings of Kingsley have taught the world to love, and which has produced so imposing an array of noble names, crowned with distinction in every branch of science, as well as in arms and letters and the law. The unpretending farm-house of Hayes was the patrimony of an ancient family, in whose veins the blood of some of the noblest English lineages could be traced, yet whose pecuniary circumstances were not affluent; and although his mother, early left a widow, espoused a gentleman of Devon who became to young Walter in every respect a second father, he was not educated with a view to his occupation of any conspicuous situation in society or the political world, but with the intention of becoming a lawyer.

In his eighteenth year, however, the chivalric young Devonian left the study of the law, and enlisted as a volunteer in the forces sent by England to the assistance of the French Huguenots. For several years young Raleigh remained upon the Continent, and in 1578 he fought in the Netherlands, on the side of the revolted subjects of Spain. In the following year he accompanied his half-brother, Humphrey Gilbert, on his voyage of discovery to North America, and on his return accompanied the forces of the lord deputy to Ireland, where his brilliant achievements in the short but sanguinary struggle with the "wild Irish," and the Spanish troops who had been landed to assist them, drew the attention of Queen Elizabeth, ever watchful of merit, to the young soldier. After the capitulation of Smerwick, and the horrible but unavoidable butchery of the Spaniards, Raleigh was promoted to the governorship of Cork and several other dependencies in Ireland.

In 1583, however, unable to endure the monotony and inglorious quiet of his life in Ireland, Raleigh fitted out a vessel at his own expense, and made a second voyage to North America, armed with a royal patent, empowering him to take possession of and colonize such lands as he might discover. The discovery of Virginia was the fruit of this enterprise, and a colony was left behind which might have prospered but for the internal dissensions of its chiefs.

Honors fell thick on Raleigh when he returned to England. In 1584 he was chosen deputy for Devon, was shortly afterwards knighted by the queen, and in 1586 he was made seneschal of the duchies of Cornwall and Exeter. The favors shown to Raleigh soon, however, had the natural effect of exciting the jealousy of other favorites of the queen, and in the hot-headed Essex, Raleigh found a constant, though a comparatively harmless, because imprudent foe; still, in despite of all the unfavorable influences set in motion against him, Raleigh continued to prosper. At one time, indeed, he suffered a long and merited imprisonment for the seduction of one of the queen's ladies of

honor, but Elizabeth's anger was at length dissipated, and the offending cavalier was permitted to expiate his fault by marrying the lady whom he had injured. He sailed in 1588, with several vessels fitted out at his own cost, to join the fleet which put to sea on the approach of the Spanish Armada. In the wonderful sea-fight which ensued, lasting, as it did, through many days, and carried on by squadrons in nearly every part of the British Channel, Raleigh acquired additional glory, and was rewarded with fresh honors from his sovereign. Yet his restless spirit again drove him from England, and he undertook an expedition to Guiana, where he hoped to find the fabulous El Dorado, in the existence of which he, in common with the whole world, believed implicitly at that time.



THE MARKET CROSS AT ENFIELD, ENGLAND.

He sailed from Plymouth, in February 1595, with five vessels and one hundred soldiers. In order to reach the capital city of Guiana, it was necessary to ascend the Orinoco, the navigation of which was completely unknown to the English. As the ships drew too much water, a hundred men embarked with Raleigh in boats and proceeded up the stream.

In these they remained for a month, exposed to all the extremes of a tropical climate; sometimes to the heats of a burning sun, and again to violent and torrential rains. Raleigh's account of their progress through the labyrinth of islands and channels at the river's mouth, of their precarious



supplies of food and water, the appearance of the country and the manners of the natives, and finally of their entrance into the grand bed of the superb Orinoco, has been admired for its descriptive beauty as well as ridiculed for its extravagant credulity. Indeed it is doubted by many whether Raleigh really believed the stories which he put in circulation. We quote a passage :

"Those who are desirous to discover and to see many nations," he writes, "may be satisfied within this river ; which bringeth forth so many arms and branches leading to several countries and provinces, above two thousand miles east and west, and of these the most either rich in gold or in other merchandises. The common soldier here shall fight for gold, and pay himself, instead of pence, with plates of gold half a foot broad, whereas he breaketh his bones in other wars for provant and penury. Those commanders and chieftains who shoot at honor and abundance shall find here more rich and beautiful cities, more temples adorned with golden images, more sepulchres filled with treasure, more than either Cortez found in Mexico or Pizarro in Peru ; and the shining glory of this conquest will eclipse all those so far extended beams of the Spanish nation. There is no country which yieldeth more pleasure to the inhabitants, for those common delights of hunting, hawking, fishing, fowling and the rest, than Guiana does. I am resolved that, both for health, good air, pleasures and riches, it cannot be equalled by any region in the east or west. To conclude, Guiana is a country that hath yet her maidenhead, never sacked, turned nor wrought ; the face of the earth hath not been torn, nor the virtue and salt of the soil spent ; the graves have not been opened for gold, the mines not broken with sledges nor the images been pulled down out of their temples. It hath never been entered by any army of strength nor conquered by any Christian prince . . . I trust that he who is the Lord of lords will put it into her heart who is lady of ladies to possess it. If not I will judge those most worthy to be kings thereof, that by her leave and grace will undertake it of themselves."

Raleigh ascended the stream nearly two hundred miles, when the rapid and terrific rise of its waters compelled him to return. He took formal possession of the country, and made the caciques swear allegiance to Queen Elizabeth. He returned to England during the summer, having been but five months absent. It was then that he published the narrative from which we have quoted.

In 1596, Raleigh fought in Essex's expedition against Cadiz ; but the two commanders were too thoroughly antagonistic to agree even when engaged in the public service ; and Essex, a few months later, in the cruise which he undertook in search of the Spanish galleons near the Azores, manifested a spite against Sir Walter which proved highly detrimental to the cause in which both were engaged. The lack of unity led Raleigh to attack, on his own responsibility, a detachment of the enemy's fleet, and although the action resulted, as usual, in the triumph of the English, Essex was so enraged at the presumption of his subordinate in bringing on an action without orders, that he was scarcely restrained from visiting, with all the rigors of military law, the commission of a technical fault which the event had rendered so excusable. On Raleigh's return to England, he was made Governor of Jersey ; but his decline was now at hand. The frank and open, although passionate nature of Essex had endeared him to the populace, and Raleigh's undissembled joy at the execution of that unfortunate nobleman drew down upon him an amount of popular dislike which none of his past services nor future deserts could remove. With the accession of James I., in 1602, he lost every vestige of his dignities and even liberty itself. The jealous, narrow-minded sovereign dreaded the influence of a man so capable as Raleigh to become a dangerous enemy ; and Sir Walter was accordingly charged with a treasonable design to depose the Scottish monarch, and to place the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. He was tried for high treason, and confined in the Tower, where he remained a prisoner during nearly thirteen years.

During this long captivity Raleigh produced the great work which he began by way of pastime, and continued for the in-

struction of his countrymen. The "History of the World" is a work exhibiting prodigious research and learning, of which not even the antiquated style is a bar to the pleasure one may take in its perusal. The composition of this noble monument of genius was undoubtedly a potent solace to the weariness of Raleigh's protracted captivity, and the admiration with which it was received must have been sweet indeed to him in his adversity. At length, however, James was induced to set his prisoner at liberty, in order that he might make a second attempt at discovering certain gold mines which he was convinced existed in Guiana ; and in 1617 he was permitted to embark once more on an expedition. With a fleet of thirteen vessels he sailed for Guiana, and reached the mouth of the Orinoco in safety ; but here a fever robbed him of his strength, and he was compelled to send a detachment of his force up the river, while he himself, with a portion of his force, awaited its return.

Captain Keymis led the exploring party, and, upon being compelled to return to the ship without success, and with the news of the death in battle of Sir Walter's eldest son, committed suicide. Raleigh sailed to Newfoundland to victual and refit ; but a mutiny of the crews forced him to return to England, where he was beheaded for the crime already punished by thirteen years' confinement.

For some years in Raleigh's life, he tasted comparative quiet in Enfield, a little village within ten miles of London ; as every spot connected with this great man, more especially one so interesting to Americans, is worth illustrating, we give accurate pictures of the chief antiquarian places, which are now in nearly the same condition as at the time when Raleigh lived there. Even since his time there are incidents connected with this romantic village of great historical interest.

Gough Park, the residence of Richard Gough, Esq. ; Durant's House or Harbor burnt down some years ago, the residence of Judge Jeffries, who, we may here mention, was educated at the Grammar School ; Forty Hall, built by Sir Hugh Fortie between 1629 and 1682 from the designs of Inigo Jones, but modernised by the Wolstenholme family in 1700. White Webb's House, hired by the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, but very little of which remains ; the four lodges in the Chase, used as hunting-seats during the reigns of Elizabeth, James and Charles II. Enfield Palace, built by Sir Thomas Lovell, knight of the garter and privy councillor to King Henry VII., still possesses several noble rooms, and the ground floor remains nearly in its original state, with oak panels and a richly ornamented ceiling, bearing the crown and fleur-de-lis in multangular compartments, the cross lines of which are ornamented with pendants. The chimneypiece is richly carved, and embellished with foliage and birds, and supported by columns of the Ionic and Corinthian order. It is decorated with the rose and portcullis, crowned with the arms of England and France quarterly, and the supporters a lion and a griffin : underneath is the motto, "*Sola salus servire Deo ; sunt cetera fraudes.*" In the same room is preserved a portion of another chimneypiece, which was removed from one of the upper apartments. It is of similar style to the one above described, and bears on one side the motto, "*Ut ros super herbam,*" and on the other side, "*Est benevolentia regis.*" Several of the upper rooms have ceilings of a similar character.

At the death of Henry VIII. the Princess Elizabeth was residing at Enfield, and her brother at Hertford ; and when Elizabeth became queen, she frequently visited Enfield. Notices of her presence at Enfield occurred in 1561, 1564 and 1568. It is related that in April, 1557, the Princess Elizabeth was escorted from Hatfield to Enfield Chase by a retinue of twelve ladies in white satin on ambling palfries, and twenty yeomen in green on horseback, that her grace might shoot the hart. On entering the Chase she was met by fifty archers in scarlet boots and yellow caps, armed with gilded bows, each of whom presented her with a silver-headed arrow, winged with peacocks' feathers ; and, by way of closing the sport, the princess was gratified with the privilege of cutting the throat of a buck. Queen Elizabeth leased the house in the year 1582 to Henry Middlemore, Esq., for fifty-one years, so that it did not revert to the crown during her reign. From 1600 to 1660 it was tenanted by several families of great note. In 1792 a great portion of

the palace was pulled down, and several dwellings erected on its site. Nothing was left save the portion which has been briefly described. The rectory of Enfield was given by the Conqueror to Geoffrey de Magnaville or Mandeville, Constable of the Tower. At the dissolution of the monasteries, 1539, it was granted by Henry VIII. to Thomas Hadley, Lord Hadley, and, in 1548, it passed into the hands of the fellows and scholars of Trinity College, Cambridge, who are the present patrons. In 1327 the vicarage was rated at nine marks: in the king's books it is valued at £26 per annum. The college just named has presented one of its fellows in regular succession from the year 1550 to the present time.

The church, which is dedicated to St. Andrew, was founded in 1186. It abounds in monuments of persons of note, mostly benefactors to the parish by charitable bequests. There are also a few monumental brasses and mural tablets, one of which is in memory of the celebrated Abernethy, and on which is an elegant Latin inscription. Enfield is also rich in royal privileges and charters. It also gives the title of Baron of Enfield (Viscount Enfield). A great number of ancient coins, tokens, rings, celts, knives, forks, spoons and other curiosities, have been found in various parts of the parish, in reference to the time of Elizabeth. Roman coins have also been discovered near Enfield. So late as 1830 Roman silver and brass coins were ploughed up near Clay Hill, of Domitian, Caius Nerva, Trajanus, Aurelius, Hadrian, Antoninus and others, to the number of one hundred and seventy. Ancient banners, armor, &c., painted tiles, coffins, urns, nails and human bones have also been discovered, affording to the historian and antiquary much matter of interest.

The remains of the old church, which we have engraved, were discovered some years ago in picking the plaster from the walls during the repairs. They are situated in the south wall of the sacristy, and consist of piscina and part of the sedilia. The last arch had been cut away exactly through the crown to make room for the pilaster which now terminates the wall towards the passage. They were possibly, with the tower, a portion of an older church, probably of 1136, being evidently previous to the present church, which was built about 1400.

The house where Sir Walter Raleigh resided has lately been repaired, and the interior is said to be precisely as it was in the days of Elizabeth. Uvedale's Cedar, growing in its vicinity, and said to have been planted by that celebrated antiquary, is given as it now appears in its green old age.

The Town House, as well as the building now used as a railway station, has been considered the house in which the Earl of Essex, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, resided, but was most probably a house built for the retainers of the queen, there not being sufficient accommodation in the palace for all her retinue after she came to the throne.

Room in the Palace, situated on the ground floor, was used as a nursery for the children of Henry VIII., and afterwards as the palace of Queen Elizabeth. It was here that she entertained Lord Essex after his return from Ireland.

The Market Cross, possibly a restoration of some former cross, was erected in 1826. On it are the charters of the town. The inhabitants of Enfield, in consideration of supplying food to London during the plague, have the right of entering all markets in England and using them free of all dues.

As we have mentioned Sir Walter Raleigh, as a poet we give some specimens of his muse. Like all the poetry of that age, Raleigh's metrical productions were fantastic, full of hyperbolic expressions, and, as the Italians say, *concelli*, yet full of acute thought and a wholesomeness of reflection which are rare in contemporaneous verse. The celebrated poem entitled "The Lye," and commencing

Go, my soul, the body's guest,

which has usually been attributed to Raleigh, has been proved, during the present century, the production of some other, and unfortunately anonymous pen; but the four gems of poetry which we have selected are sufficient to establish Raleigh's claim to a place among the poets, as he had one among the warriors, sailors, discoverers, colonizers, courtiers and historians of the Elizabethan age. The first one which we copy is an imitation of Withers' well-known poem, which was made

the model of several felicitous efforts by different individuals after the fashion of that age.

## I.

## HIS LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.

SHALL I, like a hermit, dwell  
On a rock or in a cell,  
Calling home the smallest part  
That is missing of my heart,  
To bestow it where I may  
Meet a rival every day?  
If she undervalue me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel gold,  
If a stranger may be bold,  
Unrebuked, unafraid,  
To convert them to a braid;  
And with little more ado  
Work them into bracelets, too?  
If the mine be grown so free,  
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hand as rich a prize  
As her hairs or precious eyes,  
If she lay them out to take  
Kisses for good manner's sake;  
And let every lover skip,  
From her hand unto her lip;  
If she seem not chaste to me,  
What care I how chaste she be?

No she must be perfect snow,  
In effect as well as show;  
Warming but as snow-balls do,  
Not like fire by burning too;  
But when she by change hath got  
To her heart a second lot,  
Then, if others share with me  
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

In the second poem Petrarch is the chosen model, and the stilted melancholy of the Italian poet is reproduced with an accuracy somewhat unpleasing. Fantastic as was necessarily the poetry of Raleigh, written, as it was, when euphuism was almost the distinguishing badge of the gentleman, and when a profusion of farfetched epithets and unnatural symbolism was considered the principal excellence of a votary of the Muses, it is nevertheless removed from the excess of hyperbole which defaced the productions of contemporaneous versifiers:

## II.

## A VISION UPON THE FAIRY QUEEN.

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,  
Within that temple where the vestal flame  
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way  
To see that buried dust of living fame,  
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,  
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen,  
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;  
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,  
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead  
Oblivion laid him low on Laura's hearse.  
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,  
And groans of buried ghosts the heav'ns did pierce,  
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,  
And curs'd the access of that celestial thief.

In the two following poems Raleigh's sprightly muse is seen to better advantage, and the grace of his versification is especially developed:

## III.

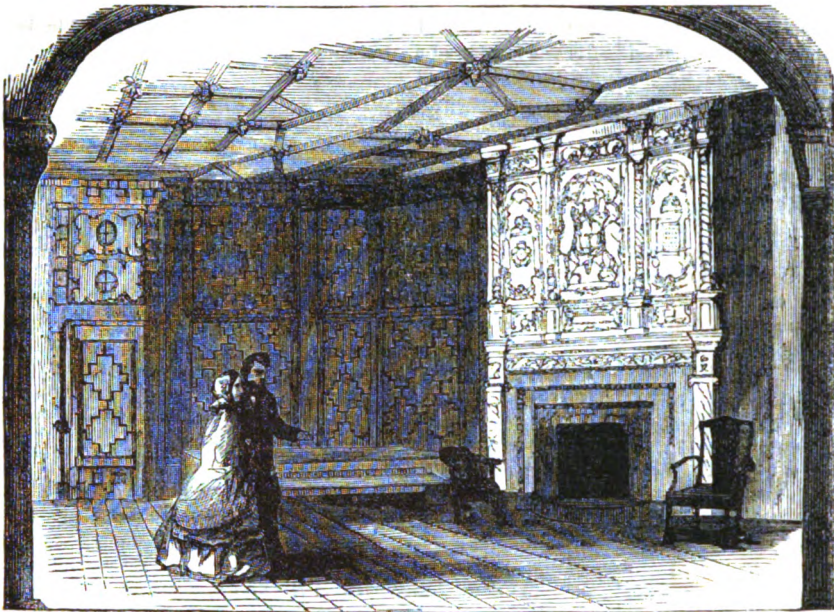
## THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are I ken'd best to floods and streams,  
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;  
So when affection yields discourse, it seems  
The bottom is but shallow whence they come!  
They that are rich in words must needs discover  
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,  
The merit of true passion,  
With thinking that he feels no smart  
That sues not for compassion.

Since if my plaints were not t' approve  
The conquest of thy beauty,  
It comes not from defect of love,  
But fear t' exceed my duty.





ROOM IN THE PALACE AT ENFIELD.

For not knowing that I sue to serve  
A saint of such perfection  
As all desire, but none deserve  
A place in her affection.

I rather choose to want relief  
Than venture the revealing;  
Where glory recommends the grief,  
Despair disdains the healing.

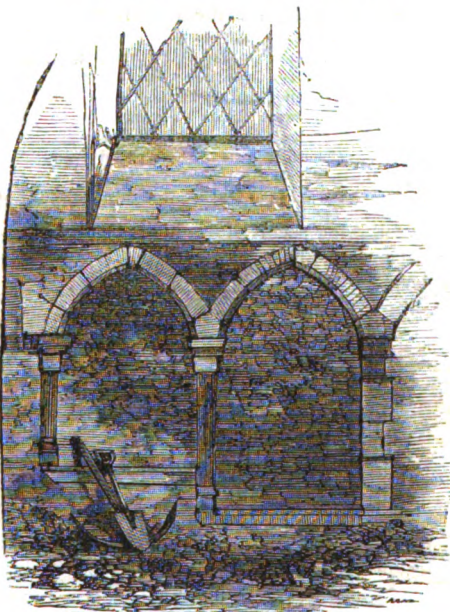
Silence in love betrays more woe  
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;  
A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
May challenge double pity

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,  
My love for secret passion;  
He smarteth most who hides his smart,  
And sues for no compassion.

## IV.

## A NYMPH'S DISDAIN OF LOVE.

Hey down a down, did Dian sing,  
Amongst her virgins sitting,  
Than love there is no vainer thing  
For maidens most unfitting;  
And so think I, with a down, down derry!



REMAINS OF THE OLD CHURCH, ENFIELD

When women knew no woe,  
But liv'd themselves to please,  
Men's feigning guiles they did not know,  
The ground of their disease.

Unborn was false Suspect;  
No thought of Jealousy;  
From wanton toys and fond affect  
The virgin's life was free;  
Hey down, adown, did Dian sing, &c.

At length men used charms,  
To which what maids gave ear,  
Embracing gladly endless harms,  
Anon enthralled were.

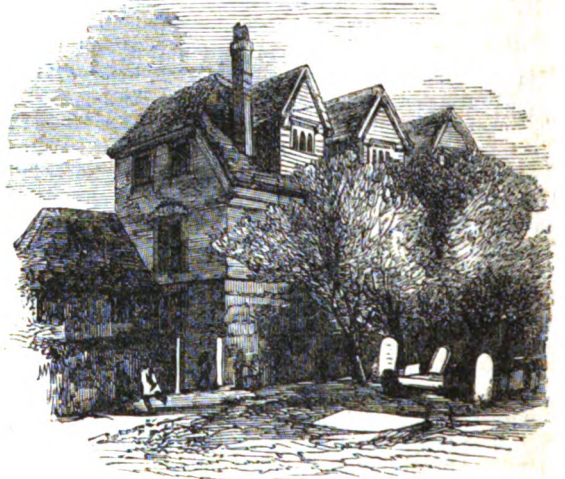
Thus women welcomed woe,  
Disguis'd in name of love;  
A jealous hell, a painted show,  
So shall they find that prove.

Hey down, a down did Dian sing,  
Amongst her virgins sitting,  
Than love there is no vainer thing  
For maidens most unfitting;  
And so think I, with a down, down derry!

Such were some of the deeds and  
productions—such the life and death  
—of this brilliant, many-sided, yet  
unfortunate man.

## THREE MASTERS.

I was never anything but a fine, old country gentleman, living upon my property, and passing the whole of my days in the sports of the field. The gun or the fishing-rod was seldom out of my hands, except when a scarlet coat was on my back, and I



CHANTREY SCHOOL AT ENFIELD.

was on the back of my favorite steed. I was the steady, persevering amateur butcher of my county, known and dreaded by the brute creation for miles and miles, and no huntsman's dinner—no angler's festival was considered complete unless I consented to grace the board, either as the president or the honored guest. No one ever thought me cruel, no one ever called me a brute; on the contrary, I was looked upon as a manly representative of a manly race, whose gradual decline and probable extinction was a great and irreparable loss to the country.

One day I went wild-duck shooting. My water-boots were out of order; in fact, I wanted a new pair; but the weather was so favorable for the sport, and I was so eager, that I could not wait until a proper equipment arrived from London. I knew I was flying in the face of danger; my old housekeeper (I have neither wife nor children) told me so; and when I came back at night, wet through to the legs, with very strong symptoms of inflammatory cold, no one in the house expressed any surprise, unless it was at my obstinate folly.





RALEIGH'S HOUSE AT ENFIELD.

The sequel is soon told ; a high fever followed, and as I had always been very free with brandy and old port wine, I was peculiarly open to an attack of this kind, and in a few days I gave up the ghost.

On knocking for admission, in the usual way, at the door of Elysium, I met with a very cold reception at the hands of the porter.

"I think, sir," he said, "you're a little afore your time?"

"How can that be?" I asked. "I died in the regular way."

"Not exactly in the regular way," he replied, "as far as I understand it; howsomdever, it's nothing to do with me; I've only got to obey orders, and to tell you that your little place inside is not half ready, and won't be finished for some years."

"Come," I said, getting indignant, "enough of this nonsense, open the gate."

"Oh," he returned sneeringly, handing me a written paper, "this game won't do with me; I've seen too much of it."

"You rascal," I shouted, now fully enraged, "this impertinence shall be reported to your employers."

"Report away!" he replied, laughing, "two can play at that. If a gent goes and commits suicide, or the next thing to it, he must take the consequences, that's all."

Before I could turn and strike him to the ground for this insult, he had closed the wicket, and I was left to grope my way once more in the outer darkness.

It was some time before I again reached daylight, and was able to read my paper. It fully authorised the remarks of the surly porter, by reproving me for the manner in which I had prematurely, and almost knowingly, put an end to a not very valuable or wisely spent existence. It showed me how very closely such a piece of folly as I had been guilty of, in standing up to my waist in water half a day in leaky boots, bordered upon the prohibited crime of self-destruction. My place in Elysium was not prepared for my reception, as I was not due for the next five and twenty years; and I was ordered to fill up the remainder of my allotted time on earth in the disagreeable condition of the metempsychosis.

Scarcely had I got to the end of his mandate, when I was felled to the ground; a darkness came over my eyes, which seemed to me to last for many hours; and when it cleared away, my soul had transmigrated, and I found myself a dog—a wretched, full-sized, half-fed cur, the property of a costermonger in the streets of London.

My master was poor, and considered savage; but as I had seen so much of sportsmen in my former state, I did not altogether agree with this opinion. We lived up a filthy court without a thoroughfare, just at the back of a pile of stately mansions; and my duty was to trot by the side of my master's barrow during the day, and to keep guard over it all through the night. The work was hard and the food was scanty; but the latter was as much as my master could afford; and I was not in a position to complain of the former, when I recollected that I had put many animals to much more pain for my idle pleasure than this man was compelled to inflict in the hard pursuit of a bare existence.

I was chained by a log to the street-door, which was kept open day and night, and my bed was a little rotten straw thrown down in the middle of the passage. I could not complain of this, as there were many children—dozens, perhaps—sleeping in the same house, who had no greater luxury under them. The square yard of our court was always half full of barrows, the property of the other inhabitants, who were all costermongers, like my master. There were many dogs who guarded these barrows, as I guarded my master's: and when business was flat, and my master with some of his neighbors wanted a little amusement to raise their spirits or occupy their leisure, I was brought out, being a powerful dog, and set on to fight one or more of my four-footed companions. Here my master and my former self seemed to meet as sportsmen upon common ground, but it is surprising with what different feelings I regarded a dog-fight when I was one of the combatants, instead of being one of the spectators. Sometimes a couple of precocious urchins, the glory of the court, would drag me out to make a match, while their parents all the time stood joyfully by, delighted at the signs of promise exhibited by their hopeful offspring. I could not, however, complain in my secret heart—the heart of my former self—for I well remembered the day when my father took me, a little rosy-cheeked boy of four or five years of age, to pull the trigger of a gun which was placed across a gate, by which I shot a poor sparrow that was sitting chirping on a hedge, and blew his body into a hundred pieces. The policeman on duty in the neighborhood of my master's court sometimes came up, and put an end to these frequent dog-fights; and arbitrary as this interference of authority undoubtedly was, it struck me it might have been exerted with great advantage upon half the great sporting estates of the country. Sometimes lady visitors from the fine houses at our back came round, protected by gentlemen, to investigate the condition of the lower orders. Of course they were shocked at our brutal habits and our savage nature; but one of the loudest-complaining ladies of the party forgot the time when I had seen her at her country-house, looking with delight through her gold eye-glass at the drawing of a sturdy badger.

One morning my master, either forgetting or being ignorant of the state of the law, fastened me to his barrow to help in



UVEDALE'S CEDAR AT ENFIELD.

drawing a heavy load—a task that I had anything but a relish for. I was obstinate and would not pull, which so exasperated my employer that he struck me several times with a stick across the back, as I had often struck an unruly horse in the country. This brutality, as it was called, was seen by several people, who cried “shame;” and by a policeman, who took my master and his barrow into custody.

“What’s the meaning of this flying in the face of an act of Parliament?” asked the magistrate.

“I don’t know anythin’ about hacts,” said my master; “I’m tryin’ to get a livin’.”

“Very likely,” returned the magistrate, “but you’re not allowed to get it with dogs. You’re fined one pound.”

“More shame for ‘em,” shouted my master; “he’s as strong as a ‘os.”

“You’re fined a pound,” repeated the magistrate, closing all further controversy.

My master was not prepared to pay the fine upon the spot, and his barrow was therefore impounded while he went in search of the money. The policeman unhooked me to let me walk about the yard, and seizing an opportunity, I squeezed myself through a small space under a gate, and turned my back for ever upon my unfortunate master and his barrow.

I wandered for many hours about the town, getting very tired and hungry, for I had had nothing all day, except some milk which I had stolen from a milk-can that stood open by some area-railings. My walk during the afternoon and evening had been through a very genteel, not to say aristocratic part of the metropolis, where the roads and gutters were swept so very clean, that they formed a desert of perfect hopelessness to a half-starved dog like myself. Shortly after dusk I found myself in a low outskirt of the town, that would have been country but for a long range of cinder heaps that blackened the whole prospect. Going some distance past these black hills, still on the main road, I came suddenly upon a small, wretched hut, one half of the ratters of which were visible through the roof. As I was lingering in front of this building the door suddenly opened, and a man stood full in the doorway. He seemed astonished and glad to catch sight of me, and beckoned me in with friendly signs, and the additional temptation of a piece of bread. I did not altogether like the place, but the man appeared friendly, the food was very tempting after a long tramp and a longer fast, and at last I entered. The man closed the door behind me as I was eating the bread, and then called to some one who was in the back part of the premises. A shrill voice answered the call, and shortly afterwards an old, sooty-faced woman made her appearance, who was much more repulsive in my eyes than the man. He was powerful, rough and gipsy-like in aspect; while she was sinewy, witch-like and fierce in expression. They stood at some distance from me, conversing in a low tone, while I was busy with the food the man had given me.

“Three ‘arf-crowns, at least,” said the woman, eagerly, “for a skin like that.”

“No,” said the man, sternly, “I won’t ‘av’ it. I can sell ‘im alive for that.”

“Keep ‘im, then,” replied the woman, sharply, “an’ see ‘im eat ‘is ‘ed orf in two days.”

“I’d like to keep ‘im altogether,” returned the man, looking at me with admiration; “a fine fellow.”

“We don’t want the money, do we?” asked the woman, with a savage expression; “cinder-sitting will bring it in a ‘urry, won’t it?”

This last speech seemed to have the desired effect upon the man, for the next moment I found myself in his powerful grasp, out of which there was no escape, and I saw the woman coming towards me with a bright, sharp-pointed knife. Putting the previous conversation and these signs together, it was not difficult to understand that their object was to skin me alive for the sake of my skin, which is twice the value when taken from a living animal. Looking back at my past self, I was conscious of many things that I had connived at in quiet country places, not very different from this, without having the excuse of hard necessity as some sort of palliation. These were my human reflections; and while I was indulging in them, my animal in-

stincts had taken care of my miserable body, by causing me to yell and howl at the top of my voice. The man tried to stop this uproar by claspings my jaw, but I gave him so much trouble to hold me down in my struggles, that he was compelled to let me howl to my heart’s content. Just as the old hag had got me into a position favorable to her operations, the door of the hut burst suddenly open, and several men stood in the room, and crowded round the doorway. The old woman dropped her knife, and the man dropped me to face the unwelcome intruders, who were a party of excursionists going home in a van, and while passing the hut they had been arrested by my howls of distress. The man and woman offered some rambling explanation, but it was of no avail, and the two miscreants, as they were called, were taken to town by my deliverers to answer the charge of cruelty to a dog. The next morning, before a magistrate, they were sentenced each to three months’ imprisonment with hard labor, amidst the applause of a crowded court; and I slunk away once more unobserved to seek my fortunes in another direction.

My last night’s experience had taught me to avoid the outskirts of the town; of the country I did not feel a very high opinion; and I therefore turned in a way that I supposed must lead me towards the centre of the metropolis. I had not gone far when I entered a spacious park, with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, with livery servants, horses, carriages, and every sign of luxury and wealth. I again began to feel the pangs of hunger, which came on with most annoying regularity; and as I could find nothing eatable upon the trim gravel walks, I took the liberty of snapping a large bun from the hand of a grossly over-fed boy in a velvet dress. The child was almost paralysed with fright, and before it could turn round and complain to its nurse, who was flirting with a very long, thin soldier, who seemed all legs, I was fairly out of sight amongst the trees. Going past a seat in one of the most pleasant parts of the park, my attention was drawn to a very benevolent-looking, stout, middle-aged gentleman, who wore spectacles, through which he was reading a book. There was something so delightfully calm, so comfortable, so good-humored and respectable about this person, that I could go no farther, but lay upon the ground with my tongue hanging out and my tail wagging in a most imbecile manner. If fate, I thought, had but given me such a master, I could have carried baskets, fetched sticks out of ponds and rivers, stood upon my hind-legs, or performed any other well-known canine feats in a transport of joy and thankfulness. I was not long in this attitude before I attracted the attention of the placid gentleman, who gave me such signs of encouragement, as he slowly arose to go away, that I followed him meekly without any hesitation. We had not gone far before we entered a quiet, spacious square, at a large corner house of which my new acquaintance appeared to reside. When he rang the bell the door was immediately answered by a servant in livery.

“George,” said the old gentleman, very mildly, “take this dog in and see him properly provided for.”

The benevolent gentleman’s commands were instantly obeyed; and, in a few minutes, I found myself in a large dog’s-house in a stable at the end of the garden, with a large pan of water and a large dish of bones and broken meat before me. When I had satisfied my hunger, and began to feel more happy, I looked about me, and saw three other dog’s-houses of various sizes. In one of these was a small black-and-tan terrier; in another a dog much larger, of the Scotch terrier breed; in another a still larger dog of the bull-terrier kind; while I made the fourth and largest, being a mixture of the Newfoundland and the shepherd’s dog. I learned in conversation with my new friends, who were all very sociable, that one had been bought of a man in the streets, another had been presented to the old gentleman by a friend, and the third had been encouraged to follow our master in the same way as I had. They were all well-fed and well-attended to, being taken out in turns by the servants for exercise, but never by their master. They had speculated much upon the character of the old gentleman, but they had not arrived at any satisfactory conclusion. He was not a dog-fancier, that was certain, nor was he of a sporting turn (I winced at this phrase), for he never went to the country; and why they



were kept there, as if to be looked at, and yet were never looked at, was a mystery they were unable to unravel, even with my intelligent assistance.

For some weeks I was kept in the state my companions had described, and I began to get rather weary of the monotony of my life, when one morning there seemed to be an unusual stir in the house, and shortly after breakfast several servants came down to the stable, and took the whole four of us in a body into the dining-room. The placid old gentleman, our master, was there, and several other old gentlemen equally respectable in appearance, equally adorned with spectacles, and equally placid in their manners.

"George," said our master, mildly, to one of the servants, "is the surgery prepared?"

"Quite prepared, sir," replied the servant.

"Will you be kind enough, then," said our master, very blandly, "to carry out my instructions?"

Upon these orders the black-and-tan terrier was first taken away, and, after the lapse of a few minutes, the servants returned for the Scotch terrier, and after that for the bull-terrier. Although we were walking about the dining-room before being removed to the surgery, the gentlemen assembled with our placid master took no notice of us, but kept up an animated conversation amongst themselves near the windows that looked into the square in front. At last my turn came, and I went with my conductor, and some little misgivings, towards the surgery. When I got there, before I had time to observe what had become of my companions, I was seized by several men, and fastened on a rack which held me firmly, face upwards, extended by the four legs, and in my mouth was placed a round block of wood, which prevented my making a noise. Scarcely had the servants settled me in this uncomfortable position, when I was conscious of the room being filled with the placid gentlemen, and of a very strong smell of drugs and physic.

"Since our last meeting, gentlemen," said a voice, which I recognised as our master's, "as you are probably aware, I have carried on a controversy in the public prints with a correspondent who signs himself *Canis Familiaris*. It is not for me, in this room, to speak of my own triumphs, but it must be evident to you all that a mere theorist like my anonymous opponent can have little chance in an argument with an unflinching experimentalist like myself. When *Canis Familiaris* asserts that a decoction of *Apocynum* (the common poisonous plant known as dog's-bane) will not kill a healthy dog, I silence him for ever when I reply that I have administered with my own hands fourteen different doses of this vegetable poison to fourteen different dogs of various sizes, and that I have their lifeless bodies now in my dissecting-room, as a proof against all the world."

A murmur of satisfaction was heard from the placid gentlemen after this speech, mingled with the clatter of glasses. At first I supposed our time had come, and that draughts of dog's-bane were being poured out for our immediate destruction; but I found from the smell that sherry was being drunk, and from the thick voices of the placid gentlemen that biscuits were being eaten.

"Doctor Borax," said our master, with an ill-suppressed air of triumph, "do you still adhere to your assertion that the fossil we have here is not the remains of the common dog?"

"I do, distinctly," replied Doctor Borax, rather indistinctly, for his mouth was half full of biscuit.

"Very well," returned our master, with a chuckle; "I assert the contrary; and what is more, I am prepared to prove, by direct comparison, that the fossil is the remains of one of two dogs—the Scotch terrier, or the bull-terrier."

Another murmur of satisfaction ran round the room at the close of this confident remark, mingled with the clatter of wine-glasses, and the crunching of crisp biscuits.

"Here," said our master, with the air of a conjuror, placing his hand upon a substance which made a hollow sound, "I have a fullgrown, healthy specimen of the bull-terrier, and here" (there was another hollow sound) "I have an equally favorable specimen of the Scotch terrier."

There was a general movement at this point amongst the placid gentlemen, as if for examination; and I judged rightly from the two hollow sounds that my unfortunate dog companions were similarly situated to myself close to where our master stood, and that he had caused the noise by dropping his hand upon their extended stomachs. When the placid gentlemen appeared to be satisfied, our master clicked a small table bell, which was immediately answered by the usual servant.

"George," said our master, "take those two dogs down to Mr. James in the dissecting-room, who will prepare them according to my instructions."

While these orders were being carried out, my master resumed his discourse.

"Gentlemen," he said, "to return in the interim to this question of the effect of the vulgar poison known as dog's-bane upon the common dog; I am prepared to show you how erroneous is the general impression that the greater the size of the animal, the greater will be his power of resisting the action of this deadly herb. I have proved by the fourteen dogs that I have already destroyed, that dog's-bane is not merely an ignorant, groundless title for a common plant (as asserted by *Canis Familiaris*, and many others), but that it is the most nauseous and effective poison that can be administered to the whole canine race."

Another murmur of approval followed this speech, still joined by the clatter of wine-glasses.

"Let us understand you distinctly, doctor," said a very mild gentleman in the room, who appeared to be taking notes; "you say a large dog will expire under an equal dose of dog's-bane, earlier than a smaller dog?"

"I do," returned the doctor, proudly; "and to carry out my invariable plan of experiment, I have provided a small black-and-tan terrier, and a large specimen of the mixed Newfoundland and shepherd breed, upon both of which it is my intention to operate, before your eyes."

Alarmed as I was at the danger of my position, I could not help indulging in reflections upon nice distinctions; and as I had learned how fine was the line which divided suicide from an obstinate running into fatal danger, I was now anxious to know why my two former tormentors were punished by an offended law, while this little knot of half-employed doctors, without any secrecy, could destroy a hundred animal lives for the sake of a crotchety theory, and be protected by the broad shield of cold-blooded and pretended science.

While I was occupied with these thoughts, I heard a faint gurgling sound, which I presumed came from my small companion, the black-and-tan terrier, as he swallowed the fatal dose. My master then came towards me with a funnel and a goblet containing a dark liquid; and I endeavored to soften his heart by a piteous, appealing look. My effort was thrown away upon a pompous, self-sufficient, shirt-frilled, attitudinising smatterer of science; the funnel was inserted in my half-opened mouth, by the side of the gagging-block; the horrid draught was poured down my parched throat; my heart sickened, as the fumes of a hundred druggists' shops arose to my brain; my eyes closed, and I seemed to fall headlong through the earth.

Ill, I had been—very ill—and weak, I remained, without a doubt, lying upon my bed in my own room in the country, attended by my doctor and my old housekeeper. The cold I had caught in the duck-pond had turned to brain-fever, and I had been long delirious. The first use I made of my slowly returning strength, was to put a little more humanity into my field-sports; to change my rod and gun for a ball and a bat, and to make a bowling-green and a cricket-ground of unrivalled excellence upon my estate; to which all the lads of the country are always welcome.

Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," paid a visit to Potter, son of Archbishop Potter, who lived in a deep and dirty part of Kent, through which Young had scrambled with some difficulty and danger. "Whose field was that I crossed?" asked Young on reaching his friend. "Mine," said Potter. "True," replied the poet, "Potter's field to bury strangers in."

## THE FUR YIELDING ANIMALS.

LADIES, we once heard one of the fair sex asseverate, care little about dress; it is immaterial to them, as a general rule, whether they wear silks or calico, gay dresses or plain; but what they must have, no matter what else they go without, are good sets of furs! Whether all ladies are of the same opinion on this point, we are unable to state; but we feel certain that no female heart is proof against the fascinating influences exerted by a handsome muff—to say nothing of the irresistible seductiveness of ermine tippets and sable capes. But how little do the lovely purchasers and wearers of these indispensable articles of winter clothing think of the hardships that are undergone by hardy and patient hunters, in order that their fancies may be gratified—of the icy voyages in Siberia and the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, by which the skins are secured which are to serve for their adornment! And still less do many of those who delight in the possession of "a fine set of Russian sable" suspect that the furs which they fondly consider of Siberian origin are nothing



ERMINES.

more than skilfully doctored "Hudson's Bay." It is curious to observe the degradation which has been successively the fate of one kind of peltry after the other. Fifteen years ago, when a set of Russian sables were worth from five hundred to one thousand dollars, the Hudson's Bay and even North American skin was thought highly aristocratic; even the long and straggling fitch was seen in the "best society;" and squirrel fur was not thought a subject for contempt. As the means of intercommunication increased, however, prices came down, and with the cheapening of Russian sables there arose such a passion for furs that the cost of all other skins, in place of experiencing



MARTEN.



RUSSIAN SQUIRREL.

a similar reduction, was greatly enhanced; and even the American minx or mink, hitherto neglected, rose to occupy a place next to the finest Hudson's Bay sable.

The genus *mustela* embraces nearly all the fur yielding animals, including the stoat or ermine, the marten, sable, otter, &c., &c. Most celebrated and precious of all is the ermine, called stoat in England, where it is sometimes, but not frequently found. The ermine is called *mustela candida*, or white weasel, by some naturalists; and *mustela erminea* by Linnaeus. The Russian ermine is in most respects like the common



FERRET.

weasel, and is all over of a pure white, except the tip of the tail, which is of a beautiful black, and a little yellowish gray about the eyes. There are also two or three spots of the same color on the head and shoulders. Its color varies with the season, however, and it is only in the winter that the exquisite purity with which the name of the little animal is almost synonymous is seen. In England and Germany, where the ermine is found, its color is brown, and it is frequently mistaken for the common weasel.

The ermine frequents the banks of rivers, feeding on moles, mice, small birds, &c. The skins and tails are of extreme value, and large numbers of hunters are employed in obtaining the fur. The ermine is found in Norway and Lapland as well as in Russia, but the Siberian is considered the most valu-

able of all. The skin of this little animal is considered the fittest adornment of royalty, and for centuries no imperial mantle has been considered appropriately lined if not with ermine. To set off the snowy whiteness to better advantage, the black tips of the tail are usually sewed on at regular intervals. But white rabbit and even white catskin is frequently worn as ermine, and the black tips are often nothing more than the dyed fur of some humbler and less expensive animal. So precious is the true ermine that it is never carried by sea from one part of Russia to another. Even those skins which proceed from easternmost Siberia are carried across the entire continent of Asia to St. Petersburg.

The marten, or *mustela foina*, is another valuable animal, much hunted for the sake of its skin. It is found in most temperate countries, and is sometimes partially domesticated. The marten measures some eighteen inches from the tip of the nose to the tail, and the tail itself is ten inches in length. Its principal food is birds, mice, and similar small animals.

Of marten skins the Hudson's Bay Company gathered in one year, we are told, fourteen thousand, and the French free traders in Canada exported thirty thousand of them in the same year. A good many of these are worn as linings and trimmings by the ladies, and gloves are lined with them, in large numbers.

The most important fur, commercially speaking, however, is that of the sable, or *zibellina*. There are three varieties of this beautiful animal found in Europe, Northern Asia and North America.

The Siberian sable is well known as the most precious, and it was formerly customary to compel the exiles from Russia to hunt the animal during winter. The value of the fur was once so great that only the greatest dignitaries could afford to wear it.

We find it recorded in history that a wreath of black sable, which was presented to Henry I., in the early part of the eleventh century, by the Bishop of London, cost not less than one hundred pounds, which in those days was a very great sum.

Now, however, it is commonly seen in tippets, and about one hundred and twenty-five thousand skins are annually exported by the Hudson's Bay Company alone.

The Russian or Siberian sable is more esteemed than the American, as it is so much softer and more silky than the latter; and of these Russia annually produces no more than twenty thousand. This small quantity, when compared with the great demand, fully accounts for the high price of the fur, and the imposition to which purchasers are subject.

The black or silver fox is a rare fur, and a valuable one; a single skin often commanding, at wholesale, two hundred dollars, and even six hundred. About one thousand of these are annually collected by the company, and nearly all of them go to Russia or China, for lining and trimmings to dresses. The fur of the sea otter is mostly used for caps, collars and robes, and about fifteen or twenty thousand of these are annually collected, and go in great abundance to China, where a single otter skin sells for seventy-five dollars. Yet others go to Russia, Turkey and Greece. Of wolf skins, the Russians make sleigh robes. Beaver has become a drug, since other materials have superseded it for hats. Military caps and pistol holders are now mostly made of this skin.

The skin of the squirrel is used in immense quantities all over Europe, and the Hudson's Bay Company export vast quantities to the continent. It is this fur, dyed very cunningly, which is very frequently palmed off as the real Russian sable. It is extremely light—in weight—and though not worth an eighth part as much as the sable, is sold at sable prices in great quantities.

Another *mustela*, the *m. putorius*, or polecat, also yields a valuable fur. Unsavory associations are connected with this animal, in consequence of the fetid odor which it emits, yet its fur is beautiful, and highly esteemed. The polecat is some seventeen inches in length, and is possessed of extraordinary strength. Its food consists in birds, poultry, lesser animals, &c., &c. It is frequently found in different parts of Europe.

Smaller than the polecat is the *furo* or ferret, a very ignoble

animal when compared with the sable and the ermine, yet useful in its way. It was originally a native of Africa, but was introduced into Spain some hundreds of years ago, in order to be used in hunting the innumerable rabbits with which the country was overrun. It is now very commonly seen in Great Britain, where it is kept for the same purpose, in a domesticated state. The ferret is of a yellowish white in color, with peculiar eyes, extremely fiery and red. It sleeps almost continually, and is distinguished by a voracious appetite.

## THE TWO BERTHAS.

### CHAPTER I.

"HAVE you heard the news?" inquired Mrs. Talbot, the wife of the sole physician practising in the little town of East-borough, as she exchanged greetings in its principal street with one of her husband's best patients, a valetudinarian widow, residing in a small villa just out of the town.

"What news?" returned Mrs. Fairbairn, languidly. "I have heard nothing more interesting than that Mrs. Foster's eleventh baby is not likely to live, and that Jessie Parker's match is broken off; neither of which events concern me and my wretched health."

"Oh, it is something of far more importance!—to East-borough, at any rate," hastily interrupted Mrs. Talbot, naturally considering that as her husband only received the fees, he only was bound to listen to Mrs. Fairbairn's catalogue of nervous ailments. "Sir Philip Westbrook is dying."

"Sir Philip dying!" exclaimed the widow, for once surprised into some energy of tone and manner. "Why, he rode by my house only yesterday. I happened to be in the garden taking my half-hour's exercise before dinner, which Dr. Talbot——"

"Very probably," again broke in Mrs. Talbot; "but in an hour from that time he was lying in a hopeless condition. His horse stumbled by the gravel pits, just by Westbrook Park, and Sir Philip was thrown so violently that he rolled over the bank, and in the fall injured his spine so seriously that my husband thinks it impossible he can live through the day, though his mind is perfectly clear, and he has given every direction as distinctly and decidedly as he ever did in health. But I am keeping you standing, Mrs. Fairbairn, and the wind is cold, late as we are in May."

"Oh, I will walk a little way with you if you are going home," replied the invalid, too anxious to hear every particular to remember that she had been certain she had a slight sore throat half an hour before. "I have hardly been out my usual time yet," she continued. "Pray who is with Sir Philip? Are his affairs all settled, do you suppose? It's an awfully sudden summons."

"I fancy that little remains to be done in that respect," replied her informant. "Sir Philip was not a man to leave undone anything so important as the settlement of his large property; and when Dr. Talbot candidly told him he had not many hours to live, he merely directed that Mr. Hamilton should be sent for, without alluding to any necessity for summoning the lawyer, who lives, you know, in London."

"And his little grandson, and poor little Bertha Courtland—does he not wish to see them?" asked Mrs. Fairbairn, who was really a kind-hearted woman, when she could be diverted from her own manifold ailments sufficiently to be able to think of her friend for a time, and who was especially interested in the little delicate orphan and daughter of Sir Philip Westbrook.

"No," replied Mrs. Talbot; "perhaps he does not think there would be time to bring the young Hugh from Eton; and as to Bertha, poor child, what use would there be in distressing such a young creature with the sight of a deathbed, unless it was her own parent, instead of her grandfather, who was in his last moments?"

"I hope he will behave handsomely to her, pretty creature," said Mrs. Fairbairn, shaking hands with her companion, as they reached the limit of her promenade. "Of course Hugh will inherit the estate," she added; "but there must be a large personal property to dispose of, which would provide for half a



dozen girls instead of one. My compliments to the doctor; good-bye."

The widow slowly retraced her steps, mentally arranging Bertha Courtland's probable legacy, and speculating whether she would be left under the care of the excellent lady to whom Sir Philip had intrusted her on the death of her mother, who had only survived her husband two years, during which she had resided with Sir Philip at her childhood's home, Westbrook Park.

Mrs. Courtland had once been Sir Philip's favorite child, but she had disappointed him in her marriage; and it had only been on the death of her husband that his old affection for her seemed to return, and he then at once brought her and her little girl to reside with him, and did all that care and affection could devise to revive her crushed and drooping spirits and health, but in vain; and poor little Bertha was left an orphan ere she had seen her fifth birthday, with no more tender guardian than her stern grandfather, and only indebted to an old nurse for the comfort and tending which was essential to the very existence of so delicate a child. But though Sir Philip Westbrook was a cold-mannered and stern man, he had a depth of feeling and clearness of perception which almost invariably guided his conduct and made his actions just and kind, however much the mode of doing them might lack in gentleness and suavity; and no sooner did he perceive that Bertha was arriving at an age which required more experienced and judicious management than the good Reynolds could be expected to understand, than he began to look around him for some person who would act rather as a mother than a mere governess to the little girl. He had a great repugnance to the very idea of receiving a governess into his household, left as it now was without a mistress at its head; and he was not a little relieved from his conflict between this dislike and his sense of what was necessary for little Bertha's welfare when he heard from his cousin, Lady Fanshawe, of a widow lady who had formerly been governess in her own family, and who was now left with a limited income, which she would be very glad to increase by receiving the little orphan into her pretty home on the borders of Wales. Sir Philip himself went to visit the lady and her house, and having satisfied himself that both Mrs. Selwyn and her *entourage* were decidedly eligible for his grandchild, at once despatched the little Bertha to her new home, under the care of Reynolds and a steady man servant of his own.

Sir Philip's grandson and heir, Hugh, had cost him far less perplexity and trouble in his disposal, though, like his little cousin, the boy had been early left an orphan; but for him, in Sir Philip's opinion, there was but one routine, a good preparatory school, from which he had been transferred to Eton at ten years old, and from whence he would in due time proceed to the hereditary college of his family at Oxford.

Such were the antecedents of the two children on whose future destiny and inheritance so much anxious speculation was bestowed by the good folks of Eastborough during the dying hours of Sir Philip Westbrook, and the days which elapsed before the funeral and consequent opening of his will.

The remains of the deceased baronet had been consigned to the vault of his ancestors, and the small party who had assembled on the occasion were seated in the library to hear his last testament read by the family solicitor. The document in question was necessarily long, from the dispositions it contained, though in its unusual freedom from circumlocution it bore traces of the clear, decided mind which had dictated it. But though there was a very merciful shortening of the legal rignarole which tantalizes expectant legatees and wearies indifferent listeners, we will have yet greater pity on our readers, and convey to them in as few words as possible the arrangements made by the will for our young hero and heroine.

Hugh, now Sir Hugh Westbrook, came of course into the entailed estate, and to him was also bequeathed the whole belongings of the house at Westbrook; and one half of the personal property. His guardian was Sir Charles Fanshawe, husband of the cousin before alluded to; and the only direction given in Hugh's case was, that after leaving Oxford he should travel for at least a year before settling on his estate and taking the management of his own affairs. But for Bertha the arrangements and condi-

tions enforced were far more complicated and diffuse in enumeration. She was placed likewise under Sir Charles and Lady Fanshawe, as joint guardians, but was to remain under Mrs. Selwyn's charge till she was sixteen, provided that Mrs. Selwyn was willing to continue her services and would agree to carry out the wishes formerly expressed to her by Sir Philip, namely, to reside six months of every year either in London or Edinburgh till Bertha was fifteen, and then to remain in London for the remaining twelvemonth for the benefit of masters and the other advantages of the metropolis. The sum of £20,000 was bequeathed to her, provided she married her cousin Hugh before or on attaining her majority; but if she refused to do so, it was to be reduced to £10,000, and the remainder to go to the young man himself. If the difficulty were on Hugh's part, the sum thus forfeited was to go to various charities, to be decided on by the executors.

This condition, so arbitrary and unwise in the opinion of all who listened to it, betrayed the besetting weakness of Sir Philip Westbrook—an inordinate family pride and anxiety for the whole of the large property he left to remain with the title; and possibly some secret anxiety that the child of his once idolised daughter should become mistress of the domain where her mother's happy girlhood had been spent. Like many others, Sir Philip arrogated to himself the power of directing what should be best for the happiness of those he left behind, forgetting that however promising his schemes might appear, he was totally ignorant of the feelings and springs of character and action which would influence the young beings whose destiny he thus rashly endeavored to fix.

#### CHAPTER II.

It was a bright morning in May, some ten years after the date of our last chapter, and a young girl, bright and beautiful as the sunshine and fresh foliage which delighted the eye on every side, entered by a French window the pretty room which was Lady Fanshawe's favorite morning apartment, her hands full of flowers for the vases which abounded there, and which it was her favorite task to fill.

"Why, Bertha darling, where have you found those lovely flowers?" inquired Lady Fanshawe, looking up from her book. "You must have coaxed old Burton to let you rob his pet greenhouse, I am certain."

"You have guessed right, dear Lady Fanshawe," said Bertha, laughing merrily; "but I almost repented my own wilfulness when I heard the deep sigh with which he looked at his spoiled pets, as I ran off with my booty. But look! are they not lovely?"

"Very beautiful," replied the old lady, smiling; "but put them down for a few minutes, my love, and come and sit here, I want to speak to you."

Bertha instantly obeyed, and seated herself on her favorite low ottoman at her guardian's feet.

"Well, dear lady, what is it?" inquired Bertha. "Have you been meditating on the important question of my presentation dress? or has my guardian discovered that exact model of a lady's horse which he has been endeavoring to find ever since I came? You look as if something important had happened."

"Silly child," returned Lady Fanshawe, "be serious for a moment. I have really matters of some importance to tell you. And first, Sir Charles has had a letter this morning from your cousin Hugh. He is on his way home, and may be here perhaps next week."

"The winds and the Fates be propitious to him," said Bertha, gravely; "but as I have never seen him since I was six years old, I cannot let my flowers wither, even in honor of the happy event, if that is all, dearest guardian mine."

"No, saucy girl, that is not all," replied her ladyship; "but it makes it proper and indeed necessary that you should know, what we have not thought it well to tell you before, the wishes and indeed conditions of your grandfather with respect to your future destiny."

Bertha's saucy smiles were rather overcast by the gravity of

this announcement, and she sat quietly looking up in Lady Fanshawe's face as she proceeded.

"It was the cherished wish of your grandfather, my dear Bertha, that you should marry your cousin Hugh; and so intent was he on the accomplishment of this project, that the amount of your fortune will depend upon your carrying it into execution. Should you refuse to do so, you will forfeit one half of your fortune, which would then revert to Sir Hugh."

"And supposing Hugh declines to fulfil a contract to which the consent of both parties is usually requisite?" asked the young girl, quietly.

"In that case, my love, you would lose the same amount; but it would be appropriated in other ways," replied her guardian.

Bertha sat silent and thoughtful for a few minutes, and then, to her guardian's astonishment, burst into one of her musical, joyous laughs.

"Dear Lady Fanshawe, excuse my giddiness," she said; "but I suddenly comprehend all dear Mrs. Selwyn's anxieties and alarms on my account, and her scrupulous avoidance of any one who was old enough to wear a coat, especially during our residence in London last year. I daresay she thought that in my perversity I should fall in love with some one not quite so eligible as the master of Westbrook; to whom, it seems, I am to be indebted for my bread and butter."

"Not exactly so, my dear child," replied Lady Fanshawe.

"Well, then, for the butter to my bread," continued the gay girl; "and pray does he know of this charming arrangement, dear Lady Fanshawe?"

"Certainly, my love; he was informed of it on coming of age last year; and we have every reason to believe that he is ready and even anxious to carry it out; that is, if your consent is given without any restraint or unwillingness."

Again Bertha was silent, and Lady Fanshawe watched with curiosity and interest the workings of her expressive face, which changed from a look of unwonted gravity to its more usual expression of gaiety and arch mischief. At length she exclaimed, coaxingly, "Dear, kind, sweet guardian mine, will you grant me one little favor, by way of compensation for my grandfather's cruel deprivation of my woman's privilege to say 'No?'"

"Let me hear it first," said the lady, fondly stroking the beautiful head turned up so beseechingly towards her.

"Let me see this cousin of mine," said Bertha, "without his knowing who I am, that I may judge what he would have thought of Bertha Courtland had she met him as a stranger. I can easily pass for a companion, whom you have engaged to be with you for a time; and if you like to say that I am the daughter of an old friend, it would account for any freedom I may be allowed consistent with that character."

"But, my dear child, it is impossible," said her guardian. "What name could you take?—and then the servants—what would they think?"

"I could bear my own second name of Weston," replied Bertha, "and as to the servants, they all call me 'Miss Bertha,' so they would not betray the secret. Do, pray do, dear Lady Fanshawe."

"You must talk to your other guardian, Sir Charles, about it, wilful puss," said Lady Fanshawe, "and if he consents I will not oppose your whim, though it is a madcap idea."

Bertha, having thanked her friend with a kiss, flew off to find Sir Charles, forgetting in her eagerness even the flowers about whose fate she had been so anxious.

She had somewhat more difficulty with the old gentleman than she had met with in persuading his wife, but it was a very rare case for either of them to refuse their petted ward anything on which her heart was set; for so completely had the gay and lovely girl twined herself round the affections of the kind old couple, that had not Mrs. Selwyn's stricter discipline and her own sweet temper served as an antidote to their indulgence, she would most infallibly have become as wilful and unmanageable as any spoiled child could be. As usual, therefore, she got her own way at last, and waited with all the glee and light-heartedness of a sportive girl, not yet seventeen, the result of her experiment.

Sir Hugh Westbrook, now returning to England after a tour of some two years' duration, was certainly not less anxiously, and far more gravely anticipating the hour which would so seriously affect his future life, than was his young cousin. Naturally of a grave and somewhat romantic temperament, he had mixed little with general society; the vacations, both at Eton and Oxford, having been chiefly spent in travelling or at Fanshawe Lodge, where he was almost as unlikely to meet with any women younger or more attractive than his landlady at Eton or his laundress at Oxford. Immediately after his degree he had, in accordance with Sir Philip's directions, left England with a tutor both agreeable and highly educated, and had been too well pleased with his companion, and too much engrossed with the various objects of interest at each place they visited, to have any wish or leisure to use the introductions with which he had been furnished, and avail himself of the passport which his position and fortune afforded to the gay circles on the continent.

It was perhaps owing to this seclusion from society and to the reserved temper which it fostered, that the young man had preserved with singular tenacity the remembrance of his childhood's playfellow; though Bertha had been only six years old, and he little more than eleven, when they were separated for the last time. And when the conditions of Sir Philip's will had been explained to him, in a long letter from Sir Charles Fanshawe, on his coming of age, he felt all the relief which a studious, reserved disposition would naturally experience at being spared the trouble and risk of seeking a wife in that unknown region—the world—and of finding one provided for him in the person of the little cousin whom he used to be proud to protect and indulge in every childish fancy.

So far, therefore, from being, like that gay girl herself, half provoked, half amused at the interference with his free-will and choice, he felt little but a calm satisfaction on his own account, and only a generous and manly anxiety that Bertha should be as willing and content to fulfil the arrangement as he was himself, without which he resolved she should never be induced by his own or other persuasion to become his wife.

Such were the feelings and intentions with which the young couple, so early destined for each other, were about to meet, for what, so far as a knowledge of each other went, was to all intent the first time.

The day had at last arrived when Sir Hugh was expected at Fanshawe Lodge; and in spite of her saucy, light-hearted spirit, Bertha Courtland's cheek flushed and her heart beat quickly when the sound of carriage wheels proclaimed the arrival of the traveller. She had intended to remain in the room with Lady Fanshawe, and get the introduction over at once, but her courage failed her, and as she heard Sir Charles welcoming his guest and their steps rapidly approaching, she hastily rose and ran out of the room by one door as they entered it by another. But ere she had gained her dressing-room she felt half ashamed of her cowardice, which had only for a short time delayed the dreaded introduction, and with it the gratification of her curiosity; but as it was very near the hour for dressing, she determined not to return, as she was for a moment inclined, but to dress at once, and then go to Lady Fanshawe and hear all that she longed to know, and secure her chaperonage to the drawing-room. She therefore rang for her maid; but if the truth must be told, although the toilette was begun at least twenty minutes sooner than usual, it was not finished before the ordinary time, and when she went to Lady Fanshawe's dressing-room, that lady was just preparing to go down stairs. She had therefore only time to inquire as they went down together, "Did my cousin ask for me, Lady Fanshawe?"

"Yes, my love," replied her ladyship; "at least," she added, "he said rather hesitatingly, 'I thought Miss Courtland would be with you,' and I was obliged to reply, rather jesuitically, that your residence hitherto had been with Mrs. Selwyn, but that I should soon claim you, and that, meanwhile, I had the daughter of a deceased friend staying with me as a companion in my solitude."

Bertha smiled approvingly, and kissed her guardian's hand in token of gratitude for her assistance in smoothing the first

awkwardness of introduction. Another moment, and she saw, for the first time since her infancy, her formidable cousin, and even her girlish sauciness could not quarrel with the air and appearance of the young man, who, at their entrance, rose from the window-seat on which he had been half reclining, and bowed gracefully enough to Lady Fanshawe's slight introduction to "her young friend, Bertha Weston."

Hugh Westbrook was not strictly handsome, but his figure was manly and distinguished-looking; his forehead noble, and his eyes peculiarly fine; and the perfect simplicity and high breeding of his whole air and manner were far more attractive than the most faultless features; and the very thoughtfulness and gravity of his expression had a charm, so completely did it accord with the lofty forehead and deep yet brilliant eyes. He sat down by Lady Fanshawe, and began to answer a series of questions about places and people in which she was interested, but his eyes wandered more than once to the window, where Bertha had taken the seat he had just vacated. And certainly the young girl presented no unattractive picture, as she sat in the large old-fashioned recess of the bay-window with its rich blue and white curtains, forming a most becoming background to the golden hair and brilliantly fair complexion, which were in excellent keeping with her Saxon name.

Bertha Courtland was in truth a very lovely girl; her laughing blue eyes and arch mouth spoke the gay spirit which had always been one of her greatest charms, and which her early emancipation from the stern rule of her grandfather and the loving government of the kind Mrs. Selwyn had left without any restraint save that of a feminine and refined taste. As Lady Fanshawe often said, she seemed to live in an atmosphere of sunshine; and the light clouds which had alone shaded her young life soon disappeared under its bright influence. And even now, as she sat in the presence of one on whom so much of her future happiness would depend, the real anxiety with which she looked and listened, as he conversed with Lady Fanshawe and Sir Charles, who had entered the room soon after them, was decidedly mixed with saucy enjoyment of the mystification she was practising on her grave cousin. She could not but confess, however, when dinner was over, that Hugh Westbrook possessed both talent and high breeding in no ordinary degree, and that the information he had acquired in his travels received additional interest and charm from the perfect simplicity and unaffected ease with which it was displayed, or rather drawn out by the inquiries of his hosts.

"Well, saucy child, what think you of your cousin and bridegroom elect?" said Lady Fanshawe, when they returned to the drawing-room.

"He is well enough for a cousin, and will make a splendid lord for stately Westbrook," replied Bertha, with one of her merry smiles; "but as for a bridegroom, dear lady mine, why, *li reine s'y avisera*. I must begin to plague him as soon as I decently can, or I verily believe I should get absolutely afraid of him—the first time, by the way, that I was ever in danger of catching such a malady."

"An excellent proof of Sir Philip's second sight there," replied Lady Fanshawe, laughing, "and a capital discipline for our wild young heroine, whom we have all combined to spoil hitherto."

When the tea tray had been removed, Sir Charles bade Bertha go and sing some of his favorites; and Hugh, who was a passionate lover of music, but who had heard little besides Italian operas and cathedral services, was fairly enchanted and surprised by the touching simplicity and expression with which the fine old English ballads, in which Sir Charles delighted, were given by the rich contralto tones of the young girl, whose naturally fine voice and taste had been cultivated by the best masters which Edinburgh and London could afford.

No sooner, however, had the mischievous little puss fully assured herself that her new auditor was really charmed by the sweet, quaint old ballads she was singing, and eagerly waiting for another and yet another, than she gravely exclaimed, "No, no; I am too reasonable a being to expect patience and politeness to go beyond a certain point, Sir Hugh, and you have already endured the martyrdom of our Gothic-English music half an hour by yonder clock, to which I see your eyes have

been wandering as often as your exemplary good breeding would permit. I will give you something more to your taste."

Then, turning to the piano before Sir Hugh could reply, Bertha began a lively French air, which she sang with a coquetish archness which fairly chased away the young baronet's former impression that her thrilling tones were the indication of deep true feeling.

"I thought that would please you better," she said, demurely enough, as Sir Hugh gave the formal "thank you" which politeness demanded; "but as I never like to cloy myself or others with too much of a good thing, I will even heighten your pleasure by a little more penance, and sing you one more of Sir Charles's great favorites, albeit not his beloved English composer's productions." And in another moment she was pouring forth, with rich, plaintive tones, the exquisite "*In questa tomba oscura*."

Sir Hugh sat entranced; he could not comprehend how that gay, giddy girl, as he began to think her, could give such thrilling effect to the *ingrata* at the close.

"You have admirable patience, Sir Hugh," she replied to his not very fluent thanks, for he had been too deeply moved to say much. "Is there a professor of that art at Oxford? If so, I am sure you must have taken honors."

"Especially if that professor had been a saucy girl of seventeen," interposed Lady Fanshawe. "Miss Weston is a spoiled child, Hugh, and sadly wants taming into proper submissiveness to lawful authority."

"The fates avert or delay such a catastrophe, dear Lady Fanshawe," exclaimed Bertha, laughing. "I would as soon be turned into one of the mummies Sir Hugh was describing at dinner, as into a pattern young lady."

Sir Hugh inwardly thought there was little danger of such a transformation, though he contented himself with the inquiry, how "Miss Weston had managed to submit to the authority of her singing master."

"Sir Hugh is a skilful physician," said Bertha, laughingly; "and manages to put a little sugar into the dose of reason he wishes to administer. But in spite of the polite supposition that I did submit to the various signori who officiated as my instructors, I contend that it is not a case in point, since the doing so pleased and amused me."

"Don't believe her, Hugh," interposed Sir Charles, "she is not half so bad as she pretends; but I see Reynolds has placed the chairs, so we must leave her to your charitable construction for to-night."

The train of servants now entered, and Sir Charles, taking his place at the head of the room, read with simple gravity the lesson and prayers which always began and ended the day in the orderly and old-fashioned household at Fanshawe Lodge.

Hugh Westbrook retired to rest that night with a feeling of calm happiness that his wanderings were over, and one of the "homes of England" awaiting his occupation; and yet his pleasant dreams of the future were somewhat disturbed by speculations on the lovely wilful girl to whom he had been introduced that evening, and not a few conjectures as to whether Bertha Courtland were as fascinating and as saucily capricious as her wild namesake.

### CHAPTER III.

DAYS passed on, and rather added to than solved Sir Hugh's doubts and perplexities. The mischievous little fairy took every means in her power to bewilder and unsettle any opinion he endeavored to form about her. At one time she would listen with gentle feminine gravity to all his opinions and his pictures of foreign lands, or ask him to aid her in some difficulty in the studies which she was still pursuing, and he was often astonished at the extent of her information and the quickness and clearness of her perceptions; or she would sing to him the songs he most loved to hear, and having discovered that he really had a fine tenor voice, insisted on his learning some of the duets, which she said, demurely enough, "she knew Miss Courtland preferred."

"You know my cousin, then?" exclaimed Sir Hugh, eagerly.



"She is my most intimate friend," replied Bertha. "I do not suppose we have a thought concealed from each other."

"Is she pretty, now?" asked Hugh, hesitatingly, for the questions he most longed to ask would, he feared, look too much like vanity and presumption.

"There, you know, tastes differ so much," replied Bertha, with becoming gravity; "and Miss Courtland is so dear a friend, that I am most likely partial."

"But do describe her a little more minutely," urged the young man. "It is so very long since I saw her a lovely, merry child; and years alter a girl's person and character so much. Tell me, is she lively and sweet tempered, as she promised to be then? I never remember seeing her at all cross or fretful in her childish days. She was the sunniest, sweetest little thing possible; and I often wonder whether she remembers me half as well as I do the little cousin who was my only amusement at Westbrook."

A tear rose to Bertha's eye as she listened to these words, pronounced in a tone of real affection; and she was half inclined to cease her mystification, and say at once, "Hugh, do you not remember me?" but the spirit of fun and frolic, which was strong within her, and a rising though half unconscious anxiety to win her cousin's heart without any assistance from old associations and predestined arrangements conquered, and she replied with assumed carelessness, "Where have you studied our sex, Sir Hugh, to expect a faithful portrait of one woman from another? I should infallibly either paint Miss Courtland so charming, that you would declare I did it to prevent your disappointment; or else, by detraction, draw on myself the uncharitable suspicion of envy, jealousy and all other feminine peccadilloes. Besides, some people say we are by no means unlike; so that it would be too much like blaming or praising myself. But why do you not go and make acquaintance with your cousin at once?" she added, a gleam in Sir Hugh's eyes alarming her lest she might have betrayed herself by her last sentence.

"Lady Fanshawe tells me that both Mrs. Selwyn and my cousin are from home just now," he replied, "and that till she hears again from them my journey would be a fruitless one; and yet delay is irksome, and perhaps dangerous," he added, in a low tone, which yet made Bertha's heart beat quicker as she caught the half audible words and sigh which accompanied them.

For the remainder of that day, however, Bertha was in one of her most provoking moods, and Sir Hugh once more found himself wondering whether the man would be more to be envied or pitied who won the wayward heart of a creature so beautiful and charming, yet so capricious and tormenting in her varying humors. Ere another week was over, however, he no longer doubted in the matter, for what with thinking so constantly of her faults till he almost turned them into fresh charms, and the sweetness and intelligence which she displayed in her better moments, and the beauty and grace which threw its bewildering veil over both defects and virtues, poor Hugh was fairly, desperately, and most miserably in love. He hated himself for his own weakness, his treachery to all his preconceived views, his violation of his resolutions and loyalty to his cousin; and if he could, he would have fain hated the little witch who had been the cause of his vacillation and treason to his better judgment. But alas! this was impossible: and even when he made the sternest resolves to dwell only on the levity and caprice which made Bertha Weston inferior to all that he remembered and heard of Bertha Courtland, one of her arch sweet smiles, or the clear ringing tones of her sweet voice, chased such resolves away like mists before sunshine.

Now came the question what he ought to do, how should he act with the greatest consideration and regard for his cousin's happiness. Could he have spared Bertha Courtland's feelings, or saved her the penalty consequent on a breach of engagement on either side by now taking on himself the responsibility of disobeying his grandfather's wishes, he would at once and thankfully have declared his repugnance to such an arrangement. But to deliberately deprive the orphan girl of half her fortune, and wound her feelings by rejecting the very idea of a union with her, without even seeing her and seeking an op-

portunity of knowing whether their tastes and feelings were at all in unison with each other, seemed unkind, nay, insulting to her delicacy, without the poor compensation of saving her fortune. And all this from love for a girl who perhaps would laugh at his affection and gaily turn his suit into ridicule, or censure it more gravely as treachery to her friend!

Many a sleepless hour and restless walk or ride was devoted to these disagreeable and perplexing meditations, and ere long Hugh Westbrook's looks and manner gave very plain indications of a mind ill at ease, though, as his manner to Bertha grew colder and almost repelling from his very anxiety to guard his secret from discovery, the young girl herself, too inexperienced to read the true cause of the change, began to suppose that she had really offended and shocked him by her caprices, and as her own little heart had been caught in the net she had laid for her errant cousin, she, in her turn, became unhappy, excitable, and haughty in her womanly fear of an unsought affection being suspected by its object. Lady Fanshawe was more clear-sighted, but she wisely left matters to take their course, and secretly smiled at the attempts made by the cousins to show their exceeding indifference and dislike to each other's society.

Sir Hugh Westbrook had now been nearly a month at Fanshawe Lodge, and the time was fast drawing near for the return of Mrs. Selwyn from the tour on which he had supposed she had been, accompanied by Miss Courtland. He felt that he could no longer delay his decision; and as might be expected from his straightforward, high-minded character, the resolution that he at length formed was a candid and an honorable one. He would deal frankly with both the fair girls, who were so strangely connected in name, in friendship and in his wayward heart. Should he find that Bertha Weston, with all her wild, saucy coquetry and gay spirit, more interested in him than she had deigned to show, he felt that he was hardly called upon to sacrifice her peace and his own for an arbitrary injunction, while his cousin's happiness could not be seriously affected by the breaking off of a marriage with a person whom she had not seen since infancy; and he also secretly determined that he would make up from his own fortune the sum she would forfeit, the savings of a long minority being at his own disposal, though the entail was too strict to be capable of being touched even at any future time. And should he be mistaken, and the saucy Bertha of his first heart's devotion be insensible to his affection, he would throw himself on his sweet cousin's sympathy and indulgence, and in time perhaps learn to feel for her a more reasonable, if less engrossing love than her wild namesake had excited.

Had Hugh Westbrook been more acquainted with the world, and known more of women as they are found there, he might have been less sanguine as to the willingness of Bertha Courtland to undertake the task of healing and winning to herself a heart just rejected by another; but he was still a boy in such matters, and judged others by his own kind and candid nature, suspecting little of the piques and vanities which too often sway women's actions in such affairs, and stand between them and eventual and solid happiness.

Women lose much by being too exacting, and by refusing to accept aught but the first and engrossing devotion which is perhaps never felt but once, and in but few cases, for the person who is destined for the companion of life's long and stormy pilgrimage. Whereas, without any sacrifice of dignity and womanly rights, they would, by the simple absence of vanity and self-consciousness, win the most valuable part of affection, that founded on esteem and recognition of the sweetest qualities of human nature.

To return, however, to our perplexed hero, whom we left on the eve of trying his success with the fascinating though wilful little Bertha, as soon as she would give him the opportunity. But this was not quickly to be found; for whether by accident or design, the young lady constantly remained at the side of either Sir Charles or Lady Fanshawe in rides, drives, or in the drawing-room, and announced herself to be suffering from so severe a cold that she could not either venture to stroll out after dinner in the grounds or sing in the evening, though the hypocrite took care to secure a scamper over lawn and park

before Sir Hugh opened his eyes in the morning, and to enjoy an hour's practice in her own peculiar room at the further wing of the house from his apartment.

On the third day of this game of cross purposes Lady Fanshawe accidentally alluded to her ward's intention of quitting them before many days were past.

"Bertha," said her ladyship, "I wish you would finish that scarf you are knitting of me before you go. I should not like any hands but yours to complete it."

"Is Miss Weston thinking of leaving you, then?" inquired Hugh, rather more anxiously than he would have wished to appear.

"I am only going for a week or two," replied Bertha, demurely. "Lady Fanshawe is kind enough to spare me for a short time to visit my friends."

It was the first time the little baggage had ever alluded to having any friends beside the Fanshawes; and Sir Hugh longed to ask more about these suddenly remembered connections, but he dared not betray the deep interest he felt in any one belonging to the fair torment of his existence, and he left the room in no very amiable mood, announcing his intention to take a long ride to return a call which had been paid to him some days before.

No sooner did Bertha suppose that he was fairly *en route* than, throwing on a veil and scarf, she hastened to indemnify herself for her self-imposed confinement by a visit to one of her favorite haunts in the most distant part of the grounds, bordering on the park; and, accompanied by a favorite spaniel, she was soon gaily bounding over the lawn, in the exuberance of her light-hearted enjoyment of the sweet pure air and sunshine.

Bertha reached her favorite summer-house, where she generally kept some books and drawing materials; but that day she was in no mood for either reading or sketching, and placing herself in the spot which commanded the most lovely view, she abandoned herself to the influence of the sights and sounds around, and the thoughts which were busy in her heart. These were both sweet and bitter: her own heart had become far more entangled than she had anticipated when she first began, half in girlish sportiveness, half in womanly desire, to avoid a constrained suit, a mystification, the consequence of which began to half frighten her, now that the *dénouement* could not be much longer delayed. Should her cousin resent her playful deception, and not only refuse to fulfil his engagement with Bertha Courtland, but despise Bertha Weston as forward and unmaidenly, how should she ever forgive herself for her girlish experiment on his heart? It was so new a thing to the sunny, petted girl, to feel either fear or self-reproach, that she could ill bear the sorrow thus oppressing her, and—a most unwonted sight—tears actually forced themselves into her bright eyes, and rolled quickly and half unconsciously down her cheeks. She had sat thus for some half hour or more, when she heard a quick firm step, which she had learned to know full well, and ere she had time to wipe away the tell-tale drops, Hugh Westbrook was at her side.

"What is it, Miss Weston?" he asked. "Bertha, dear Bertha," he said, "what has happened to affect you thus?"

The tender, eager tone of his voice (for Bertha could not venture to raise her eyes to see the expression of his face) said far more than the words conveyed; and the young girl's agitation increased as she felt that the crisis of her fate was approaching. But she tried hard to repress all exhibition of feeling, and replied, with as calm a voice as she could command, "A foolish fit of the vapors has seized me, I suppose; or perhaps I do not quite like the prospect of leaving this dear old place. But how is it you have returned so soon, Sir Hugh? I thought you were going to call on Mr. Hutton."

"My horse cast a shoe, and I was obliged to return," he replied; "and I was not sorry to have done so, when I found that you were here, and alone. I have been so anxious to speak with you, Bertha. Why have you so pertinaciously refused me any opportunity to say what you must have seen was in my heart? Tell me quickly; was it because you wished to spare me pain? One word is enough to make me happy, or silence me for ever."

Poor Bertha knew full well that one word would not say

what she had to tell; and during the few moments which her cousin's rapid sentences had occupied, she had decided on her course of action.

"Sir Hugh," she said, "you surely forget your engagement to your cousin, and my own dearest friend, Miss Courtland."

"I do not forget it," he replied, vehemently, "and would fain have fulfilled it, and striven to make her as happy as she would desire, had I not seen you, and against all my better resolutions, and sense of duty, yielded to your fascinations. But I dare not offer to Bertha Courtland, of whom every one speaks in such warm praise, a hand without a heart, nor insult her with vows which would be false and empty. I can and will prevent her suffering in fortune; and her happiness will be in no degree affected by a person whom she has never seen since infancy."

"You are mistaken," replied Bertha, mastering a strong inclination to either laugh or cry, she hardly knew which. "Bertha Courtland cherishes a deep and sincere affection for you; and nothing could, I know, wound her more deeply than your thus refusing to fulfil your engagement to her, and leaving her thus *plante* and rejected in her orphanhood."

"Surely, surely," pleaded poor Hugh, "my cousin would be far more unhappy to marry a man who either tried to deceive her by a pretended affection, or insulted her by offering her his hand, while avowing affection for another. Do not speak of it, Bertha; only tell me whether you could love me well enough to be my wife, when I have freed myself and Miss Courtland from the shackles imposed by my grandfather with so little regard to our happiness."

Again Bertha felt a terrible choking in her throat, and she had to overcome it most resolutely before she could reply.

"I will tell you nothing till you have seen your cousin," said Bertha. "I am certain you will love her far better than you do, or fancy you do me. She is not half so wilful and tiresome as you have found me to be, and at least fully as attractive. When you can honestly tell me that she freely and sincerely wishes you to persevere in your present feelings, I will answer you, and not till then. I love Bertha Courtland far too well to play so treacherous a part towards her."

She rose as she spoke with an air of dignity which Sir Hugh had never seen her assume before, but which sat gracefully enough on her beautiful features, and prepared to leave the summer-house, while Sir Hugh sat dejected and self-reproachful, his face half concealed in his hands.

"We part friends, Sir Hugh, do we not?" said the young girl, turning as she was about to leave him, and holding out her hand. "Believe me, I am acting but for your happiness and Bertha's; and I shall see you yet as happy with her as you can desire. I will be bridesmaid, remember; it is an old agreement between your cousin and me."

Lightly touching the hand which Sir Hugh could not well refuse, though he felt little inclined to give any such mark of amity to the fascinating but tormenting little creature, who so coolly decided on his misery, she ran quickly across the lawn, gained her own room, locked the door, and gave vent to the flood of tears which had so long been struggling for mastery.

Meanwhile Hugh remained angry, heart-stricken and perplexed with her behavior. That she should treat so lightly an affection which he felt was so honest and so deep, the first he had ever felt for any woman, and which had overcome all difficulties and hesitation, and dared the risk of being pronounced faithless, ungrateful, cruel to his orphan cousin, and peremptorily insist on his performing the part which would be as difficult as it was painful, that of a suitor to one Bertha, while loving with all his heart, though sorely against his will and judgment, the other, was the height of impertinence, and an unfeeling disregard of his happiness and honor not to be tolerated. And yet the little torment had looked so beautiful, and her voice had now and then betrayed a slight emotion, which made his heart beat with the suspicion that she was not quite so indifferent and insensible as she appeared. Poor Hugh was sorely and painfully puzzled by this his first experience of woman's ways, and the enigma her caprices and inconsistencies present to those who do not possess the key to her secret motives and feelings. He had nothing, however, to do but

obey the arbitrary behest of his fair tyrant, since, to announce his intention of relinquishing any claim to his cousin's hand, while thus uncertain of her namesake's real feelings, was not to be thought of, and he half determined to punish the saucy girl by trying to find Miss Courtland as charming as she had pronounced her to be.

A week, however, was still to elapse before Mrs. Selwyn's return, and he determined to spend it in London, far from Bertha Weston's treacherous fascinations; but on returning to the house, with the intention of announcing his approaching departure to Lady Fanshawe, he was at once met by that lady with the news that Miss Weston had altered her plans, and intended to leave Fanshawe Lodge the next day.

"I am only reconciled to parting thus suddenly with the dear child," continued Lady Fanshawe, "by the tidings that Mrs. Selwyn and your cousin intend to take our house on their way to their own home, and will probably be here in two or three days, to remain most of the time of Bertha's absence."

This was a pleasant prospect for poor Hugh; his excuses and explanations, and withdrawal from his engagement, was to be effected under the very eye of the guardians of his cousin and himself, as well as of the formidable governess and chaperon, who would probably resent any insult or slight to her charge, as to a daughter of her own.

Sir Hugh Westbrook was as brave and manly in spirit as the noblest of his noble countrymen, but he felt terribly inclined to run away from his coming trial, and would willingly have given a third at least of the fortune bequeathed him by his grandfather could he thus have erased the odious clause from his will.

Bertha did not appear again till dinner time, and had the grace to look rather paler and graver than was her wont, which a little softened her rejected lover's heart towards her; but for the remainder of the evening she remained close by Lady Fanshawe, working as if her bread depended on her task being completed that night. When Hugh came down the next morning, Bertha had left Fanshawe Lodge in charge of her maid and the staid old man who waited expressly on Sir Charles Fanshawe himself.

#### CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

THE day but one after the departure of the young Bertha, Hugh Westbrook had returned from one of the long and frequent rides which of late appeared to be the chief pleasure of his life, when, as he approached the house, he saw evident signs of a recent arrival, and his heart failed him as he felt that the hour of his perplexing and delicate explanation was at hand. To the astonishment of the groom, Sir Hugh took his horse round to the stables himself, and entered the house by a back door, from which he could gain his own room without being seen from the principal apartments; a cowardly proceeding, we must confess; but at that moment our hero would have faced a pistol shot with far more courage and readiness than he could a glance from the eyes of his fair cousin. When, however, the dinner-bell obliged him to leave his fortress, and face the dreaded though most helpless foe, he found that his precautions had been needless. Miss Courtland, he was informed, was so fatigued with her journey, that she intended to remain in her own room for the remainder of the evening, and Mrs. Selwyn would not arrive for another day or two, having remained for a few days at the house of an old friend on her way to Fanshawe Lodge.

"To-morrow morning, my dear Hugh, your cousin will see you," said Lady Fanshawe; "but you will hardly receive a just impression of her at first; for a severe cold, I suppose, has occasioned a weakness in her eyes, which will oblige the room to be darkened where she sits, and she ought, I really believe, to wear some shade while it continues."

Hugh expressed a proper regret on the occasion, though he felt tempted to wish that he had a similar excuse for shading his own features, or rather, their expression, from the gaze of Bertha Courtland, while he should enter into his dreaded explanation.

The evening passed heavily away. Lady Fanshawe spent much of it in her young ward's dressing-room; Sir Charles was

wonderfully intent on a new number of the *Quarterly*; and poor Hugh had little to divert him from his own not very agreeable reflections. But it passed away, like all other hours and days and nights, however differently their pace is measured by the happy and the suffering, and the next morning brought a message from Miss Courtland to Sir Hugh, to assure him that she was both ready and anxious to receive her cousin in Lady Fanshawe's own sitting-room.

"Confound her readiness," was poor Hugh's thought, the spoken expression of which, however, was to the purport of his speedy obedience to the summons, and in a few minutes he opened the door of the pretty room in which he had spent so many happy, though some anxious hours in the society of the bewitching little namesake of his formidable cousin.

The apartment was darkened, and the sole inhabitant was seated in its most obscure recess, while a light gauze veil thrown over her face, though it did not absolutely conceal her features, rendered them indistinct; while the color of her eyes and hair was perfectly invisible, from the double shade thus cast on them. She rose as Hugh entered, and held out her hand which he could see was soft and white, and beautifully shaped as Bertha Weston's own, which he had so often admired as she played on the piano or worked.

"I am so glad to see you, dear Hugh," said the young lady, lispingly, and in tones almost as thick as the darkness, and which confirmed the fact of her "severe cold." "I would not stay with my excellent governess at her friend's house, when I knew that you were waiting for me here, and felt sure you would be as impatient for our meeting as I was."

"Cool, upon my word," thought the astonished Hugh; but he stammered out some thanks for the honor she did him, and regrets for her indisposition.

"Oh, that is nothing," returned the very raven-like tones of the fair Bertha, "only it is rather vexatious that you should see me, or rather not see me, like this. But I am sure you will not mind; you remember little Bertha, I am sure, and can imagine pretty well the child of six grown to the damsel of seventeen years."

"I certainly do remember you very distinctly as my little pet and playfellow at Westbrook," replied Hugh, summoning up courage to play his part with something like the remarkably composed frankness of the young lady; "and in all the years which have passed since then, I never lost the memory of those happy days, which had no drawback but an occasional reprimand from Sir Philip, whom we did not very often see."

"Ah, poor dear grandpapa," said Miss Courtland, "I was terribly afraid of him, and little thought how kind he really was, and what thoughtful provision he was making for my future comfort and happiness."

A short pause ensued, but Hugh felt that he could not help entering now on the subject which was thus broadly hinted at by his cousin herself; and he said, in a tone which he vainly strove to make unconstrained and cordial:

"Believe me, Bertha, there shall be nothing wanting on my part to secure that happiness, whatever may be your decision as to Sir Philip's views for its accomplishment. Should you wish for time, and a more intimate acquaintance with me ere you give me your answer, I will not press for it now, and I wish you fully to understand that I shall take care that your fortune is not reduced, as our grandfather arranged, should you decline to carry out his wishes."

There was evidently a little emotion even in the very self-possessed damsel to whom he spoke, which excited a gleam of hope in Hugh's mind. She hesitated for a few moments, and her voice was yet more husky, when she next spoke.

"I thank you, Hugh, for your consideration," said she, "but my mind is already made up; and I only wish to ask you one question. I do not, of course, expect you to feel any but mere cousinly regard for me at present, and I have no fear but that I should soon receive all that I could wish; but I should like you to tell me, on your honor as a gentleman, whether you have ever seen any one you could like, had you not been engaged to me?"

Hugh hesitated, and the veil trembled visibly, an evidence of



womanly emotion, which softened him towards the strange girl to whom he had to speak such unwelcome truths.

"I dare not deceive you, Bertha," he replied, "even for your own peace of mind. I have loved—nay, I do love another; but I am yet ready to abide by your decision, and will do my utmost to make you happy if you still determine to obey Sir Philip's desire for our marriage."

"And does she return your affection?" asked Bertha.

"I do not know, I could only half hope, half fear she did," replied Hugh; "but she positively refused to give me any answer till you had made your decision. I will be candid with you, Bertha, and confess that for all our sakes I would not have given you the pain and embarrassment of accepting or refusing such a wretched divided heart as mine now is, had I been sure that the affection against which I struggled earnestly was returned; but as it is, I repeat, that no effort shall be wanting on my part to make you happy, and to forget that I ever loved any one but the little cousin whose memory I cherished during so many years."

Hugh spoke with deep feeling and sincerity, and for some moments his strange cousin made no reply, and her voice was broken by some emotion, either of pain or pleasure, when she again spoke.

"You have spoken frankly, Hugh," said she, "and I will be candid in my turn. I know who it is who has stolen the heart which I would fain have won; but Bertha Weston has acted as became my friend. She told you to gain my free consent ere she would listen to you; that consent I give with all my heart, and free you from any engagement with your despised cousin."

"But, Bertha," said Hugh, "tell me only one thing more—tell me that you will not feel any regret for one who, unworthy as he must appear, has a most true anxiety for your happiness."

To Hugh's excessive astonishment, and even alarm, the young lady burst into a violent fit of what he feared was hysterical laughter; and as he approached to endeavor to calm her, the veil was suddenly thrown off, the shutters of the windows, near which she had been sitting, were suddenly opened, and the clear, musical tones of Bertha Weston exclaimed:

"Thank you, dear Hugh; I accept your assurance, and hope you fully appreciate my gracious permission for you to marry Bertha Weston, that is if she will have such a faithless cavalier for her sworn knight."

For an instant Hugh stood bewildered, mystified; then the truth flashed upon him; and in another moment the laughing, blushing girl was in his arms, and a confused torrent of reproaches, thanks, delight and vexation at his own dulness, poured from his lips, which ever and anon were pressed to the white brow and flushed cheeks of the bewitching little creature whom he had loved in both her real and assumed characters since their childhood.

Sir Hugh's questions and Bertha's somewhat unintelligible explanations were half exhausted when Sir Charles and Lady Fanshawe entered the room, and Hugh led their smiling yet fearful ward towards them.

"I did not think you were so treacherous, my dear guardian," said Hugh. "It was hardly fair to expose me to such an ordeal, and thus dive into all my weaknesses. But I am too happy not to forgive and thank you, if you will sanction the promise I have doubly won of receiving this fair hand!"

Bertha was about to protest, but Sir Charles stopped her.

"Come, come, you little puss," said her guardian, "you have had your own way long enough, and tormented your cousin to your heart's content. Take her, Hugh, my dear boy, and try to forget all the spoiling and petting the little witch has received from us all her life, till, as you see, she drags us grave, sober people, into her wild projects."

"At any rate," said Bertha, laughing, "I will endeavor to redeem my assurance that Sir Hugh Westbrook would find Miss Bertha Courtland less wilful and capricious than the Miss Bertha Weston, whom he wished to persuade to take a part in his sad treachery; and that experience shall prove to him, that however flattering to my self-love it might be to have gained his affection in spite of myself and of his better judgment, he has won the most estimable of the Two BERTHAS."

## ANECDOTE OF DANTE.

BUT hark! music and the laughter of revellers come from the banquet hall. Let us descend and take our position behind this screen, from whence we can see and yet not be seen. Behold! That man with the massive frame and eagle eye, which has so often flashed in the battle-field, is Can Grande himself. On his right hand side is—can it be?—yes, we recognise the great Florentine bard. There, too, is Cherardo de Castello, sur-named the simple Lombard; and all down the table sit celebrated men, each of whom an ungrateful country having dis-owned, is supported by the bounty of the Grand Captain of Verona. Behind Can's chair stands his favorite jester, while attendants, buffoons and musicians fill the remainder of the room. Let us listen to the conversation.

JESTER—Dost know, Can, what thou remindest me of?

CAN GRANDE—What, sirrah?

JESTER—A Dominican friar, with his round head, fat paunch and blearing eyes.

CAN GRANDE—Ah, rascal! Be respectful, or I will break thy bones.

JESTER—That would not be very difficult, for my sides are cracked already from laughing at thy silly sayings, and at the cadaverous countenance of thy friend Signor Dante, who is like a Franciscan brother after Lent; and who is so lost in his poetic clouds that I drained his goblet three times without his perceiving it.

The company present laugh.

CAN GRANDE—A truce, knave, to thy ribaldries. (Turning to Dante.) Is it not strange, signor, that this buffoon, grossly ignorant and fool as he is, should be able, nevertheless, to please us all, and make himself beloved by us all, whilst you, reported to be so learned, cannot do as much?

DANTE—You could by no means wonder at this if you knew that friendship is based upon a similarity of manners and intellect. (Rising, and leaving the table.)

BOWIE-KNIFE.—This murderous weapon received its name from Colonel James Bowie, a gentleman by whom it was invented, or first used. Colonel Bowie distinguished himself in the war of independence in Texas. He showed great bravery in several battles and skirmishes, and was killed with Colonels Travis and Crockett, in the attack on the Alamo, in San Antonio. Colonel Bowie lived in Louisiana, but was by birth a Georgian. He became notorious in the South-west on account of a terrible duel which he fought with Norris, Wright and others, on a bar of the Mississippi—one of the bloodiest encounters on record, in which he was wounded and two men killed. He was a man of consummate daring, and of great muscular powers, and on more than one occasion is said to have roped and ridden an alligator.

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON STUDENTS.—Deep thinkers, who would draw upon resources long laid up by hard study, who would not again busy themselves in thumbing over volumes that have already been read, but who, having once devoured them, would make the food their own, find much originality amidst the fumes of a savory cheroot. But students, who would master books, and remember their contents, who would lay up in store clear ideas, should never becloud themselves with smoke, nor in any other way detract from the most energetic application to the fulfilment of the object in view. The satisfying effect of tobacco on students is not calculated to promote advancement, but to retard it. Under its influence pages may be dreamed over without being taken in.

WHAT makes laughter determines whether laughter is good or bad. If it is the expression of levity or vanity, it is frivolous. If it be the expression of moral feeling—and it often is—it is as reverent as tears are. In a natural state, tears and laughter go hand in hand; for they are twin born. Like two children sleeping in one cradle, when one wakes and stirs, the other wakes also.

## THE POET'S CHRISTMAS MUSING.

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

'Twas the festival Christmas time,  
The robin his prelude sung,  
And petals of frost and rime  
On the holly branches hung ;  
Homes rang with music's glad sound,  
And the viands rich were stored,  
And frolic and fun went round  
The sumptuous Christmas board.

The young of their bridals dreamed,  
When the jocund bells would ring,  
And the old men's dim eyes gleamed  
With thoughts of another Spring ;  
The poor crept into their beds,  
To forget their hunger and cold,  
Wrapping their sorrowful heads  
In oblivion's balmy fold.

Ah ! then, as I sat alone,  
And glee songs rippled the air,  
I thought of the pleasures flown  
With the happy years that were ;  
For the loved and the lost I sighed,  
My fancies were flying free,  
And I dreamed of a world untried  
In the years that were to be.

A cloud did round me float,  
Like the banner of death it lower'd,  
And a sharp fierce agony smote  
My heart like a demon's sword ;  
I thought of my first-lost child,  
When I kissed its pale, cold cheek,  
And my grief grew great and wild,  
Till I thought my heart would break.

A bright little circle beamed  
On my hand, a silken thing,  
Like a dew-drop of dawn it gleamed  
On Memory's darksome wing ;  
'Twas a curl of witching grace  
That hung o'er my baby's brow ;  
That beautiful rosebud face,  
Methinks I can see it now !

On the cameo fell a ray,  
'Twas a friend's well known to fame,  
And I wondered though far away  
If he thought of me the same.  
Sun-brightness illumined his hair,  
While tears did mine eyes suffuse,  
And a promise of glory rare  
On his brow shone rainbow hues.

Ah, why did my fond friends flee,  
Who once with lip fealty knelt ?  
The same blast which stripped the tree  
The worms at its core revealed !  
Their friendship was like a flower  
Which lived more on smiles than tears ;  
But hope came unto my bower,  
Like the robin when frost appears.

With aching and burning head  
I gazed on my pale-faced wife,  
For Fate with a mingled thread  
Had woven our web of life ;  
The stars were dim in the night,  
No joy in our bosoms shone,  
Eclipsed was each sunny light  
By our cheerless cold hearthstone.

Ah ! Home is a thrilling sound,  
That weaveth a mystic spell,  
Which maketh the feelings bound  
In an absent heart that dwell !  
What pen can the scene portray  
Of a broken home so dear,  
When all has been swept away  
By the heartless auctioneer ?

My books were gone, whose thought-fires  
A beacon of glory made,  
And the fuchsia tree, on whose spires  
Willie's pet canary played ;  
My mother's portrait was sold  
In spite of my pleading prayer,  
And my wife's harp, strung with gold,  
And poor Henry's rocking chair !

Ah, the hand of Change passed o'er  
The dial of home's blest shrine,  
Its images blest of yore,  
Its altar, no longer mine ;  
From all I held dear estranged  
I met with rebuke and frown,  
But there was one heart unchanged  
Though home's fairy bark went down.

My darling divinities clung  
Like angels lost to my side,  
While over the road I sung,  
With Chance for my only guide ;  
I oft had a vision wild  
Of a shape that walks by night,  
Which blighted my flow'ring child  
On the wintry desert white.

No home ! on the wide, wide earth,  
Beneath the shelterless sky !  
No home ! by a stranger's hearth,  
Where the weary hours crawl by !  
Guided was Israel's host  
By God to the promised land,  
But never a finger-post  
"Home" pointed our little band.

Better the roof and the bed  
Of the grave than strange lips curled ;  
I would rather my babes were dead  
Than wanderers over the world ;  
He who wept by Lazarus' grave,  
And the sparrow's fall who heeds,  
My love-worshipper idols can save,  
And bind up the heart that bleeds.

Then I improvised the songs  
I would sing in after years,  
And dreams in dazzling throgs  
Into glory touched my tears ;  
I said, "We shall hear joy bells,  
Sweet wife, ring over our woes,  
Ere the violet scents the dells,  
And the glossy crocus blows."

We kissed each stammering child,  
And strove to be glad and gay,  
Till midnight with moonbeams smiled,  
And we all knelt down to pray ;  
Above us the moon's pearl car  
Rode on bejewelled with dew,  
And a tenderly twinkling star  
The window-pane glimmered through.

## BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS.—A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

## CHAPTER XIX.—M. DUMESNIL DANCES A RONDE.

THE professional spy, eavesdropper, and observer, had certainly witnessed more interesting scenes than the one now enacted within the *marquée*, but it was a long time since he had played spy entirely on his own account, and therefore there was a pleasing novelty in his present position.

I don't pretend that the reader, however thick-headed, has not been able to discover that the so-called *Vicomte Delafosse* was only our old friend or enemy, as you like it, *Antoine Legrand* in new disguise and with a new alias. We may therefore drop the title, and call him by his proper name. However, it is due to the lover of exactness to explain how *Antoine* came to be here in this new character. Of course he did not want impudence, and he had been so handsomely rewarded for his services to the empire, that he did not want money either. But any one will ask, and with some reason, how he came to carry off the disguise so well, how, in short, the quondam gamekeeper's son could make so fascinating a *vicomte*. *Imprimis*, then, *vicomtes* are cheap in France, for the simple reason that every man with an income over a couple of hundred pounds, quietly assumes the title, and tells the world that he is only resuming what his fathers bore long ago, but dropped during the revolution.

Convenient, very !

*Secundo* ; between you and me and the binding, the staff of the secret police of Paris is an admirable training-school for incipient nobility. These men are not always of the lower classes ; on the contrary, they are often ruined young gentle-

men, who, at the gambling table and on the Bourse, have managed to rub away the little sense of honor they ever possessed, and whose former connections give them distinct advantages over the commoner sort. With such men Antoine had mingled in his capacity of *mouchard*. He had been the confidential agent of an emperor, and the right hand of a minister. He had therefore had opportunities of picking up the polite slang of society.

Tertio; every Frenchman, and, still more, every French woman, is by nature a courtier. They tell you with pride that you have only to dress up the first grisette you meet, and she will be quite as presentable as any of the rich vulgarities who thronged Louis Philippe's court.

Quarto; the peasantry of Brittany add to the innate elegance of the French an inborn dignity, which is the fruit of Celtic pride.

Quinto; Antoine Legrand was of a class higher than the peasantry.

Sexto; he had received some education.

Septimo; he was a profound actor.

Octavo; he was in love, and love ennobles.

And so on with a dozen more such reasons.

Enough then for M. Antoine. He had long since played a desperate game. He had gained his object. He was now come to exact the reward of his labors, and he was boldly throwing for a main. *Nous verrons.*

The scene he witnessed was comical.

M. Dumesnil was in a state of great agitation. He was rushing frantically about to induce his guests to form a huge circle for his dance, and they, preferring their liberty, were continually promising to come, like the naughty son in the parable, and came not. But M. Dumesnil had a yet greater grief at heart. He had composed the most bewitching verses three days ago, and since then had repeated them to himself at least every quarter of an hour. But in order to give them due effect, it was absolutely necessary that every third line should be pointedly spoken to some visible beauty at his side. Now, where could he find a blushing beauty? True, there was Madame Lamennais flirting languidly behind her fan with a young Nimrod. But then Madame Lamennais was a married woman; and he wanted a *jeune fille*. There was Mademoiselle B—, but she was so shy and cold. There was the young Countess G—, but she was too haughty. There was Mademoiselle de Beaufort, but she was too plain. Where, oh, where was Mademoiselle de Ronville, the very person—in fact, the only one—so beautiful, so graceful, and withal so amiable, thought the old man.

Just as his confusion reached a climax, he saw Madeleine and Paul entering the tent arm in arm. He was just crouching to pounce upon them, when little M. de Beaufort caught him by the button-hole, the cruel little viper.

"My dear sir, we are all ready," he whispered mysteriously. "Every Pierre has his Marie, or, as they say in England, every Shack has his Shill. Why do you not begin your ronde? Can I assist you? Ah! I see" (as if he had not seen it the last ten minutes, the little hypocrite)—"you are looking out for your own partner. Stay, let me think; no, don't run away. Wait one minute. Ah! I have it. There is Clothilde, my niece. Have you seen my niece? She is charming."

"Delightful," muttered the wretched prisoner, looking wistfully at Madeleine, and with the tip of his Punchlike nose growing redder and redder.

"So young."

"Quite tender."

"So fresh."

"As the morning dew. But that is anticipating my poem."

"So amiable."

"An angel."

"Shall I call her?"

"Stay, stay. I will find her a partner in a trice. One minute, I implore you."

And the captive broke loose in despair, and rushed away to secure Madeleine. That young lady went to the sacrifice like a lamb. She had a horror of this exposure, but she would not offend the old gentleman for the world, and the stars to boot.

M. Dumesnil made his most elegant bow, with all the stiffness of 1812, and rounded his thin arm with a most admirable smile.

"Fairest princess," he said, "will you deign to be the genius of the ronde? Ah! monsieur," this to Paul, "I rob you of your treasure, but I will offer you another in her place. Look, there is Mademoiselle de Beaufort, a sweet sylph, and one who speaks English like an Albionaise. Take her, take her, dear swain, and join our festive dance."

Then walking, or rather careering into the centre, he shouted with all his old lungs, "*Messieurs, mesdames, mesdemoiselles, à vos pieds. La ronde est formée.*"

But fate was against M. Dumesnil. The words were no sooner out of his mouth, than a terrible braying of *cors de chasse* set up just outside the tent. The young Nimrods, ignorant of the internal arrangements, were recommencing

"C'est le Roi Dagobert," &c.

in grand style.

"Ah! confound King Dagobert. Your pardon, fair nymph. What swain will run and stop these noisy huntsmen? Ah! M. de Beaufort, you are free, I implore you."

The little man was too happy to be able to interfere in any manner, and ran off to expostulate mysteriously with the amateur musicians.

At last the ronde was formed, the horns were hushed, and old Mr. Punch cast an anxious look round the circle.

"Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! where is my vicomte? Mademoiselle, you took him away. What have you done with him?"

"He is gone, sir," answered Madeleine, impatient to begin, the sooner to end the *corvée*.

"Then we must dance without him. Let us begin."

But Dumesnil proposed and his guests disposed, because indisposed to be quiet. The old man was in despair. He could not command silence himself. Etiquette forbade. Just then M. de Beaufort returned, saw the dilemma, and in a voice of thunder shouted "Silence!"

The effect was magical.

Then Mr. Punch, radiant with smiles, advanced one slim leg, rounded one arm, and began:

Ye nymphs and swains of fair Bretagne,  
Who gather here to day,  
Join hands, and dance the cheerful round,  
The while I sing my lay.

"Chorus, chorus, if you please" (beating his hands).

Join hands, and dance the cheerful round,  
The while I sing my lay.

Thereupon the whole circle danced, or rather walked the said cheerful round, the elder couples feebly humming the chorus, and the younger ones taking advantage of the noise to talk and flirt.

Here beauty smiles—

Here he bowed gallantly to Madeleine.

Here valor struts—

He waved his hand round to the gentlemen.

Both old and young are there,  
To dance away the sunny hours,  
And steal the sting from care.

"Chorus, chorus, chorus!"

To dance away, &c.

And so on through twenty or thirty doggerel stanzas.

Antoine at his spying hole laughed intensely at all this, for the old man's gesticulations, his balancings on toe and heel, and his turnings to Madeleine at every other stanza with a most courteous bow and devoted smile, and all this with a light brown wig and a high red nose, were quite irresistible. But when he turned to Madeleine, round whose mouth a pleasant smile played in place of her wonted melancholy, and saw how beautiful, how dignified, how graceful, and even gracious she was among those *petites demoiselles* and *bonnes filles* from ten miles round the country, he felt his heart bound with pride.

"Ah!" thought he, "this is the girl I rescued from death; this the maid I have watched in her prayers, and this the wo-



man who shall love me and honor me. She may despise Antoine Legrand if she please, and she has the right to do so, for she is noble by nature as well as by birth, but she will not despise the Vicomte Delafosse, and the baron will not despise his five-franc pieces. Bah! but I thought the game was an easy one till to-day. It took me three years to get rid of a lover whom she hated, and here is a friend whom she likes come up at the moment of victory—not that she cares for him. I can see that in her every action and look, but—well, no matter. If he is troublesome, there is an effective remedy. I need not go to extremes. I need only tell her, and prove to her, that he is a rogue and a conspirator, and down goes the enemy. Ah! she is looking at him now. There their eyes meet. *Sacré nom!* she blushes. But then she always blushes when she is looked at. Ah! I love that blush. But, hang it, if the Englishman is troublesome—*En avant, mes gendarmes.*"

Presently the movement of the ronde brought Paul and Clothilde close to the hole through which he was peeping, and he could hear their conversation.

"Well, M. Montague, have you discovered Mademoiselle de Ronville's lover yet?"

"No, indeed, and I begin to mistrust your promises, mademoiselle, unless, indeed, this vicomte——"

"Oh, no, no. He is no vicomte, you may be certain. Did I not tell you he was only a common gamekeeper?"

"Ah, so you did, and that reminds me of something. Do you know Mademoiselle de Ronville and I both discovered a strange likeness in this vicomte; she to her father's gamekeeper——"

("Ah! diable!" muttered Antoine.)

"And I to a man I met in Paris."

("Sacré matin! They are very clever to find me out.")

"But of course," continued Paul, "it was a mere fancy."

("Tant mieux.")

"But now you mention a gamekeeper——"

"Certainly. The insolent fellow wrote letters to her, which the baron intercepted."

"Aha! this is curious. What was his name?"

"It must be a secret, then, for I heard all this from my uncle; it is not generally known."

"But are you certain of it?"

"Positive."

"And his name?"

"Antoine Legrand," whispered Clothilde, who had something of her uncle's mysterious manner.

"Good; I shall——"

But here came the chorus, and the two moved on.

Monsieur Dumesnil sang another and another ronde, until his guests were quite weary of forcing their laughter and applause, and some impudent youngster ventured to call for "*La Boulangère*." The cry was caught up immediately, and poor Dumesnil, who had three more rondes by heart, was forced to abandon them for an old popular song. Now "*La Boulangère*" is essentially a vulgar thing, a song of the people, and by no means refined. Its first verse bears the stamp of the whole:

*La Boulangère a des écus  
Qui ne lui coûtent guère.  
J'ai vu la Boulangère, j'ai vu,  
J'ai vu la Boulangère.*

Madeleine had no wish to play the part of the faithless baker's wife, so she slipped quietly away to the nearest seat, which, as fate would have it, was very near Antoine's spying hole.

"Proud!" muttered he; "she will not join the people's song; yet she is right; she is too good for that. Bah! I shall be an aristocrat before long at this rate."

Now Paul saw this movement and appreciated it. So, without asking Clothilde's leave, he led her back to her place near Madame de Beaufort, bowed, and edged away round the circle towards Madeleine.

Monsieur de Beaufort was horror-struck.

"Do you see that?" he hissed into the Chanoinesse's ear. "Do you notice with what interest he was talking to Clothilde just before, and how coldly he abandons her now?"

"My dear brother," replied the Chanoinesse, stiffly, "you

are quite blind in these matters. Do you not see how admirably Clothilde plays her cards? She allures him on to a certain point, and then cuts him short. He must not lose his respect for her in his affection. Do you not understand? Oh! she is a wonderful girl for her age, and she does honor to my bringing up."

"Mais——" drawled the little magnanimous, not quite convinced.

Paul, however, edged round so cleverly, that he managed to be pushed against Madeleine's chair, as if quite by accident.

"I beg a thousand pardons. Oh! it is you, mademoiselle," he exclaimed, deceitfully, as if he had only just discovered it. "I fear your exertions have fatigued you—hem."

Paul deliberately seated himself by Madeleine's side, and the spy without leant his ear more closely to the hole. Montague went at once *in medias res*; he had come to find out all about the gamekeeper, and fearful of being interrupted by the assiduities of the host or the interference of De Beaufort, he scarcely allowed himself time to introduce his subject with sufficient delicacy. Madeleine saw his drift, and cleverly turning the tables upon him, drew him by questions about De Coney into a confession of all he knew—or at least of all he could confess—about the cutler from Nantes.

Antoine listened, and felt for a time happy at being the subject of his mistress's thoughts, but ere long the condemnation came. For the invective poured on the bourgeois of Nantes by Montague he cared nothing; but the calm, cold, implacable censure from Madeleine's lips wounded him grievously.

At last little De Beaufort relieved him by pressing himself upon the two confidants; and Antoine having made up his mind that no time was to be lost, ran off to the inn, dismissed the gendarmes, and, mounting his mare, dug the spurs in savagely.

M. de Beaufort had been worked to frenzy by Montague's attentions to Madeleine, and seized on the slightest pretext to interrupt them.

"You must come and see the *meute*," he began. "You are an Englishman, and *le sport*, I know is your idol. It is quite a French style of hunting, which you have never seen in England. M. Dumesnil lets loose a rabbit in his park, and a pack of little earthers will hunt it down. There, don't you hear the baying of the dogs?"

There was a general rush to the park, and the little man dragged Paul along with it. The first thing they came upon was half a dozen amateur Nimrods, making a fierce din upon their *cors de chasse*, enough in itself to send a whole warren of rabbits hopping; the next was a small pack of little crooked-legged beagles, coming on at a very indifferent pace, and apparently satisfied with giving tongue in a very sonorous French key. But the rabbit, for whom all this excitement was got up, was nowhere to be seen.

For a while the "excitement was unparalleled, &c.," but at last, after a good deal of scrambling, shouting and blowing of horns, both dogs and sportsmen seemed to think they had had enough of it, and being pretty well blown about nothing, began to pick their way back through the woods.

It was then that in one of the bypaths, by which the sagacious De Beaufort was confident he could find a shortcut to the pavilion, they came upon a farm servant, trailing after him a large mutton bone, which had supplied the place of the imaginary rabbit.

"You see that?" hissed M. de Beaufort vehemently; "you see it? you understand? Ah! they would not do that in England. A sham rabbit! Ah! It is disgraceful, low, mean, to have cheated his guests in that manner. But you know M. Dumesnil, after all, is rather—you understand me, a mean trick."

A summer shower ended the day.

#### CHAPTER XX.—THE CHATEAU DE RONVILLE.

The next morning the Chanoinesse's prophecies received an unexpected damper. Paul came down to breakfast, very gay, very extensively got up, and in very high spirits. He chatted away to all the ladies, and listened patiently to the little man's button-hole discourses. He talked pleasantly of the fête, and

did not repel the minute and discreet advances made by Clothilde. In short, the Chanoinesse glanced at M. de Beaufort with an air of triumph, and the little man returned it with a look of happiness. But the almonds and raisins, which were the standard breakfast-dessert at the Chateau de Beaufort, were scarcely removed, when Paul turned to the little man and said, "Shall you have any objection to lend me your bay mare for this morning?"

"Charmed, my dear sir," replied the *mitam in parvo*. "It is a delightful, I may say a celestial, day for a ride, and I believe Madame de Beaufort does not require my services."

"Pardon me," said Paul, terrified at the chance of being accompanied, "I did not mean to propose an excursion. I know how numerous are the claims on your time; but the fact is, that I have a call to make in the neighborhood, and I thought this morning would be a good opportunity for making it."

"Ah! just so. I fully understand. The Vicomte Delafosse, of course?"

"No—" drawled Montague, determined not to indulge the little gossip's curiosity.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, I—I, of course, fixed on the only neighbor of ours who, I believed, had the honor of your acquaintance."

"You forget," said Clothilde, casting down her eyes and simpering timorously; "you forget, *mon oncle*, that monsieur is quite an *ami de la maison* at the Chateau de Ronville."

Paul smiled blandly. "Not quite that yet; only an aspirant to the post, *mademoiselle*."

M. de Beaufort flashed fire at the Chanoinesse, and that elderly female turned a despairing look at his wife, in order to avoid that of the husband.

Presently Paul retired to get his riding-crop and a pipe, and the Chanoinesse, having sent Clothilde peremptorily to practise Chopin's last "Romance," the three entered into a dismal council.

But all in vain. It was in vain that the little man accompanied Paul to the stable and examined the bay mare with hems and haws, and at last boldly asserted that he thought she was not quite up to the distance. Montague met him by as boldly asking for the loan of the chestnut. Now, the chestnut was M. de Beaufort's own peculiar animal, and rather than let any one else ride him, he would risk the limbs of all the rest of his stud. So Paul quietly got his own way at last, and his feet in the stirrups before mid-day.

We will leave him to pick his way along a stony little bridle-path through the thickest part of a thick Breton forest, singing aloud a snatch of some dear English song, without much melody in it, it is true, but still English, and puffing whiffs from his cutty in the intervals and rests between the bars; leave him to start the rabbit from its nibbling; to snuff the woody smell of the high rich ferns, through rocks rouged with purple and yellow lichens, where the lolling hart's-tongue lapped the dew; to think of poor old De Coucy, and wonder how he was treated in his imprisonment; to ask himself how and why he himself had escaped the police, or if he really had escaped, for he had taken few precautions; to pass thence to the Vicomte, and so naturally to Madeleine, and then to sigh a little; and lastly, to throw the reins over his horse's neck, cross his arms, and look away into the deep, rich blue of heaven, and laugh at his own concern for earth and its trifles. I say, we will leave Paul Montague to do all this, and go back a few hours and find Madeleine de Ronville yet asleep and dreaming sweetly.

I'll not inflict you, reader, with a description of the Chateau de Ronville. To me, indeed, it would be no infliction to read it in another book, still less to write it, for I love all Brittany dearly, and in all Brittany there is nothing more beautiful—not the hills, nor the dales, not the wild coast or the dense forest, not the menhirs, dolmens, and all the other quaint stones of bygone Druid days—than the rare old castles of a decayed noblesse. There is not much variety about them, it is true, but then the pattern is dear to every Breton's heart, and beautiful enough to bear repeating. They are all built very strongly, of a rough, purple stone. The wars of La Vendée can testify to their indignant strength. They have all two or three stout round towers, pierced with crosses for the long-bow, and bolt-

holes for cross-bow—openings which have served far more successfully for the musket and the rifle. Most of them stand on high ground, amid a company of goodly pines and oaks, which bow their heads courteously to their fellow-centenarian. Most of them have a deep moat round the base of the strong buildings, and some few have not discarded the old selfish, comfortable drawbridge.

The true democrat tells you that, when the impious soldier of the first revolution battered the old nests of feudalism to ruins, he did more for the advancement of civilization than a hundred years of peaceful education could do. It may be so, but all beauty is aristocratic. There is a supremacy in beauty itself that defies levelling; and even time, a blind leveller, acknowledges it in the peculiar brand which he sets upon beauty that he ruins. But who could be a democrat in Brittany, which is still three centuries younger than the other regions? Even Paul, a democrat by choice, and sentiment, and conviction, felt it, and smiled bitterly as he rode from Baud to the Chateau de Ronville.

But back to our wethers! If there be much likeness between the castles of Brittany outside, there is much unlikeness within. The Chateau de Ronville is a large one. It has a grand entrance through a bold, lofty archway, and a court within paved with round pebbles—a court which the baron loved to see free from every weed, and round which Madeleine delighted to train flowering creepers and gay sweet peas. Before the archway, and across the moat, which is a small one, and has no water in it, is a long sweep of lawn, girt with a carriage road. On another side is the garden, which goes down in terraces, and on these are many yews and junipers carved into quaint forms of birds and beasts, and interspersed with broken statues. Between this terrace garden and the sweep in front there stands out a great round tower, with its pointed roof of slate; and within this tower, which looks far and wide over all the country round, is Madeleine's bed-chamber. So, now, we come to the interior of the castle. There were many rooms in Ronville; rooms high up in distant parts, which were for ever locked up and inhabited only by rats and bats, moths and owls, a goodly crew of gloomy old aristocrats. But those rooms which were inhabited by mortals had all been done up afresh in those days when

The lily hand of Pompadour  
Sceptreless ruled France through France's king,  
And sally sternness bowed to chivalry.

Since then, no Baron de Ronville had had money enough to re-gild and repaint, and to say truth, the barons of that ilk were too rough-riding a race to care much about their drawing-rooms.

Now Madeleine de Ronville, all beautiful as she was, had a little of the owl in her character. She revelled in solitude, in long nights of waking, in the dark shade of broad trees, in the smell of ivy and lichen, in old books, and brown studies. She was no misanthrope, for she had never learned to hate, and hating came not to her by instinct; but she loved the companionship of gentle and unimpassioned thoughts, and the voices of birds and breezes better than the curses of men and the scolding of women. So when this fanciful young lady came to an age to make a choice, she chose a little boudoir in a distant part of the castle, which had peculiar charms for her.

Of course the neighbors sneered a little, and prudish chanoineses said Mademoiselle de Ronville was very "independent" (a harsh word in France), to sleep so far from her mother's bedroom. But Madame de Ronville was a homely woman, with much good sense, and allowed her daughter to do as she liked, knowing her too well to think any harm could come to her from herself. In this chamber a powdered beauty of Louis Quinze's age of meretricious art, had once denaturalized her charms before a huge mirror, planted in a panel of the wainscot. Her portrait still hung opposite to it, still gazing, after the worms, on her own rouged stiffness, as she had done many a day, before descending to receive the elaborate compliments of some *gentilhomme de la garde*, fresh returned from Versailles, still polluted the boudoir with the spectacle of vanity, yet hallowed it with the incense of the past.

The room was painted in pure white; wreaths of rich carved

fruit and flowers grouped around the panels. The one high window was hung with white curtains lined with pink. The little bed was hid snugly in an arched alcove, which Pompadourian vanity had roofed with a mirror, and shut out with airy hangings. It was a bower for a maiden unbetrothed, and such now lay there just roused from the dewy sleep of the good.

She woke from dreams. No matter what they were. We have no right to inquire into the dreams of young maidens. Not even their confessors have that right. But we have a claim to her waking thoughts.

She woke calmly, and her eyes caught her own face in the mirror above. She turned them away. It was not her own face that she cared to see, but heaven's. And so she looked out and saw the sun gay; and seeing this, she could not resist the pleasure of lying in bed and looking at it.

There are two half-hours when the good ought always to be happy—that before and that after sleep, and there is nothing so conducive to pleasant thinking as to lie and yawn. Ergo, Madeleine lay and thought, and as she little cared to look forward, she looked backward. She thought all about yesterday, first about the Vicomte Delafosse, next about "that Englishman." She would not confess to herself that she was a little fascinated by the vicomte. She disliked his face; she mistrusted him, and yet he was eccentric and interesting. But he was not good; that was clear. No amount of Christian charity could blind her to the doubleness that lurked in his eyes. And yet—and then there was a long blank space in her argument which was filled up by a smile and a shrug, and a turn on her side. When she had turned round, she began to think about "that Englishman." Now he, no doubt, was good. You could see nothing but honesty and generosity and largeness in his looks. He had all this as an Englishman, and he had none or very little of the English stiffness and reserve. And he too, had looked at her with an expression of interest, and did not seem ashamed of it as the other had. And yet—

And this time the blank was filled up with negatives, and being much irritated at herself because she could not feel as much romance about the straightforward Englishman, as she did about the oblique Frenchman, she hastily leapt out of bed. Then she stretched out her arms, threw back her head, and enjoyed a good long waking yawn. Then she went to the window, threw it open, snuffed the fresh summer air, and felt intensely happy.

It is a good thing to be a beautiful maiden. If you are wise withal, you may do more good than harm. How many a man is converted by love, and a man too who would not love where was no beauty.

Her simple toilette is soon made. She needs no rouge, like the lady on canvas, to add freshness to a cheek which a butterfly might have taken for a bed of blushroses. She wants no deceitful *mouche* to lend archness to the corners of those happy red lips. A simple dress, the color of the skies she is so fond of gazing at, is concession enough to civilization. Now she kneels by her bedside, offering to heaven the prayer which angels love to catch. Now it is done, and she takes her seat in the window and passes an hour between a volume of Lamartine and her own wild thoughts, long digressions which grow out of the poet's.

At last a great booming noise is heard from a distant turret. This is the bell that the baron will still insist on having rung before every meal.

Madeleine sighs. Why! Perhaps because that booming noise recalls her from the infinity of imagination to the bounded world of life. She shakes off the sigh though, and trips away down the long passages to the breakfast-room.

The baron—a true baron, stout and tall, comes in at the opposite door.

"Oho, beauty! oho, roses!" he shouts as Madeleine runs up to him, to kiss him on the forehead.

"Why, child," he cries, holding her at arm's-length, and looking lovingly into her face; "child of mine, what a mass of loveliness you are this morning!"

"There, stop," she says, blushing deep peonies, but putting her little hand before his mouth.

"Nay, I will speak," says the father, shaking his head

away; "this is country air; why, you never looked like this in Paris—à bas Paris, and all the cities. Hang me for a revolutionist if ever I go to Paris again. Eh, child?"

"Oh, my father, only make a vow of that, and I will bless you."

"What, then you hate the city too, you?"

"Oh! I never wish to leave Ronville."

"Ay, ay, but how will you ever get married in these deserts!"

"Hush, hush," cries Madame de Ronville, coming in now; "what do you want with putting such fancies into the child's head? Married indeed! it will be time enough to think of that two years hence."

"Thank you, dear mother! thank you!"

The baron shakes his head knowingly.

"Aha! madame, that is the tone now the count is gone, is it?" Madeleine turns her head away, and then to hide her discomfort takes her old place at the table, and raps impatiently on it with a knife.

"Messieurs, mesdames, the ragout is getting cold."

"Ah, good, the ragout. Well, well, in these wretched summer days when there is nothing to be done, one may as well eat. And I shouldn't have any appetite if it were not for you, child. Why, it does one good to see you look so pretty."

"Come, old fool," said Madame de Ronville, helping the ragout; "one would think you were in love with your own daughter."

"And so I am, my love, for she looks just what you looked on the day that I first saw you at Boisjupon; only that you were dressed à la Grecque, and a very graceful style it was."

Madame de Ronville flushed up like a young beauty. That same habit of blushing ran in the family, and suited the delicate skins of the female line.

The breakfast passed in pleasant badinage. The baron was in excellent spirits, and as for the good baroness, her temper never varied. When it was over, Etienne brought in the baron's coffee, madame produced the cognac, and the old gentleman began to mix his gloria.

"Etienne," he cried, as the footman left the room, "tell Pierre to put a couple of horses into the calèche, and have it round at the door in half an hour."

"Where are you going to, papa?"

"A place you are very fond of."

"I! I don't know what place I like more than this."

"Bravo! a true De Ronville. This child, madame, takes after her father, you see. Do you disown her?"

"But oh, do tell me where you are going to, *petit bon*," urged Madeleine, coming to his side and looking into his coffee cup.

"Ah! miss, if you come for some gloria, I suppose I must tell you. Are you not fond of Trénoc?"

"The Chateau de Trénoc? Are you going there? Oh, jubilate! of course you will take me with you."

The baron stopped pouring the spoonful of gloria into his daughter's cup, and looked into her face with a mock sternness.

"Of course—of course!—what does that mean?"

"Why, it means, *petit bon*, that you must never go to Trénoc without me; and if you are going to-day, I shall go with you, whether you will or not; there."

"My wife, send for Etienne, ring for Pierre; this young lady is becoming too strong for me. Holla! somebody!" And the stout old baron laughed at his own merriment heartily.

"But you will take me, *bon homin*, won't you?" said Madeleine, coaxing another spoonful of gloria from him. "Oh! how nicely you have mixed your gloria to-day."

"Little fawner! who taught you to coax your old fool of a father? But no, child, I and your mother are going alone to-day."

"Alone to Trénoc? But what are you going to do there alone?"

"What should we do but call on the inmates?"

"Nonsense; the owls and bats!"

"Birds of your feather, miss. But it is a much livelier young biped we are going to see."



"At Trénoc? why, there is no one there but the old keeper."

"And how about the count?"

Madeleine turned her head away. The very name of that man seemed to oppress her.

"Do not joke with me, father," she said very softly.

"No, child, you are right, that man's name shall never be mentioned again; more particularly, now that you know all, though we tried to conceal it from you. No, we are going to call on our new neighbor, the Vicomte Delafosse."

"Is it possible?—the gentleman I met yesterday? But how does he come to be at Trénoc? And how do you come to know him?"

"He comes to be at Trénoc, because he has bought the chateau, and is now furnishing it rapidly; and we come to know him, because, yesterday when you were dancing at M. Dumesnil's, he had the politeness to ride over here and call upon us."

"And a charming young man he is," cried the baroness; "thoroughly well-bred, and a true legitimist."

"But, mamma, he was at the fête too. It cannot be the same person."

"The vicomte told us he had just left M. Dumesnil's. He did not say he had met you there," replied the baroness.

"On the contrary, he said he had found the fête so *triste*, that he had done his best to get away. Eh, miss?"

Madeleine contented herself with wondering. Just then Etienne entered.

"The carriage is at the door, M. le Baron."

"And what am I to do with myself all alone?" asked Madeleine whiningly.

"What do you wish yourself when you steal away to the woods, miss, and stay for hours alone, miss; eh, miss?"

"Oh! but I cannot read now, as I used to do. Paris has spoiled me, I want to live."

"To go to Trénoc, that is. Well, child, you must amuse yourself somehow, you may ride Ninon, if you like. But you must promise not to go beyond the enclosure."

Madeleine clapped her hands, and flushed up with delight.

"Oh, thank you, *bon homme*! thank you! the very thing for me to-day." And she kissed the old man's forehead and her mother's cheek, and watched them drive off scarcely envying them.

This kissing is a constancy in French provincial families. It goes on morning, noon and eve, and between all near relations, and intimate friends. Men kiss their fathers, mothers, sisters, grandfathers, uncles and nephews; but never their wives. Girls kiss their female friends, and their boy cousins from school, and make a great show of affection to grandpapas and great-uncles. In short, *tout le monde s'embrasse*, as they do at the end of a melodramatic comedy. I like the custom, for my part. It can't be denied that we English are very cold and snarlish in our manners. We are not only undemonstrative, but even repulsive; and if any one attempts to be a little warmer than usual towards us, we draw in our horns and ensconce ourselves in our own hateful unsympathizing shells, as if we lived in a nest of serpents. But even in France, this dear old custom of greeting one another with a kiss of peace is already going out. "Good society" (which is, by the way, another name for a collection of very bad worldly people) discards it as old-fashioned, and apes the English in their very worst point. You may say that a good deal of this saluting means nothing, and is very hollow. True; well, so does our handshaking. But I am persuaded that between near relations the most of it means a good deal in France. I have seen a good deal of French life in the provinces, and known French men, women and children, too intimately to be deceived, and I never saw so much good feeling and real heart between father and son, mother and daughter, and what is yet rarer elsewhere, between brother and brother. On the other hand, I don't deny that the conjugal state is a far colder one abroad than with us; but that is the fault of a vile system, radically impious, and not of want of heart.

No matter; kissing is one of those fruitful topics, which the *Quarterly Reviews* have not yet taken up, but which we confidentially recommend to the notice of those great essayists,

who make a boast of being able to write a paper on any given subject, from Bees up to Bigamy, and Theology down to Teakettles.

Only the dull lead really monotonous lives. When the circumstances without are daily the same, the mind and character of people worth any consideration vary from day to day none the less than those of others who lead the chameleon existences of great cities. This is the excellence of what is commonly called a monotonous life, that the changes are rung within.

No one varied more from grave to gay, from sad to smiling, than this girl who for weeks together never saw another face than those which had always been round her. Now, to-day she could not calm herself. Some coming event had undoubtedly cast its shadow over her. She, who was usually so happy with Victor Hugo or Lamartine (in print of course), could not understand a single line of either, for once in her life, and not understanding, could not appreciate and so neglected. If she had been a man, she would have lit a pipe and lulled her excitement in clouds, to which her own sweet breath were the Boreas. But being a woman, she had nothing for it but to run about, dance, sing, laugh, and appear to old Pierre, who was tying up the rose trees on the lawn, a very angel of happiness and beauty.

"Pierre, come here."

The old man hobbled up, grinning.

"My good Pierre, you are to saddle Ninon at once."

"Is mademoiselle going to ride alone?"

"Only about the grounds. Make haste, Pierre, if I don't get some violent exercise immediately, I shall go mad."

The old fellow thought she was a little bit crazed already. Five minutes later she appeared in the stable yard, looking lovelier than ever in her riding dress.

Ninon was one of those charming little mares that are bred in the south of France, by crossing the Algerian Barbe with the pure Provençal breed. Pierre lifted his mistress lightly into the saddle. Away she bounds over the meadow towards the woods, her long hair streaming in the wind, her face flushing and radiant, her eyes full of joy, her lips apart, all life and delight in the exciting exercise—a very Diana mounted.

Now, within what was called the enclosure, was part of the woods that girt the chateau. In the midst of this forest was a long green walk, which they called the *Allée verte*, a glorious place for riding, with a soft, rich carpet of turf, and a roof above of intertwining branches.

Down this the maiden rode at full gallop, then wheeled round and up it again; and this she repeated till Ninon was fairly blown. At one end, the further from the chateau, was another green lane at right angles to the first. A low fence separated the two, and marked the boundary of the enclosure. The daughter of Eve drew up the mare before this fence, and looked longingly down this forbidden alley. She leaned her arm upon the animal's neck, dropt her eyes upon the ground, and fell into a reverie, as was her wont. From this she was roused by a sudden violent barking of a small Skye terrier, who considered it part of his duty to fly at the mare's legs.

She raised her eyes, and saw half way down the green lane a single horseman, admiring, delighted, the perfect picture before him. In a moment she recognised Paul Montague, and cheeks, neck and brow burned with the roses of Lancaster. Paul quietly rode up to the fence, doffed his wide-awake, and bowed low in his saddle.

"May I come, mademoiselle?" pointing to the fence.

Madeleine did not know what to answer, and Paul taking her silence for consent, was over the fence just as she exclaimed, "No, sir!"

"A thousand pardons, mademoiselle, for intruding on your solitude. I was told by a peasant yonder that I could reach the chateau by this lane, and so I came."

"You wish to reach the chateau, monsieur?"

"Yes, I was going to do myself the pleasure of calling upon the baroness, madame your mother."

"I am sorry, sir, that my mother is out."

"Oh! Perhaps monsieur the baron will not refuse to see me," replied Montague, not a little hurt at this stiff reception.

"He is out also, monsieur."

"Indeed! Then I must—"

He waited to be interrupted, but in vain.

"I must ride back, I suppose."

"I regret that you must. You see, sir, that I cannot receive you at the chateau in my parents' absence."

All this time Madeleine was secretly admiring the Englishman, who looked very handsome in the saddle; and he, on his part, was feasting his eyes on her lovely face. Certainly, if he had never been so before, he was quite in love at this moment. He hesitated how to act; it was so hard to be sent back in this cold manner after a long ride.

"Then, mademoiselle," he resumed, speaking very slowly to prolong the interview, "I must—beg—you—to—be—so obliging as to present—my—my compliments to monsieur the baron, and madame the baroness, and to—to—assure them of my extreme disappointment at not having had the happiness to find them at home."

"I shall certainly convey your message, monsieur. I am sure they will be no less sorry to find that they have missed you."

Paul still waited, but to no purpose.

"I shall hope to be more fortunate another time."

"I hope so, too, monsieur. My father and mother rarely leave home together. You will be sure to find one or other at home at any time."

"*Au plaisir de vous revoir*, then, mademoiselle."

Adieu, Monsieur Montague."

Paul, in despair, put his horse at the fence.

Now Ninon, like most horses, was of a very emulous disposition, and could not bear to see the bay mare leaping to and fro while she stood still; so, taking advantage of Madeleine's slack rein, she quietly slipped over the hedge like a young greyhound, and very nearly unsaddled her mistress, who expected nothing less. Paul very wickedly gave his horse its head, and the two being side by side, went off in a race before Madeleine had time to recover her surprise, and then her weak arm could scarcely bring Miss Ninon to a sense of her duty. But the girl's forced reserve was quashed in the movement, and when they came to a halt, she fairly burst into a merry laugh.

"You wicked Ninon," she cried, beating its neck with her little hand; "see how you have made me disobey my father's injunctions! Oh, sir, what shall I do? I promised not to ride beyond the enclosure, and I never break a promise."

"It was my fault, mademoiselle. You must put all the blame upon me. I should have warned you to hold your horse; but now that the Rubicon is passed, there is surely no harm in riding farther. If I were you, I should enjoy my liberty."

"Sir, I am ashamed of you. No; I shall ride back immediately. Adieu, monsieur!"

Paul, however, stood to watch.

Now Ninon being a lively young mare of good breed, and highly fed, had an opinion and a will of her own. Her opinion was, that it is much more amusing to gallop in company than up and down a single green alley; and her will was to do accordingly. Therefore, when she came to the fence she quietly refused, and swerved away. Madeleine got red and looked round in confusion, increased by finding that the Englishman was watching her. But Madeleine had character enough not to be beat by a horse; so she put Ninon a second time at the fence. This time the mare reared, turned, and made a bolt of it. Paul dug his heels in, and rode forward in time to check Miss Ninon's wilful career.

"Never mind," cried Madeleine, as she passed him very much flushed; "I shall do it next time."

But Montague well knew that French girls are not the natural Amazons that our northern daughters boast of being, and saw that, with all her pluck, Madeleine had not art enough to clear the dilemma and the fence together.

"I cannot allow you to make another attempt," he cried, "at least by yourself. You see your horse has not such a keen sense of duty as her mistress; but I will undertake to say that, unlike her, she will consent to follow if I lead the way."

This brought more blushes into Madeleine's cheeks.

"Then I must teach her a better lesson. I am determined to accomplish it."

"And I am determined you shall not do so alone."

"Monsieur, do you break a lance with me?"

"Surely with so excellent a horsewoman it would be no cowardice in me to try."

"Sir, you are mocking me. Now I will do it by myself. Come, Ninon," and away she went for a third trial.

Paul followed close upon her, and very carefully gained the lead.

"Now, then," he cried, "you have no need of courage, but you want coolness. Softly, gently, there; and now lift her, and—over."

The two animals rose and sank together, and Madeleine was amazed at the ease with which the leap was effected.

"Ah, sir! this was too bad. You should have given me a fair chance."

"And if I had, mademoiselle, you would not now be on this side of the obstacle. *L'union c'est la force*. How often it takes two people to do the simplest things. But now that my duty is done, I must not forget that I am a trespasser here. I will retreat forthwith, but let me beg you this time, mademoiselle, to hold your horse;" and he made a profound salute.

"Stop, sir, stop, Monsieur Montague," said Madeleine.

Paul did not need a repetition of the command.

"You have had a long ride, and must be in need of some refreshment. If you will accompany me to the chateau, I will give the order for it."

It was now Paul's turn to be dignified.

"Oh! I am extremely obliged to you, but really I shall do very well, I assure you. The ride is not long—only three leagues, a mere trifle—and I could not think of intruding at the chateau in the absence of the baroness."

"But it is very probable that my father and mother will be returned by this time; and it is so warm, and such a dusty ride for you."

"Not at all. Indeed, I could not think of it for a moment."

"Monsieur, *je commande*."

Paul bowed low.

"If you make a command of it, I must give in."

"Not if it is disagreeable to you, sir."

"Oh! of course extremely disagreeable. Such a terrible infliction to be in the society of Mademoiselle de Ronville—such a *corvée* to be introduced to the chateau, of which I have heard so much, and so long wished to see."

Madeleine burst out into a merry laugh.

"Come, sir, I decline the contest. Let us be friends." And she put out her little white hand, which Paul grasped with a more than friendly pressure. Then there was a little pause.

"So then," said Paul presently, "Madame and Monsieur de Ronville were not so very far from home, after all."

"What, sir! Dare you suspect me of a falsehood?"

"Oh dear! no. I merely meant, my dear mademoiselle, that when you told me they were not at home, you used the words conventionally."

"Sir, a lie is always a lie. You made me a very poor compliment, monsieur, when you thought I had courage enough to ride at a fence, but not to tell the truth. These white lies may suit Paris and London, but in Brittany we are prouder than that ancient race who learned only to draw the bow and tell the truth. We tell it by instinct, and have no need to learn. But if a lie is contemptible in itself, it is surely ten times more so in such trivial matters of every day."

Paul felt very small.

"Pray forgive me the bare suspicion. I shall know Brittany better, I hope, ere long."

"Meanwhile, in case you still doubt, I will tell you where they are gone to. Do you remember the Vicomte Delafosse yesterday?"

"Remember him!"

"Well, he has bought the Chateau de Trénoc, a magnificent old place about a league from here. My father and mother are gone to make a visit of ceremony there."

"On the vicomte?"

"Why not?"

"Simply, because I did not know that they had the distinguished honor of his acquaintance."

"Yes, since yesterday. You remember remarking his disappearance. He was gone to call at the chateau. Was it not remarkably polite?"

"Remarkably," growled Paul, burning with jealousy. Madeleine took no notice.

"So, then," he went on, "that puts an end to all our surmises."

"What about?"

"About the extraordinary likeness between this vicomte and your old admirer the gamekeeper."

Madeline forced a laugh, for she had not outgrown her early romances, and the devotion and subsequent disappearance of Antoine Legrand had deeply and painfully moved her.

"Yes, as you say, these extravagant fancies are now hushed, but that is no reason why our vicomte should not be your bourgeois from Nantes in disguise, or rather, why the bourgeois should not be really a vicomte."

"Too clever a great deal," laughed Paul. "But," added he, seriously, and glad to be able to let off a little of his bile, "it is just possible; and I shall examine the matter more closely, and if I discover it to be the case, there will be an end of the fascinating stranger, mademoiselle."

"An end, how do you mean?"

"I mean that I should kill him."

"Parbleu, monsieur, is that the fashion in England?"

But Paul was not to be laughed out of his seriousness, for this was a solemn subject.

"I mean what I say, mademoiselle."

"Nonsense; you would not hurt a fly."

"You think so, and you are partly right. I hate all violence, and believe the mere sight of blood would turn me sick; but this would be a sacred duty."

"Sacred! How dare you apply that epithet to a crime, sir?"

"It would be no crime in this case. It would be justice. There are some iniquities which no laws of any country can reach. This pretended bourgeois has been guilty of a dozen such. He came to us and sought our friendship."

"Why do you say—us? surely you had nothing to do with M. de Coucy's secret society?"

"And if I had?"

"You would be guilty of the crime for which he is now suffering."

"Do you call it a crime?"

"Is it not a crime to plot assassination?"

"But when I tell you that De Coucy opposed this plot."

"But he belonged to a secret society which aimed at the subversion of the existing government."

"And that is a crime?"

"Yes, one of the greatest, to disturb the peace and prosperity of a nation, for the sake of private ends, or at best a wild theory. But of course you are joking. Had you belonged to this society, you would not now be here, I think."

"Perhaps not," said Paul, who saw to what a dangerous length he had gone.

"And certainly you would no longer have the pleasure of my company, sir." And she rode on, as if the mere suspicion made Montague odious to her.

Under the castle archway stood some four or five old peasant women from the village, in the costume of that district, a small cap with a large white frill which stuck up round their faces like the haloes in glass windows round those of crooked saints and saintesses, a short blue skirt and red stockings.

As the two rode up the old dames came smiling and curtsying towards them, and passed their remarks in a tone which was meant to be heard.

"How handsome my lady looks on horseback!"

"And what a beautiful animal she rides!"

"Ay, she is quite like the queen." (These worthy conservatives had not yet achieved the idea of an empress, and the word *impératrice* would have been curiously mangled in their Breton throats.)

Then the mother of the matrons, an old doubled-up beldame

of eighty, with hair as white as snow, hobbled up, and seizing Madeleine's little hand, kissed it very audibly.

"*Le bon Dieu vous garde, madame,*" lisped the old lady, shaking with age.

"*Le bon Dieu vous garde,*" sang the other four in chorus.

"And send you a handsome and rich husband, madame," glancing at Paul.

"Yes, and send you a husband like monsieur," chorused the others, who had not the delicacy of their spokeswoman.

Madeline could not stand this, so gliding from her saddle she seized the old woman's hands and kissed her on the forehead. Her face was not perhaps very clean, although her cap was spotless; but then, in Brittany, the ladies of a noble house do not think it any defilement to salute their humbler sisters.

"*Ma bonne mère,*" said Madeleine, "you have not come all this way, you who walk so little, merely to give me your good wishes. I know you have something to ask me. What is it?"

The old lady had prepared a long speech, bringing in all the French which she knew, which was not much, but this direct interrogation quite sent it out of her head.

"Madame the baroness," she began shaking more than ever; "madame the baroness, madame the—"

Here she broke down, and one of the others took up the speech.

"We came to see your lady mother—"

"Let the *Mère Marie* go on," cried the rest interrupting eagerly.

(Now in Brittany two-thirds of the women are called *Marie*. I once walked from Nantes to Avranches. It took me a fortnight. Each day of that fortnight I stopped at least at three inns, and in each inn there was a female attendant of some kind. Two out of every three were called by the name of the Blessed Virgin.)

*La Mère Marie*, thus encouraged, began again:

"Madame la Baronne, we came to see your lady mother, but she is not at home."

"Shall I not do as well?" asked Madeleine, kindly. At this the old lady looked round at her crew as if to ask their advice.

"Yes, yes, *Marie*," cried all of them.

"Madame, Thursday is the *Fête Dieu*."

"I understand," cried Madeleine, glad to be enlightened at last. "You want plenty of flowers to make a *reposoir* in the village; eh?"

"That is it, madame, precisely," answered the old lady, much relieved. "The young women are to make it, but it is our duty to come and fetch whatever madame's goodness gives us."

"And you know that we are to have a *reposoir* here too? and to think that to-morrow is Wednesday, and I have not begun yet. Well, let us off to the garden at once. Who is to come with us? you, *ma bonne mère*, are tired already, I dare say. Step into the kitchen, and Pierre, when you have taken in the horses—monsieur's must be put up too!"—(this was satisfactory permission to Paul to dismount)—"see that Madame *Marie* is well entertained. You like our cider, do you not, madame? And, oh! there is—yes, of course, M. Montague, will you assist us; you can hold the flowers while I gather them."

So saying, Madeleine gathered up her riding dress gracefully, and ran along one of the corridors, at the end of which she disappeared.

Paul was left alone with the old woman. At another time he would have thought this an intense bore, twirled his moustache, and said never a word to the beldames. But just now something, he knew not what, though I and you, reader, could tell him it was love, had quite opened his heart. He smiled and nodded to the old ladies, and opened a conversation which they were ready enough to join.

"What a beautiful young lady she is," he began, turning from looking admiringly after Madeleine.

"Beautiful, ay, that she is," answered one old lady.

"there's not another such in—"

"Ah, but," interrupted a second, "she's more than beautiful. She's so good too."

"That she is; why, many's the time she's brought me down



a bowl of soup in her own hands, and the Lord went with her to keep it warm on the way, though it was never so hard a frost."

There was a titter at this, but the first old woman stopped it by putting in: "And she nursed my little Jeannette, as was dying of scarlet fever; ah, me! and I buried—"

"But I'll tell you, sir," interrupted another, who was particularly garrulous; "I'll tell you what she did, what all the town talked about. Shall I tell the English gentleman about poor Marie the singer?" and she looked round doubtfully at the others.

"Ya, ya," said they, shaking their heads; "that was a noble action, very noble, though the good curé did not like it."

"Well, sir," resumed the garrulous old lady, "you must know there was the daughter of a laborer that lived hard by just below the chateau here—"

"Ay, just yonder," interrupted another, pointing.

"Well, well, let me tell it my own way now. Well, sir, she was as sweet a lass as you could find in the whole of Brittany, but just a little bit light, sir, in the head, as it were, only a little. Her father he was farm-laborer, but she, poor girl, she did nothing but sing holy songs from morning till night, and she sang so sweetly that all the village would go to hear her at sundown, sometimes, when the work was over, and then they would say, 'twas pity such a pretty girl should be silly like."

"Ay, that she was," chimed in the rest, "worse nor silly."

"Well, sir, how it fell out no one can say, but one day the curé—"

"Bless him for a good man!" went the chorus.

"One day the curé, sir, found out that this poor girl had gone wrong. There was a stranger came to the town. She, poor girl, took to him, and when he left it was all discovered. Well, the curé he went to her and talked to her day and night; but no, the poor girl was so distracted she would not do what the good curé wished, and renounce her love. She would not curse him, nor repent. So at last the good man could do no less than go to the bishop, and have her put out of the church."

"Excommunicated?" asked Montague.

"Yes, that's what they called it. Well, sir, her father turned her out of house, and no one would receive her, no one would give her alms, until she did penance. Well, sir, the Sunday following, when we went to church, there was the poor child kneeling at the porch, for she dared not go any nearer; there she was with her beautiful hair all down her back, and very pale and thin, for she had been nigh starvation, telling her beads and singing low, and sobbing between. Well, the folk they were sorry for her, but they feared the priest, and so as they went by they cursed her and spat upon her, and the poor thing sobbed and sang, and had to bear it all. But when the great folk came down, there was Madame Madeleine stopping at the porch and looking at the poor girl, and asking what it was."

"It was me she asked," interrupted a mumbling old dame.

"Well; when she knew, what must she do, but go up and put her arm round Marie the singer, and lift her up. Oh! to hear the baron swear. He said it was a disgrace, and he would turn his daughter out of house for going against the church. And the priest, he came out, and he would have threatened, but you see, he was afraid to say much to a noble lady. But she, she didn't care for that; she lifted Marie the singer up, and laid the poor girl's head upon her shoulder, and told her not to mind, for her sin would be forgiven, and she was her sister. Well, the baron and baroness, they flaunted away into church in a state, and Madame Madeleine, she took the girl up to the chateau here, and gave her food, and lodged her in her own room."

"And what," murmured Paul, deeply moved at the simple tale; "what was the end?"

"Well, sir; you see the baron, he had lost his temper, but after a while he thought wiser of it. So he goes to the curé, and asks him to get the excommunication, I think you called it, removed; and so he did. And—"

But at this moment Madeleine broke in upon them, and all looked at her in silent admiration. She had been to change

her riding-dress, and now brought a large basket, which she gave to Paul to carry. She looked inquiringly from Paul to the old woman, and then moved rapidly towards the garden.

"You seem to have got on well with these ancient matrons," she said, when they had outstripped them. "What were they telling you?"

"Something," replied Paul, looking at her almost with reverence, "that surprised and delighted me. Something, mademoiselle, about you."

"About me?" blushing crimson. "Well, let us gather our flowers." And away she went to a bed of roses.

The garden of De Ronville was a rose-garden. There were other flowers in it, tall white lilies, sweet-peas, and straggling nasturtiums, but the roses crowded it. There were roses trained over the house—large pink ones, that shed their leaves in showers; roses, that stood six feet high in beds by themselves; white roses, that lay like summer snow upon the soft turf; roses of York and Lancaster, that looked proud and gaudy; delicate yellow roses, that only dignified to yield a few spare blossoms; cruel blood-colored moss-roses, that would not be culled by the most hardy lover; and last, the sweet blush-rose, nodding its modest brow, and sending perfume to the southern wind.

Madeleine had penetrated among an army of tall standards, and cut a splendid budding blush-rose, which she handed to Paul.

"This I shall keep," said the young man.

"No; you must not," answered the young lady firmly.

"They are all wanted for the reposoir."

"But this mademoiselle, is your portrait, so fresh, so fair, so blushing."

Madeleine did blush, and looked more than ever like the flower, but immediately she became serious.

"Monsieur Montague," she said, looking intently at him, "do you wish for my friendship?"

Paul was startled by the question.

"Wish for it?" he cried; "yes, and for more."

"Then, sir, you must never attempt to flatter me."

"Oh! believe me," he began; but the lovely girl had rushed away to a bed of high lilies, and silently heaped them in his arms, as if nothing had happened.

Thus they went on from bed to bed, Paul scarce daring to speak again, and she covering him with fair blossoms, till the yellow pollen of the lilies gilded his face, and the roses clung to him in heaps. Amid all his light lovely burden he saw that laughing face, which now more than ever seemed to him as of one above the earth, and Paul longed to say, "I love you," but dared not.

As to Madeleine, she laughed, and laughed again, to see him half hid among the flowers, and asked him wickedly if he thought himself an Achilles now.

"You were very warlike this morning, monsieur," she laughed out; "you were talking of killing your friend from Nantes; I think if he could see you now, he would not be much afraid of you."

As she spoke, they turned towards the house, and there, as if to realize her words, stood the baron, his wife, and the Vicomte Delafosse, who had just returned together from Trénoc.

"So so, miss," cried the baron merrily; "this is the way you pass your time when we are away! You invite a young man to the chateau, and cover him with roses."

"Invite! Oh! *mon père*."

"Nay, nay, child; don't be frightened. I would trust you with a dozen Englishmen."

Antoine bit his lips.

"And not with a dozen Frenchmen, sir?" he asked quietly.

"Not with one," answered the rough baron. "But come, monsieur—monsieur—I forget your English names, pardon me; come, we are delighted to see you at De Ronville." And he shook Paul's hand warmly.

"My dear," said Madame de Ronville to Madeleine, "this is the Vicomte Delafosse."

The vicomte bowed.

"I have already had the pleasure of making mademoiselle's acquaintance."

"So much the better," said the baron. "Now you can improve it. Ha! ha! Now, my dear, we shall have a pleasant little dinner party. You will stay, of course, Monsieur l'Anglais."

"But really—" Paul began.

"But no excuses. M. de Beaufort well knows that you would not be allowed to leave our house without dinner, so he will not expect you till late. Come in, all of you."

To dinner he stayed, and was extremely happy. Being a foreigner, he was treated as the greatest stranger, and therefore as chief guest, and took his seat by Madame de Ronville, opposite to Antoine and Madeleine.

With natural good breeding, these excellent people laid aside all localisms, and turned the conversation upon England and the English. But Paul was not to be outdone, and cleverly brought it back to France and the French. Then the old baron, who had a natural antipathy to the English, became very jovial, and by way of compromise, opened upon the state of France in 1815. He was by no means ashamed of saying openly what he thought of the English then, but with much grace managed so that everything he said against them should also have a prominent point in their favor.

Antoine was piqued and annoyed at the whole affair, for he had looked forward to an evening of conversation with Madeleine; but in order to conceal his annoyance, he made himself as agreeable as possible, so that everybody was pleased with everybody, and the dinner went off capitally.

After the meal, the gentlemen strolled into the garden to smoke, and ere long, were met by the ladies. In spite of Paul's machinations, he fell to the lot of the baron and baroness, and Madeleine strayed behind with Antoine.

Madame de Ronville did not, however, feel quite at her ease. She had already seen sufficient of the new arrival to doubt him, and from time to time she looked back, and called to her daughter on any slight pretext. It was quite unnecessary, however, as Antoine, having studied his plan of action, was engaged in a particularly sensible conversation, destined to divest Madeleine of any idea of his eccentricity which their conversation at M. Dumesnil's might have raised in her.

At length, the night air drove them into the house, and Madeleine took her place at the piano. Antoine, ever true to his campaign-plots, devoted himself to the baroness at the work table, while Paul seated himself by the piano, and gazed, when he dared, at the face that he now loved so intensely.

It was a strange coincidence, though perhaps not altogether an accident, that Madeleine chose a song of Victor Hugo's, of which I can give but a poor translation (my own).

#### THE CORN FLOWERS.

While yet throughout the waving field  
The scentless blue flow'rs twinkling heap  
Enamels all the furrowed bed,  
Like lapis on a golden shield;  
And ere the reaper's hook has shorn  
The crops that laugh beneath the sun,  
O run! O run! young maidens, run,  
And call the blue flow'rs 'mid the corn.

There is not one beneath the sky,  
Of Andalusia's walled towns,  
That sits more nobly on the downs,  
Or prouder turrets rears on high;  
Whose tow'rs on stronger walls are borne,  
Than Peñafiel there is not one.  
Then run, O run! young maidens, run,  
And call the blue flow'rs 'mid the corn.

At Peñafiel bloomed Alice fair,  
The pearl of all Andalusy;  
Alas, whom e'en the honey-bee  
Had taken for some blossom rare.  
And now her name is breathed with scorn  
Those happy days, alas! are done.  
O run! O run! young maidens, run,  
And call the blue flow'rs 'mid the corn.

Watching the damsels in their dance,  
A laugh'y stranger came one day.  
Was he a Moor from Grenada?  
From Murcia or Seville perchance?

Or came he from that coast forlorn,  
Where ships of Tunis mount the gun?  
O run! O run! young maidens, run,  
And call the blue flow'rs 'mid the corn.

None knew. Alas! the village maid  
Was wooed by him and loved too well  
The sweet Xarama's mossy dell  
To their sweet sinning lent its aid;  
They wandered by the flow'ring thorn,  
When stars were peeping one by one.  
Then run, O run! young maidens, run,  
And call the blue flow'rs 'mid the corn.

The distant town was lost in gloom,  
I saw where the rising queen of night,  
Shed all the softness of her light  
On cupola or gilded dome.  
Or where upon some minaret's horn  
The plume! loved of lovers shone.  
O run! O run! young maidens, run,  
And call the blue flow'rs 'mid the corn.

The bird sleeps in its mossy bed  
E'en though the goshawk soars above;  
So in her happy dream of love  
Flept Alice calmly, free from dread.  
The stranger with the look of scorn,  
Don Juan was, Castiglia's son.  
Then run, O run! young maidens, run,  
And call the blue flow'rs 'mid the corn.

'Tis danger oft a prince to love;  
One day, at fall of eventide,  
"The king's commands!" his minions cried,  
And bore the maiden from the grove,  
Within a cloister, now forlorn,  
Poor Alice pines away—a nun.  
O run! O run! young maidens, run,  
And call the blue flow'rs 'mid the corn.

All were silent for a time after the song ceased. The simple tale had found sympathy in each heart there, even in those of the two men of the world. Presently Paul leant forward in his chair, and said in a low tone to Madeleine—

"Your song reminds me of what I heard this morning."

"What do you refer to?"

"The story of Marie the singer."

Madeline's eyes fell, and she was silent for a while. At last she said, "Did they tell you all?"

"Yes; I believe so."

"Do you think I was right or wrong?"

"Can there be a doubt? It was as they called it, a noble action, an action fit for a queen, and I was right this morning when I said that you did not want courage."

"But in a moral point of view I was wrong."

"Nonsense."

"Not at all. I have since learned that feeling, however good in itself, should never be allowed to thwart duty. By that one act I weakened the respect which the people owe to the sacred authority of the church. The action itself was a wicked presumptuous denial of that authority, and I have since repented it bitterly."

"Is it possible?" cried Paul, amazed. "Can you really possess such Spartan virtue; virtue of which even men, who do not feel so deeply as women, are incapable, and can scarcely applaud?"

"Yet it was just this error that we blame in Charlotte Corday and others; the error of allowing feeling to overcome duty."

Paul could scarcely speak. It was almost painful to find this hard creed in so young and beautiful a girl. And yet he knew she had no lack of heart.

"I could almost suspect," he said at last, "that you had been schooled into this doctrine. Your own good heart would never have allowed you to reach it undriven. There is—the priest there."

Madeline tossed her head proudly.

"The priest, sir? You do me a gross injustice. In our church, I am sorry to say, the priest is the guide of the people only. He is totally unfit to tutor educated and thinking minds. It is an error, I admit, and the laxity, nay, the atheism you find among the young men of the upper classes results from this bad system; but, on the other hand, he is a better guide for the people than your gentlemen from Oxford; and I

daresay—though, as I have not been in England, I can only speak from what I have read—that there is much less religion among your lower orders than among ours.”

“You are right, less religious feeling, but then less superstition.”

“Ah!” said Madeleine, as if a new light had struck her. Then she added, “But did the old women tell you everything?”

“They told me of your noble deed—of—of your father’s anger—”

“Well?”

“That the sentence of excommunication had been removed.”

“But did they tell you who—the—the man—the wretch—”

“No. I do not think they knew. Who was it?” he asked eagerly.

“No matter. If you do not know, I must not tell you.” And looking somewhat confused, she rose and went towards the work table.

When Paul turned his eyes in that direction, he saw those of Antoine glaring fiercely at him. Their close and earnest conversation had fired him with jealousy, and already he was thinking whether he should not have to use strong measures after all. But the next moment he was thanking Madeleine for her song with many smiles.

Paul looked at his watch, and thought, with some alarm, of his lonely ride back through the woods.

“I fear I must say good night, madame,” he began. The baroness would not hear of it.

“You surely will not dream of returning to Baud to-night. You must stay here, of course. I have already ordered the rooms to be prepared. And you, too, M. le Vicomte—”

“Ah, madame! how happy it would make me; but I have business of real importance to transact to-night. Besides, I gave orders for my groom to come over here, so that I shall not have to ride alone.”

At this moment the baron came in from his nap.

“What! going to-night?” he shouted. “Nonsense. Why, the wolves will eat the whole lot of you.”

“Ah, baron, you forget it is summer,” said Antoine.

“*Parbleu*, you are right there. That comes of napping at nights. But then how are you to find your way? These woods are the very devil for travellers, even in daylight.”

“*Tenez*! M. le baron. My groom knows the country perfectly, every inch of it. He was once a game-driver, and was always in these woods—”

“Ah, what’s his name?”

“Antoine,” replied the imperturbable vicomte.

“Antoine, humph. Antoine what?”

“*Ma foi*, you must ask himself. I was under the impression that surnames were unknown in Brittany among the lower orders.”

“Ha, ha,” laughed the Baron, “well, *n’importe*. That accounts for you; but how about Monsieur l’Anglais?”

“I was going to say, that if monsieur will allow me,” bowing politely to Paul, “we will accompany him as far as the high road, when he can easily find his way. Our routes lie so far together.”

“I am deeply indebted,” bowed Montague, much vexed at the other’s misplaced—intentionally misplaced—kindness.

“Well, but why go at all to-night, M. Montague?” began Madeleine, and then went deep red. “Really the roads are very dangerous. I hope you will not think of it. Do stay.”

Montague was amazed and delighted to be thus pressed, but he utterly mistook Madeleine’s anxiety.

“You are most kind, indeed. But the De Beauforts will think that I have lost my way in the woods, and already they must be amazed at my want of politeness.”

“Well, then,” said Madame de Ronville, “if you will not stay to-night, you must come over to-morrow, and stay with us two or three days. I am sure the De Beauforts will let you off, and the baron—”

“Ay, I want you to see a little of our country, and I was going to say of our sports. But I have none to give you at this confounded season except cub-havething. Come, say yes.”

Antoine felt a gnawing within him.

“And you, too, M. le Vicomte. Will you not join our party?”

“Ah, madame! that is impossible. To-morrow I am due at Rennes, and must make my preparations to-night.”

Madeleine looked from one to the other with great anxiety. At last she mustered courage enough to begin again—

“Could we not send a messenger to Baud for you, Monsieur Montague? He could take a note, and bring back some of monsieur’s luggage. I am sure that it is very unsafe for an entire stranger to travel alone here. You must stay, Monsieur Montague.”

And full of her own fears, she did not hesitate to speak in a winning, almost impassioned tone to Paul, who, poor fool, took man’s usual concealed view of the case, and thought himself the happiest man alive.

But Antoine was not going to suffer this, and artfully managed to magnify the difficulties of such a course, so that at length the two moved away towards the door. Madeleine looked after them a moment in great distress, and then courageously tripped after them, and laid her hand on Paul’s arm.

“One word with you, monsieur,” she said, and drew him aside. Antoine burned again and stopped, hoping to catch their conversation. But the baron perversely engaged him in a noisy talk, and he had to content himself with watching their faces.

“Monsieur Montague,” Madeleine began, “let me beseech you not to go to-night. Remember what took place yesterday. I have been watching the vicomte’s face, and can see him look at you with fury. The moment you are alone, and free from the restraint of our society, he will demand satisfaction. Oh, do not expose him and yourself to this! a duel must ensue, and as I know the English only fight with fire-arms, it will be something terrible, and I, unwillingly, shall have been the cause of it. Stay then, Monsieur Montague.”

A younger man than Paul would have persisted more than ever now, for fear of being thought a coward. But Paul had other reasons for wishing to go. If he stayed to-night, he would be obliged to return to Baud to-morrow. If he went to-night, he had an invitation for the next three days.

“Madame,” he replied, “I fully appreciate the goodness of your heart. Your Spartan virtue has not sufficed to stifle it. But you remember that yesterday I undertook to make an apology to the Vicomte de—”

“Hush! no names. That man hears with his eyes.”

“I undertook it and intended it. I like the vicomte, and am rather anxious to cultivate him. I may as well get it over to-night, for I may not have another opportunity.”

“Ah, well! I must give in, I suppose. But promise me you will do it gently, and above all, so as to avoid a rencounter. Just lay aside your English pride for once; do—for my sake.”

“How could I refuse for you?”

“Well, you will then; good-night.”

“And she pressed his hand tightly, and whispered again, as her eyes met his flashing in the dim light, “For my sake.”

Paul went away a happier man than he had ever been, and he had not been two minutes in the saddle before he opened the subject at once, and amply apologized.

The Vicomte laughed heartily, and took his hand across the saddle.

“Upon my soul, I had forgotten all about it. We Provençals—my mother was a Provençal—are a little hot-blooded, but we soon cool down again. I might have known at once that your words could convey no personal allusion. It was absurd; we both fired up, and that’s the way that quarrels are made, and promising youths sent out of the world with scarcely time to say their prayers. Ha, ha!”

And so these two men who detested one another—Légrand hating Paul because in him he found a new and terrible rival; Montague detesting Antoine because in him he saw so unaccountable a likeness to Lefebvre—these two men, I say, began to make it up, and tried to appear as friendly as possible to one another.

It was not long before the ordinary topics yielded to the subject which engrossed the thoughts of both; they began to talk of Madeleine. Here Antoine had the advantage. In the first



place, Paul was by no means so clever a dissimulator as his rival; in the next, he now felt secure as to Madeleine, and was by no means afraid of avowing his admiration. Antoine, on the other hand, affected to have known her only since yesterday, to think her very charming, but to be too much a man of the world to care for a *jeune fille de province*. However, he talked about her; and Paul, who did not know his real sentiments, rather liked him for his admiration of her.

"She seems to be a girl of much spirit," he went on. "I heard an anecdote about her this morning that pleased me very much."

"Ah, what was that?"

"Well, there was a poor girl here who made a mess of it, and was excommunicated for a time."

"Ah! those rascally priests."

"Well, Mademoiselle de Ronville went and comforted her before the whole congregation; didn't care a rap for her father's rage and the priest's indignation, but took her home to her own room."

"Ah! that was very nice of her," said Legrand, as if he had never heard the story before.

"I wonder who the man was?" continued Paul, looking searchingly at his companion.

"Some peasant, I suppose."

"No. From what I heard, it was some stranger of importance."

"Ah! some rip of a fellow from Paris."

"He was a brute, in any case," answered Paul gruffly.

"But I should like to know who he was. I wonder if your groom has heard the story?"

"We'll ask him. Here, Antoine, did you ever hear of a girl that was excommunicated at Ronville?"

"La, sir! I've heard of dozens."

"A bad place, apparently. But what was the name of this one?"

"Marie the singer," said Paul, disgusted.

"Ah, yes, sir! I remember; that was a gentleman from Paris."

"Do you know his name?"

"Let me think. The count—I know he was a count, staying at the chateau—

"Ah, diable!"

"It was Lu—Ludowsky, or something like that."

The two companions stared at one another, Antoine affecting amazement cleverly enough.

"That accounts for her breaking it off," said Paul, as they rode on.

"Who? breaking what off?"

"Mademoiselle de Ronville was once engaged to Count Ludowsky."

"I remember hearing something of it."

So they rode on till they reached the high road.

"I am going to Rennes for a few days," said the vicomte, as they drew rein; "but it would give me great pleasure to see you at Trénoc when I return. You will be leaving the chateau about that time, I daresay."

"You are very kind. My plans are still unsettled, so perhaps you will allow me to leave it open."

"Certainly. In the meantime, *au revoir!*"

And they took opposite directions.

The night was clear and starry; such a night as sets in upon a battle field, when the moon refuses to gaze upon the pools of gore, and the quiet stars look down and weep.

Paul rode on with a breast full of joys and wonders. "I have prejudged this man," he thought to himself. "He is not at all a bad fellow."

And then he fell to thinking of Madeleine, and repeating every word, every look, every thought even of the past day. And heaven shone calm above, where angels sang praises and poured out their better love, and this little mortal forgot God in heaven for a woman.

#### CHAPTER XXI.—THE CHANOINESSE TRIUMPHS.

THE members of the De Beaufort family had passed a wretched evening. The little man bore up very well until dinner-time,

when the Chanoinesse made her appearance in a new black silk, worn in expectation of Paul's return, and out of her puckered eyelids darted glances of triumph at her brother. She was one of those irritating people who live only for the pleasure of saying, "I told you so," when the catastrophe comes; and as the match this time was not of her making, she managed neither to encourage nor discourage it, but whenever an opportunity of judicious damping occurred, as on the present occasion, would be sure to give vent to a desultory fire of "hems" and "haws," and shake her old head like a nine-tailed mandarin.

M. de Beaufort found fault with the soup. "It was burnt," and no wonder. The *dindon aux truffes* was set down uncut, for it was meant only for Montague's delectation, and would come up to-morrow in fresh glory. Then he bullied his meek little wife, pished and pshawed at everything the Chanoinesse said, and gave Clothilde the hard pieces out of the *ragout*. He even had the audacity to try to palm off a bottle of *vin ordinaire* upon the chanoinesse; but that lady, like most *devotes*, being somewhat of a belly-worshipper, was not to be done, and in a deep voice sternly rebuked Simon, the servant, for daring to forget her regular La-Rose.

After dinner the little man sought relief in a general system of bullying. He nearly frightened Thomas (whom in his happier moments he was wont to call Thawmas, with a great splutter for the English *th*) out of his senses by dragging him by the collar into the stable and asking him, "Is that the way you dare to leave the litter?"

Thawmas, who knew his services were indispensable to his master, replied impertinently "that monsieur had better do it himself;" and the little magnanimous, who like all bullies was a bit of a coward, collapsed and retired.

At ten o'clock he sent Clothilde to bed, and the three then went into committee to consider the best plan of action with regard to the Englishman.

"I knew it would be like this," said the Chanoinesse. "It is a just retribution for encouraging the enemies of the church."

"He must have lost his way," suggested Madame de Beaufort, meekly.

"Lost his way, madame!" shouted little mustard and pepper; "and what right has he to stay away late enough to lose his way? I tell you it is a slight, an impertinence, a gross disregard of good breeding, to dine out when staying in a friend's house without any notice. But," he added, witheringly, "I can fully account for it. Did I not always tell you that Madame de Ronville, with all her quiet manner, was a most—most manoeuvring woman; and then Mademoiselle de Ronville, how—how independent!"

"Yes," growled the Chanoinesse, "a most objectionable young person, who openly opposes the ordinances of the church."

"And sleeps in a room away from her mother," added the little woman.

Monsieur de Beaufort was soothed by this abuse.

"Mesdames," he said mysteriously, "listen to me. The affair is as clear as daylight. You saw yesterday this gentleman, who calls himself Vicomte Delafosse, though whether he is so or not seems very doubtful. Well, I saw, though you may not have done so, that he paid great attention to Madeleine de Ronville, and" (here he lowered his voice to a whisper, and placed the tip of his finger on the side of his nose) "I have it on reliable authority, mesdames, that he left the fête to call upon the De Ronvilles. Now that they are humiliated by Ludowsky's disgrace, Madame de Ronville will marry her daughter to the first eligible comer. Do you see now? do you understand? They will encourage this Englishman, but only for the sake of drawing on the vicomte. Do you see? Mesdames, we have nothing to fear; nothing." And the little fellow drew himself up and struck his chest magnificently.

"And what do you propose to do?"

"Tiens. I have reflected. To-morrow, Madame de Beaufort, you will take care that Clothilde has a sore throat. Do you understand? You will forbid her to leave her room."

"Mais comment?"

"Attends; hear me out. My plan is magnificent. I shall

take care that no amusement is provided for this foreigner. He will *ennuyé* himself; he will have the spleens; he will be unbearable. Then he will feel the vacuum. He will discover how essential Clothilde is becoming to his happiness. In the evening she will come down for a few moments. Her health will be interesting. We must leave them a little alone, and the rest—"

At this moment the door opened, and the object of their solicitude walked in. The little man leapt up and received him with smiles and grimaces.

"We were just speaking of you. We thought you were lost, and were debating whether to send out Simon to look for you in the woods."

The little man slept happily that night, lulled by the pleasant prospects. What was his horror, what the misery of the whole family, when, next morning, Paul announced his intention of leaving them for a few days!

To all the expostulations of the little man, who could scarcely conceal his fury, Paul replied that it was only for a couple of days, he would be sure to return, &c.; and not a word more could they get from him. Of course Clothilde's sore throat was cured with miraculous promptitude, and she appeared radiant in a new dress, to make a last impression on her faithless swain. But all in vain. De Beaufort never offered to drive him over, and every obstacle was put in his way; but Paul quietly hired the innkeeper's horse at Baud, and directed his luggage to be brought over in a cart.

If Montague had not been in love, he would have seen that this sudden departure was not very courteous; but all is fair in love and war.

"I told you so," said the Chanoinesse.

(To be continued.)

## NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE

### PLANTING FLOWERS.

THE crowding of plants should always be avoided, as it frequently proves in the highest degree injurious. Where the space is limited, the best varieties only should be planted. Distribute the plants to suit the taste, carefully avoiding formality or studied effect. In setting out plants, particularly roses, excavate a hole of the requisite depth, and place a few pieces of soft brick, broken flower-pots, &c., in the bottom, and cover with soil three inches deep, and so on in alternate layers of fragments and soil, till the soil is filled up just sufficient to admit the plant to its original depth. If the plants are in pots, turn them bottom upward, holding either side by the hands, and gently tap the edge of the pot against some solid object, which will displace the ball of earth unbroken. Moderately loosen the outer edges of the earth surrounding the roots, and straighten such as are matted that may present themselves. Hold the plant in an upright position, and insert the same in the hole prepared to receive it, filling in the soil between the roots; guard the same up around it, and press with the foot about the sides to keep it in its position.

### WATERING FLOWERS.

To perform this operation judiciously, is so necessary to vegetation, and so requisite to understand—and yet the knowledge so difficult to convey to others, being entirely acquired by practice; that if any one possessed the power to impart the precise information, he would thereby possess the power of making a perfect gardener by dictation.

All the plants must be looked over every day, and those watered that appear to be getting dry on the top. It must be strictly observed not to give water to any but such as strictly require it; and it should always be given in moderate quantities. There is, generally, not so much liability to give too little as to administer too much. When vegetation among hot-house plants begins to show itself, the soil will become sour if it is impregnated with stagnant moisture. Small plants should always be watered with a pot having what is termed a rose upon it; the surface of the rose, that is, where it is perforated with small apertures, ought to be level, or a little concave, which would

convey the water more to a centre, and prevent it from being unnecessarily spilt.

Water, when applied either to the roots or foliage of the plants, should be about the medium temperature of the house. Where there are no cisterns a tank or barrel might be in the house, in which the water could stand a suitable length of time. When water is given without being thus aired, it chills the roots, prevents a luxuriant growth, injures the fresh and healthy appearance of the foliage, and too frequently gives to all the plants a sickly hue.

### GROWING ROSES FROM SEED.

This is one of the most interesting methods of propagating the queen of flowers. The other modes may excite the admiration of the amateur, and, when successful, will amply reward him for his labor; but should he be fortunate in a single instance in his experiments in this particular and interesting branch of floricultural effort, he will be much more than compensated by the pleasure thus derived, and from the new and beautiful tints elaborated by nature, assisted by art.

To be successful in the operation of impregnating the seed, some practice is of course necessary; but, by careful attention, success will eventually reward the efforts of the operator. Roses have in their centre thready filaments, surrounded by anthers; these, when ripe, contain a yellow dust, the pollen of the plant. This pollen should be applied to the tip of the pistil, which is in the very centre of the flower, when it bursts, and if the plant should seed, generally impregnates the same to more or less extent. The flower to be operated upon to produce the seed, should be deprived of its anthers early in the morning with a pair of small scissors.

During the day, or the next, with the aid of a fine camel's-hair pencil, obtain the pollen from the plant it is desired to cross, and apply the same to the pistil of the plant from which the anthers have been extracted. Wet or damp weather is unfavorable to the success of this experiment. In order to insure success the pollen should be dry and powdery.

### EVERGREENS.

Evergreens are generally employed for ornamental purposes, and comprise many varieties. They are of a hardy nature, retaining their foliage through the winter, thus making them very pleasant and desirable. If carefully taken up with balls of earth, evergreens may be successfully planted in any season of the year—damp and moist weather being selected for the purpose. The plants or trees should be kept out of the ground as short a time as possible. Most varieties of cuttings of evergreens will succeed well if judiciously treated, and some propagate readily from the seed. In all seasons, situations and soils, the plants should have a plentiful supply of water, as soon as the earth is filled in around the roots; if this precaution is observed, the soil is carried down by the water, and the crevices about the roots become filled. After the water has settled, care should be taken to have the hole filled up even with the surface of the ground, to prevent the roots from being exposed.

### LACHENALIA.

These are little Cape bulbous plants, which flower in winter or early in spring; there are many species, but the most common in cultivation are the pendulous and quadricolor. They are cultivated in pots in the greenhouse or in rooms, where they are very pretty while in flower. The bulbs should be repotted in September, in pots about five inches in diameter, if planted singly; but they make a prettier appearance when six or more bulbs are planted in a pot of nine inches in diameter, using rich sandy soil, and, if convenient, about one-third of peat soil or leaf mould may be added. Place the bulbs in the pots so that the soil will just cover them, and after potting, place them in a sheltered situation where they will not be exposed to heavy rains, until the nights become frosty; then remove them into the greenhouse or to the room windows, and water them as may be necessary. When done flowering, keep them growing until the leaves turn yellow and die off; then keep the bulbs quite dry in the pots until September, when they should be repotted and treated as before. They increase

by offsets, which should be separated from the parent bulbs, and planted in separate pots.

#### THE POINSETTIA PULCHERRIMA.

This is a fine plant belonging to the genus *Euphorbia*, and very suitable for parlor cultivation, as they require a warm atmosphere, and mostly flower in winter. It displays its fine scarlet bractæ to great advantage, and flowers in a season when few other plants are in bloom. One of the varieties is a very beautiful plant, producing clusters of very beautiful flowers of scarlet, and another is a prickly plant, with deep orange-colored flowers.

These are free growing plants, and are as easily managed as geraniums, and in many respects require similar treatment; but they are more permanent, and grow to be large plants in a few years if well managed, making a splendid show when in flower. When they are taken into the house in autumn, place them in a warm situation, and keep the soil in the pots moist, while the leaves are growing and until they have done flowering; after which water them sparingly, as they will remain in a state of rest until spring. In May they should be cut down, and turned out of the pots, and repotted in fresh soil, composed of sandy loam and peat or leaf mould, in equal quantities; plunge the pots in the ground in an open situation, and water as may be required during the summer. In September remove them into a warm room, where the temperature is about sixty degrees, and they will flower well during the winter.

#### THE ROSARY.

The rosary is one of the departments of the flower garden, deriving its name from the beautiful flower to whose culture it is specially devoted, and as such possessing much interest and beauty. Of late years it has deservedly received increased attention and favor. We would not, indeed, banish the rose-border, the tree or pillar roses, and the rose trellis, from the terrace or flower garden; but we cannot help viewing a distinct and elegant "garden of roses" as not the least interesting addition that can be made to the pleasure ground. The number and variety of fine roses now in cultivation seem to demand, in certain cases, a separate locality; and as there are many autumnal flowering kinds, the season of bloom may be prolonged from the first or middle of June to the early approaches of winter. The rosary requires a good, strong, loamy soil, over a dry subsoil, and a sunny and sheltered site. It may either occupy a section of the flower garden, properly so called, or may find a place on some warm lawn in the dressed grounds. Internally, it is generally laid out somewhat in the geometrical parterre style, but there is no absolute necessity for these forms. It may also be composed of beds in grass, with suitable gravel walks, or of borders and walks without grass.

#### PECULIARITIES OF CLIMBING PLANTS.

It is a somewhat peculiar fact, that among the climbing plants, all do not form the spiral by which they embrace the tree or the trellis to which they cling in the same manner. The convolvulus, which opens its beautiful bells of all colors in the morning, a little before day; the scarlet-runner, with its brilliant flowers, and which climbs to the tops of trees; the wistaria, with its blue clusters—these form their spirals from left to right, whilst the honeysuckle, as well as the hop, turns about supporting trees from right to left, and that always without exception. Never will a honeysuckle or a hop twine round a tree by turning from left to right; nor will a convolvulus, or a scarlet-runner, or a wistaria, climb by making their spirals from right to left.

Other climbing plants have particular habits or modes of raising themselves; the vine; the passion-flower, with its beautiful appearance of sacred symbolism; the clematis, with its little perfumed flowers; the sweet-pea, with its odoriferous butterflies—attach themselves by little elastic gimlets in the shape of corkscrews. Ivy ascends straight up, shooting little roots into the bark of trees or into the chinks in walls; and in the same manner acts the bignonia, except that it only fastens its old wood, and lets its branches of the year droop with their clusters of long red flowers.

The jasmine, with its silver stars, supports its new shoots upon its old branches; so likewise does the woody nightshade, whose bunches of violet flowers are succeeded by magnificent

girandoles of emerald, or coral, according to the degree of the maturity of its fruit. The brier and the periwinkle climb by the strength of the sap alone; fall back when they attain a certain height, immediately take root again by the point with which they touch the earth, and spring up again with fresh vigor.

#### BULBOUS FLOWERS.

It has been supposed by many that hyacinths, tulips and other bulbous flowers are difficult of culture, and that our country being unfavorable to their growth, they would dwindle and decline after a few years' cultivation. This, however, is altogether a mistaken impression; and if such a result ever occurs, it must be owing to improper treatment, as no country in the world possesses a climate more congenial to the culture of bulbous flowers than our own, especially the middle states; for the disadvantages of great fogs and a humid atmosphere, which are so much complained of by the famous Dutch cultivators as pertaining to their climate, do not exist in ours.

The great ascendancy which Holland has ever held in the culture of bulbous flowers is the result of its soil, which is of peculiar formation, being a combination of marine sand made fresh by cultivation and bog-mould; the proper means, therefore, to succeed equally in their culture is to form a soil as near as possible of the same component parts, which is by no means a difficult task. And in fact, after all that has been said and written on the particular cultivation of bulbous roots, the finest flowers are often seen where little or no attention has been paid to them; and perhaps there is no class of plants which affords so many delights, and so richly repays us for each little care bestowed on them. The collections of bulbous flowers now in this country have been greatly extended within several years past, by a careful and scrutinizing selection of the most exquisite flowers of every country at all celebrated for their cultivation, leaving nothing wanting on that score.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL CAMELLIA.

The soil best adapted to the growth of camellias is a mixture of peat-earth and loam, in nearly equal proportions; and where the loam is peculiarly light, a less quantity of the peaty ingredient is necessary. The earth should be well mixed and passed through a coarse sieve, reserving the detached portion of peat and loam that will not pass the sieve to fill the bottom of the pots, thereby securing a free drainage, a circumstance indispensable to the success of the plants.

Camellias require plentiful watering at the respective periods of growth and flowering; during the latter, if not regularly supplied, the bloom buds will inevitably fall off, instead of expanding into flower: at other times a regular moderate supply is essential, and the plants will improve in appearance by occasionally sprinkling the foliage. The effect of constant watering may be fairly presumed to diminish or destroy the vegetative property of the small quantity of earth allotted to each plant; therefore, when the annual repotting occurs, to carefully take away as much of the former ball of earth as can be done without cutting or injuring the roots, and adding fresh, cannot but be beneficial. In common with all other shrubs, the leaves assume a darker green when kept in the shade; and when fresh potted, if the roots have been much disturbed, for a limited period that situation is desirable.

#### GERANIUMS, TREATMENT AND VARIETIES.

The geranium family form, when united, a beautiful natural assemblage of plants, comprehending numerous species—herbaceous, shrubby, &c., all of which somewhat partake of a succulent nature. Those most commonly cultivated in our greenhouses and parlors are of the division termed pelargoniums, with flowers considerably resembling a stork's bill. The genera known as *erodiums* and *geraniums* are nearly all herbaceous plants; the *dimacrias* and *hoareas* have tuberous roots, and entirely lose their foliage for a part of the year.

Among the choice varieties of this much admired plant, it is not difficult to make a satisfactory selection. Quarterman's Splendid has leaves of exceeding large size, and is of very vigorous growth, forming a strong robust plant; the flowers are also exceedingly large, of a pale color, inclining to white, and of great beauty. The large bracted is a thrifty growing plant,



with fine foliage, and the flowers are amongst the most beautiful of the whole family; the stem is erect, growing to a large size, and but moderately branched; the leaves are kidney-shaped, and the flowers are extremely large and white, with some streaks of purple. The Waverley geranium much resembles this in the splendor, size and color of its flowers; the foliage, however, distinguishes it. The lance-leaved has a shrubby, erect stem, which, as well as its branches, is of rather small and delicate growth; the leaves are lanceolate, smooth, and light green; the flowers are white and pale yellow, spotted with red, and are neat and pretty: it is a plant of rather singular appearance when contrasted with some others, and is also apt to be injured if too much watered during the winter season. The frequent flowering is a most desirable variety, from its remaining so long in flower, and at the most favorable season, for it begins to bloom at the end of summer, and if kept in a warm situation will continue to flower through the winter and spring months; the flowers are red, with dark red and black spots.

#### PRUNING AND HYBRIDIZING ROSES.

In pruning roses, the first thing to be done is—as we have intimated on a former occasion—to cut entirely away all the branches which show decay. When these are removed, it may be seen what head there is to depend on, and how much may be cut back without losing an opportunity of forming or improving a head for the next season. Where there happens to be but one branch left, it may be pruned to four or five eyes; and these may be managed so as to form branches all round the tree, or rather at such distance as may appear to be desirable, due regard being had to the strength of the plant. If the tree takes off vigorously, and the wood grows very strong, the bloom is pretty sure to be inferior, as indeed is the case when almost any plant runs to wood; so that it is quite as unlikely that the bloom is in character when the plant is too vigorous as when it is too much stunted.

Hybridizing has done much good for roses, but it has also done some mischief; for, though it has introduced some splendid varieties, it has also brought forward many that are not worth growing—some which are close, hard lumps of rolled-up petals, with backs of a dull color, with scarcely any scent to them, and altogether bad openers, as well as bad if they can be made to open. There is no reason why the rose should not be as perfect as the camellia japonica. There are some of the Bourbons with petals as smooth and as thick, and almost as regular; they hold their form longer and better than those with thin petals, open more freely, and are better when they do open. The habits of these full-flowered plants are better; the flowers, instead of holding their heads down, show themselves well.

#### CARNATIONS, PRIMROSES, AURICULAS, ETC.

At all favorable opportunities, carnations, pinks, primroses, &c., should have plenty of air admitted to them by lifting the sashes, especially when there chances to be a fine mild day. Divest them of all decayed leaves, and stir up the earth on the surface of the pots; and those that are intended to be kept in pots should receive particular attention. Of the pinks and carnations, those that have been kept in four-inch pots should, on changing, be put into pots of seven inches; and those that are in five inch pots may be put into eight inch. A gentle watering may be given after repotting. Pinks do not require the pots so large; but the same treatment in every other respect. When the extremities of the leaves are decayed, they should be cut off with any other decayed leaves.

Auriculas are beautiful and highly interesting plants. That they are to so great a degree neglected cannot be from want of beauty or fragrance, for they are exquisite in both. To perfect them in their bloom, they should, in March, have the surface earth taken off about an inch down, and fresh soil added, which will cause them to put on fresh fibres about the upper part of the roots, and greatly increase their growth. The frame in which they are placed should face in such a manner that the sun will not be too strong for them; the glass of the frame may be whitewashed, which will partially shade them from the sun. Give them water sparingly until they begin to grow, and never water them over the foliage previous to flowering, as water in-

dures that fine mealy-like substance found on many of the sorts, and which so greatly improves their beauty. To have them flower strongly, only one flower-stem should be allowed to grow. The first one that shows is generally the best; at any rate, leave the strongest, and cut off the others.

#### ALTHEAS AND HONEYSUCKLES.

There is hardly a shrub that agrees so well with close cutting as the althea, and all its varieties; these can be made either bushes or trees, and kept at any desired height. Where the wood of the last year is cut to about two or three inches from the wood of the former year, the young shoots of the coming season will produce the largest and finest flowers, and likewise more profusely. When they have attained the desired height, let them be kept in the handsomest and most natural shape possible. Honeysuckles are very frequently allowed to become too crowded with wood, and then superficially sheared or cut. The flowers would be much finer, and the bush handsomer, if they were regularly thinned out, divesting them of all naked and superfluous shoots. Where any of the honeysuckle kind has become naked at the bottom, and flowering only at the top of the trellis or extremities of the shoots, one-half of the bush should be cut to within four inches of the soil; it will throw out plenty of fine young wood, which will flower profusely the ensuing season.

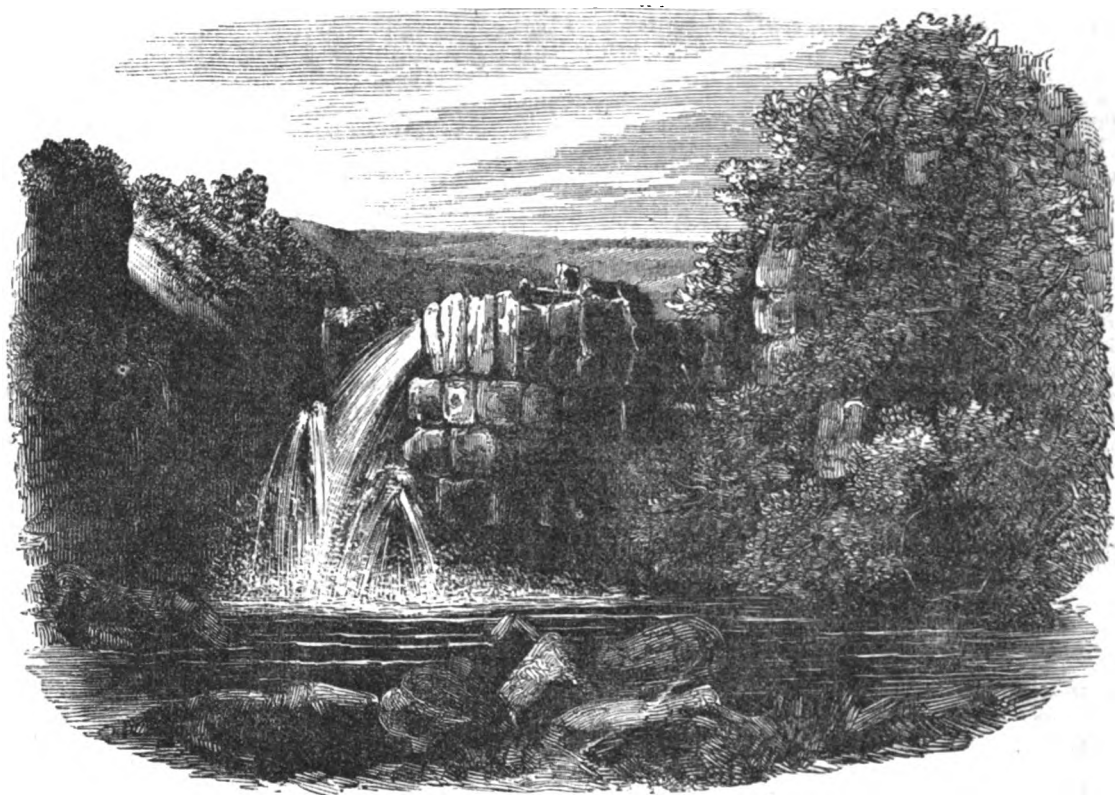
### SHOCKING MUTILATION OF A SAINT'S BODY.

THE Saxon Princess Margaret, wife of the Archduke Charles of Austria, a very pious woman, according to the Roman Catholic type of piety, lately died, and her body was actually chopped up and distributed as relics. The shocking affair is thus described in a letter to the *New York Evening Post*:

"The chopping up process took place in the chapel of the castle, in the presence of the dead woman's husband. Extended upon a red-draped block lay the naked white corpse, surrounded by priests chanting in Latin, youths swinging censers, and a number of men armed with choppers, saws and other instruments. First, the heart was cut out of the body, inclosed in a golden case, and placed in an urn. It was then sent to Rome, to be consecrated by the pope, after which it was sent to Loretto chapel, and thence returned to Vienna. But it was not to rest here. Six cities claimed the honor of being Homer's birthplace, and six Austrian bishoprics claimed the privilege of possessing all, or a part of the sainted Margaret's body. The bishop of Prague would be content with the arms, the bishop of Salzburg wished to obtain the head and shoulders, while the bishop of Linz anxiously desired to possess the two middle fingers.

"The Vienna consistory was obliged to decide between the claimants, and the heart was at length forwarded to the common council of Insbruck, in Tyrol, accompanied by two autograph letters of the Archduke Charles—one of which was directed to the chief of the Jesuits—in which the hope was expressed that 'Tyrol, the all faithful,' would 'for all time cherish the memory of the Archduchess, who was a saint upon earth.' Had the heart alone been separated from the body, the chopping up process would soon have been finished; but the church demanded more. Hence the Archduke Charles directed the cutting open of his wife's abdomen, which was done. The intestines were taken out, placed in copper, silver and golden capsules, and sent with an autograph letter to the cathedral of St. Stephen, where the said intestines were first exhibited upon the altar, and then buried beneath the altar. Hereupon, the two middle fingers were severed from the body, and sent with another autograph letter to Dresden. All that remained of the Archduchess was then wrapped in red velvet, and laid in state on a catafalque; and ultimately the mutilated corpse was placed in a coffin and deposited in the imperial tomb."

It has been truly remarked that satire is to be used as a man does his sword, not to be drawn but in his own defence, or to bring pretenders and impostors in society to a true light.



HIGH FORCE ON THE TEES.

## HIGH FORCE ON THE TEES.

THE English rivers, although mere brooks in comparison with our own gigantic streams, are, nevertheless, celebrated for their beauty. The Severn, the Wye, the Trent, the Ouse, and a hundred other famous currents are characterised in their course by a quiet beauty which delights the eye by its soft and rustic quiet, and charms with a romantic simplicity entirely devoid of those elements of savage grandeur which enter so largely into our own scenery. The rivers of the mountainous regions in the north of England (including the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, Northumberland, Durham and others), are distinguished, however, as is natural, by a greater admixture of grandiose in their surroundings than those of the south; and among these the river Tees, which rises on the confines of Cumberland, and enjoys a course of some ninety miles, till it falls into the North Sea, near Stockton. In the upper part of its course a very curious and beautiful cascade occurs, in which the stream, forcing its way through a limestone formation of hills, falls precipitously over a perpendicular natural wall, forming at its base a quiet pool, from which the stream issues with a placid flow strikingly different from the sparkling dash with which it leaps over the ledge that forms the fall. The name "High Force" is a provincialism, or rather a relic of the Norse dialect, so many vestiges of which are met with in the north-eastern shires of England. In the Scandinavian languages *fors* signifies waterfall, and the word was undoubtedly introduced into the English provincial dialects by the Norwegian and Danish invaders who ravaged the eastern coasts a thousand years ago. Many other Scandinavian words linger in the designations of towns and rivers—as, for example, the common termination *by* (town, in Danish), which is found in Appleby, Whitby, &c. &c. Wick, again, as in Berwick, is a vestige of the Norse invasions—*vik* in Norwegian signifying creek, cove; whence *viking*, the well-known title of the daring sea-rovers of the North.

THERE is a clergyman of the Church of England who was originally a gipsy, afterwards a sailor, and after that a soldier. His name is John Steggall, incumbent of Great Ashfield, Suffolk.

## THE MIASMOMETER.

WE have just learned that Prof. Darby, of Auburn, Ala., has invented a piece of apparatus which he calls by the above name, and the object of which is to determine accurately the amount of impurity in any given quantity of the air. He does this by causing the air to pass, by an ingenious contrivance, through a small quantity of his Prophylactic Fluid, and measuring it as it passes. The fluid forms the most delicate test for any organic substance known, and such a test as any one can appreciate immediately. The action of organic substances upon it causes it to lose the beautiful purple color which it has.

It is so arranged that the air can be taken from any locality: from the upper or lower part of a room, from a sick bed, or from even the breath of a patient; in fact, from any place where it is desirable to test the purity of the atmosphere. Its action is certain and sure, and we have no doubt but that it will prove immensely valuable for such tests.

For instance, it is desirable to know the relative amount of organic matter in the atmosphere where malarial fevers prevail, compared with that where other diseases are common, and thus it becomes an important aid in determining the part which the atmosphere has to do in producing these diseases.

By varying the test used, any product which can exist in the atmosphere, any gaseous body may be sought for with entire certainty in the result.

The discovery of the manner of arriving at such results, and the invention of apparatus for such a purpose, will add new laurels to the already widely extended reputation of Prof. Darby. We hope to see a more extended notice of the miasmometer.

MARRIAGE is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and he must expect to be wretched, who pays to beauty, riches or politeness that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

FAVORS.—The greatest favors, by being awkwardly conferred, may give offence.

## DREAMING ON GRAVES.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Pomponius Mela relates that a certain people in the interior of Africa lay themselves down to sleep on the graves of their forefathers, and believe the dreams that ensue to be the unerring counsel of the dead."—*Mrs. Crowe's Night Side of Nature.*

I STAND beside thy still and quiet grave;  
The summer flowers are freshly springing there,  
O'er the green turf the blooming rose-trees wave,  
A soothing balm is on the fragrant air;  
It is the tranquil hour of evening's close,  
And all around invites us to repose.

Yet, on thy grave, I would not, could not sleep;  
Here, while I trace thy kindness, truth and worth,  
And the calm piety, sincere and deep,  
That kept thee from the vain, false lures of earth,  
Here, while such memories in my heart arise,  
How can soft sleep descend upon my eyes?

Nor have I faith in the mysterious rite  
Dear to the natives of a distant land,  
Who deem that sleep thus courted can invite  
Our loved and lost before our sight to stand,  
Faint in compassion by a Power supreme,  
To give to us wise counsel in a dream.

I need no spell thy counsel to obtain.  
If thou could'st breathe it from a heavenly sphere,  
Methinks it could but echo back again  
The earthly words familiar to my ear;  
When thou would'st bid me in my hour of care,  
To seek direction from the Lord in prayer

So will I kneel upon this hallowed sod,  
Retrace the virtuous lessons thou hast given,  
Recall the paths that thou in life hast trod,  
And pray devoutly for the aid of Heaven  
To keep, like thee, the ways of Christian love,  
To share with thee a holy rest above.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHETESS.

## AN ORIGINAL TALE.

Written expressly for Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine.

## CHAPTER XXV.

As we stepped from the boat, the same thought seemed to be in all our minds, as to who should communicate to Polly Dradda the unhappy fate of her son. After some deliberation, Bill Gibbons volunteered for that painful task, and after a sorrowful grasp of their honest hands, I hastened to the camp. The events of the last few days had, as it were, suddenly opened new views to me, and filled me with a desire to abandon the mixed, if indeed, not antagonistical life I had lately been leading. This feeling was increased by the melancholy catastrophe of the morning, which I accepted as an omen of my own fate if I any longer trifled with the great duty of life. In this frame of mind I reached a little raised spot, as secluded as though it were an Alpine solitude. It seemed as though the oppression of my spirits had wearied my limbs, for like one overcome with physical fatigue, I threw myself down upon the grass, and abandoned myself to reflection. The marvellous beauty of the day, the glory of the landscape, and the invulnerable tranquillity of the over-arching heavens, which bent over all like a golden clasp, seemed to assimilate my soul to the great spirit of the universe. It appeared as though the disturbing elements of my passions, regrets and old associations had passed away, and that I saw things in their true light, uninfluenced by the delusions of fancy.

It also seemed that till that minute I had never really comprehended the true nature of my relations to Myra, which began to assume a phase hitherto undreamed of. Her own impassioned declaration of love, given with all the vehemence and

Vol. IV., No. 2-17

fervor of the Rommany race, and the half reproach levelled at me the preceding night by granny Mabel, had awakened me to the perilous position of one whom I loved only as a sister, but who was unable to return my affection in so placid a shape. Every additional interview increased the danger, and the difficulty of breaking off this once to me enchanting intercourse. The idea of a nearer connection was absurd, and I therefore came to the stern conclusion that an immediate and total separation was indispensable to the happiness of both. But then her simplicity, her truthfulness, her trusting nature, her exquisite beauty, all rose before me; and the resolution I had made the minute previous melted like snow before the fierceness of the sun. From Myra my thoughts roamed to Violet, and again my resolution was reformed—I felt as strongly that nature had predestined us for each other, as I did that she had put her immutable bar against a union with my gipsy beauty; and had she not avowed openly the same passion for me that I felt for her? This was the turning point in my mental conflict, and I rose from this agony of doubt and love, resolved to have a farewell interview with Myra, and then at once propose for the hand of Violet. Under this impression my previous life partook more of a disturbed dream than of a real everyday existence, and it was only by taking the letter I had received from Violet from my pocket and reading it, that I could bring myself to believe it had really happened.

Full of my determination to proceed to Sherwood Forest and regulate my future life by Violet's decision, I rose and walked towards the camp. It was easy to perceive before I reached it that something extraordinary had happened, or was expected to happen; the men were all crowded together, and not a woman or child was to be seen. As soon as they caught a glimpse of me, big Toon rapidly walked towards me and said,

"Master Geordie, the Great Name bless you! Here you are and just in time to say good-bye to the chi."

"What do you mean, big Toon?" I cried in wonder.

"Well, I feel bad about the beauty of the tribe! I am a man, and though it will go hard with me, and bring a mist over the stars whenever I look at them and think of you, yet our chi, your chi—well, the Great Name will comfort her."

There was such an unusual manner about big Toon, that a presentiment fell on me like a sudden gloom. I felt struck with the sudden chill of an immediate and mysterious age. My blood became frosted with an approaching grief, as I endeavored to carry off my embarrassment by an affectation of banter.

"My tiny baby, little Ishmael, what are you dreaming of? Has a half-stewed capon flown from the pot, or has a hare turned out as tough as the wire that snared it? Speak tawny bantling!"

Big Toon looked just as he did when Satan killed Tibby. The sorrow of his soul spread itself all over his giant form. It came from his eyes, hung on his voice, and his muscular frame seemed suddenly converted into a machinery of woe.

"Master Geordie, book-talking, open-thoughted brother, we must part. It is too much to ask you to go with us. That would be against the stars, and more than we ought to ask the Great Name. You have your stars, we have ours."

Big Toon paused here. I was more mystified than ever. Taking his hand I said:

"Baby Toon, have the stars done anything evil since I saw you?" I stopped short here, for I was afraid to ask after Myra. A cloud of dust seemed to hang on my tongue when I essayed to utter Myra's name, but the strong presentiment came over me that the sudden resuscitation I had witnessed, and indeed been instrumental in, had exhausted her vitality, and that with the proverbial superstition of his race, big Toon had associated me with the calamity.

Big Toon shook his head, and as though divining what I was going to say, muttered:

"It's not your fault, brother Geordie. It's the Healing Hand. There's an old song—" He paused here, and passed his brawny hand over his forehead, as though summoning thoughts from their vasty deeps. "I am a bad hand," resumed big Toon, "at remembering star thoughts."

"Star thoughts?" I inquired. "Why, babie Sampson, you



are going there before your time. What is the Rommany of that?"

"Master Geordie," said Toon, "and have you camped and kettled, and starved with us so long, and not learned that? Have you talked to our beauty so much and not know what star thoughts are? May the Great Name lighten the load."

"Big Toon," said I, "what do you mean by the load? We have a load, and I hardly know how to understand you. Just speak out in pure Rommany! That is a language that never lies, and I love to hear its sound."

"Well," replied big Toon, "I only know that old granny Mabel and babie Myra were both of them chanting the old Rommany talk last night, and then we knew what was coming to us to-day."

"Ishmael Toon," said I, "do you know what the Rommany talk is?"

A visible shudder passed over his frame, just as the Eolian harp manifests when a breeze goes through it. He looked at me as though his eyes were riveted to my face, and then mechanically, in a crooning tone, uttered,

The stars look full of gloom to-night,  
The wind is moaning low;  
A shroud is hanging o'er my sight,  
All shadow coming woe.

The grass that grows above the tomb  
Is whispering to the dead,  
And bones once clothed with life and bloom  
Shake in their narrow bed.

The ghost glides from its charnel-house,  
To haunt the murderer's soul,  
Who starts up from his sleep to hear  
The midnight death bell toll.

The evil hand so grim and gaunt,  
Twines new the cypress wreath,  
While aerial voices dimly chant  
The spectral dirge of death.

Big Toon then told me that despite the rector's solemn promise, he had ordered warrants to be issued to compel our attendance. With the silence and celerity of Rommany movements it had been resolved by the tribe to disappear that very night, in order not to give evidence against brother tawnies, although big Toon professed such abhorrence of the conduct of those whose burglary we had frustrated, that he declared his intention to have remained had there been any doubt of the conviction of the recreant gypsies. He, however, felt too sure of the evidence against them, without our testimony, to leave any doubt upon that point. He consequently assured me that his only sorrow was that it would separate the tribe from his good friend Master Geordie.

"As for the beauty," he continued with a choking voice, "may the Great Name comfort her, for she will need it. But granny says the stars told her this long ago, and it cannot be helped."

The strong man grasped my hand, and cried like a child.

The truth must be told—but deeply as I felt the separation from Myra, there was a selfish satisfaction in the idea that the tearing asunder our hearts was to be thus the result of an unforeseen and foreign necessity, rather than an act of my own deliberate volition. Indeed, so relieved did I feel, that afraid my manners might betray my inward satisfaction, I assumed an air of anguish foreign to my soul.

"My very good brother," I said, "this is indeed hard—it is too sudden to bear consideration; but are you sure there is such a stern necessity for this act; and, after all, your duty to your own race, as well as to honesty and justice, demands the truth. These men are not Rommanies, they are ruffians, assassins and robbers. Have you forgotten how these same men wished to drag our forest flower—our dainty bird, to that old villain's couch? Do you remember how they sent an assassin to murder me? I, who had never wronged them in word and deed. And would you hesitate in ridding the country of such vermin?"

Big Toon shook his head, and replied: "I forget nothing, Master Geordie; but Rommany laws must be obeyed. But we shall see each other again."

The stalwart tawny paused, as though conflicting emotions

choked him. I remained in that peculiar state between sorrow and pleasure which prevents either the brain or the heart from acting. With the rapidity of lightning I thought of Myra and Violet, and so contounded their images that I seemed deprived of both by a stroke of fortune, which rendered the former more certainly my own by withdrawing from all competition the ill-fated gipsy.

With that selfish inconsistency which so eminently distinguishes all our race, my love for Myra returned in proportion as I felt she was lost to me. Although I loved her tenderly, and would have risked my life for her safety, I yet felt a peculiar pang in the idea that she might forget me, and bestow her love upon some swarthy son of the forest.

"Big Toon," I said, "can nothing change this determination?"

"It's certain, sure," he replied. "The curse of the Great Name would follow us if we were to betray our brother to the bushnie folk, more especially to the parson man."

"And yet you thought nothing of the death of the tawny who tried to assassinate me?" I replied.

"That's quite another affair," returned big Toon. "But you had better come to granny; Myra expects you."

We were just turning our steps to granny Mabel's tent when we observed two horsemen riding towards us. Shading my eyes with my hands, I was looking to discover who they were, when big Toon said in a low tone of voice: "Here come the parson and the constable."

"For what purpose?" I asked, in the same subdued voice, although they were a quarter of a mile off.

"To serve us all with some devilish paper to testify against our tawny brother."

"So much for a parson's solemn promise," I exclaimed.

"Bushnie man is mighty uncertain!" ejaculated my companion. "But he will be far away when he expects us?"

Perceiving them riding direct to where we stood, I suggested to big Toon the propriety of our awaiting their arrival.

"As you say so, Master George, so let it be!" Saying this, big Toon remained. We were joined at the same minute by Ikey and the Grinder, while the clatter of the horses' feet brought all the women and children to the doors of the tents.

When the parson and the constable had ridden to where we stood they stopped. Despite my disguise the parson recognized me at a glance and said:

"Mr. Constable, this is very remarkable; that man is the pretended agent from Leeds, whose seditious attempt to set the lower orders of society against the upper classes I endeavored last night to oppose—there is something very suspicious in the coincidence of my life being attempted the very first night he arrives, and by some of these very vagrants! Don't you think so, constable?"

The constable thought so, of course; whenever does a sub-ordinate in England dare to call his soul his own, especially before a parson?

The blood of big Toon was slowly rising to fever heat, but he controlled himself.

"Here, my man!" said the parson, "I want the names of the four men who happened to be so remarkably ready on the spot when my house was robbed, and my life attempted. It seems strange to me that they did not prevent it; at all events that they were not in time to save my person from the outrage I experienced; however, I do not wish to be hard upon you, and therefore if you will give me the names of the men concerned in last night's adventure, so that the constable may serve them with summonses to appear against their confederates, I will say nothing more about it."

Here he was stopped by big Toon in a voice of thunder, "Our confederates! You black souled bushnie, you lying villain! Is that all the thanks we get for saving your worthless carcass from a fate that will overtake you some day or other? Small thanks, however, you owe us—it was the fair creature now at your house?"

"Come, my good fellow," now chimed in the constable, "don't be abusive, let us have no trouble. You must give your evidence. Now, let us begin. What is your name?"

"You had better ask my granny Mabel, she remembers what I was named better than I do."

Saying this, big Toon was turning away, when the rector said, "You had better submit peaceably, or else, as magistrate, I shall be obliged to-morrow to send a troop of horse to compel you!"

A smile of a peculiar meaning passed over the swarthy face of big Toon. Disgusted with the treachery and falsehood of the rector, I said, "Have you forgotten your solemn promise, reverend sir, that in consideration of the signal service we rendered you, that you would not call upon me and my friends for our evidence?"

"That promise is not binding, since it was given under compulsion, and with a mental reservation," replied the jesuitical gentleman.

"Come, my good fellow," said the constable, "let me have the names of the men." As he said this, he took out an ink-horn and resting some blank forms on the pommel of the saddle, made ready to fill up the summonses.

With a shrewd look at Ikey, big Toon began:

"Well, there's me to begin with."

"Well, your name, my good chap," replied the constable.

"Well, I've several. Which of them would you like first?"

"Several?" asked the parson. "What is your general name?"

"General name? I don't know your palaver!" said big Toon.

"Well, what are you called by your tribe?"

"Oh! Master Geordie calls me big Toon, his tiny baby, or picaniny!" was the giant's response.

"Put down big Toon," cried the parson, "and hand him the summons."

The constable did as he was told, and handed the legal document to big Toon. In like manner each of us received our proper document, while after receiving a warning from the rector as to the dreadful consequences of not being at the magistrates' office the next morning at ten o'clock, they turned their horses' heads and rode back to Flamboro'. Big Toon, who stood with his paper in his hand, struck a light with a match, and setting the subpoena on fire lit his pipe with the awful document. Ikey followed his example, the Grinder did the same; and I, not to be behind in showing an equal reverence for the law, gave my summons to attend to the devouring element. A loud peal of laughter came from us as the last of the slips burnt out, which reaching the rector and the constable's ears, induced them to turn round their heads. The Grinder gave them a mock salute, while I entered the tent of granny Mabel.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

When I entered the tent I found granny Mabel sitting down, resting her chin on her hands, which were in turn supported by her knees. She was so lost in reverie, that she took not the slightest notice of me. There was no one else in the tent, and I concluded Myra was in the inner apartment, which was separated by a curtain. After gazing on for some few seconds in silence I said: "Granny, haven't you a word to give to your bushnie child?"

The old woman looked up, and in a tone rendered almost soft and sweet by its intense sorrow, said: "Geordie, dear, the stars tell me we are about parting for ever. I am old, and can bear all that the Great Name sends; and have I not seen my Reuben laid in the cold earth? But my pet, my darling flower—my eni Myra, it will go hard with her."

And here she rocked herself to and fro, and crooned in that strange fashion which is so often indulged in by the aged.

"Granny," I said, after a pause, "big Toon has told me that you depart to-night: is it necessary?"

"'Tis the will of the stars," said the old woman. "Rommany must not bear witness against Rommany. Tawny must be true to tawny!"

"That's very true, granny," I answered, "but surely such men as burglars and murderers are not true Rommany. The sooner they are banished from your tribe the better."

"Now, the Great Name pardon you," cried granny; "you talk like a bushnie white blood, as ye are! All the powers o' airth could not get one word out of one tawny against another."

"Then why need you all go?"

"Because if only the men who are summoned go they will make trouble for us, and put my boys in their cages. No, we will away; and ere to-morrow's sun is in the heavens we shall be far away from this cursed spot of earth."

"Granny, what you say goes to my soul. My dear sister Myra." Here I paused.

"Geordie, dear," said the old woman, "you may call her sister, but her heart loves you not so. Woe is me that the beauty of our race should give her heart to a bushnie!"

I was about to speak when she resumed: "It was a woeful day that brought us to Flamboro' Downs."

"No less woeful to me, granny, dear," I rejoined.

"You!" said the old woman, sternly. "How can it be to you? You have your bushnie butterfly madam. Little will you care for the Rommany chi; in another moon she will be as much forgotten as if she had never been."

"I am sorry, granny Mabel," said I, sorrowfully, "that you think so hardly of me. I had hoped you gave me credit for a heart ever true to the tawnies, but it seems you don't. However, the Great Name knows that I mean well, and that I have not been to blame; the blessed angels know that too."

The old woman's heart was evidently touched, for she said: "Babie Geordie, it is not your fault; but it is still a dark hour to pass through, although you have not brought the darkness."

"And where do you go to?" I asked.

"You shall know all in good time."

"But why not now?"

"For your own good," replied old Mabel.

"I do not see how that can be," I observed.

"The bushnie is dull," said the old woman with a half sneer.

"To-morrow you will be asked if you know where we are, or where we were going."

"Ah! I see now," I exclaimed, "and acknowledge the prudence of your keeping me in the dark!"

A smile of conscious triumph came over her, as she said:

"The bushnie is not as wise as the tawny, for all his book-learning!"

"Granny," said I, "since you are to start to-night, I should like to bid good-bye to my pretty pet Myra. Is she in the next tent, or has she gone anywhere to the village?"

The old woman answered:

"My flower is away; she will be back at sunset; you must wait till then."

The idea struck me from these words that granny had no wish for me to see my darling child again, and though I felt she meant it kindly for both our sakes, and more especially from a wish to spare Myra the pangs of our separation, I was annoyed at what I considered her interference and want of candor. I was, however, too well aware of her influence to openly oppose her wishes. I therefore resolved to meet her with an equal quietness and determination.

While I was turning these thoughts over in my mind I was roused by hearing a peculiar whistle, which seemed to come from big Toon. I knew at once from its sound that it omened danger at hand. I therefore pricked up my ears, just like a hound at the sight of prey, and listened with increased attention.

My suspicions were confirmed, for the whistle was answered by Ikey, and then by the Grinder; then there was a rushing of feet hither and thither. Unable to endure the suspense any longer, I hastily left the tent of granny Mabel, and joined big Toon and his pals, who were standing in the shade of a tent, looking at a man who was rapidly running to a little copse of trees.

"Baby Ishmael," I said, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"Master Geordie," answered the giant, "either my senses are gone, or that man now running towards the copse is one of

those wretched tawnies who attempted to rob that black-souled parson last night!"

"Impossible, big Toon!" I said; "they would take better care of him than that comes to."

"We shall see," returned the gipsy, carelessly.

By this time the fugitive had reached the copse, into which he disappeared.

Ikey immediately offered to reconnoitre, and even to visit the place of concealment; but big Toon told him to be quiet.

"It is pretty certain," quoth he, "that the tawny dog would not have run at such a rate, without he knew the blood-hounds were on his track; so, Ikey, hold quiet, without you wish to get us all in trouble."

Ikey was about to commence an argument with big Toon on this point, when the latter said:

"You are a fool! now ask Master Geordie. Bushnie brother, what say you—am I right?"

"Decidedly!" I answered.

I was stopped in my observation by observing three men suddenly ride round the corner of the lane, out of which the runaway had just turned. It was evident, by their stopping, that they had lost all scent of the man they had been pursuing, for they remained in consultation for some minutes. They then put spurs to their horses, and rode off by the path they came.

When they were out of sight, big Toon said:

"The stars tell me that man has brought trouble to the camp!"

"How so, tiny Ishmael?" I inquired.

"Do you think, Master Geordie, true Rommany blood cannot tell by the beat of the heart what's coming. It may not show its face, so as to let us know the look of the evil; but it can be felt. I tell you that tawny brings sorrow."

"Forewarned forearmed, big Toon!" was my reply.

"You palaver like a bushnie," was big Toon's reply; "there is no fighting against the stars."

After a short consultation the Grinder suggested that Ikey should go to the thicket, where they had seen the fugitive enter, and see who it was and learn all he could as to the fate of the others. In another minute Ikey was on his way thither.

The thicket was about a quarter of a mile from where we stood, and situated in a little hollow. It had been the scene of one of my most impassioned interviews with Myra, and where I first became aware that her affection for me had passed those sisterly bounds which I had hoped still circumscribed them. There seemed a desecration in the very idea that a seclusion hallowed by the purest kisses that ever thrilled the human frames of two congenial hearts should now shelter a villain like one of those recreant Rommanies, and I longed to eject in the most ignominious manner the profane intruder. As this thought crossed my brain, Ikey himself was lost in the foliage. We waited for about a quarter of an hour in silence and anxiety, when it occurred to me that there was no knowing what a desperate man like the escaped burglar might do. I therefore expressed aloud my fears for Ikey's safety. Big Toon smiled as he said:

"Ikey is a downy cove. He'd have to get up early to steal a march upon him. You may bet your life on this, that if it came to that, Ikey would come out first best."

"I am glad to hear it."

"But," continued big Toon, "bad as those tawnies are, they never would do anything against their own blood."

"You can never tell," replied I, "what an assassin will do."

Our anxiety was, however, here cut short by the re-appearance of Ikey, who, in less than ten minutes, reached where we stood.

"Well, Ikey, what's the matter?"

"It is Ralph the tinker who has escaped. He has come here to ask you in Rommany faith, and by the Great Name, to assist his pals to escape from the jail."

A deep shadow came upon big Toon, as he stood evidently in

silent doubt. I therefore thought it time to put in my voice against such an act of folly.

"Help them to escape! What, after having helped to put them there? Is that Rommany fashion to undo one day what you have done another?"

"Master Geordie," said big Toon, seriously, "you are a bushnie, and cannot tell how we Rommanies feel. Blood is thicker than water!"

"You need not tell me that, tiny Ishmael," I answered; "but why in the airth did you defeat their plans, and give them into the hands of the Philistines, if you are now bent upon releasing them. Besides, just think of the risk you run!"

"There is a mighty difference," rejoined the other, "between preventing evil and helping a brother tawny out of limbo. As to the risk, we run that every day."

"But here you would only put yourselves into the same position as the jail birds, and do them no good; besides, reflect an instant; if you attempt to free them it will confirm the parson's accusation that you were all of the same gang, and both on the same errand."

This seemed to make no small impression on big Toon, for he said, after looking on the ground for some time—

"I will go to granny—what she says we will do!"

So saying he walked towards her tent.

Telling Ikey that I was going to take a smoke in my own tent, I retired to it, and throwing myself on the ground I lit my pipe, and thought over the approaching departure of my gipsy friend. Although I had considerable reliance in the shrewdness of the old woman, I too well knew the tenacity of the Rommany race, and their unswerving fidelity to each other to be altogether easy as to the result of the conference. I had, however, great faith in old Mabel's prejudices against this particular band on account of their thieving conduct, compelling them to break up their present encampment, which was a favorite spot with her. She had also expressly told me that their attempt to assassinate one under their protection made her feel bitter against them, being a breach of hospitality, and an act of treachery to her own band. In this uncertain state I remained, watching the smoke curl up and shaping itself into a thousand forms.

Now its outline took that of Violet, in all her finished toilette; then again slowly ascended from the magic bowl the slim and fairy person of Myra; while ever and anon the rising vapor slowly sculptured the harsh features of some frowning and malignant fiend, who, after scowling at me, rolled gradually away in the impalpable air. At one time my imagination made it assume a double form, in which I thought I saw myself and Violet joined together, when of a sudden it separated, and the new idol of my soul reeled off as though in shuddering horror from all contact with my shadowy outline.

This half dreamy condition was dispelled by the entrance of big Toon.

"Granny has made all clear to us," said he.

"Well, brother Ishmael, what is it?"

"You must go to the thicket yonder, and persuade that tawny there to return to his own camp, which is some six miles on the other side Scarbro'."

"I! What, have any dealings with such a villain?"

"Well, has it happened so that Master Geordie will not help his own pals?"

"But you can do it better than I can!"

"I tell you, Master Geordie, that none can do it but yourself."

"Well, convince me of that and I will go, though the foul fiend with horns was on the other side."

Big Toon looked around him; then taking a seat upon the ground he took out his pipe and lighting it, said:

"Master Geordie, this may or may not be the last time we shall ever smoke together. I know not how it is, but a kind of choking comes over me at the thought; all goes cross agin me now. Poor Tibby! my blessed dog is taken from me one day, and now, Master Geordie, you are going."

"I am much obliged to you, brother Toon, for the putting me and your dog together," said I, with a smile.



"The Great Name bless you," replied big Toon, with much fervency, and with an air of greater deference I had ever seen him assume before, in talking to any one; "but where was there ever a truer friend to big Toon than my poor Tibby? And no offence to you, I reckon you—now he is gone—as the best friend I have got on the wide airth! I meant no offence, Master Geordie!" And as he said this the giant gipsy took my hand as though it had been a woman's, and looked at me with as much tenderness as his great rough face could assume.

"My dear Ishmael," I answered, cordially returning the friendly pressure, "it was only a bushnie joke; I only wish that men were as faithful as dogs! But, big Toon, you must not confound instinct with principle. Perhaps dogs can no more help their gratitude than man can avoid his ingratitude."

"I don't understand all those book-learning words; all I know is, that I shall never find such a dog as poor Tibby, and never such a friend as you!"

"But let us change the conversation, Ishmael. Why is it you want me to go to that vagabond in the thicket? Why not send one of your own tribe?"

"Well, you see, Master Geordie, granny says that if that man remains in the thicket, we shall be pursued in our retreat and brought back to the trial, and very likely imprisoned for refusing to swear agin these tawny fellows."

"Well, that is sure enough. Now, brother Ishmael, why not make a virtue of necessity, and rid the country of such disgrace to your race as those burglars?"

"It can't be, it can't be; the Great Name would blight us, and so there's an end on 't; but if you won't do what granny wants you, why, we will get the darling chi to do it, and she never fears anything but sin."

"Myra!" I exclaimed; "and would you trust that dear creature with such a murderous villain?"

"The Great Name will protect her," was his response.

"Brother Ishmael," I answered, "I will do as you wish. I will see this man. Tell me what I am to do."

"You have only to tell him we will do nothing while he remains there; if he starts at once to his own camp, we will consult, and do what we can to release his comrades."

"Well, but if he will not go?"

"Then tell him we will bind him and take him back to the beak, and make our own peace that way!"

"I wish, with all my heart, you would do that at once."

"No, Master Geordie; that's not Rommany law."

"I will go," said I.

"Wait a bit," returned big Toon; "there's no great hurry. It wants a good two hours to sunset; you had better wait a little; but there is something more to be done," continued my companion. "Let us call in Ikey and the Grinder; for, Master Geordie, old friend and true heart, it may be a year before we see each other again, and it don't take all that time to die! Geordie, old friend, I may never see your kind, handsome face again. You don't much care for my weather-beaten looks; but I know you like a flower, and I know this, that you will often think of us, and old granny, and"—here he paused, and then regaining his composure with an effort, added—"Myra, poor, dear, darling chi."

He stopped here, fairly overcome, and I was about to take his hand, when he shouted out:

"Ikey and Grinder, come and take a smoke with your pals. Here's Master Geordie and I as dry as the devil's dam."

The contrast was so striking that I was startled. I, however, saw it arose from a spasmodic effort to regain his composure and manhood—although I must say here that true manhood consists in giving way to the natural emotions, and speaking visibly what has been well called the language of conduct. How many pride themselves upon the power of hiding all that is noble in our nature—in reducing themselves to mere machines, in which humanity is exhibited without the soul—where feeling is so ignored that, in the language of Talleyrand, a man may be kicked behind or a woman kissed before, and yet the most scrutinising eye would discover no reflex of either the pain or the pleasure on that dial plate, the face. I am not in the habit of being

impertinent to even that vague and most unprotected myth, abstract or victim, the reader, but a sense of justice compels me to say that truth, like prussic acid, would kill the world. Now and then the human race gets a small dose in the shape of some terrible catastrophe, where the horrors of civilization are condensed into *one fact*, which if men and women—for we concede here, fully and freely, the right of woman to know what she likes best—were wise never would again darken the horizon of history. But the entrance of Ikey and the Grinder has broken off the chain of sermonising I had caught myself in, and so I extricate myself in the Grinder's salutation:

"Blowing a cloud—well, that's queer, anyhow!"

"Sit down, Ikey, sit down, Grinder; feel the airth, and behave silently, if you can," said big Toon.

"Now, that's a go!" replied Ikey; "behave silently, if you can, and I have not uttered a blessed sound! Big Toon, what on airth are you talking about?"

"Why, about you!" replied the other; "but you never will hold your tongue. We have called you in to smoke and not to talk."

With that nonchalance which characterises the Rommany race, they both took their seats on the bare but honest earth, and having replenished their pipes, puffed away with a gravity worthy a Chinese mandarin who keeps guard, carved in wood and nodding his head mechanically, over a pound of bogus tea.

We had hardly been in this silent state when we heard from a neighboring tent the following gipsy song, which they always sing when about to move:

We are the men of the midnight march,  
And we startle the owls of the ivied arch,  
As we tramp, as we tramp.  
The jolly old cock that has crow'd all day,  
Cowers down on his perch as we come his way,  
For he knows what we want we take without pay,  
To our camp, to our camp.  
We go on our way like the passing breeze,  
Our roof is the sky, and our walls the trees,  
When we camp, when we camp.  
We rest in the day, and we travel by night,  
And are led by the stars and their silent light,  
As we tramp, as we tramp.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

It is needless to recount what passed at this long and rather silent smoke. I rose up suddenly at last, feeling the impulse that something must be done; I therefore took the hand of each in turn and pressed it cordially. In another minute I was making my way towards the clump of trees in which the vagabond Rommany was concealed. I ought to add that it was understood I was to take him from his place of concealment at the other end, as that led to a thick wood which skirted the downs, and would enable us to have a better chance of eluding the observation of any wayfarers.

I walked leisurely from the camp to the thicket, and when I had reached a little rising ground which was situated midway, I turned round to look at the companions I had left. What was my surprise to find almost all the dwellers in the camp looking after me; among them I thought I recognised Myra—this, however, I speedily determined in my own mind as impossible, and as Nina in some degree resembled her, I considered her to be the fair-framed creature who stood regarding me so intently from the tent. Still there was a pensive grace about her attitude which seemed altogether foreign to the volatile, unintellectual sweetheart of Ikey.

After pausing for a few seconds I turned my back upon the camp, and in a few minutes reached the thicket. I then again looked round, and saw them all as before, as though rooted to the spot; but where the figure which I took to be Nina had been standing, was crowded around by a group. Waving my hand I plunged into the deep shade of the little wood. Such was my instinctive dislike to the men who had first been concerned in demanding Myra for their chief, and then in alarming Violet, that I stopped to examine my pistols, and finding them all right I went on a few steps. The foliage was so thick that it was impossible to see beyond a few feet; I therefore stopped, and called out, "Where is the Rommany who is concealed here?" This I repeated twice, but no answer

came. This aroused my suspicions, for I felt convinced that he must have seen me coming from the camp, and that he consequently must be aware of my errand, either of assent or dissent to his proposition. The thicket in question was about an acre in extent, and, as I have said, was so closely interwoven with boughs and leaves, that no better place for hiding could have been found in all Yorkshire. After guarding against a sudden attack—for that idea ran in my head so strongly that it clung to me like a fate—I moved on a few paces and listened; not a sound except the whirr of a bird's wing. I made a few more steps in advance, and stopped again. Suddenly I heard some boughs snap as though by the pressure of a foot through the foliage. "Who's there?" I called in a still louder tone. No answer was made. Strange to say, that although no coward, as my readers have become convinced from my narrative, yet I felt a feeling of almost positive terror or expectation of evil coming over me, like a heavy dew. I again inspected my pistols, and then instinctively grasped the hilt of my hunting knife, so as to be prepared for any sudden attack; for I could not disengage my ideas of the assassin whom Myra killed with the form of the fugitive in this silent and almost spectral thicket. I was somewhat relieved by the passing thought that he might have escaped from the enclosure without our observation, but this was only a momentary relief, since it was very unlikely he would have departed without waiting the issue of his message sent to big Toon through Ikey; but then, again, it occurred to me that he might have considered the application hopeless, and fearing an adverse determination, had made use of the delay to save himself. Above all, it struck me as somewhat remarkable, and I cursed myself for not thinking of it while engaged in conversation with big Toon, that he came to comparative enemies to relieve his caged brethren, while his own camp was not much further off on the other side of Scarboro', and in a more secluded district.

I don't know whether it is from instinct or an acquired habit, but I invariably, when I am in a state of considerable doubt, take out my pipe and smoke; I have a vague idea that I can find in the hieroglyphics of smoke a clue from my labyrinth of doubt. On the present occasion the desire to smoke became paramount. I thought of Count Monte Christo, the greatest creation of modern times; his great motto of "patience and vengeance" rang through the sounding corridors of my soul. I heard ancestral voices calling to me and warning me of my danger, and a chivalric echo in the dim chamber of my immortality resounded that a man's life was but a passing breath, but that His Name was as eternal as the world it was heard in. In this dreamy state of mind I reclined against a bank, and gave myself over to the god of fumes. Strange as it may appear, I must have fallen asleep, for I dreamed I was walking with Violet, when we were suddenly stopped by a wall that rose up like an exhalation before us. My surprise at the phenomenon caused me to awake. I did awake—and lo! cautiously creeping towards me, crouching like a tiger, within twenty paces of me, was one of the most villainous-looking human beings I had ever set eyes on; it was the gipsy fugitive. I started up on the instant, and drawing my revolver, I cried, "Advance another step, and I'll scatter your brains on the trunk of yonder tree."

A demoniacal scowl flitted across his face as he said in a half sneaking, malignant voice:

"Whose going to harm yer? I have been looking out for you for ever so long. You have come from Toon's camp, I suppose!"

"And why, in the name of the fiend," I asked, "since you have been looking out for me, did you not answer when I shouted out for you at the top of my voice?"

"I didn't hear you anyhow!"

"I nearly split my throat; that's all I can say!" I replied.

"Well, and what have you to say from brother Toon and his chums?" asked the fellow with a sullen, impudent leer.

"First let me tell you," said I, thoroughly disgusted with the rascal's manner, "what I said to them."

"Well."

"That they ought to take you back again to jail, rather than help your roguish companions out of it."

"I want to know the answer of the Toons," said the man impatiently.

"It is this," replied I; "that while you remain here they will have nothing to say to you; return to your own camp, and they will see what can be done for your companions."

"The camp is miles away; and I cannot return there without my pals, who are now in limbo."

"That's your affair," I answered. "Then you won't go?"

"What's the use of my going? They can just as well decide now while I am here to help them, as when I am away."

I then told him straight out that if he did not take himself off within an hour, they were coming to the thicket to capture him, and hand him over to justice. This evidently puzzled him, for he could not make out their object. At last he agreed to obey their injunctions, and I offered to see him part of the way to his camp. I well knew every step of the way, and intended taking him to a part where I could see the course he took. I then resolved to return in time to bid adieu to Myra, and my old friends.

"I am ready," said the fellow, and we returned to the spot where I had entered the thicket. I there saw only Toon still standing. Waving my handkerchief, which was the sign agreed on, we cut across the heath in the direction for the camp. We journeyed on for about half an hour in silence, my companion now and then muttering to himself. The sun was now just on the horizon, and I resolved to see the fellow through the little bit of wood that skirted the downs.

"When I have got through the wood," I said to the man, "I will leave you."

"As you please," he replied, "I can find my way."

As he said this we entered the gloom of the foliage side by side; we had hardly got fifty paces into the wood when the villain turned suddenly round, and before I was aware of it, struck me a violent blow on the head; although stunned with the shock, I grappled with him instinctively; at the same instant he gave a peculiar whistle, and my arms were immediately pinioned.

Feeling all resistance useless, I turned round to see the new enemy, and found that I was surrounded by the most rascally-looking tawnies I had ever beheld.

"What is the meaning of this?" I inquired, with as much calmness as I could command, for I was boiling with rage and indignation.

"You will soon know," replied an old man, whom I recognised by the description given as the chief who had demanded Myra in marriage.

At the same minute a strong cord was passed around my arms, and in less time than I have taken to describe it, I was securely bound, and thrown violently to the earth.

In another minute I was alone, the vagabonds disappearing in the forest.

The first thing I did when they had left was to see if it were possible to loosen the cords that bound me; but so ingeniously were they arranged that all my efforts were vain. My arms were as firmly fastened to my sides as though a blacksmith had rivetted them, and my legs were equally well secured. The only consolation I had was the fact that there was a path through the bit of wood I was now caged in, and that I could see or hear any person passing. Finding all my endeavors useless to unbind or even loosen my hands or legs, I next made a desperate attempt to rise on my feet; but utterly failed. It seemed as though these infernal villains had succeeded in tying a second Gordian knot which nothing but steel could cut.

Were I to live a thousand years I never shall forget the hours that lingered over my head; every minute seemed lengthened by agony into ages. I listened with an intentness which quickened my senses to almost supernatural power; but no one approached. It was now dark; the foliage was so thick that I could not perceive whether it was starlight or not. I now resigned myself to remain here all night; then the horrible thought came over me that, if not discovered, I might starve to death in this helpless position; then I remembered that while I was lying here in this miserable state, my dear Myra was expecting me to bid her farewell. I should never see her more. What would she not think? This led, however, to the

comforting reflection that my absence would doubtlessly alarm Myra and big Toon, and that they would institute a search for me. But time wore on—how many hours I cannot say—they seemed to me infinite in their length; at last my ever wearied senses craved rest, and I slumbered.

Wearied with watching I must have fallen asleep, for I was awakened by voices. It took me several seconds to realise where I was; my wrists and legs were swollen and painful from the cords, and this brought at once full on my memory the events of the previous day.

Regaining my consciousness I listened with intentness to the conversation. The voice was a man's.

"By the Lord, if you follow me another step," were the first words I heard, "I will strike you down without pity or remorse. Why dog my steps, Clarise?"

One of the sweetest voices I ever heard replied:

"Ferdinand, dear Ferdinand, why desert me thus? have I not sacrificed everything on earth for you?"

"More fool you," was the brutal response. "Do I not tell you that I must join my regiment, and that I cannot take you with me. My furlough is up to-morrow, and an hour's delay may bring me to the gallows."

"Where you ought to go to," was my silent ejaculation.

"I will do anything if you will only let me follow you, dearest Ferdinand!" said the unhappy woman.

"Yes, follow me and precious soon you would have a nice set of followers yourself; you'd be as well known to half the regiment as you now are to me. No; go back, I tell you, to your husband. Do you think I would trust a woman who has deceived her husband? You'd just serve me the same turn the first opportunity."

"Oh, Ferdinand!" cried the miserable woman, "it was for your dear sake! How could you be so cruel as to reproach me for that?"

"I did not reproach you, Clarise; I merely told you I did not choose to trust you among our men; besides, the colonel would not let you, since you are not my wife."

"But you could say I was, dear Ferdinand!"

"And why the devil should I tell a lie for you?" came from the miscreant's lips.

"Oh, God!" burst from the poor woman, "this is too much. Have I not lost my soul for you?"

"More fool you again, I say. If you women knew how men despised those who forget their own dignity, devil a one of ye would ever give a kiss away till the wedding-ring was on your finger, and the vows plighted before some old vagabond of a parson."

"Oh, kill me, kill me! but do not say those cruel, cruel words!" cried the woman.

"Truth is not pleasant; but you compel me. Why the devil did you dodge me about all the evening? Now, who told you I was going to join my regiment? just tell me, I should like to know."

"So help me Heaven, I heard you tell the landlord of the Golden Lion!"

"It's a lie!" replied the villain, fiercely. "How could you hear?"

"I was at the window; I had traced you there, and I waited to see you when you came out."

"Curse you for a spy, then! What the devil business had you to dog me about in that manner? Now, I warn you, be off; never let me see your cursed face again. If you follow me to the regiment I shall get into trouble, and you also will get into trouble; so back to Scarboro' as fast as you can."

"Good Heavens!" almost screamed the unhappy woman, "what am I to do at Scarboro'? Who will receive me? I am now an outcast! Do you think my poor deluded husband will look on me, now that I have stayed away all night? He will hear I have been seen with you, and he will, of course, consider me vile and——"

"He will just think right then," said the brutal wretch.

I must here say that never had I felt such intense rage as I experienced during this conversation. I had an instinctive dread that the fiend would do some violence to the unfortunate woman, while I must remain a chained spectator to the deed.

Again I made a desperate but despairing effort to loosen some of the bonds that held me; but my limbs were so sore as to render my endeavor a very feeble one. With a sigh of anguish the tears came down my cheeks, forced from their founts by utter helplessness.

So absorbed was I in my wretched reflections that, strange as it may sound, I lost a few sentences of the conversation that followed between the woman and her unworthy paramour. I was recalled to it by the man saying:

"I give you warning—be off once; be off twice; be off thrice; and if you dare to look back I'll spatter your brains upon that tree, by holy mother church! I can get absolution from the priest for a trifle, so it won't trouble my soul much anyhow!"

"Ferdinand!" said the woman, in a voice made terrible by its calmness—it seemed like a fallen star speaking in the heavens—"I now know you; you cannot terrify me. You are a villain—a mean, contemptible villain! You do not rise to the dignity of a robber—you are a dirty sneak—a thief, who trembles at the crime he commits, and never ventures upon one till the victim is helpless or asleep. I will follow you, but I will only follow you to expose and denounce you; I will go to your colonel, I will tell him what you are—what you have done—that you have stolen my husband's watch, that you took his purse from him when you had persuaded me to drug him with liquor you brought to our once happy home; that you have now on your finger a ring you robbed him of——"

"And tell him at the same time that I knocked your lying brains out, you treacherous wanton!"

As he said this I heard a terrible blow on the woman's head. Deprived of the use of my limbs, I had yet my tongue, and as I heard her cry, "Will you murder me?" I said in a loud but hollow voice, "Murderer, avaunt! I am St. Patrick!"

A thunderbolt from heaven could not have caused more consternation. An exclamation of terror and a rush through the forest leaves convinced me that my device had been successful, and I could only regret that I was not able to pursue him and rid the world of such a vagabond. And here also, let me observe, there is no viler set of wretches than the British soldiers; I admit their astonishing victories, their superhuman triumphs over obstacles, their invincibility in the field of battle—proved in every fair-fought field. It is needless to refer to France; there has never been an army of ten thousand British troops that has not easily defeated double that number of French; and as the French have beaten all other nations, this includes everything. And the reason is in a nutshell—that Norman sagacity and coolness lead the direst concentration of the murderous element in the world. In saying this much against the British army I must add, that after a victory they are the most merciful on record, while the French army is the most merciless, cowardly and cruel. Indeed, a French army is a bantam before a battle and a vulture afterwards. But I must leave the English and French to fight it out between them, well knowing that it will end in another Cressy, Poitiers, Blenheim, Waterloo; but the victories of stupid John Bull over the frog-eater are too numerous to mention; so I'll go back to the forest, where I had frightened one of the British army, and where I had left the wretched woman stunned by a blow from her unworthy paramour.

The perfect silence that ensued convinced me that the woman was insensible, and the fear came over me that she might possibly be killed. I then tried to crawl towards where I thought the sound proceeded from, but after giving myself considerable torture I abandoned the attempt.

The last speech of the woman led me to suppose that she was thoroughly convinced of her betrayer's villainy, and in proportion my sympathy for her returned. I therefore resolved to wait awhile and endeavor to rouse her by my voice. For prudential reasons, however, I was silent till I thought her would-be murderer had got out of ear-shot, for I felt sure, from the well-known superstition of the Irish, he would inevitably conclude he had heard the voice of their favorite saint denouncing him for his villainy.

After waiting for a short time, but sufficient as I thought to get him clear out of reach, I said, in a low, distinct tone,



"Clarise, are you much hurt?" No answer came. I waited a few minutes, and then repeated it in a louder voice. "Clarise, I am your friend! Speak! The unworthy wretch Ferdinand has fled!"

This name seemed to find an echo in the wretched woman's breast, for I heard a faint voice say, "Who is that? Where are you?"

I guessed from the sound that she must be about thirty paces from me, and in the very pathway. I therefore said, "Are you much hurt?"

Her reply was, "I don't know. I feel confused."

"Can you walk?" I inquired.

"I will try," she answered.

I heard her efforts to pull herself up by the boughs, and then she said,

"I cannot raise myself. I am giddy. I am ill. Oh, God! I am dying! Come to me, whoever you are, in pity's name. Come to me!"

"I cannot."

"Then I shall die!"

I then told her to keep her courage up, and explained that I had been trapped by some gipsies, and bound so that I could not even move my hand or foot. I begged her to make an effort and come to me, when I would stand her friend, and see her safe through her sorrows. I then told her my name. This seemed to give her a new strength, for I heard her renew her efforts to rise, and at last she said:

"I think I am better. I can stand. But where are you?"

"Here," I cried. "Cannot you follow my voice?"

"Alas!" she said, "I am so stupified by the blow that I have hardly the use of my senses!"

"Never mind," I rejoined, "the morn is breaking; in half an hour the daylight will be here."

"Speak again," she answered; "keep speaking. I will try and get to you."

I did as she told me.

"Also, speak to me," I called, "then I can tell if you are straying away from me. I am only a few yards out of the path!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the woman, "why did you not say that before? Now I have a clue to you."

I then told her to keep talking in the same tone of voice, and I would remain silent, but if I found her voice growing fainter I would call out.

By this plan in a few minutes I heard her step so near, that I called out to her for heaven's sake to be careful how she trod, for my limbs were so swollen with the cords that an unlucky step upon them would madden me.

The next instant a sudden pressure upon my foot told me my warning had come too late. My self-control fortunately enabled me to check the rising cry of agony which rose to my lips, and I merely said:

"Ah, stop! You have trodden on my foot!"

"Thank God!" she exclaimed.

I was half inclined to laugh at this *mal-à-propos* remark, but the spirit of thankfulness was so strong in my soul, and I merely said:

"I thank God as well! Can you see enough to release me?"

"I am afraid to step lest I should hurt you."

"Remain as you are, and rest yourself. Give me your hand."

"Where is it?" she said.

"Here."

"I cannot feel it," was her answer.

At this moment our hands touched, and thus we each grasped in a mysterious darkness the hands of another we had never seen before. I question if the touch of a woman's hand had ever thrilled my soul with such exquisite delight as I felt that instant. Two unknown beings of different sexes clasped each other! I have often heard of the wonderful effects of the contact of two Leyden jars charged fully with electric fires, but I never felt what a thrill there is in a mortal touch till that instant. It seemed as though some unknown but long waiting and hungry soul had suddenly come upon one equally yearning and expectant. Language is vain, weak and utterly

powerless to describe what I felt at that touch. It seemed as though two souls had rushed together in the dark and became amalgamated, merely leaving behind the disturbing and flavoring essences of their peculiar natures. I have always thought, and shall think as long as I live, that this thrill was the crowning rapture of my life.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—CONCLUSION.

I QUESTION if any human beings ever felt more intense satisfaction than we did when we found ourselves safe within each other's grasp. So completely had the idea of slow starvation taken hold of me, that I looked upon this felt but unseen woman as a delivering angel. I immediately invested her with all the charms that had ever fallen to a female face, and panted for daylight. I almost forgot my own helpless and painful condition, and revelled in a delirium of delight. Hand clasped in hand we sat for a few minutes, when she broke the silence by inquiring if I had heard all that had passed between her companion and herself. I frankly told her that I had, and how rejoiced I was to hear her renunciation of such a villainous connection.

As we spoke the dawn came slowly over the earth, and then we saw each other's face. She was somewhat older than I had fancied her to be, judging by her voice, and there was an unmistakable sensuality about her, which agreed with my ideas of womanly nature; for no true woman could have been so deceived by any blandishments as to confound such an irredeemable brute with a true man. I therefore came to the conclusion that she was receiving a punishment due to her defective organization and training. Whatever her nature might be, however, she commenced as soon as she could see to untie the knots that bound me, but her feeble fingers were quite ineffectual. After she had given up the task in despair, I said, "There is only one course left. You must go to the gipsy encampment, and tell them of my situation. Ask for big Toon; do not lose a minute."

Feeble as she was, she started on her errand, while I laid in a kind of drowsy despair, almost careless whether she ever came back or not; but still there was lurking amid this apathy the fires of an impatient curiosity to learn what had become of Myra. Indeed, I had expected all night long to hear her plaintive voice, or her step, for regardless that our exit from the wood was to have been from the other side, I yet expected big Toon would, out of mere sympathy have felt anxious, and explored the thicket to ascertain my fate.

In about twenty minutes Clarise returned, and to my utter despair announced there was no gipsy's encampment visible. I might have expected this, for I knew well the paramount reasons that dictated their departure, but with that egotism which clings to man in every circumstance, I had not abandoned the idea that they would instinctively know how I had been trapped, and fly to my rescue.

While I laid in complete bewilderment, she asked if I had not a knife in my pocket?

I felt I was saved.

"Yes," I cried; "but I cannot get at it. It is in my pocket. If you can reach it, nothing can be easier than to cut the cords that bind me."

In a few seconds she had my hunting-knife in her hand; and in less than a minute I had my hands at liberty. Never had muscular motion seemed so sweet, although I had scarcely any feeling in them. I laid them down on the grass, and begged Clarise to rub them to bring back the circulation of the blood. She, however, said it was better to cut loose the cords that bound my legs, and in another minute I was free from those also. So wearied, overcome and swollen were my legs that I felt it would be perfectly useless to try to use them, and I therefore resolved to lie quiet till the blood began to circulate, when I could rise without any assistance.

Such had been the alarm and hurry of my captors that they had not deprived me of my pistol or my knife. I therefore requested Clarise to take my pistol from my pocket, in order that I might use it should either her enemies or mine return, although I felt pretty sure in my own mind neither of us would ever be disturbed by them again.

While my body was recovering its natural condition I learned from her many particulars of her history, which gave me an opportunity of advising her for her own good. Thankful for the delivery she had afforded me, I determined to show my gratitude in an equally effectual manner, and by dint of much crossquestioning I learnt from her that her husband had no suspicion of her guilty intimacy with the villainous soldier, and that all she had to explain was her night's absence. After a little reflection I came to the conclusion that this was a case in which a little casuistry might be advantageously employed, and I therefore resolved to help the poor woman out of her slough of despair.

While we were talking over her condition we heard a whistling at a little distance. With all the alertness of a guilty conscience the poor woman started up from my side and began to tremble all over. I exhorted her to be calm; and requesting her to lend me her assistance I managed to sit up—another effort and I rose to my knees; after a longer pause I gained my feet, and by dint of holding to a tree I stood alone. No sooner had I managed to recover my perpendicular position than my muscular power returned, and although frightfully weak, I felt able to walk slowly.

Poor Clarise, who had now wonderfully recovered, took my hand, and we gained the edge of the thicket. Sure enough, there were no gipsy tents—all had disappeared like the mist of a morning. If I were to live as many lives as a cat, I never should forget the sensation that came over me. Although I had heard from my companion that they had gone, I yet had the lingering idea that she did not know where to look for them, and the hope that I should see them had given vigor to my step, and indeed almost inspired me with the necessary strength to reach the spot I now had gained.

When I beheld the report of Clarise confirmed I sank back on the grass; the trees, clouds, grass, morning mist and all around me reeled, then blended in one, and unconsciousness seized me.

I soon recovered, and my companion, whose susceptible nature was aroused, attributing it to weakness, begged me to allow her to go to the village adjoining, to procure some refreshment.

I refused this, knowing the cause of my debility; but fortunately for both of us, for Clarise herself was exhausted from fatigue and fasting, we saw a farmer's cart turn round the corner of the little hillock near where big Toon, with his friends, had encamped.

"We can perhaps get some of this man," I observed, as I saw him drive towards us.

I therefore asked her to go to him. At a glance she shrank from the mission. "Alas!" she said, "that is John Howard; he supplies my husband with provisions."

"What kind of provisions?" I asked; for, rising like a spectre amid my grief, sat my hunger, as Caius Marius did among the ruins of Carthage.

"Every kind," was the poor woman's answer.

"Retire within the forest," I said; "he evidently has not seen either of us. I now feel better. I will go to him and buy some breakfast. Then we will consider what is to be done."

She immediately went into the thick foliage, while I walked towards this wandering restaurateur.

Fortunately I always had the forethought to keep sufficient funds secreted on my person, and therefore hailed the man with all the confidence that a full purse inspires.

He drove to where I stood, and then I saw he was the famous plemán of Otterwell, a little town near Scarborough.

"Hollo, master!" he saluted me with.

"Here, my friend Howard," I returned. "I am going out in a fishing boat, and want something to eat. What have you?"

"Everything that's good."

"That's right. Let us look." As I said this I put my foot on the shaft of his cart and looked in. Sure enough there was everything I could want—mutton pies, veal pies, pork pies, liver pudding, bread, German sausages, cheese, eggs, and indeed enough to feed the army of Xerxes—that is to say, on a

small scale. I also got some milk, bottled beer and some water.

Paying him liberally we parted, he wishing me a pleasant day's sport, and I well loaded with something of every kind. I question if I had not bought enough to last us a week if economically managed. Like every hungry man, I had an idea I could eat all I saw, and I made the nearest attempt by taking into the forest all I could carry. In addition to this physical sense of appetite there was that roaming vagabondism ever present in the human mind, which rejoices in pic-nics, adventures, junkettings and festivals. As I groaned beneath the weight of the good things I carried, I almost felt a sentiment of considerable tenderness in my heart for the chance companion of my forest home.

In a few minutes I regained the place where Clarise had secreted herself, who, upon hearing my voice, came out to meet me. As I deposited my store upon the grass, she said, with a fervor which convinced me of her sincerity:

"Oh dear! I mean kind, good Master Geordie, how I should like to live with you always in this sweet, calm spot; that man to bring us our provisions regularly every other day, and to have a nice snug bed-room and parlor fitted up for us in this beautiful, silent, romantic forest!"

"A very poetical idea," I answered; "but let us refresh ourselves with some breakfast; here are specimens of all he had. By-the-way, there is a quieter spot on the other side of the path, which looks over the town, and where we can see every body that approaches; not that I think we are likely to be disturbed, since I have been here nearly twenty-four hours without hearing or seeing anybody save yourself."

She cheerfully complied, and we carried our provisions into a denser part of the wood.

I do not know when I have more thoroughly enjoyed a breakfast than I did then; while my fair companion seemed to forget her position in the novelty of our situation.

But as we cannot eat always our meal was at last finished, and we both relapsed into silence.

"Clarise," I said at last, "I shall never forget that to your unhappy pursuit of that ruffian I owe my life, and I mean, therefore, to devote its earliest hours to getting you out of your difficulties. I therefore will go with you as soon as I can to your husband, who, I know from report, to be a worthy man, and I daresay I can make matters straight between you. But it must be on one condition, that you never write, see or correspond in any shape with that vagabond soldier. If he should trouble you let me know, and I will soon put him where he never will trouble anybody any more."

She agreed to this with the utmost thankfulness; but I could see from the peculiar tenderness of her manner to me, that she was one of the most susceptible of her sex. This led to another and more intimate conversation between us, in which she confessed that she never should have listened to her paramour's vows of affection, but for the coldness of her husband. I told her candidly that nothing could excuse a woman for a breach of her marriage vows, and thus the matter ended, somewhat, I think, to the disappointment of my inflammable companion; but while not altogether insensible to the fine animal attraction of Clarise, I was too much disturbed by the conflicting ideas of Violet and Myra to entertain a vulgar emotion for a single instant.

Requesting her to await me for a short time, and giving to her my pistol to fire off should anything occur, as a signal for my immediate return, I went with all speed to the camp, or rather, I should say, to the site which it once occupied.

My presentiments were confirmed. Myra and all her family had departed. My tent was the only one left, and that being in a thick clump of trees, could not be seen from the wood we were in. I entered it with a sorrowful heart, hoping to find some intelligence; indeed, my fancy almost dared to expect that I should find Myra herself, seated like Niobe, all tears! But, alas! the tent was just as I had left it. As I was coming away a little piece of paper, pinned to the tent, attracted my attention. I disengaged it, and when I had sufficiently calmed the wild tumultuous throbbings of my heart, I opened it. It contained a lock of black hair; it was Myra's!

A food of tears relieved my overcharged soul, and I sat down on my rude couch to re-compose myself. Carefully treasuring it in my pocket-book I took my rifle, which they had left, and walked towards the thicket.

After a short talk with Clarise she agreed to my plan, and we went towards Scarborough. The blow on her forehead had now assumed a perfectly black appearance, and would help to confirm my statement. I felt absolved from any sense of sin in this proceeding, since to achieve a great good, namely the restoration of a woman to virtue and society, I was merely committing a venial offence. In point of fact, I was only doing for the good of a penitent woman what every man would do to deceive and betray one. I therefore felt quite easy as to the ethics of my plan. As for my companion, every step I took seemed to add to her sorrow. It was only by telling her that her agitation would betray all that I could persuade her to assume a moderate composure. When, however, we came within a short distance of her husband's house her strength utterly failed her, and I was obliged to consent to leave her at a friend's house, while I broke the news of her return to her husband.

When I had carefully tutored her what to say, that our recitals might not clash, I sought her husband's dwelling, which I found to be very near mine. He was a saddler, in good business, and had become acquainted with several military men through his trade.

Upon inquiring for him I was shown into a back room, where sat the injured man. Upon hearing my name he rose and said, "I have often seen you, sir."

I told him that I had likewise known him for years, but never spoken to him before.

"What can I do for you?" was his deferential inquiry.

I said, "Nothing, except to receive the news I have brought to you in thankfulness."

"I am too wretched," replied he, "to understand such a word as thankfulness."

"We will see," I answered. "I have had the good fortune to save your wife from death and dishonor."

The poor man sank to his chair.

"God be praised! Where is she?"

"Safe and sound at her friend Mrs. Newhall's! She is there resting for a few minutes."

"For God's sake tell me all!" exclaimed the honest man.

I then told him how I had been treated by the gipsies, and that his wife had been carried off to just the spot where I was—that I had heard them, but they had not seen me—and that I had terrified her ravishers by taking advantage of their superstition—and that I had brought her home.

His delight was excessive—he had been out all night searching for her. Nobody, fortunately, had seen her, and he came to the conclusion that she had been drowned in a little rivulet that ran near his house, and from which she had been in the habit of drawing water. For some hours men had been employed in dragging the stream, and his gratitude knew no bounds when he found I had been the means of saving his wife's life.

We immediately set off for Mrs. Newhall's home, where a scene ensued I shall never forget.

At the earnest entreaty of Clarise I accompanied them to her house, and remained sufficiently long to smoke a cigar and empty a good bowl of punch. During a temporary absence of her husband, I told her seriously that my silence was only given on the condition of her future good behavior. She promised me solemnly that her conduct should be most exemplary, and seeing that the coast was clear we sealed the bargain with a kiss. When her husband returned to the room he brought with him a packet.

"You must not be offended," said the worthy saddler, "but I hope you will not refuse me a little favor. This parcel contains a dressing-case, which formerly belonged to the Marquis of Normanby, and which he gave me for some services I rendered him. I have never used it, and never shall use it. I have no children, and therefore as a memento pleasant to both I beg you to accept it!"

I felt that he would be hurt if I refused, and so I took it. He immediately sent his boy round to my house with it, while

I smoked another cigar to the tune of another brandy and water, and then took my leave, promising to call again. The peculiar pressure of Clarise's hand when we parted, convinced me I had made the conquest of her too grateful heart. I, however, resolved to use it to her husband's advantage and her own.

When I found myself in my own room, I threw myself on my own bed, and the conflicting emotions of my soul found vent in a hearty shower of tears. I was aroused from this unmanly weakness by a tapping at my bed-room door.

"Come in," I said.

The next minute my housekeeper entered.

"A young lady wishes to see you," she said.

"Does she know I am here?" I asked.

"She does," was the reply.

"I will be down immediately." The door closed on my housekeeper, and I hastily assumed more becoming apparel. Wondering who it could be, I walked down stairs and entered the parlor, where I saw a lady. She turned round at my entrance, and I stood face to face with Violet.

My surprise was so great that I exclaimed, "Dear Violet! Heaven be praised—this is indeed an unexpected pleasure." But what passed at that interview, is too sacred for recital. Suffice it to say, I was the happiest of men—as may appear at some future day in the Sequel to Myra the Prophetess.

THE END.

**THINK OF IT.**—The number of languages spoken are 4,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One-quarter die before the age of 7; one-half before the age of 17. To every 1,000 persons one only reaches 100 years. To every 100 only 6 reach 75 years; and not more than one in 500 will reach 80 years. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these 33,333,333 die every year; 91,824 die every day; 7,780 every hour, and 60 per minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single; and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of 50 years than men, but fewer after. The number of marriages is in the proportion of 76 to 100. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is during the months of June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is one-fourth of the population.

**CURIOS TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.**—The celebrated printer, Henri Etienne, son of Robert (both known in the learned world by the name of Stephanus or Stephens), was once engaged in the printing of a splendid quarto Missal. The great number of subscribers seemed likely to make compensation for the heavy expenses required by the undertaking. After the sheets had been corrected with the utmost care, the work was printed off, splendidly bound, and delivered up to the subscribers. It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of the learned printer when one copy after another was returned to him, till all were sent back. He inquired the reason of this extraordinary circumstance, and was informed that in one place the compositor had put *ici le prêtre otera sa culotte* (here the priest will take off his breeches), instead of *calotte* (small black cap), and the error escaped the correctors of the press. In vain did the poor printer offer to make a cancel; the subscribers who were almost all ecclesiastics, positively refused to take the work on any terms. This unfortunate affair is said to have been the first and chief cause of the derangement which caused Henri Etienne to be confined in the lunatic hospital, Lyons, where he died in 1589. There is a copy of the Missal with this unlucky error in the royal library at Paris.

If we estimate the cubic yard of gold at ten millions of dollars, which is in round numbers all the gold in the world, it might, if welded together, be contained in a cellar twenty feet square and sixteen feet high.



## THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Let others sing of times to come—  
Of joys that never will !  
My song shall be of days gone by :  
So, boys, a bumper fill  
To the good old times ! oh, the good old times !  
Their like we ne'er shall see :  
The world was full of honest hearts,  
And life went merrily.

In the days of youth, when all was flowers,  
And ev'ry month was May,  
And my spirits were light as the thistle down,  
And my heart was always gay,  
I loved a fair and gentle maid  
With all the constancy  
That a mutual flame in youth can inspire :  
But, alas ! she jilted me.  
Oh, the good old times ! the good old times !  
Their like we ne'er shall see :  
The world was full of honest hearts,  
And life went merrily.

Friends of to-day, how vain are they !  
The partners of an hour,  
That fortune gathers round a man,  
As sunshine waks the flow'r.  
My friend and I, in infancy,  
Play'd 'neath the same old tree :  
One home was ours for long, long years,  
Till my friend arrested me.  
Oh, the good old times ! the good old times !  
Their like we ne'er shall see :  
The world was full of honest hearts,  
And life went merrily.

My country's cause was always mine—  
Britannia, ocean's bride !  
A patriot's name my dearest boast,  
A patriot's heart my pride.  
My leader was "the people's friend ;"  
'Twas thus he gain'd my vote :  
But they put him on the pension list,  
And the patriot turned his coat.  
Oh, the good old times ! the good old times !  
Their like we ne'er shall see :  
The world was full of honest hearts,  
And life went merrily.

'Twas then I felt that honor dwelt  
In noble ancestry ;  
That still in high and gentle blood  
Some secret virtues lie.  
My champion now I joy'd to hear  
Rail at the parvenu :  
But I soon found him on the Civil List—  
With his wife and cousins too.  
Oh, the good old times ! the good old times !  
Their like we ne'er shall see :  
The world was full of honest hearts,  
And life went merrily.

Disgusted with the city's vice,  
I to the country sped—  
A simple husbandman, my life  
Mid flocks and herds I led.  
The livelong day I'd pipe and play,  
Or on some thyme bank sleep :  
But at night they broke into my folds,  
And stole my cows and sheep.  
Oh, the good old times ! the good old times !  
Their like we ne'er shall see :  
The world was full of honest hearts,  
And life went merrily.

They told me 'twas my single state  
That harass'd thus my life ;  
And to the altar soon I led  
A young and lovely wife.  
Oh ! then what joys, what hopes were mine !  
Life seem'd a brighter heaven :  
But my wife eloped with her cousin Tom,  
And left me infants seven.  
Oh, the good old times ! the good old times !  
Their like we ne'er shall see ;  
The world was full of honest hearts,  
And life went merrily.

SMALL causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way: for want of a block, he will stumble on a straw.

## A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF BOUCHER.

The painter who most faithfully represents French art of the eighteenth century, is Boucher, an artist of the school of Watteau. In his career we may trace that caprice which holds sovereign sway, without reverence for the past, and without regard for the future. Boucher, spite of the contempt of some, or the pity of others, will, however, always hold a place in the history of Art. It is impossible for us to ignore this painter, who reigned for forty years, overwhelmed with fame and fortune—protesting in his unrestrained freedom against the recognised masters, opening a school fatal to all that is noble, grand and beautiful, and yet not devoid of a certain coquettish grace, a certain magic of color, and, finally, a certain charm before unknown.

The studio of Boucher was in the Rue Richelieu. Not far from it, in the Rue St. Anne, he passed almost every day the shop of a fruiterer. He often saw a young girl on the doorstep without being much struck by her, although she was beautiful, simple and touching. One day, after three weeks of austere solitude, he stopped astonished before the fruit-shop. It was when cherries were in season. Baskets of freshly-gathered fruit tempted the passers-by with their charming hues ; a garniture of leaves half concealed the fruit that was not quite ripe. But it was not for the cherries that Boucher stopped. As he passed, the fruiterer's daughter, with bare arms and loosely flowing hair, was serving a neighbor. You should have seen her take the cherries in her delicate hand, put them, without any other measure, into the lap of her customer, and give a divine smile in return for the four sous she received in payment. The painter would have given four louis for the cherries, for the hand which served them, and above all for the divine smile. When the customer had gone, he advanced some steps without knowing what he was going to say. He was a perfect master in the art of gallantry. How happened it, however, that Boucher on that day lost all his courage at the sight of this simple and feeble young girl ?

Boucher, who had advanced resolutely, like a man who is sure of his object, crossed the threshold of the fruiterer, all pale and trembling, and very much at a loss what to say. The young girl regarded him with so much serenity and calmness, that he somewhat recovered his presence of mind. He asked for cherries, and soon rallying himself, begged the young girl to allow him to sketch her beautiful face. She made no answer. The mother entered. As Boucher was a man of fine address, and the mother a coquette on the wane, he succeeded in obtaining her consent to take the portrait at his leisure. She brought her daughter the next day to the painter's studio. Boucher did not detain the mother. He made the daughter take her seat on a sofa, sharpened his pencil, and set to work with great joy.

Rosina possessed that description of beauty which is ignorant of its own attractions, which touches rather than seduces. Her regular profile called up pleasant recollections of the antique lines of beauty. She was a brunette, but her locks reflected in the light those beautiful golden tints which charmed Titian. Her eyes were of an undecided hue, like the sky during some autumn twilights ; her mouth, somewhat large, perhaps, had a divine expression of candor. Boucher became enamored of Rosina, not like a man who makes a sport of love, but like a poet who loves with tears in his eyes—a love tender, pure, and worthy of that heaven to which it rises, and whence it has descended. Rosina loved Boucher. How could she help loving him who gave her double assurance of her beauty, both by his lips and by his skill. What was the result ? You can guess. They loved one another : they told one another so.

The Virgin, which was to be the master-piece of Boucher, was not finished. The face was beautiful, but the painter had not yet been able to shed over it that divine sentiment which constitutes the charm of such a work. He hoped, he despaired, he meditated, and gazed at Rosina ; in a word, he was at that fatal barrier, the barrier of genius, where all talent which is not genius must pause, and which, now and then, some who have the courage to make the attempt may perchance succeed in surmounting. It was fifteen days since Rosina had commenced her sittings. At eleven o'clock one morning Boucher was prepar-

ing his palette, Rosina loosening her hair. There was a ring at the door of the studio. Rosina went and opened it, as if she had belonged to the house.

"Monsieur Boucher?" inquired a young girl, who blushing crossed the threshold.

"What can I do for you?" said Boucher, glancing at the reflection of the young girl in a mirror. He approached to meet her.

"Monsieur Boucher, I am a poor girl without bread. If my mother was not sick and destitute of everything, I could succeed in gaining a livelihood by my needle; but for the sake of my mother, I have resigned myself to becoming a model. I have been told that I have a pretty hand and a passable face. Look, monsieur, do you think that I would do for a model?"

The stranger uttered all this with an air of vague anxiety; but what especially struck the painter while she was speaking, was her coquettish and seductive beauty. Farewell to Rosina, farewell to all simple and sublime love. The new-comer appeared to Boucher as the embodiment of all his previous reveries. It was this very Muse, less beautiful than pretty, less striking than graceful, that he had so ardently sought for. There was in her face a trace of divinity such as might be found in a fallen angel, something which acts upon the heart and lips at the same time—in fine, a certain something which we cannot describe, which charms and intoxicates without elevating the mind. She was dressed as a poor girl, which contrasted somewhat with the delicacy of her features and movements. Boucher, although no bad physiognomist, did not discover any art or study in this beauty; she masked both by an air of lofty innocence. He allowed himself to be captivated.

"How, mademoiselle," said he to her, with an admiring look; "you say that you are tolerably beautiful? Say rather, intensely."

"Not at all," said she, with the sweetest smile in the world.

"Really, mademoiselle, you have come most opportunely. I was in search of a beautiful expression for the head of the Virgin; perhaps I shall find it in yours. Incline your head a little on your bosom. Put your hand on this arm-chair. Rosina, draw aside the red curtain."

Boucher did not notice the tearful glance cast on him by Rosina. She silently obeyed, while she asked herself if she was no longer fit for anything but to draw the curtain. She went and sat down in a corner of the studio, to observe at her ease, and without being seen, her who had come to disturb her happiness. But scarce was she seated on the divan, when Boucher who liked solitude with two, recommended her to return to her mother, at the same time enjoining upon her to come early the next day. She went without saying a word, with death at her heart, foreseeing that she would be forgotten for her who remained *tête-à-tête* with her lover. She dried her tears at the foot of the staircase. "Alas! what will my mother say when she sees me so sad!" She walked about the streets to give her sadness time to disappear. "Besides," she continued, "by waiting a little I shall see her come out. I shall be able to discover what is passing in her heart."

She waited. More than an hour passed away. Boucher spoiled his beautiful Virgin, to the fulness of his bent, by endeavoring to unite in it two styles of character. The stranger at last came out. It had rained in the morning, and the street was almost impracticable for pretty feet. She slipped along as light as a cat in the direction of the Palais Royal. She stopped at a house of poor appearance, gave a crown to the porter, cast her eyes about her suspiciously, and disappeared within the portal. Rosina had followed her. On seeing her disappear, she examined the house, and, not daring to push her curiosity any further, resolved also to return home. An invisible hand, however, retained her in spite of herself. She must needs spy at all the windows of the house. She had a presentiment that she should see the unknown one again. All of a sudden, to her great surprise, she fancied that she recognised her in some one who was going out in an entirely different costume. This time the poor girl was dressed as a fine lady, in a taffeta robe, with aw train, the end of which she strove to thrust into her pocket, a mantilla, red heels, all the accessories.

"Where can she be going in that dress?" Rosina asked herself, as she followed her almost step for step.

The lady went straight to a gilded carriage, which was waiting for her before the Palais Royal. A lackey rushed before her to open the door. She quickly stepped into the carriage with the air of one accustomed to do so every day.

"I suspected it," muttered Rosina; "there was an indescribable something in her manner, her mode of speech, the softened pride of her glance, which surprised me. There is no use for her to assume all sorts of masks; she will be found out in the end. Alas! I wonder if he found her out!"

The next day Rosina, purposely, came a little late. Boucher did not, however, on seeing her, utter that sweet phrase which consoles the absent for absence, whether from hearth or heart:

"I was waiting for you."

"Well," said she, after a pause, "you say nothing to me about your fine lady."

"My fine lady! I do not understand."

"So you did not find her out? She was not a poor girl, as she said, but a fine lady who has not much to do. I saw her get into her carriage. Oh! such a carriage, such horses, such a footman!"

"What do you say! You are trying to deceive me: it is a falsehood."

"It is the truth. Now do you believe in those fine airs of innocence?"

"What a singular adventure!" said Boucher, passing his hand over his forehead: "will she come back?"

At this moment Rosina went and rested her joined hands on the painter's shoulder.

"She did not ask you for anything!" said she, with a mournful but charming expression.

"Nothing, except a crown as the price of the sitting: it is an enigma: I cannot make it out."

"Alas, she will return."

"Who knows? she was to do so this morning."

"I shall take good care to-day not to open the door."

"Why not? what folly! Are you beginning to be jealous?"

"You are very cruel! Will you open the door yourself?"

"Yes."

Rosina drew back with a sigh.

"Then," said she, with tears in her eyes, "the door shall close on me."

Rosina, weeping with love and jealousy, was of adorable beauty; but Boucher, unfortunately for himself, thought only of the mysterious stranger.

"Rosina, you don't know what you are saying; you are foolish."

Boucher had spoken somewhat harshly: the poor girl went towards the door, and in a feeble voice murmured a sad farewell. She doubtless, hoped that he would not let her go, that he would catch her in his arms, and console her with a kiss; but he did nothing of the kind: he forgot, the ingrate, that Rosina was not an opera-girl; he thought she was making believe, like all the actresses, without heart or faith. Rosina did not make believe; she opened the door, turned towards Boucher; a single tender look would have brought her to his feet; he contented himself with saying to her, as he would to the first chance-comer,

"Don't put on so many airs."

These words made Rosina indignant.

"It is all over!" said she. At the same moment she closed the door.

The sound of her footsteps went to Boucher's heart. He would have rushed to the stairs, but he checked himself with the idea that she would come back. Another would have done so; Rosina did not, and Boucher set to work to search out the mysterious personage who so poetically personified his Muse.

In vain did he ransack the fashionable world. He was at all the fêtes, at all the promenades and all the suppers; but he could not find her whom he sought with such infatuated ardor. Rosina was not completely banished from his mind; but the poor girl never appeared by herself in his reminiscences, he always beheld her image by the side of that of the unknown lady. One day, however, as he was looking at his unfinished Virgin,

he felt that Rosina was still in his heart. He reproached himself for having abandoned her. He resolved to go forthwith and tell her that he loved and always had loved her. He went down stairs, and turned towards the Rue St. Anne, making his way through a crowd of carriages and hacks. A young girl passed along the other side of the street, with a basket in her hand. He recognised Rosina. Alas! it was but the shadow of Rosina; grief had made sad havoc with her charms; desertion had crushed her with its icy hand. He was about crossing the street to join her, when a carriage passing prevented his doing so. A woman put her head out of the window.

"It is she!" he exclaimed, completely overcome.

He forgot Rosina, and followed the carriage, ready for whatever might happen. The carriage led him to a mansion in the Rue St. Dominique. The painter boldly presented himself half an hour afterwards, and was conducted to madame the countess's oratory.

It was she, the poor girl without bread. She told Boucher that curiosity, combined with a little ennui, had led her to his studio, to obtain an opinion on her beauty, once for all, by a competent judge, who would have no reason for telling an untruth.

"I once paid you for a sitting," said Boucher, passionately; "it is now your turn to pay me for one."

It was decided that he should take the countess's portrait; but it was never completed, so much delight did Boucher take in his task.

After the intoxication of this passion was abated, the young girl whom he had forsaken recurred to his mind. On looking at his picture, in which the profane artist had mingled his impressions of the two beauties, he saw clearly that Rosina was the most beautiful. The countess had enticed him with the greatest power, but the charm was dispelled. He again discovered that Rosina possessed that ideal beauty which ravishes lovers and gives genius to painters.

"Yes," said he, regretfully, "I deceived myself like a child! the divine and human beauty, the true light, the heavenly sentiment, belonged to Rosina; the seductiveness, the falsehood, the expression which comes neither from the heart nor from heaven, the countess possessed. I spoil my Virgin, like a fool; but there is still time."

There was not! He ran to the fruiterer's; he asked for Rosina.

"She is dead," said her mother to him.

"Dead!" exclaimed Boucher, pale with despair.

"Yes, Monsieur Artist. She died, as those who die at sixteen, of love."

## A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

We protest, not only in the name of the ladies, but also in that of common sense, against the further continuance, "here below," of jealous husbands! We don't believe in the use of jealousy. It is the most senseless form of suspicion. In nine cases out of ten it is doomed to frustration. Othello was jealous—and in his insanity he traitorously slew the "very jewel and perfection of wifehood." Don Antonio was jealous—and Don Juan lay safely concealed while the discomfited husband was raging about the room. Oh, foolish husbands! Know that, if there is cause for your jealousy, there is small likelihood of your discovering it, no matter how ye fret and fume; while if there be no cause, ye have your trouble and mortification for your pains! And the same would we say to ladies jealous of their lords. Now here's an Alabamian who was bamboozled by the green-eyed monster:

A nice, respected lady, not a thousand miles away, had long noticed, to her dismay, that her "worse half" was growing foolishly suspicious and jealous of her. She resolved to teach him a lesson. Some evenings since, as he was leaving, she told him he need not hurry back, she would not be lonely; she wanted her ducky to enjoy himself, &c. Benedick felt a veritable "mice" under that hypocrisy, and resolved to be avenged. About eight o'clock, an "individual" about his size might have been seen cautiously creeping along to the door, and noiselessly. Benedick peeped in. Just as he expected, there they were—a pair of boots, a coat on the back of a chair, and a hat on the table. Benedick shivered like an aspen leaf, as he

stooped, pulled off his boots, and drew a pistol from his coat pocket. With "resolution flashing from his eye," he made tracks for the bedroom. There he was, kneeling at the bedside, coat and vest off, and head on the pillow. Miserable villain—his time had come.

"Say your prayers, villain, your time is short"—and a flash and a report told that the bullet had sped on its fatal mission.

"Help! murder! watch!—oh, is that you?" and madame popped her little head up from the foot of the bed.

Benedick seized the "body," and found it—a miscellaneous collection of old coats, vests, pillows, handkerchiefs and the like, made up for the occasion.

"Why, my dear, what does all this mean?" exclaimed the husband, with a blank, sheepish look.

"Well, dear," replied the wife, "I did get lonely, after all, and just amused myself by dressing up that puppet, and making believe you were at home. I'm sure I didn't think you'd suspect—"

"There, there," said the chagrined husband, "say no more about it; I thought it was a robber; dear creature, I'm so glad it didn't hit you."

Benedick repeated, "Now I lay me down," &c., and went to bed, resolved not to watch any more at present.

They are profane people, those Westerners. We don't know whether it is the abundance of water privileges that inspires so decided a tendency towards damning, or whether the face of the country provokes to a "bluff" mode of speech; but certain it is, that your Hoosier or your Wolverine shares notably the characteristics of "our army in Flanders." *Exempli gratia*—the following paragraph from La Crosse:

Last week one of our eastern friends, coming down from St. Paul, stopped at Winona over night. Being a stranger he inquired of the landlord "What kind of land they had, back on the prairie?"

"D—d splendid land, sir!"

"And what kind of a country have you back off the bluff?"

"D—d splendid country, sir!"

"And what do you raise mostly round here?"

"We raise h—!"

From Springfield, Mass., a "bitter sweet" paragraph comes floating to our table. What boy has not experienced similar trials?

We suppose that the first severe trial a boy has to undergo is to submit his will to the old man, whom he is taught to consider his father. To be restrained in doors at night, to be forbidden to go in swimming five times a day, or to be hindered from pinching the rest of the children just for fun, is an interference with natural inalienable rights, every way injurious to the feelings. And then, when upon some overwhelming temptation, the boy asserts his independence of parental control, and receives a "tanning" with a switch from a quince bush, either upon his back or his bare feet, it becomes really a very serious thing. We never could see that the smart of an operation like this was at all assuaged by an affectionate assurance that it was bestowed out of pure love.

The next great trial of that boy is to be obliged by a cruel master to sit with the girls at school. This usually comes before the development of those undeniable affinities which, in after life, would tend to make the punishment more endurable. To be pointed out as a "gal-boy," to be smiled at grimly by the master, who is so far delighted with his own ineffable pleasantry as to give the little boys licence to laugh aloud, and to be placed by the side of a girl who had no handkerchief, and no knowledge of the use of that article, is, we submit, a trial of no mean magnitude. Yet we have been there, and have been obliged to "sit up close" with big Rachel, laughing and blushing till we came to hate her name. We wonder where the overgrown frowsy creature is now, and what the condition of her head is?

The people of Nantucket must be an irreverent set, to judge from the following account. We were previously unaware, however, that they had a tendency to inopportune laughter, the general impression being that they are rather inclined to blubber:

Some years ago, some members of the choir of one of the churches in Nantucket, occasionally preferred to enjoy a lookout from the steeple, rather than listen to the sermon below. One day one of them in attempting to walk from the belfry to a window at the other end of the church on the joists, there being no floor, missed his footing and fell astride a joist. The audience below were surprised by the sudden appearance of a pair of shoes and stockings, pantaloons and legs through the ceiling above. Some snickered and some roared, and the clergyman being unable to proceed, took his seat ten minutes or so, during which time the legs had disappeared and the audience become composed. It was a long time before it was known who was the hero of the performance, he having extricated himself and got out of the church before any one could recover presence of mind enough to go to his assistance, but when it leaked out, there was certainly one great curiosity and attraction for the boys whenever he appeared in the street.

Here is a delicate way of expressing an awkward fact. We think our brother "out in Indiana" should receive a leather



medal at least for his skill in wielding that difficult figure of speech, periphrasis :

An editor in Indiana was attacked by a man for some personal grievance. The editor says:

"To avoid injuring him, and prevent his injuring us, we got out of the way!" Sensible man that.

They have quiet places in Mississippi, it seems :

"The most quiet place I know," said Zekiel, "is W—, in Mississippi: there's no quarreling, nor rowdism, nor fighting in the streets. If a gentleman insults another, he's quietly shot down, and that is the last of it."

And in Burlington, Iowa, some curious matrimonial snarls :

The Burlington *Hawkeye* tells of a lady in that vicinity, who, by marriage, has got herself into the following distressing situation in regard to her own family. She is sister-in-law to her father, aunt to her brothers, sister to her uncle, daughter to her grandfather, and great aunt to her own children.

Here is a philosophic piece of self-consolation. Not every body has so happy a disposition :

"When a stranger treats me with a want of respect," said a philosophic poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to admiration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them, but it is nothing to me."

We frequently find negro sermons, hard-shell sermons, canal boat Baptist discourses, and such like eloquent harangues, floating in the columns of the press. The majority of these, however, are fabrications, and frequently very deficient in the raciness which characterises the genuine article. They bear the same proportion to the originals that Newark cider does to pink champagne. Here, however, we have a real and undoubted turkey sermon, which was taken down phonographically, as uttered by a "colored expounder" named "Daddy Jim," before a congregation of whites and blacks, in a cabin near the Seminary Buildings, Limestown Springs, S. C. It commences, as follows, with an invocation :

"Doo dat dwellest way up mong de bims and de cherubims. Doo has said whar two or tree of dy childers are a gaidered togeder as teachers, and aimin at one ting, dare Doo will come to bress. Be pleased to mount de white gospel steed, and take a gentle ride round de territory, an stop awhile at Hell's gate, shorten Sattan's chains, and sink him one tousand fadoms lower. Bress all de bond and de free bond; bress our dear massa and our missus; may dey draw togeder like de match horses of de ancient time, and may de springs of de body rise up and call em blessed."

Then comes the sermon :

"Gentlemen an ladies—My text on dis occasion mought be found, if I mistake not, bout de 9th verse of de 2d Peter, 3d chapter: 'De Lord knoweth how to deliber de ungodly out ob temptation.'"

"Kind hearted and tender breeding, I'm a gwine to speak a few words to you dis evening, and reskovert to you how dat de Lord hab care of all you ungodly ladies and gentlemen. Hence we receive how dat God Almighty told Noah to build a big ship and he put into it a he and a she ob ebery kind. Den de big cap and gen come along, and say, 'Whar de old man gwine to get enuff water to float his big ship?' Bym by, den Noah he go in de ark, an all de ungodly ladies and gentlemen kept on a singin' an a dancin', a fiddlin' an a cock-fightin', and a marryin' and a givin' in marriage. Den de doors ob de ark was shut, an' de doors ob heaven was opened, an' de rain gan to ascend and reascend up de earth. Den de water a come up to de first floor. Dey say, 'Neber mind, fiddle up!' and dey went to de second floor. Den de water it come dare, and dey put der heads out der winder and sav, 'Noah! ain't you gwine to let us into y ur ark?' 'No, I'se full.' Den dey hold on to de eaves and dormer winders, an de water come up ober dem and take 'em down de stream. Hence we receive 'dat de Lord knoweth how,' &c."

"De Lord commanded Jonah to go prophesy gin Ninevah. Den Jonah went aboard ship, and a big hurricane come, an Jonah, he an de captain, hab a big talk, an dey throw Jonah overboard. Den a big whale swallow him. Den Jonah he tink it all ober wid him, sure, but bym by he 'gan to pray, an de more he pray de more de whale 'gan to grow sick. Finally he throw up, and Jonah gits on de dry ground. Hence we receive, &c., &c."

"De great king, Nebuchednezzar, gin out word dat whom call on de name ob de Lord for tree day de lion hab him. Den Daniel he go straight home, an open all de winders, an pray to God Almighty. Den de ungodly men dey take to de king and he put him in de lion's den. Next mornin', 'fore de crack ob day, de king go to de den an say, 'Ho Daniel! lion bite you?' Den Dan say, 'No, O king! I feel I lib for ever. De Lord he shut de lion's mouf, so he not bite me.' Hence we receive, &c., &c."

"De Lord he said to de angel Gabriel, 'Go git your silver trumpet.' Den he blow to de north, and blow to de south, and blow to de east, and blow to de west, and all de ungodly ladies and gemmen go

down to hell: but de righteous dey hab a golden crown on der head, silver slippers on der feet, and white robes comin' down to der toes, an golden harps in der moufs," &c., &c.

WHEAT bread must be a luxury in "Egypt," to judge from the following pathetic incident :

While the late Judge C—, some twenty-five years ago, was holding the Circuit Court and Oyer and Terminer in the neighboring county of W—, a backwoodsman was arraigned and convicted of an aggravated assault upon his wife. The judge ordered the prisoner to stand up, and concluded a solemn and appropriate admonition by sentencing him to ninety days imprisonment, the last thirty of which he was to be kept in solitary confinement, and upon bread and water only. The prisoner, who lived in a region where luxuries were never known, and even the necessities of life were scarce, reflected a moment and replied, "Judge, say wheat bread and I'll go in."

We think this is conclusive reasoning :

"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son one morning.

"So I did this morning," said Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah! what was it, darling?" and the father's fingers ran through his offspring's curls.

"Why I whalloped Jack Edwards," said the young hopeful, "till he yelled like blazes. You should just hear him hollar, dad!"

The father looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not apply to any act like that, and concluded mildly with :

"You should not have done that, my child."

"Then he'd a whalloped me," replied the young hopeful.

"Better," said the sire, "for you to have fled from the wrath to come."

"Yes, but," replied the hopeful, by way of a final clincher, "Jack can run twice as fast as I can."

The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and endeavored to compose himself.

And this we think tolerably smart fencing :

A rogue, whose name is Dicky Swivel, alias "Stove Pipe Pete," was placed at the bar, and questioned by the Judge to the following effect :

Judge—"Bring the prisoner into court."

Pete—"Here I am bound to blaze, as the spirits of turpentine said when it was set on fire."

"We will take a little of the fire out of you. How do you live?"

"I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd rather be roasted or fried."

"We don't want to hear what the oyster said or the spirits of turpentine either. What do you follow?"

"Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when it run over a little nigger."

"We don't care anything about the locomotive. What is your business?"

"That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table."

"If I hear any more absurd comparisons I will give you twelve months."

"I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

"Now, sir, your punishment shall depend on the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks."

"No, sir, I don't go around the docks without a boat, and I ain't got none."

"Answer me, sir; how do you get your daily bread?"

"Sometimes at the baker's, and sometime I eat 'taters."

"No more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?"

"Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a cheer."

"How do you keep yourself alive?"

"By breathing, sir."

"I order you to answer this question correctly—how do you do?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, judge. How are you?"

"I shall have to commit you."

"Well, you've committed yourself, that's some consolation."

Here is a sweeping suggestion :

An editor says his attention was first drawn to matrimony by the skilful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. A brother editor says the manner in which his wife handles a broom is not so very pleasing.

EVERYBODY has heard of the Irishman's receipt for making a gun. Take a round hole, said Pat, and pour brass round it. The following is equally ingenious :

Digby sat a long time, very attentively considering a cane-bottomed chair. At length he said: "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find them holes, and put the straw around 'em."

YELLOW fever, one would think, is not a subject to be trifled

with; yet in Mobile, it would seem they have wags who venture to grin in the very face of death. The *Mobile Advertiser* tells the following story of a practical joker of that cadaverous cottonopolis, whose intimates and acquaintances knew him as "Straightback Dick."

The *Mobile Advertiser* tells the following good story of a notorious practical joker of that city, ye old "Straightback Dick." Dick was at the wharf, one day last week, when one of the up-river boats arrived. He watched closely the countenance of each passenger as he stepped from the plank upon the wharf, and at length fastened his gaze upon an individual who, from his appearance and manners, was considerably nearer Mobile than he had ever been before. He was evidently ill at ease, and had probably heard the reports which were rife in the country relative to the hundreds dying in Mobile every hour from yellow fever. The man started off towards Damphin street, carpet sack in hand; but had not proceeded far, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he suddenly stopped. Upon turning round, he met the cold, serious countenance of Dick, and it seemed to send a thrill of horror throughout his whole frame. After looking at him steadily for about a minute, Dick slowly ejaculated:

"Yes, you are the man. Stand up straight!"

With fear visible in his countenance, the poor fellow essayed to do as he was commanded.

"Straighten yet!" said Dick. "There, that will do," and taking from his pocket a small tape measure, he stooped down and measured from the sole of his boot to the crown of his hat, took a pencil and carefully noted the height in his pocket book, to the utter amazement of the stranger; after which he measured him across the shoulders, and again noted the dimensions. He then looked the stranger firmly in the face and said:

"Sir, I am very sorry that it is so, but I really will not be able to finish it for you before morning."

"Finish what?" asked the stranger, endeavoring in vain to appear calm.

"Why, your coffin, to be sure! You see, I am the city undertaker, and the people are dying here so fast, that I can hardly supply the demand for coffins. You will have to wait until your turn comes, which will be to-morrow morning—say about nine o'clock."

"But what do I want with a coffin? I have no idea of dying?"

"You haven't, eh? Sir, you will not live two hours and a half. I see it in your countenance. Why, even now, you have a pain—a slight pain in your back."

"Y-yes, I believe I have," replied the trembling hoosier.

"Exactly," said Dick, "and in your limbs too!"

"Ye, stranger, you're right, and I begin to feel it in the back of my neck and head."

"Of course you do, and unless you do something for it, you'll be dead in a short time, I assure you. Take my advice, now, go back aboard the boat, swallow down a gill of brandy, get into your state-room and cover up with blankets. Stay there till you perspire freely, then leave here like lightning!"

Hoosier hurried on board the boat, and followed Dick's instructions to the letter. He says he never will forget the kindness of the tall man in Mobile who gave him such good advice.

The *Boston Transcript*, we hold, should be reprobated for publishing anything so atrocious as the following. Such a pun exploded during the consumption of the tea and toast which always accompany the paper's perusal, is sufficient to cause an indigestion equal to the most poignant remorse of a stomach guilty of lobster salad or of Bavarian *nudeln*. We only repeat the atrocity in order to show, in the most approved manner, our detestation of such crime:

As one of the clergy was this morning walking along — street with a friend, he slipped and measured his length on the sidewalk. As his companion extended a helping hand, he could not forbear accompanying it with the remark: "I have hitherto supposed you were a member of the clerical fraternity, but now I see you are only a lay brother!"

Is it not shocking! But this "heretical" story is worse:

A few months ago, as Mr. Ingalls, of Swampscott, Rhode Island, was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and was in quest of a brother who came before him and settled in some of the diggings in that vicinity. Pat was a strong, athletic man, a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of the Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sunday morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church. Ingalls was a good and pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new-made acquaintance to keep him company thither — his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting-house near by. There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the deacons, who, by the way, was very small in stature, invited brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar, &c. After he was seated, he turned to brother Ingalls and in a whisper which could be heard all round, inquired:

"Sure, isn't this a hiritick church?"

"Hush," said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word, they will put you out."

"And faith, not a word will I spake, at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing closely, when an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "Glory!"

"Hist, ye clear demon," rejoined Pat, with his loud whisper, which was plainly heard by the minister, "be dacent, and don't make a blackguard of yourself."

The parson grew more and more fervent in his devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan. "Hist—st ye blackguard: have you no dacency at all?" said Pat, at the same moment giving the deacon a punch in the ribs which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner, said:

"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

"Yis, your rivrence," shouted Pat, "I will!" and suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter astonishment of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick landed him in the vestibule of the church.

HERE are a couple of good jokes from natives of that jovial Emerald Isle, which supplies fun to half of Anglo-Saxondom:

We have in our village two fine specimens from the Emerald Isle, and withal intelligent, quick-witted and on hand. One of them, Patrick Clark by name, is a brewer; and the other, a merchant, is named Dennis B. Smith. Patrick, the other day, got up a fine conundrum, and off he started with it to enlighten Dennis. Meeting him, he said, "Dennis why am I like a wild beast?" intending to have him give it up, and then the answer would be, "Because I'm always a brewing" (bruin). But as quick as a flash, Dennis replies, "Because you are a Paddy!" This used Patrick up, of course. "And only to think of it," said he, in his disgust; "he a brother Irishman, and call me a Paddy!"

But Dennis once got his "come-up-ance." The weather was very cold and blustering one morning, and every one was saying, "It's cool again." "That's it!" says Dennis, "just Luke Cooligan's name; now I'll puzzle some one." The first one he came across was a staid citizen, of whom he asked—"Why is the weather this morning like an Irishman in town?" intending the answer, when given, to be "Because it's cool again" (Cooligan). But the citizen hemmed for a moment, and replied, "I don't know, without because it's blowing around!" Dennis had no more to say, and left.

A COTEMPORARY editor thinks, from the manner shirts are made in that city, there ought to be an "inspector of sewers." The editor went to the expense of a shirt the other day, and found himself, when he awoke in the morning, crawling out between two of the shortest stitches.

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman, "he can't give an account of himself."

"Of course not," said the other; "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance."

HERE is a good defence from Jemmy Maher, the Irish gardener of the White House:

The President had heard rumors that Jemmy was accustomed to get drunk and be uncivil to the visitors at the White House, so one bright morning he summoned him into his presence to receive his dismissal.

"Jemmy," said the President, "I hear bad stories about you. It is said you are constantly drunk and uncivil to visitors."

Jemmy was puzzled for a reply—at last he said:

"Mr. President, be dad, I hear much worse stories about you, but do you think I believe them?"

We imagine that *argumentum ad hominem* must have been a clincher. Here is how another Irishman served another President:

While our army was in Mexico, General Taylor was walking in the plaza, at Tapico, when a Mexican offered to sell him a fine Mustang pony, which the general, who had a keen eye for horses, was desirous of purchasing; but as the owner was ignorant of English, and the general's Spanish did not exceed *si* and *vamos*, they made slow progress towards a trade. The general called an orderly to him, a genuine Irishman, and asked:

"Orderly, do you speak Spanish?"

"Niver a word, sir."

"Then go and find me one who does."

Off went the orderly, and soon returned dragging after him a full-blooded and thoroughly frightened Mexican.

"What are you doing with that man?" demanded the general, "what has he done?"

"He has done nothing an' I know of, sir."

"Then why do you bring him here?"

"An' wan't it a man to spake Spanish that the general would have me bring wid me?"

"Certainly it was."

"Will, thin, I thought him the very man for your honor, for I am sure he can spake nothin' but Spanish at all, at all!"

The general was obliged to admit that the orderly had obeyed orders to the letter, but it was no help in buying the Mustang.



# "HE WOULD BE AN ACTOR."



Mr. Shakespeare Timmins, having charmed his mother and sister with his acting, resolves to hire the Academy of Music, to make his first appearance as Marc Antony, in "Julius Caesar."



His interview with Ullman—pays the cash, and has the Impresario's blessing.

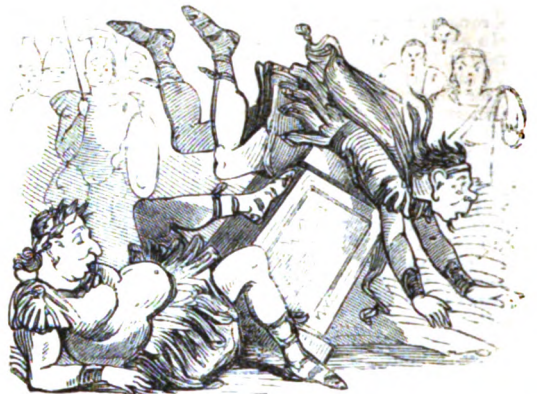


Hires a company at a dollar a head a night.

In the Quartier Latin, Paris, a student was lying in bed, to which he had gone supperless, trying to devise some means to raise the wind; suddenly, in the dead of night, his reveries were disturbed by a "click." Stealthily raising himself in bed, he saw a burglar endeavoring to open his desk with skeleton keys. The student burst into fits of laughter; the frightened thief, astounded, inquired the cause of his glee. "Why, I am laughing to see you take so much trouble to force open my desk and pick the lock to find the money which I cannot find, though I have the key." The thief picked up his implements, politely expressed his regret for having uselessly disturbed him, and transferred his talents and implements to some more Californian quarter.



In consequence of stealing a kiss from Calphurnia, the wife of Caesar, he gets a black eye from her husband.



Gets on famously with the tragedy, amid the most flattering laughter, till the funeral oration over the murdered Julius, when some rascally Roman soldier tickles the dead Caesar's foot, who kicks out with all his might, and brings down the rostrum, with Shakespeare Timmins in it. Fall of Marc Antony and the Curtain.



Somebody having stolen his clothes during the performance, he has to walk home in his Roman toga.

AN incorrigible wag who had lent a minister a horse, which ran away and threw his clerical rider, thought he should have some credit for his aid in "spreading the gospel."

PARSON TWISS, of New Hampshire, had just married a lady whose Christian name was Desire, and it being in his course of remark on a certain Sabbath to illustrate the difference between the renewed and unrenowned man in the exercise of love, he delivered himself, to the amusement of his audience, in this way: "Formerly I had no Desire to love, but now I have a Desire to love, and I love freely."





## FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR MARCH.

### WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

ALTHOUGH, according to popular opinion, we are entering on the first month of spring, and should be buying spring dresses, spring mantles, and bonnets to correspond; yet as, in fact, March is usually one of the most severe wintry months of the New York year, and people have little inclination to exchange their warm garb for the lighter materials now appearing in the windows of the stores, there is not much doing in the way of buying.

Still prudent housekeepers, who know the rush that there is likely to be on milliners and dress-makers with the first glimpse of warm weather, are preparing for the change that will come some day, and are making their purchases early, to avoid the delays inevitable on leaving them till a later period, when everybody insists on having everything done at once. Let us add that



2. BONNET—GENIN. PAGE 276.

it is not only prudent housekeepers who are thus thoughtful. Considerate and enlightened ladies, who feel anxious for the well-being of their sex, and would not be the means of keeping workwomen up, night after night, toiling at dresses which "must be done immediately," are even more careful to prepare, in good time, the summer toilette of their family, thus avoiding the ordinary confusion.

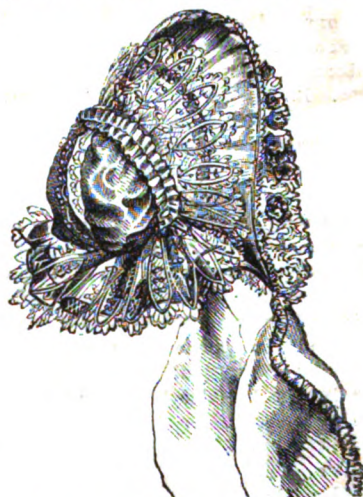
No doubt, too, the general possession of an invaluable help—a help that is never insolent or dishonest, or wasteful, nor even, voluntarily, ever idle—that neither eats nor drinks, nor breaks (except when very ill-treated), that precious American help for American families, the Sewing Machine, will have something to do with lessening the trouble usually felt at this season

in preparing the wardrobe. So much may be done at home, by the aid of a good Sewing Machine, and Madame DEMOREST'S excellent patterns, that many families will find it quite unnecessary to put their dresses out to be made; the usual seamstress being perfectly competent to make all the ordinary dresses.

We have spoken of Madame Demorest's patterns, and would mention them as among the first things to be bought. They are the result of great taste and skill, combined with frequent intercourse with the best foreign houses; and are so various that every style of person may be suited from her emporium. The patterns include every article of under-linen, with dresses, basques and mantles, for ladies and children; they are so prepared that the mode of trimming as well as the shape is shown. Madame Demorest's show rooms are No. 375 Broadway, three doors above Taylor's Saloon.



3. BONNET—WILDE, PAGE 276 or IV., No. 3—8



5. BONNET—SIMMONS. PAGE 276.



The universal use of ribbons as trimmings for dresses, mantles, sleeves and collars, as well as bonnets, makes it a matter of some consideration to procure such as are good and suitable. The styles are generally extremely beautiful; rich brocades and well chosen plaids being the favorite novelties. The plaids are usually of half the width only of the ribbon, and either of bright trenchant colors, in which groseille and rose de chine form a leading element, or in grays with black and white. The other half of the ribbon is plain white, or white plaided in narrow bars of one light color. Many are also striped.

At LIGHTENSTEIN'S, 387 Broadway, we noticed some richly colored brocaded ribbons for trimmings, with deep scallops at each edge; these scallops were filled by graduated fringe, alternately brown and white, blue and white, or any other two leading colors. At this house, also, which is always distinguished by its rich and varied assortment of ribbons and trimmings, we observed a novelty in shirred ribbons called the "Rubans Dahlia." They are gauze or taffetas ribbons, in every variety, drawn up or quilled by means of vulcanized India rubber woven in. This keeps the plaits or gathers firm, as well as elastic, saving a wonderful deal of time and labor both to milliners and dressmakers. They also will make charming wrist-lets.

The bonnet ribbons at this house are also, generally speaking, well selected; and some are singularly charming. There was one, about No. 22 in width, one-half of which was the finest shepherd's plaid, black and white; a narrow white satin stripe, edged with black, marks the half width. The other half is a white ground, with a plaid of the most delicate violet and green.

MITCHELL & MCCLINTOCK also have a beautiful stock of the new ribbons, among which are some shaded plaids in green, violet, blue and rose de chine, as well as the favorite peach blossom, such as we have not seen elsewhere. The lace and muslin embroidered sets of this house are also very tastefully got up, and moderate in price. The medallion work, surrounded by narrow frills of Valenciennes seem, at present, the reigning style. Point de Brussels, Brussels appliqué and Valenciennes are also greatly in favor.

Another house at which we can very honestly recommend our friends to buy is that of S. & J. GOULDING, 18 John street. Ribbons, flowers and illusion goods will be found in great variety, and of the best quality here. The flowers are very beautiful. We saw there some of the bouquets with pendant sprays of which we have spoken elsewhere, as trimming the most distinguished Parisian ball dresses. They consist of hyacinths, myosotis, roses, tulips and other early flowers, intermingled with branches of hawthorn, grasses and honeysuckle. The illusion goods are a *specialité* of this house, who have recently added to their stock an assortment of lace and embroidered sets elegantly trimmed; and some of the new white lace veils, which will be worn this summer. These veils are of fancy net, with colored ribbons run in the edges. They are square or round, but mostly the latter. The plaid waistbands, in black and white, are also to be found here.

In bonnets, except for the southern trade, little is doing at present. R. T. WILDE & Co., 251 Broadway, exhibit their usual taste in catering for our friends down south; and we give two illustrations of their most distinguished novelties in this line. Their head-dresses are also very elegant.

The arrangements of Madame HARRIS & SON, 571 Broadway, with the milliner of Paris, Madame ALEXANDRINE, insure to them such an assortment of bonnets for the ensuing season as shall satisfy the most fastidious of their customers. Genuine Paris bonnets, in the true Paris style, will be obtainable there. This is far from being the case with the majority of importations from Paris. Those who have read Marryat's "Japhet in Search of a Father" will remember that astute gentleman, Major Carbonnel, taking the hero to the leading London tailor for an outfit; and informing Japhet that, as a personal favor, he would be dressed really in the fashion, whereas generally the tailor did not dare to dress unknown customers well. The case of bonnets is somewhat analogous. Even Parisian milliners are not exempt from the human feelings of friendship; and

thus it happens that Madame Harris, being an old acquaintance with Madame Alexandrine, can offer to her customers that marvellous creation of genius and art, a real Parisian bonnet.

At GENIN'S BAZAAR, also, there is rather the promise of what will be when the spring importations actually arrive, than any great present novelty. We give, however, illustrations of some pretty *demi-saison* bonnets, and other articles for the toilette. The child's dress is distinguished for that quiet taste and elegant finish which has made the juvenile department of Genin's Bazaar so universally popular.

Our illustrations comprise, also, two new robes from the firm of UBSDELL, PIERSON, LAKE & Co. This is eminently what would be called, in Paris, a *maison de confiance*, a firm in which one may feel perfect confidence in dealing, sure of having everything at its proper price, and of its professed quality. The taste exhibited in the selection of goods is also remarkable.

We look forward to a choice exhibition of foreign novelties in dress goods and millinery, from the firm of JAMES GRAY & Co., Broadway.

In another department of goods, those for the work-table, the firm of S. M. PYSER & Co., corner of Broadway and Broome, is deservedly eminent. They have recently imported some exquisite designs for embroidery, in which the faces, hands, and in fact, all those parts where flesh tints would be required, are appliqué in printed velvet. This is a novel invention, worthy of note because it obviates the great difficulty of canvas work; that of representing the human face on canvas with any degree of accuracy. Hitherto the skill of the worker has been greatly taxed, and her patience tried, often unavoidably, in procuring the necessary tints. The designs of these pieces are also exquisite.

Another novelty for lounge cushions and many purposes consists in rich palm leaf patterns, in beads, on canvas, divided by stripes of velvet ribbon. This firm have also brought out a standing embroidery frame constructed so as to support the left arm, and so to save the intense fatigue usually felt in it. It will be found a great improvement on the old frame. Of the Chantilly laces, and other striking novelties of this firm, we have already spoken. No doubt the character of the establishment will be maintained in the spring importations.

## REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

As yet "the beginning of the end" only is ascertained. Although the spring fashions have nominally made their appearance, we can hardly tell what modifications they may undergo before summer, with its light robes and cobweb draperies, is fairly established.

Necessarily, even the display in the windows of the stores is influenced by the state of the sky and the thermometer. The delicate silks and vapory organdies, and thousand and one novelties which have been prepared by the New York merchants for their fair countrywomen, are carefully stowed away for the most part, where they will be uninjured by dust and damp until the weather is such as to afford some prospect of their being purchased and worn.

Nevertheless, the beginning is achieved. We know something of what is to be; and in some branches of trade—in ribbons, for instance—we have little left to learn. The same may be said of fashionable colors, novelties in *lingerie* and styles of bonnets.

The bayadère stripes promise to remain as popular as ever for dresses; but they are somewhat wider than they were last year. The pattern, in light silks, frequently comprehends four stripes—one of the plain chine silk, two narrow and one wide, one between with chine designs on a ground lighter, but of the same color. Delicate green, lilac and gray, seem the favorite tints; also some shades of wood-color. There will always be one great inconvenience attached to hugo bayadère patterns—the difficulty of making the breadths match that are used in the skirt of a robe. The larger the design the greater the difficulty, of course. And it may also be assumed, that the poorer the silk

the more likely it is to be woven unevenly; one reason, among many, for purchasing good and expensive dresses at respectable houses.

The designs of these chine bayadères are most artistic; they are, in many cases, veritable specimens of high art.

A narrow striped chine bayadère is also rather fashionable for morning and walking toilette. It is said to wear well; but there is an absence of clearness and brightness of tint in it which is certainly not pleasing to the eye. The Marie Louise blue in this style, which should be so bright and beautiful, looks decidedly cottony without really being so.

A large proportion of the silk dresses are still made with double skirts. The designs are generally very rich, and somewhat large; the dark colors being the pattern in black, the light ones in white. Some of the white silks, having a rich pattern brocaded in a bright silvery white on the dead ground, are so exquisite that it wouldn't be at all astonishing if the sight resulted in a great increase in the number of weddings.

The robes à laz promise also to continue popular. They are made, of course, in light colors, suitable for the coming season. We give, elsewhere, one of the newest and most elegant specimens.

Grenadines, organdies, muslins and calicoes will, of course, shortly assume their usual prominence. For the present we can only remark that a prevailing color in all these light materials will be a bright rich shade of grosillo, and the still brighter *rose de chine*. Whether these will, as the season advances, give place to more subdued tints, is a question time only can solve.

For ball dresses, crape and crape lisse, over silk or satin, is the most usual costume for young ladies. White crape, with plain white satin and appropriate trimmings, is in vogue for slight mourning. In other cases crape lisse is the material preferred. Flowers, with long clinging branches of vines or tufts of grasses, form the almost universal decorations. The style of the skirt is usually tunic; the front being decorated differently to the rest. Such a ball-dress was made recently by one of the first Parisian dressmakers. Over a white satin skirt was a double one of white crape lisse. The front breadth was bouillonné (puffed in small puffings), in shape and about the dimensions of an apron; below that it was plain. The rest of the skirt was puffed in the same way, from the hem to where the puffing of the front ceased, the upper part being plain. The body, cut very low and square, is puffed before and behind, to match the skirt. The upper sleeves are also puffed over short close satin ones. The trimming consisted of bunches of myosotis, with long sprays of leaves and grass. One small one was placed on each shoulder, the sprays coming down the back and front of the corsage in a point; and from this fresh sprays sprung to trim the sides of the apron, extending quite to the bottom of it. Two similar sprays formed a wreath, with long pendants, for the hair; and a bouquet de corsage, to match, completed the dress.

The evening dresses for young ladies are now always cut thus low and square, with regular shoulder-straps on the shoulders. A lace plaited to form something like a fan is often placed within the front of the dress.

Flowers, such as we have already described, are almost the only ornaments worn by young ladies.

Morning dresses are now very frequently made with small capes or pelerines, never going below the waist, and often merely covering the shoulders. For street wear black silk is still considered more stylish than anything else; the silk with small brocaded patterns being preferred. The somewhat sombre tint of dress is, indeed, rather novel at this season in America, but common enough in Paris, where bright colors are rarely worn until Easter by the leaders of fashion.

Almost all the dresses now are made to finish with a waist ribbon and buckle; basques, except extra wraps (*coin de feu*), being almost exploded. More's the pity, for nothing will ever be so pretty, comfortable and popular! Occasionally the corsage is still made with points below the waist; but they are hardly deep enough to entitle the garment to be called a basque.

Ribbon trimmings will be universally worn—narrow and

wide—plaited in the centre or near the edges, or gathered at one edge only, for a frill.

They promise to be even more beautiful than in any previous season; and at present there is a decided preponderance of plaids, especially in black and white, black and gray, and white and gray. Many of the new ribbons, with stripes or other designs in bright colors, have one edge—perhaps a third of the entire ribbon—chine in these tints.

Pure white and pearl white moiré ribbons, with richly colored satin stripes at the edges, are among the most fashionable styles, and shaded plaids will be greatly worn.

Of the varieties of narrow ribbon, of gauze, silk, satin, or all combined, made for trimming sleeves, collars and other millinery, it is impossible to give even an idea. Suffice it that every bit of every sort may be employed with advantage; even what would once have been considered dead stock. We make this suggestion from having noticed and admired the ingenuity of one firm, who had converted some unsaleable plain satin ribbons and narrow brocaded ones into the most elegant trimmings possible, by altering the brocades into edges for the others.

In the millinery department there is great activity, the very elaborate trimmings worn on all sleeves and collars employing very many tasteful work women. Embroidered muslin, with Valenciennes lace, is much in favor; the patterns being such that narrow ribbons can be run in, in every variety of style. Small medallions, oval or lozenge shaped, or perhaps only a leaf or sprig of embroidery, with a narrow Valenciennes edging laid across the ribbon, or at intervals on lace insertion, is a very usual style. It must be noticed, however, that this sort of work wears wretchedly; perhaps it would be more accurate to say it does not wear at all. Those who are compelled to study economy had far better, therefore, pay five times the price for a set that will wear ten times as long. Brussels point and appliqué are deservedly popular. All the sleeves are much trimmed with net or tulle, and ribbon—those which are to be worn with robes à la Sultana (the long square sleeve open to the shoulder) are trimmed up to the top. *En passant*, we may as well remark that puffings of tulle, rather than net, should always be worn by thin people, as the effect of that material is to soften the outlines and give a general haziness, which (like the mist on a bright summer's morning) decidedly lends enchantment to the view.

Capes, berthes, fichus and canezons of illusion continue to be worn, and will be more in favor than ever. They are in white and black, but the former are most popular, and are much trimmed with chenille or delicate flowers.

Bonnets will be almost invariably with soft puffed crowns, puffed brims pointed and almost flat on the top, and *tièrres évasé* at the sides. It is also *de rigueur* that they should be composed of either two colors—of white and one bright color, or of two materials of the same tint. We have reason to believe that crape will be very generally one of these materials. Flowers will be the universal trimming. Roses, honeysuckles, hawthorn and other early summer flowers, closely imitated by the florist, will be particularly in favor; and tulips and hyacinths are among the most fashionable. Velvet flowers are quite going out. Bouquets with two long streamers are to be very general. The group of flowers is placed gracefully on one side of the bonnet; one branch goes over the curtain and the other across the bonnet. The strings are very wide.

We are glad to see that there is a growing feeling in favor of pretty silk hoods, both in France and Germany for travelling, wet weather and evening visiting. We spoke last month of the Arctic, and shall give in our next a representation of another charming variety.

#### STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

THERE is still, as yet, no marked difference in the style of robes and their accessories from that worn during the previous three months, if we except the prevalence of the so-called Pompadour, or more properly, Lady Washington corsage, cut low and square across the bust. This is very becoming to some stout figures,



as it gives a greater length to the neck, and a charming roundness to the form; but should on that account be avoided by those who are already too thin, and have too great a length between the shoulder and the head.

These bodies are worn with chemisettes of the same form, usually composed of tulle bouillonnée, and with a colored ribbon run in to suit the dress.

The sleeves and collars are very much trimmed; the design of almost all the collars admits of narrow ribbon or velvet being run in between the worked band and the border. The sleeves have, in addition to the repetition of this design in the form of frill or cuff, a number of puffings of tulle or Brussels net, ornamented with bows, quillings, wreaths or other decorations in ribbon. Some of these, to be worn with sultana-robe sleeves open to the shoulders, are trimmed entirely up in the form of a cone; never has the *lingerie* of a lady's toilette been so highly ornamental or so expensive.

The bonnets being so much open at the sides, the hair is rarely worn in plain bandeaux. Waved, *crêpe*, or in curls, in the styles most affected by the *élégantes* of society in Paris as well as in our own country. Large roses, white or pink (according to the hair and complexion of the wearer), and often employed as a substitute for the *rouches* at the sides of the bonnets. They are without foliage, and to some faces very becoming.

The few spring mantles seen as yet are in the shawl form, with a square end falling over a rounded one. They are trimmed almost invariably with fluted ribbons, or with quillings of the same material as the shawl itself.

The circumference of the dresses is, if possible, on the increase. Certainly there are no signs of any diminution of the size of the hoops; still less of their becoming extinct, as has been prophesied so often. DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD's new *matinée* skirt, of which we have before spoken, being so superior to any other ever produced, will doubtless do much to keeping this article of attire in favor.

There is a new *porte-jupe* or skirt holder, expected to be sent out from Paris shortly, which claims to be more easy of arrangement, and effectual in its mechanism than any at present before the public. We are promised a first sight of it, and shall be happy to report upon its merits.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

##### BONNETS—PAGE 273, 280, 281.

No. 1.—We are indebted to Mr. Genin for this very pretty bonnet, so suitable for the present season, when winter is supposed to be over, and spring, or, at least, the genial weather which should accompany it, has not arrived. This bonnet is composed of French chip and brown velvet; the trimming, very full at the sides and over the curtain, of the same velvet, with black lace and cerise velvet sprays of leaves. This combination of colors indicates that it is especially adapted to the wear of a brunette, whose dark hair would shine in richer contrast with the bright cerise leaves and black velvet bows, of which the *bandeau* in the interior is made. The brides are of broad, white ribbon, edged with cerise velvet on one side only.

No. 2.—This is also an elegant *demisaison* bonnet, of white fancy silk and groseille velvet, selected from Mr. Genin's exten-

sive stock. The exterior is decorated with groseille marabout feathers tipped with white, and wreaths of groseille leaves. The curtain, of white silk, is nearly covered with a rich Mechlin lace. The form is decidedly Mary Stuart, pointed over the forehead, and very open at the sides. The interior is wholly trimmed with groseille, the velvet bows, ends and wreath of leaves being of the same. A full quilling of white blonde just softens the lower part of the face. White ribbon strings, bound on one side with groseille velvet.

No. 3.—This bonnet, designed, no doubt, for some fair Southerner, who, in her genial climate, is already dreaming of "balmy spring," with its "ethereal mildness," is of white silk and crape, trimmed with very rich white blonde. Our readers will observe that the crown is in the newest Parisian style, drawn and puffed so that the lower part is considerably fuller than the upper. A *fanchon*, or triangular piece of crape, trimmed with blond, falls back from the edge of the bonnet, covering the front. The trimming is most unique and tasteful, and reflects infinite credit on the firm of R. T. Wilde & Co. It consists of bouquets of miniature roses, with thin buds and foliage, dotted over the crown and curtain. One of these exquisite groups fastens down the point of the *fanchon*; others are placed at the base and sides. The interior is trimmed to match. A

deep fall of blonde edges the front of this bonnet, falling back and half-veiling the lovely roses at the sides.

No. 4.—This is another spring bonnet from Wilde's, of white chip and silk. The crown is entirely of the former material; a narrow scarf of the silk forms the front, being made into puffings confined by bands of chip. The crown and sides are entirely covered with flowers and foliage, the principal being roses and hawthorn blossoms, with long, straggling streamers of leaves falling over the curtain. Rose buds, hawthorn blossoms and blonde are intermingled to form the *bandeau*.

No. 5.—This is in a totally different style from the preceding, and is from the establishment of Mrs. Simmons, Broadway. It is in two colors, white with *rose de Chine* pink. The crown is of pink puffings, separated by white bands. The

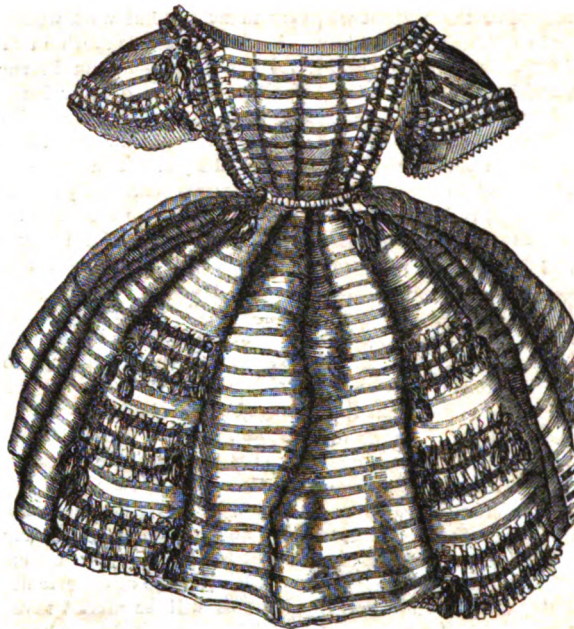
edge of the front is arranged to correspond. The flowers with which it is trimmed are mingled with black and white lace, and the interior also combines the two colors. A rich white blonde falls over the curtain, and combines with the other side trimmings.

A somewhat similar bonnet, in blue and white, at the same establishment, is worthy of distinguished notice. There is something very novel and striking in this mixture of white with a bright spring color.

##### HEAD-DRESSES—PAGE 280, 281.

No. 1.—The reputation of Genin's Bazaar will certainly lose nothing from the appearance of this graceful evening coiffure, of pink terry velvet. The tassels which droop on one side of it are of pink chenille and silver mingled with pearls, forming a decoration as chaste as brilliant. The streamers are pink, with white plush stripes.

No. 2.—This is from the establishment of R. T. Wilde, Broadway, and is of a more matronly character than the preceding. It is, in fact, a cap entirely covering the back hair. It is composed of rich French blonde, with narrow black velvet ribbon. On one side is a bouquet of large Provence roses, from which sprays of vine leaves and berries cross the crown and fall care-



CHILD'S DRESS—GENIN. PAGE 277.



lessly over the blonde curtain which shades the neck. A rich ribbon of blue and white plaid is the material for the streamers, and bows of the same are placed on the left side of the cap.

Another charming head-dress we observed at R. T. Wilde's was formed of puffings of white blonde net, with floating ends of the same; the puffings were intermingled with large roses without foliage, and sprays of the blackberry plant with its delicate blossom, and rich fruit crossed from side to side, forming a sort of net-work for the hair.

#### CHILD'S DRESS. PAGE 276.

A charming robe for a little lady of eight to ten years, composed of pink and white chine corded silk. It is from Genin's Bazaar, and is got up with the taste and style which distinguish the productions of that establishment. The side trimmings are of the same material as the dress, cut into ribbon width, and box-plaited a little distance from each edge. This trimming is set on in horizontal bands, each terminated by a silk tassel. The sleeve and bertha are finished in the same style. A row of soft buttons ornaments the top of the body; and a rich Valenciennes lace, tacked within the edge, should form a tucker.

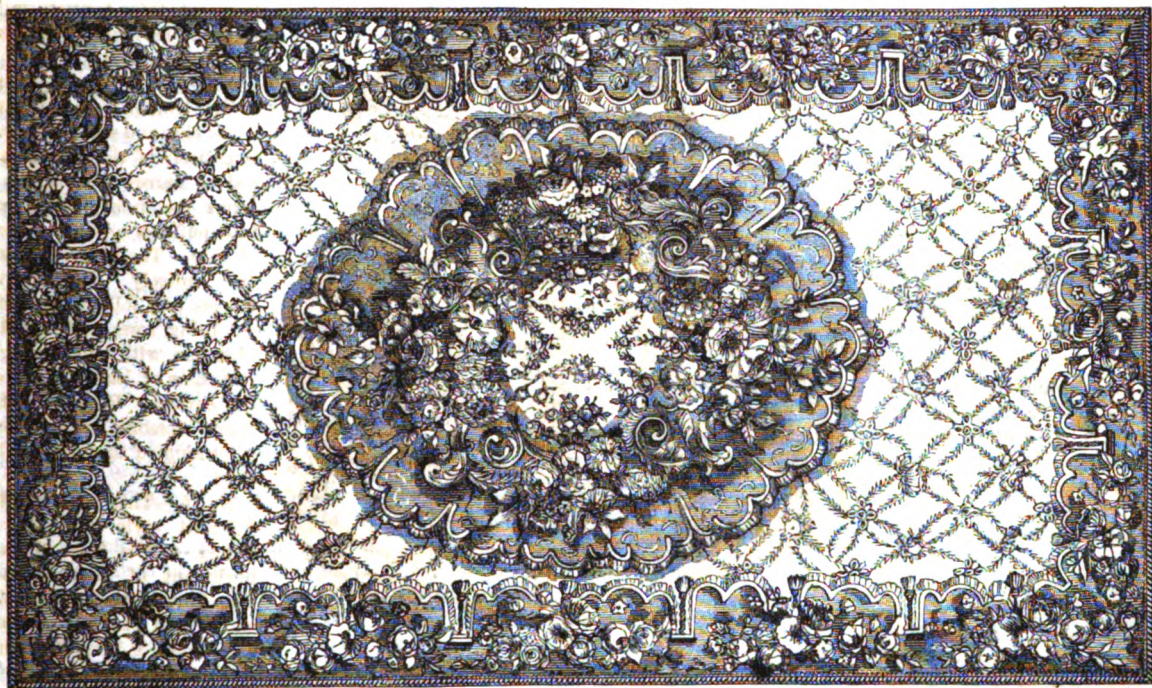
border of palms, within wreaths of flowers and foliage. The remainder of the robe is in somewhat narrow stripes, with small bouquets of roses and leaves alternated, each skirt having a narrow palm leaf border. The great difference of design between the two parts of the dress gives it the appearance of a tunic, with a handsome robe skirt under it. The sleeves have a double volant, with four graduated puffs above them. The body high at the back, and opening in front, *en cœur*. A small cape finishes the upper part. The waist finishes in a point.

#### VENETIAN SLIPPER. PAGE 280.

This design for a rococo slipper we select from a number of graceful novelties in chaussure, at Genin's Bazaar. It is of rich scarlet velvet, ornamented with black lace, and ruching and bow of ribbon of the color of the slipper and black lace intermixed; the bow is very large, and has a small steel buckle in the centre.

#### MEDALLION VELVET CARPET.

The manufactory of John Crossley & Son, Halifax, England, has long been celebrated for the beautiful carpets which are pro-



MAGNIFICENT MEDALLION VELVET CARPET, AT HIRAM ANDERSON'S, BOWERY.

#### ROBE MEDICIS. PAGE 281.

We are indebted to the firm of Ubsdell, Peirson & Lake, Broadway, for the design of this graceful robe à laz. It is of the softest, clearest lilac; the tint which promises to be so fashionable during the ensuing season; and which, whether in or out of fashion is so becoming, and so eminently ladylike that it never can look *outré*. It is in the bayadère style, one half of each breadth being in narrow uniform stripes, the other half in another size of stripes, and of a deeper tint. Of this tint is also the material for trimming, sold with the dress. The corsage has a cape high at the back, forming a point in front, with the body full and round at the wrist, finished with a band and buckle. The sleeve is formed of one deep frill, surmounted by two puffings (the upper one being the smallest); above which it is plain and fits the arm.

#### ROBE IMPERIALE. PAGE 280.

This is a charming novelty, imported exclusively by the same eminent firm, Messrs. Ubsdell, Peirson & Lake. The skirt, which is double, has the front breadth of a very rich and bold design, consisting of large bouquets of flowers, with a

duced by its operatives and machinery; and we engrave an illustration of one of the finest, selected from the many exquisite specimens in Hiram Anderson's great carpet store, No. 99 Bowery. The carpet represented in our elaborate illustration is said to excel all other productions of the celebrated manufactory whence it emanates. The ground is a beautiful emerald green, with a lattice-work of vines joined by bunches of roses, which are designed with admirable fidelity. The centre is a rich crimson, with scroll-work of gold color most artistically ornamented with flowers of varied beauty. A drapery of crimson, fringed with gold color, forms the border, which is looped with splendid bouquets, giving a rich and, at the same time, most graceful effect to the carpet when viewed entire. The design, whether viewed in detail or as a whole, is beautiful and artistic, and we entertain no apprehension that Mr. Anderson will regret the importation of this superb carpet.

He who receives a good turn, should never forget it; he who does one, should never remember it.



## DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—DINNER DRESS of pale green taffetas. The skirt is full, and bouillonné in small puffings from the hem to about two-thirds of the entire depth. The corsage cut square and with shoulder-straps; it is trimmed with two rows of puffing to correspond with the skirt. Round at the waist, where it is finished by a broad sash, fastened with bows in front, and fringed edges. The sleeve, demi-long, is formed of a small tight sleeve with four large puffs, terminating in a narrow band, and black fringe; the upper puff is somewhat smaller than the others, and above it are rows of ribbon of the color of the dress, with long fringed ends.

HEAD-DRESS.—Bows of rose de chine ribbon forming a wreath, with ends floating on one shoulder, fringed with black silk and jet beads. Hair *crépé*.

FIG. 2.—WALKING COSTUME.—Bonnet of rose de chine taffetas mingled with black lace. The shape, Marie Stuart, with a bandeau of ribbons to match the bonnet lying on the top of the head. The crown is puffed, and the curtain very deep at the back. Robe à laz, peach-color and black, with a double skirt; in the upper the stripes are in the length, with a plain pattern of the two colors and white; in the lower the silk is plain, with a broad black trimming a little above the hem. The corsage is made to correspond. The waist is pointed, and trimmed in the Pompadour style with the plaid silk, while the upper part is plain. A double frill, with small cap, forms the sleeve; and in this also the two silks are employed. Deep lace mandarin undersleeves are worn with this dress.

FIG. 3.—CHILD'S DRESS.—Robe of fawn-colored taffetas, with large basque of the same. The basque has a large open sleeve, and cape pointed behind and in front. The dress and basque are trimmed alike with the quilled trimmings known as the Rubans dahlia. Hair brushed back from the forehead and falling in curls round the head. A bandeau of ribbons with bows is used, instead of a comb, to keep it in its place.

## NOTICE.

We beg to announce to our readers that the Fashion Editress of *Frank Leslie's Magazine* will execute commissions for distant subscribers, in all articles for the toilette and work-table, at the prices charged by the retail houses themselves. The skill in coloring, and knowledge of materials and styles acquired during several years engagement in this department, in this country, as well as in London and Paris, will be employed for the benefit of those who intrust her with commissions.

Remittances should be made, if possible, by a draft on New York; if not practicable, by bills in a registered letter, addressed to the Fashion Editress, Frank Leslie's Magazine, 13 Frankfort street, New York.

All the threads and cottons manufactured by the celebrated firm of Walter Evans & Co., Boar's Head Manufacturers, of Derby, England, may now be obtained in America. They include the crochet and sewing, embroidery, knitting and tatting cottons; also a new cotton made expressly for sewing machines, which will be found superior to anything hitherto manufactured for this purpose. All these cottons are marked with the name of the firm, of which we append a facsimile.



Agent for the United States, Charles Carville, 186 Fulton street.

We earnestly recommend this cotton to every family using a sewing machine.

## DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

HOOD A LA ZINGARA—PAGE 284.

We alluded, in our fashion article, last month, to the large

amount of patronage bestowed by the Parisian and German ladies on the pretty hoods of silk, velvet and plush, which are now rapidly superseding the knitted rigolettes and nubians, especially as a protection from the night air in going to parties, balls, &c. We are glad of this movement, since the substantial materials offer much greater facilities for wadding, lining and making comfortable this important garment than semi-transparent woollen work can.

The zingara or gipsy hood is one of the prettiest of the pretty. Made of the same material as the cloak, with a small neat cape, trimmed with a ruche of ribbon, the hood itself lined with flannel and a pretty bright silk, it looks merely a pretty finish to the mantle. Drawn over the head, and encircling the face (especially when the face is young and pretty), it is unspeakably charming, giving a look of *espiglerie*—half bashful, half coquettish—which is perfectly bewitching.

EMBROIDERED COLLAR AND CUFF—PAGE 285.

MATERIALS.—Fine jaconet muslin and the Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton, No. 24, of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England.

This collar, with the cuff to match, is made in the fashionable style, for a narrow velvet or ribbon to be inserted in the eyelet holes. A part of the design—that indicated by cross-bars, instead of lines in one direction only, is double. It is necessary, therefore, to lay a second piece of muslin under that on which the pattern is marked, over the *toile cirée*, and to do that part before any other. Each edge is worked in a close fine line of button-holes; and between them, arranged to suit the design, is a row of small eyelet holes. When this is done, remove the work from the *toile cirée*, and cut away the under muslin from every other part. Replace the embroidery on the *toile cirée* and finish the work. The inner row of flowers and spots is worked in satin stitch; but those round the border are open, and must be pierced and sewed over. A wheel is to be made in the centre of each.

NOVELTY IN EMBROIDERED SKIRT TRIMMING—PAGE 288.

Although it may be true that there is nothing new under the sun, there is at least such constant modification of what is old that, perhaps, it answers the same purpose of producing variety. The pattern before us, for instance, is decidedly a novelty as compared with the usual designs. It consists of long, narrow medallions of embroidery, laid on a tucked skirt. The material should be fine, stout jaconet, worked with the Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton, No. 24, of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England.

The pattern consists of a row of small flowers, worked in satin stitch, with a spot in the centre of each, surrounded by a line of button-hole stitch between them and the border. By this line the work is to be fastened to the skirt, and the muslin of the latter may then be cut away from underneath. The border is merely a series of small scallops with an eyelet hole in each.

## CALLING UPON A BRIDE.

THERE are a great many different kinds of calls. There is the call of ceremony and the call of friendship, the call where you are delighted to be told they are "not at home," and the social "dropping in" for a cosy, confidential chat; but the most peculiar of all is calling upon a bride—perhaps some lovely young girl whom you have known, and laughed and chatted with, and who has declared, over and over again, that she could never think of getting married—never! And yet, all at once she stands before you a wife, a member of the mysterious married fraternity, separated for ever, by an invisible but impassable barrier, from all old girlish conferences and confidences, and, though assuming a borrowed dignity from her new position, is still on exhibition as a sort of trophy of the enemy, a willing party to an unconditional surrender. Her manners, too, are entirely changed; her assumed indifference and pretty coquetries are all gone, and she follows every step of her lord and master with a look of loving sub-



mission ; while he, formerly so deferential, puts on a conquering air, and occasionally pats her cheek in a patronising way that is quite amusing.

For my part, I never feel quite at home calling upon a bride, and always put off the ceremony as long as possible ; and although quite well aware that the attention had been expected in a certain case for a number of weeks, it was deferred and deferred, until politeness, in the person of an elder member of the family, suggested that it could be deferred no longer. An intimate friend, a born New Yorker, had married and brought a New England bride to the metropolis, expecting, doubtless, to find in her all the modern graces grafted on the old Puritan virtues. New York girls may be pardoned for being a little sensitive on the score of the preference which is shown for young ladies way down east, so many are transplanted from their own rugged soil to bloom in brilliant city *parterres*. A little speculation is therefore always indulged in on such occasions, as to whether she is "strong-minded" or has red hair, and a slight elevation of the nasal organ is observable if a few freckles are discovered.

In this particular case no exceptions could be taken : the young lady was fair, of the medium size, with dark chestnut hair and bright dark eyes. Her dress was also handsome—mazarine blue silk, with a small brocaded figure, and a pearl net over the twisted folds of her hair. I should have known at once that she was of an intelligent New England family, and had been accustomed to reading, and hearing discussed, all matters of general interest. She knew more of many things that are going on in New York than New York girls do themselves, and was full of enthusiasm concerning lectures, pictures and poetry, which will very soon receive a dampening influence like that of a wet sheet thrown upon it. Doubtless she had pictured, in her country home, all that was bright and intellectual and refined as centred in this gay city ; and it is sorrowful to think how soon these dreams will be dissipated ; how she will find envy, hatred and all uncharitableness, where she expects to find only angelic goodness. By and by the novelty of her position will be gone ; she will have ceased to be a bride ; and in a few years, after having tested the false glitter of city life, and found it all hollow and base metal, her dreams and longing will be to return to the quiet haunts of her childhood—to the old homestead, and to the loving and kindly simplicity which Heaven forbid should ever be tainted by contact with the lying, hypocrisy and conventional ostentation which distinguished life, and what is called, *par excellence*, society in New York.

#### PADMAVATI—A STORY OF THE COROMANDEL COAST.

THE poets of the West are of one accord in celebrating the melancholy beauty of autumnal evenings in our temperate latitudes ; but in the East, under the burning skies of India, far from turning with emotion to the last beams of light, it is the rising sun, the endless summer, that the poets and Brahmins salute with joy. The stars suddenly grow pale like an extinguished fire, and Nature, as if surprised, instantaneously awakens to perfect clearness. Hardly has the jackal ceased its sad wailings, than the black cuckoo sounds through the air its sonorous cry, like the human voice ; myriads of insects, with their variegated wings ; flights of humming birds, shaded with the liveliest colors, sparkle like jewels : the night is conquered, the day triumphs. The Brahmin, who regards himself as the first-born of creation, hastens to the sacred tanks to make his ablutions. Plunged up to his waist in the water, he takes some drops in the hollow of his hand, and throws them into space, addressing hymns of praise and gratitude to his gods. He does not humiliate himself before the divinity ; placed above other men by the dignity of his caste, he aspires to cross the space which separates him from immortals, to be absorbed at last in the bosom of the great Being in whom everything lives and moves.

On one of these mornings, so beautiful for the contemplative man, but assuredly very fatiguing for him who has to labor, two travellers, a Hindoo and his wife, were rapidly walking

over the sandy plain which stretches along the sea shore between Pondicherry and Madras. The woman was about eighteen years of age ; a piece of stuff in stripes of rose color and white was twined around her, falling over her breast as a scarf ; with her right hand she supported on her hip a baby, whose necklace of seeds, as brilliant as coral, composed at once its adornment and clothing. As to the Hindoo, his matted hair floated on his back, whilst an Indian handkerchief rolled into a turban covered the top of his head : he wore a military dress with red worsted epaulets, in spite of which it might have been difficult to recognise in this native of the Coromandel coast a brother in arms, which he nevertheless was, being a grenadier in one of the battalions of Sepoys at Pondicherry.

The two travellers were still a dozen leagues from Madras. Day had surprised them on a shore where an arm of the sea advanced far inland. Far before them, beyond the bay, extended a verdant zone, like an oasis in the desert, a long line of plantations, under which a village was concealed ; around them the scenery was monotonous and sad, nothing but sand and water. Their feet sank deep into a light and burning soil, and the sun darted his hot rays in their faces—"sharp arrows," as the Eastern poets call them.

"Padmavati," said the Sepoy to his wife, "you are tired of carrying the child : give him to me."

"Oh no," replied Padmavati, who had begun to hang back, and whose weariness was too certainly betrayed by the heaving of her breast, "he is not heavy—can a mother ever tire of carrying her little one? See I only support him with my hand."

"Give him to me," replied the Sepoy : "we have some ground to pass over, before reaching that village ; I am hastening on to rest under those trees which you see there."

"Well, take him, but on condition that you give him back to me when we reach the first houses. What would the women say if they saw me walking beside you, with my arms hanging down and my hand empty?" The young mother kissed her child, and presented him to the Sepoy.

"The boy does not weigh more than a musket," remarked the latter, holding him at arm's length. "Now, little one, do not be frightened, one, two, three, and jump on to my shoulder."

Startled by the rapid motion, the child grasped its father's hair with his little hands, pulled his moustache, and pinched his ears. Patient and good-tempered, the soldier made no complaint.

"He hurts you?" said Padmavati.

"No, no," replied the Sepoy. He has a strong hand, the little man. He will be a famous soldier when he grows up!"

And Padmavati smiled. They walked on for two hours under a sun afire ; when they drew near the village the young mother reclaimed the burden. They could not resist the desire to sit down at the side of the road, under the first trees they reached ; overcome with lassitude, they longed to take breath. Around them reigned the deepest silence. Who dared to work in the fields during so suffocating a season? A few hundred paces from them five or six cabins were built—miserable huts formed of ragged mats—around which gambolled and rolled in the dust some dirty children, with no more clothing than the dark color of their skin. Lean dogs, gray spotted with black, roamed around this camp. In the huts, so low that it would have been difficult to stand upright in them, men and women sat cross-legged, busily weaving baskets. Hung in the sun at the entrance were the remains of animals lately skinned, which might be recognised as the carcasses of cats, dogs and musk-rats. Scarcely had the two travellers taken their seats under the palm-trees, when an old hag gliding through the bushes approached, and leaning over Padmavati :

"You are a happy mother," said she to her : "the gods have given you a fine baby ; give me a *paica*, and may you have a good journey."

"Come," said the Sepoy, in a low voice, to his wife, "let us go."

"Your little one must be two years old," said the old woman softly.

"He is not yet eighteen months," replied the mother, with pride ; "he is not fine for his age?"



ROBE IMPERIALE—UBSDELL &amp; CO. PAGE 277.

"Let us go," interrupted the Sepoy, with impatience, pushing his wife before him. "Don't you see that this woman is of the tribe of the Kouravars? They are vagabonds, who belong to no caste; people without faith, without a home, who live by robbery and eat unclean food. Horrid Kouravars! their touch would soil even a Pariah."



1. BONNET—GENIN. PAGE 276.



VENETIAN SLIPPER—GENIN. PAGE 277.

"She did not touch me," replied Padmavati, quickly, "nor the little one either."

"It is the same thing; who knows but she was trying to cast a spell over the child?" said the Sepoy, anxiously. "Such people have so many ways of doing

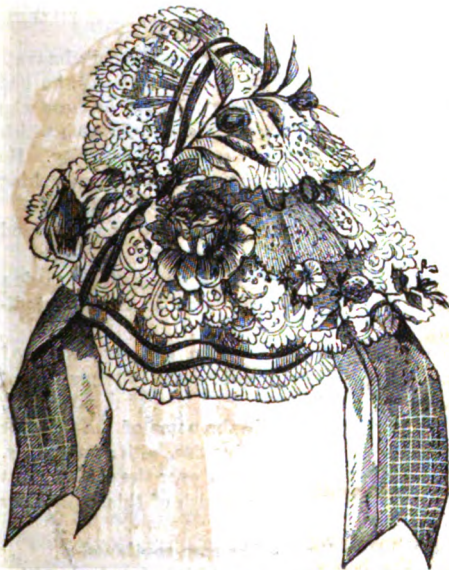


1. HEAD-DRESS—GENIN. PAGE 276.





ROBE MEDICIS—UBSDELL & CO.  
PAGE 277.



2. HEAD-DRESS—WILDE PAGE 276

mischief!" Saying which they set off again, followed at a distance by the old woman, who seemed to threaten them with her skinny arms; her gray hair hanging in disorder over her wrinkled shoulders, age and misery gave her a dreadful aspect. She was a worthy representative of the wretched race to which she belonged, the gipsies of India, whom the police condemn to pitch their tents in the open country, at a respectful distance from the villages. The Kouravars lead an independent life, but they always vegetate in the deepest misery. Jugglers, acrobats, pedlars, beggars, charlatans and venders of drugs, they make themselves feared, but



4 BONNET—WILDE. PAGE 276.



never loved: no matter to them, they take their revenge for the contempt and disgust they receive, by doing as much evil as they can.

In India hotels are unknown; every traveller too poor to take his servants must purchase in the bazaar the provisions he needs. Having reached the village, the Sepoy went from stall to stall, filling his handkerchief with fruits, vegetables, pepper and rice, which form the basis of an Indian curry. Padmavati had seated herself under a large banyan tree, which covered the centre of the village, like a huge parasol; having given her child some milk, she made a little bed of green leaves, and laid it upon them, hanging over it with solicitude, fanning away the flies, and admiring it with all her heart. The Sepoy was absent a long time: whilst his rice was cooking in a hut, he met with some old comrades, whom he had not seen for a long time, and who were on their way as pilgrims to the Pagoda of Chillambaram; so his wife, weary of waiting, yielded to fatigue, and spreading a handkerchief over the baby's face, leaned against one of the trunks of the banyan, and fell into a deep slumber; then the old woman, who had been hovering about, advanced with stealthy steps, and taking up the unconscious child in her arms, slipped it into one of her baskets, and with a rapid movement put another in its place. Having executed this manœuvre with as much precision as dexterity, the old woman glided furtively under the vaults of foliage, which protected her by their shadow, and disappeared. Half-an-hour after, the Kouravars encamped near the village had struck their camps, and were off into the interior, driving before them the lean beasts which carried their household goods, their panniers, and the Sepoy's child.

When the Sepoy rejoined his wife, he touched her softly on the shoulder, to rouse her:

"Here," said he cheerfully, "here is something to make a good meal! Let us first drink the milk of this cocoanut: I am dying of thirst. And the baby?"

"He is sleeping," replied Padmavati. "Do not touch him: he will cry."

When their meal was ended, the young mother raised the handkerchief which covered the child's face, and uttered an exclamation of surprise; the child was writhing in terrible convulsions.

"The morning sun has made him ill," said she at last; "I should not have known him."

"Wife," said the Sepoy, "that old woman has been past: she has cast a spell over the child. Let me run to the camp of the Kouravars; I will bring her back by force, and make her cure the malady that she has given him."

He was not long in discovering that the tribe had decamped. To leave his wife and pursue the vagabonds was not possible; he returned agitated by a thousand contradictory ideas.

"They are gone, Padmavati," he cried; "it is a proof they have committed some bad action; we were too happy, the gods are jealous. For six months past I have been asking leave of my captain to visit my old mother, and introduce her to my wife and the loveliest baby; and now what a hideous spectre! Oh! the old sorceress! What was she doing, dogging our steps?"

The poor mother wept, trying vainly to soothe the cries of the little being, whom she covered with her kisses. They set out again, hoping to arrive at their journey's end about nightfall, walking as fast, but not as gaily, as in the morning; the sick child weighing heavily, and screaming without cessation. As Padmavati was rocking it, she mechanically turned in her fingers the necklace of red seeds which was round its neck. All at once she started with fear; a terrible suspicion crossed her mind—the necklace had not the right number of seeds, this child was not her own! How could she tell her husband the terrible secret, when it was her duty to have watched over her child instead of yielding to fatigue? She began to hate the unknown child; the secret preyed upon her, and added to her remorse. The Sepoy, perceiving her deep sorrow, strove to console her; but his kindness only redoubled her torments.

The entrance into their mother's cabin was neither joyous nor triumphal as they had hoped. During the night, the baby

disturbed the slumbers of the whole household. In the morning, the grandmother took it, and tried to make it sleep; then returned it to Padmavati, saying:

"Keep your little one; I can do nothing with it. He is born under an evil star, and you will have much difficulty in bringing him up. He is not like his father, who was always laughing and in a good temper."

At these words, Padmavati went into the garden to weep; her mother's pride was humbled. Having always before her eyes the wicked woman who had robbed her of the choicest treasure, she fell into a kind of sickly languor; and the Sepoy, seeing his wife's charms fade away, no longer felt the same affection for her. Twenty days thus passed, during which there was not for these three beings, so closely united to each other, either happiness or consolation.

One evening, when they were in the garden, a tall, bold-looking man stood in the narrow gate, whistling in imitation of a bird.

"Allah be with you!" said the stranger: "will you like to see some legerdemain—tricks of sleight of hand? I am a juggler; I swallow swords; I make away with balls as large as my head. I can charm serpents, and make dolls speak; I walk, with naked feet, over sharp blades. I am a domben—a domben!" (juggler.)

"We are poor people," replied the Sepoy's mother; "pass on your way, domben."

"Poor people have kind hearts," replied the juggler. "I have made nothing to-day; give me a little rice."

He took out a dozen balls of copper, and threw them round his head, whilst they sparkled in the sun, and formed round his brow a luminous circle. The Sepoy watched him with a kind of childish pleasure, and Padmavati approached him timidly, and said to him, with hesitation:

"Domben, do you know the art of healing?"

"The art of healing?" replied the charlatan: "why it is my business. I know all incantations, avocations, the secrets of magic, how to guard against the evil-eye—and, for a trifle, I am at your service!"

"Here," said the young wife, giving him some money; "tell me if there is any mode of curing this little one?" showing him the sick child.

The domben uttered some consecrated words; then taking a suppliant attitude, addressed a long prayer to the gods. The poor little creature on whom the juggler operated did not betray any visible improvement.

"Will the illness be long?" asked Padmavati.

"That will depend on the care you take of the child; he is born under an evil star."

"That is what I say every day!" cried the grandmother.

"At any rate, they have thrown a spell over it, which will render the cure more difficult," added the domben.

"That I believe; in fact I am certain of it," interrupted the Sepoy.

Whilst speaking, the domben had been watching Padmavati secretly. Without being a sorcerer (as he professed), he had enough tact and discernment to read the thoughts of those who consulted him. The accent of resignation and grief with which Padmavati had questioned him awakened his curiosity. He thought she had some concealed secret; and as he was picking up his balls, he turned to her, and in a low voice said:

"Have you nothing to ask me? I will wait for you behind the garden, beside the well."

Padmavati dare not reply; but when he was gone she made a pretext of watering the flowers, and went to the spot indicated.

"The child is very ill," said she. "Do you not think so? When we return to Pondicherry I will consult the surgeon of the regiment."

"Do your Frank physicians cure in the name of the gods, or in that of evil spirits?" asked the juggler, with some irony. "They never pronounce magic formulas over the sick. What is their science worth? Besides, the health of this child does not interest you much."

Padmavati cast her eyes down. The man continued:

"Your husband believes that it is his child, does he not?"

"What are you saying?" cried Padmavati.

"Not so loud, or they will hear you. I tell you your husband thinks himself the father of this child, and you know he is deceived. Neither are you his mother."

"It is true—it is true!" interrupted the young woman, excitedly; "they have stolen mine! Where is he? What have they done with him? My enemy leads the wandering life of the Kouravars. Where can I find her, to throw at her feet the odious little being she has slipped into my arms, and take from her the treasure she has robbed me of?"

"Well, well," said the juggler, "I have at the bottom of my bag all that is wanted. You see this bit of clay; it is formed of particles of earth, picked up in all unclean places; rats' skins, human bones, the horns of bullocks, in morsels, are kneaded with it; the formulas of incantation have been said, and it will suffice to mould it in the form of your enemy to make her suffer all the evils you like to inflict upon her."

"I do not care about revenge, if I can only find her," interrupted Padmavati.

"Stop, then. Now that the little statue is finished"—and it really had a human form—"here is a thorn; bury it in the leg of the statuette, and your enemy will become lame. As she then cannot run so quickly you will catch her more easily; and when she passes before you there will be no difficulty in recognising her."

Padmavati eagerly seized the image, and throwing some money to the juggler, retired with precipitation. The domben went on his way, saying, with a low voice:

"She might as well try to follow a swallow through the air as seek a Kouravar on the Coromandel coast; but I should not wonder if the old hag who stole the child be lamed by the bite of a dog on some nocturnal expedition or other."

Some little time after, a party composed of half a dozen Hindoos of low caste went out of Pondicherry by a country path. The evening breeze was rising to refresh exhausted nature; the tufts of the bamboos waved in the air, and the birds ventured out of the shade in which they had been concealed, and began their warblings. Everything seemed joyous excepting the little party who crossed the plain, and whose appearance was sad and depressed. At its head walked two Pariahs, with white turbans, carrying between their shoulders a bamboo cane, to which was attached a piece of linen, disposed like a hammock, in which was the body of the sickly child substituted by the old Kouravar for that of the Sepoy, and which they were going to bury. Three times the bearers stopped, and the Sepoy who followed them put into the child's mouth a few grains of rice and drops of water—a touching and useless ceremony to prove that life had for ever abandoned the poor little creature.

The grave was soon dug, in which they laid the body, and the Pariahs covered it with the soil; then the Sepoy laid on the tomb a broken cocoa-nut, the milk of which served for a libation, and threw on it also a flower, as a symbol of this frail existence—this budding stem mown down from its birth. This little scene passed under the shadow of a wood of palm-trees; and when the convoy had departed, the old Kouravar came out of the brushwood, where she was gathering firewood for her tribe encamped about a mile off. The wicked woman had recognised the Sepoy, and was now convinced that the secret of her theft remained concealed for ever in her own breast. By one word she might have changed to joy the tears of this poor man, whose happiness she had destroyed, and whose hope she had broken; but insensible to every sentiment of pity, she applauded the success of her scheme, and shrugged her shoulders as she watched him depart with his hands before his eyes.

During the whole evening Padmavati remained at home, the Hindoo law not permitting women to assist at funeral ceremonies. Her neighbors did not fail to pay her visits of condolence, and her screams had resounded through the air according to custom; for she wept for the child who had been stolen, and not for the one whom she had been constrained to attend to. When her husband entered he threw on her a glance full of anguish, and wept for half an hour in sad silence; then his tumultuous feelings mastered him, and he burst forth:

"You never loved the child; you took no care of him. A spell was thrown on him in your arms, and you knew nothing

of it! No more joy for me, in this world or the next. The man who dies without posterity has no one to offer the sacrifices necessary to give him an entrance into the abodes of eternal happiness!"

To these reproaches Padmavati replied not. She bent her head with resignation; for she knew the text of the Hindoo law:

"There is no god on earth for a woman, but her husband."

One hope still remained, to which she trusted in spite of herself; it was, to find the old Kouravar. If she saw a troop of jugglers, jesters or vagabonds, she would dart out of her dwelling, and rush into the crowd at the risk of losing her character for modesty. One day she fancied she saw the old woman pass the door of the cabin. She ran into the square; when one of her friends stopped her suddenly, asking where she was going so fast. Padmavati was confused; the neighbors said she had become mad; and her husband knew not what to think of his wife, who seemed each day more absorbed in a single idea.

This project was one which she could confide to none—least of all to her husband. It was to leave her home, and set off in search of the Kouravar who had carried off her child. To seek her through all the country which extends from the gulf of Bengal to Ceylon was a mad undertaking; but it was at least less foolish than to expect her on her own threshold. When her plan was formed, Padmavati put on a widow's costume (a single piece of white cloth), and set out, carrying with her a few pieces of silver and the little image fashioned by the domben. A widow in India is utterly contemned for not having the courage to die on the funeral-pyre with her husband; everywhere repulsed, she could travel without fear of outrage; the aversion she inspired would prove her safeguard!

One evening then, the Sepoy Perumal found his cabin empty. He did not inquire for his wife among the neighbors; but kept his sorrow to himself, and replied to the inquisitive that she was gone on a pilgrimage to Juggernaut. For some weeks he preserved the hope of seeing her again; for absence revived in him the feelings of tenderness and affection which had been slumbering.

"Alas!" said he, sadly, "I had rather have seen her as she was—mute as a statue—withered by suffering—than live alone! Perhaps I was harsh and unjust to her. She wanders in the forest alone, without support, pursued by a sorrow which has made her mad; because I let the whole weight of it fall on her!"

For six months Padmavati travelled, by slow degrees, down the coast; begging on her way, yet often suffering hunger, sleeping under the trees or in a ruined pagoda, and always sustained by hope. She was at every fair, and wherever there was a concourse of people; but hitherto without success. One evening, half dead with weariness, she reached an old abandoned temple, surrounded by large and thick trees. On the threshold of this she lay down, and was soon sleeping on her stony bed; whilst the moon, like a silver disc, mounted high in the heavens, and shone upon the portico. About midnight she was awakened by a slight noise, and looking up with some fear, watched a tall man come out of a dark vault. He went into the moonlight, opened a basket, from which he took out a snake, and began to teach it to dance. Before many minutes had expired, Padmavati had recognised the juggler from whom she had received the mysterious amulet by which she was to find her enemy.

"Domben!" cried she, advancing towards him, "do you recognize me? There is your work," holding out the image. "You know, now, who I am!"

"Let us see," said the domben, oracularly; "your husband is dead. The little one you carried in your arms is dead also; is it not? The poor creature was condemned; no magic, no remedy, could restore it to health. And the other—"

"The other," cried Padmavati, "where is he?"

"Ah, that is the mystery!" replied the juggler. "He has traversed many countries since he was stolen, and he has been nearer to you than he is now."

"Here is a rupee; the last that remains to me," said Padmavati; "tell me, have you seen any Kouravars in this country?"

"Yes, I have seen a fine horde of them; children who dance, women who sell baskets and steal, and men who are mountebanks. Is it the right or the left leg that we pierced?"

"The left," replied Padmavati, quickly. "Look there!"

"In that case go back about thirty miles: you will find a little village which the Kouravars will have reached. They will not stay long; but walking quickly, you may overtake them."

At these words Padmavati shot off like an arrow. When the

surrounded her, she saw a long stem of bamboo rise, with a child pirouetting at the end: the lower point rested on the forehead of a Kouravar, who preserved its equilibrium, and walked about in triumph. At a given signal the child ceased to turn, kissed its hands to the crowd, and with a shaking of the bamboo fell across the shoulders of the Kouravar. The little mountebank was loudly applauded; every one drew nearer to see him. As for Padmavati, she fixed her eyes upon him; he had not the features of this cursed race of Kouravars: his skin was less black, his hair finer. Carried away by an irresistible conviction, she threw herself into the crowd: an old woman selling baskets stopped her way. She dragged after her a lame leg, wrapped up in rags.



LADY'S HOOD A LA SINGARA—PAGE 278.

sun rose she was far on her way, and, full of impatience and anxiety, she scarcely allowed herself a halt during the day, not resting until the last rays of the setting sun shone on the tents of the Kouravars, pitched at some distance from the village.

At an early hour in the morning the whole population was alive; the mountebanks marched through the bazaar, in all their gaudy tinsel, to the evident satisfaction of the rustics, so little accustomed to so marvellous a spectacle. No one in the crowd gazed upon them so anxiously as Padmavati. To get near was impossible; so raising herself above the heads that

"I have her, I have her!" cried Padmavati, seizing her; "give him to me—give me back my child!"

And her hand held the arm of the Kouravar as if in a vice. This unexpected scene moved the spectators.

"Good people!" said the old woman, "pity a poor basket-seller who has done no harm to any one. This woman is mad; I do not know what she wants."

"She has stolen my child to make him a tumbler—a Kouravar!" cried the poor mother; "it is he who is dancing like a puppet at the end of the bamboo. Let her restore my child and I will release her. Stop! there is her image. See if this



clay doll has not a leg pierced with a thousand pricks of a thorn!"

"Ah, the wicked widow!" returned the old woman; "what a shame for a woman to survive her husband, in order to drag on a few miserable years, despised by everybody."

But the clay figure had produced a deep impression on the crowd. In the eyes of this credulous people it was strong testimony in favor of the widow, and an unexceptional proof of the guilt of the basket-woman. During this debate, the Kouravars, fearing some misadventure, sent the little tumbler on a reconnaissance; he passed under the legs of the spectators and

of them. Who would not respect a mother travelling with a child in her arms?"

And she gazed through her tears with ecstasy at this son, so deeply mourned, and was astonished to find him so sprightly and robust. He, in his turn, found the caresses of his real mother most sweet; for it was not without blows and rough words that he had been taught to pirouette. As for the old woman, had she been in the Company's territory, her punishment would have been severe; as it was, the chief of the village put her in the pillory for a day, exposed to the raillery of the populace and the burning heat of the sun.



EMBROIDERED COLLAR AND CUFFS—PAGE 278.

reached the scene of action. Padmavati, releasing the old woman, seized him in her arms, pressed him to her heart, and burst into tears. The people who surrounded her instinctively drew back, that they might not interfere with this first expression of feeling.

"Fear nothing," said Padmavati, raising her head triumphantly; "I am not what you think. I put on this costume to preserve me from the outrages to which I might be exposed in travelling through the country alone; I have no further need

A fortnight after, Padmavati entered Pondicherry; she did not go directly to her husband, for she wished, after so many humiliations, to enjoy a complete triumph. One of her friends lent her a holiday suit for her child and herself; and she then repaired to the esplanade, where the Sepoys were going through their drill. Recognising her husband, she said to her child:

"You see that tall soldier, who has two bars of red on his arm? Go straight up to him, call him your father so loudly that all his comrades may hear."



The child obeyed: he ran on, in spite of the officer, who cried, "Back! back!" and with a quick movement jumped across the shoulders of the Sepoy.

"Corporal," said the officer, "what is the meaning of this jest?"

"On my honor, captain, I know nothing of it. This child has taken me by assault before I have had time to recognise him."

He put the child down, but it persisted in calling him father, and would not depart.

"Captain," said the corporal, visibly moved, "I had but one child—I buried him with my own hands: my wife became mad, and I know not where she is. I cannot understand it."

He was silent. Parmavati stood before him.

"Perumal," said she, "remember my words: 'I will confess everything, and you will forgive me, because I shall bring him back to you!' Embrace him, then: he is our child! I have suffered much, but I have never been mad."

"Go out of the ranks, my brave fellow," said the officer; "your gun falls from your hand, and your legs tremble. You shall explain this mystery to me another day."

Perumal went home, holding his child by the hand; his wife respectfully followed. They looked at each other with tenderness and surprise, but also with entire confidence.

The child had passed two years in the worst of company, so that there were some little tricks which had to be cured; but when I knew him, he was a fine young fellow, who spoke French, Tamul and Telinga fluently, and a little English. The Sepoy, too, could count half a dozen other charming children, very black, happy and well-disposed.

#### A GHOST STORY.

It was a chilly autumn evening. My two aunts, having ordered a fire to be lighted in the parlor, retired according to custom to their bedrooms, there to indulge in a nap until summoned to tea. And I—why I, too, felt a little inclined to follow their example; for I had rambled further than usual that day, over moor and glen, fording many a winding stream. But I had been well rewarded; I had brought home some glorious sketches. One especially: it was the ruined chapel, just as the sun was setting. I had long wanted to take it, with the last rays gilding the old archway, and now I had succeeded to my heart's desire; so I threw myself back in one of the old-fashioned arm-chairs, and watched the flames dart flickering up the chimney, and then the grotesque shadows dancing on the wainscoted walls.

I loved that old room, all the furniture was so quaint and worm-eaten and faded; and I wondered who had inhabited it when it was all fresh and gay? for whom had it been furnished? who was originally the owner of the old manor-house? This had been my often-repeated question ever since I had been in the farm-house, for such it was now; but if one might judge from the elaborately sculptured old stone porch, and the many carvings which decorated the interior, it must have been no mean dwelling place.

My two aunts had been lodging here all through the summer, and had asked me to spend a month with them before they returned to Clifton, their place of residence.

Most gladly did I accept their invitation; for I was always a lover of the picturesque, and I knew, from the glowing description in their letter, I should find ample field for my pencil. Nor was I disappointed: my portfolio bore away a rich treasure in sketches.

At the first glance I had fallen in love with the old manor-house. It was just the sort of quaint and mysterious looking building of which you would say—"Surely it is haunted!"

"Law! no, miss," replied the rosy-cheeked country servant, to my question; "I've lived here now going on these three years, and I've never seen nothing nor heard nothing, nor heard tell of any ghost here."

I confess I felt disappointed. I never had been in a haunted house, and it seemed fated that I never should be.

But to return to that evening. I was tired at last of watch-

ing the shadows on the wall, so I gazed on the fire and fell into a reverie. For how long I know not. I was startled by a rustling sound. I looked up, and saw—yes, I saw distinctly as ever I saw in my life: I was not dreaming; I was as wide awake as I am at this moment. Nor was my mind wandering, though for an instant I thought I must be delirious.

She sat on a chair just opposite to me; I on one side of the fire—she on the other. She was looking intently towards the fire. But her look! That expression—what a world of intense agony did it express! Those large mournful eyes, and those small white hands, so tightly clasped! Her age—she could not have numbered more than sixteen years; her features were small and delicate; her hair fell around her neck in thick waving masses; her robe was of white glistening silk, boun round the waist with a broad blue ribbon; her eyes were of that dark violet blue so rarely seen, with long raven lashes.

I saw all this distinctly, for I sat motionless—almost breathless—fixedly staring before me. For ten minutes I must have remained so. Still she was there, and moved not. By degrees I recovered from the first shock. I believed it was a spectral illusion: and to try if it were so, I covered my eyes with my hands, and tried to reason with myself. I then raised my head, quite certain that I should find the chair vacant. But, oh! it was not so. She still sat there, with clasped hands, and face expressive of such unutterable woe, intense despair, and wild agony!

On what terrible scene had that fair young face gazed? What fearful crime could she have witnessed, that had stamped for ever on those girlish features such an expression of horror? I was filled with an indescribable awe and pity. So young—so beautiful!

She moved; she arose; and turned on me those mournful eyes, so full of hopeless anguish, and wrung her small hands in silent agony.

I saw nothing more—I had fainted. When I had returned to consciousness, my aunts and the women of the house were moving round me; lights were in the room. They attributed my sudden illness to over-fatigue, and I took good care not to contradict the supposition.

Four days passed ere I could summon courage to sit alone in that room of an evening. When my aunts retired for their customary nap, I also, pleading fatigue, went to my sleeping-chamber; from which I dared not venture till I heard the clatter of the tea things. All this time I was trying to convince myself that the appearance which I had seen was in reality merely a phantom of my own creation, caused by an over-excited brain; and I called to my memory all the philosophical discussions I had read or heard on the subject of mental delusions.

When I believed I had sufficiently fortified my nerves, I once again remained in the room after my aunts had retired. I stirred the fire, and, lighting a small taper, I seated myself by the table, and resolutely tried to read. Every now and then I raised my eyes to the chair. It was unoccupied.

"Well," said I, half aloud, "I was right—I was right. It was an illusion, to which one is sometimes subject when exhausted by mental and bodily fatigue."

Scarcely were the words uttered when I heard a faint rustling, and—oh! horror!—again the phantom was before me! Yes, again I saw those strangely mournful eyes. Oh! heavens! was it then no delusion—no distempered fancy? Are there indeed apparitions? Are there souls who are doomed, for some crime, to reappear on the spot where the foul deed was committed? It is, then, no fiction—I do not dream—my brain does not wander?

I buried my face in my hands. I shook with terror.

Again I raised my head. Ah! still she sat. Am I ever to be haunted by that figure? I recalled to remembrance the story of the Italian painter, ever haunted by the apparition of a murdered man, until he felt impelled by some strange impulse to paint the head. And I, too, would paint the features of that mournful girl. Yes, I would gaze until each feature was firmly engraven on my memory.

How long I sat transfixed by this strange infatuation I know

not ; the figure became indistinct, and gradually melted away. My aunt's voice aroused me, talking cheerfully to the servant.

As she made the tea I was glad they did not look towards me, I was so sure I must have betrayed my agitation.

The next evening, and the next, the same apparition appeared to me. By degrees the horror and dread I first felt wore off. I no longer tried to reason on what I saw. I felt a strange kind of love and fascination towards the phantom lady. I experienced a feverish longing for the evening to approach, which brought me my unearthly visitant.

I studied her features and expression with intense curiosity ; and how I longed to tear aside the veil, and discover the meaning of that terribly mournful expression !

In the daytime I occupied myself with portraying on paper the exact copy of the lineaments of the apparition. I concealed it with jealous care from all eyes but my own. I had only just put the finishing touches, when I was called home.

My appearance on my return caused surprise and anxiety. I had left them a strong healthy girl. A month only had passed, when, pale and melancholy, I came back. My high spirits were gone. Silent and abstracted, I scarcely replied to the queries put to me.

For some months I caused my parents much alarm ; but in course of time the elasticity of youth prevailed. I gradually recovered my health. The remembrance of the haunted manor-house appeared to me like a strange dream.

Five years passed away. I was on a visit to some old friends at a watering-place in the south of England. Here I amused myself, as usual, in sketching.

One evening my friends were entertaining a small party, and my paintings were a source of great interest. An old clergyman of the party, who appeared to be a judge of paintings, approached my portfolio, which lay on a side table, and asking my permission to look at the contents, began turning out the sketches.

I seated myself beside him, and was searching for some particular view one of my friends had inquired for, when I heard an exclamation of astonishment.

I looked up ; the old clergyman was gazing fixedly on a portrait. I bent over him—it was the phantom lady, which by some chance had got amongst my other sketches. I was greatly surprised at the clergyman's evident agitation. I felt that I, too, betrayed some emotion—the sight of that portrait was most painful to me. I tried hastily to possess myself of it ; but he held it firmly.

"Tell me," he cried—"pray tell me where did you get this picture ?"

"I ? It is mine : I painted it," I stammered.

He looked intently at me. "Oh ! ay ! a copy. Where did you see the original ?"

The "original !" I shuddered.

"I entreat you to answer me," he cried vehemently. "Pardon me if I appear too inquisitive ; you know not how deeply I am interested."

I replied not : he continued speaking—his eyes fixed on the picture. "From what portrait could this copy have been taken ? Those features—those eyes—once seen, never to be forgotten : the dress ! strange, strange—now perhaps the mystery will be unravelled." And a look of satisfaction stole over his face.

My confusion evidently surprised him—he pressed for an answer.

I replied faintly, "I never copied it—the sketch is from imagination."

At this instant his eyes fell on the date—Tickenham Manor-house.

"The same !" he exclaimed. "Yes, it was there—that was the name of the place."

Was there then another picture ? I in my turn was astonished, and begged him to tell me what he knew of Tickenham Manor-house, and why he felt so interested in the picture ?

"It is a long story," he replied, "and the party is breaking up ; if you will visit my library to-morrow at noon, I also can show you a portrait, and will explain to you the reason of my

surprise ; and you must also, my dear young lady, be explicit in your turn, and help me to unravel this strange mystery."

You may think I had little sleep that night. In feverish restlessness I tossed about in my bed, and longed for the dawn of morning : at last I fell into a half-dreamy state—strange visions haunted me—the phantom lady and the old clergyman stood by my bed. I started in terror, and the light of day streamed into the room. I arose, dressed, and hastened to the garden, where I hoped the fresh air would cool my fevered brain. My friends wondered at my strange restlessness, and in vain tried to interest and amuse me.

Twelve o'clock came at last, and I hastened to keep my appointment. Mr. Clayton, the old clergyman, received me in his study ; his face wore a grave and anxious expression ; few words were exchanged between us ; he beckoned me into a small inner room, at one end of which hung a green curtain—he drew it aside.

I could neither move nor speak—it was she—only the look of agony was not there : the eyes were sad, but on the lips I could trace almost a smile ; and such a look of infantine innocence on the face. Oh ! how unlike the expression on the portrait I had taken !—changed, changed indeed, and yet the same ; there were the heavy masses of chestnut hair, the white silk robe, and blue band.

I gasped for breath. At length I turned to Mr. Clayton.

"Now tell me," cried I imploringly, "tell me all you know."

The old clergyman silently drew me a chair.

I sat with my eyes fixed on the picture.

"My father," he began, "on first taking orders, became the curate of the village of Tickenham, and boarded with the family of a farmer inhabiting the old Manor-house. My father had a passion for antiquities ; this ancient mansion, therefore, greatly interested him, and on wet days he amused himself by exploring every nook and corner : one morning he was examining an old chamber, which was used as an apple-room ; while closely inspecting one of the oak panels, it moved beneath his touch ; he discovered that it slid back, and disclosed an old oil painting, thickly coated with dust and dirt. My father seized on it with delight, and carried it to his room ; being a bit of an artist, he soon restored it almost to its original freshness. You see it now before you, and can easily imagine how much my father felt interested in that sweet sad face, and how he longed to discover the name and history of the fair girl. For this purpose he made every inquiry among the old inhabitants of the hamlet, and searched the church records ; but the only positive information he could gain was, that the Manor of Tickenham was formerly held by the De Winter family ; that the old farm-house belonged to them, for my father plainly deciphered their coat of arms, both above the porch and over the chimney-piece in the hall. About seventy years before my father came into the neighborhood, two brothers, with their sister, inhabited the Manor-house ; they were the last descendants of the De Winter family. These two young men led very wild, dissipated lives : they gambled, drank and gave themselves up to low society. Their vicious habits caused them to be shunned by all respectable people. At length their affairs becoming greatly embarrassed, they were obliged to fly the country. There were dark rumors afloat that a foul crime had been perpetrated, and that the fear of a felon's doom hastened their flight. Be this as it may, no public disclosure was ever made ; the estate was seized by the creditors, and fell into the hands of strangers. Of the sister my father could gain no information ; it was by some supposed that she had accompanied her brothers ; nothing positive was known of their fate—it was believed they perished miserably in a foreign land. My father would never part with the picture ; he always fancied it must have been the portrait of the young sister, and that the brothers had concealed it behind a panel of the wainscoting ere they left for ever their ancestral home. Who can tell ? You no longer wonder at the interest I showed in the sketch I found in your portfolio ; that it is of the same lady there can be no doubt, though the expression of that innocent face is so sadly changed. Tell me, then, where you found the original picture ?"



It was now my turn to tell him my strange story. Yes, I poured into his ears the secret of years. And who can tell what a relief I felt it, to share with another this incomprehensible mystery? I need not repeat what he said to me, or my replies. The nocturnal apparition, which appeared to me at the manor-house, could not be explained away by natural causes or philosophical arguments. The portraits were there; we placed them side by side; we examined them closely; studied each feature; and the mystery still remained inexplicable.

Kaffir holds it about an inch on the wood end of the balance, the back of the hand down, the first finger and thumb grasping, and all the other fingers resting on the wood. He continues jerking the assagy about, to give it the quivering motion that renders it difficult to avoid; while he occasionally pretends to throw it, to put the man aimed at off his guard. All this time he continues jumping about, rushing from side to side, but getting gradually nearer. Having generally five assagies, he launches them one after the other with great rapidity and cer-



A NOVELTY IN EMBROIDERED SKIRT TRIMMING—PAGE 278.

More than thirty years have past since then; the old clergyman has long been dead, but the two portraits are still in my possession.

**ASSAGY-THROWING.**—The assagy is a formidable weapon in the hands of a Kaffir; it is a light spear about five or six feet long; an iron blade, of nearly two feet in length, is fixed in the wood while the iron is red hot, and the socket is then incased with the fresh sinews of some animal, which hold all firmly together as they contract. When preparing to throw the assagy, the

tain aim, and with sufficient force to drive the iron through a man when thrown from fifty to eighty yards' distance, while some experts can throw them a hundred yards. An assagy may be dodged when it comes singly, and is seen; but a Kaffir prefers throwing it when your back is turned, and generally sends a shower of them. Fortunately, the Kaffir nations consider that to poison spears is despicable. When an assagy is quivering in the hands of a Kaffir, it appears to be alive: the quivering motion given to it just before casting continues to affect it during its aerial course.